

Jesus said to Martha,
"I am the one who raises the dead and gives them life again. Anyone who believes in me, even though he dies like anyone else, shall live again. He is given eternal life for believing in me and shall never perish. Do you believe this Martha?"

"Yes, Lord," she said "I believe you are the Messiah, the Son of God, the one we have so long awaited."

JESUS IS WITH US

JESUS WAS CRUCIFIED
 JESUS SON OF GOD
 Matthew 3:16-17
SAVIOUR
 John 3:16-17
LORD
 1 Corinthians 1:9
SHEPHERD
 John 10:11

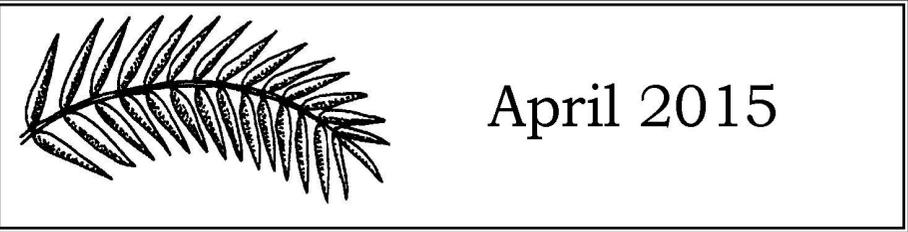
JESUS WAS BURIED

JESUS IS RISEN
 JESUS IS ALIVE!
 Read the Easter story in Luke 22-24

JESUS IS ALIVE
 Jesus said:
"I am the resurrection"
 Read Matthew 11:14-44

THE WORD John 1:1-50
THE WAY John 14:6
THE LIGHT John 8:12
THE BREAD John 6:35
THE LAMB John 1:29
THE DOOR John 10:9
THE LIFE John 11:25-27

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The Chaplain Writes

Do not fear!

How often do we hear Jesus say these words and yet We all experience little fears (and bigger ones!) and these may keep us from doing what we need to do and lead us to do what we shouldn't do. A life-threatening fear, where we have to face the outcome of a hospital test, is not the same as our fears because of what we imagine.

In the Lent Course we spoke about our fears and were inspired by clips from the movie *The King's Speech*, where we see King George struggle to overcome his stammer and his fear of speaking in public. A very hard one to tackle and yet not a fear one needs to be ashamed of.

Our fears can be simple: fear of not being accepted, of being turned down, of losing someone's friendship or approval; fear of losing control over our life or parts of it. Fear that we may not be that good as a parent or a child. These fears may be real, but quite often we have to acknowledge that we can't be sure.

Just naming the fears can help us to understand the reasons for our actions, because we may not live up to our Christian calling because of them. Jesus had to overcome his fear in his agony before his trial and crucifixion. He takes the lead and promises to be at our side when we are confronted with fear. He triumphed and in his triumph takes us along. We share in his triumph – although we may not always experience this.

Let us rejoice over Easter; over the victory over death, shame, and the neglect of his friends and disciples. His death ensured that we still live according to his guidelines, his mission. We are Church together because of his victory!

May we feel blessed because of Easter and find the strength to become more and more his disciples by overcoming our fears as we follow his example.

I wish us all a blessed Easter!





Twente News

Book Sale Results

This year's book sale took in a total of €120.40 after three Sundays. Thank you very much to all who bought books, CDs, magazines, etc. to support the Floral Guild. That helps very much in decorating for Easter and paying for general expenses (floral gifts, supplies, etc.).

Police Caution



Ron Chester, 91 years of age, was stopped by the police around 2 am and asked where he was going at that time of night. "I'm on my way to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body, as well as about smoking and staying out late," replied Ron. "Really?" asked the officer. "And who's giving that lecture at this time of night?" "That would be my wife," came the reply.

Suffer in silence?
That would take all the pleasure out of it!

A big thank-you also to those that took a Mothering Day primula to members that couldn't come on that day. A little plant can go a long way in bringing good cheer to our ladies!

A group of Dutch students will take the remaining English language books to a university in Russia for English studies. The remaining books, etc. will go the Leger des Heils.

Linda ten Berge



Charities

I am writing on behalf of the Charity Committee. As you probably will know, each year the church gives a certain amount of money to charities. For example, The Young Achievers of Pandun and Ferdinand is one of the organizations which we are supporting. But we are also looking for a local charity. We are sure there is a lot of need close to home. We would like to ask our members of St Mary's if you have or would like us to help to support a local charity. You can give names to one of our wardens. The suggestions will be discussed and chosen by the Charity Committee.

Ingeline Ribbens-Ravelli

*Such beauty that for a minute
death and ambition, even love,
doesn't enter into this.*

Happiness.

It comes on unexpectedly.

*And goes beyond, really,
any early morning talk about it.*

Raymond Carver



Raymond Carver (1938-1988) was born in Clatskanie, Oregon, towards the end of the Depression. He grew up in a poverty-stricken family and, married at 19, embarked on a series of menial jobs and a constant struggle to support his wife and family. In 1958 he enrolled in a writing programme under the author John Gardiner, and this marked a turning point.

He became a master of the American short story as well as an accomplished poet. This particular poem comes from the collection entitled *All of Us*, published by Vintage. Using tone, imagery and diction to create a tranquil setting, he encourages us to live our daily lives with a consciousness that brings awareness of the small, sometimes insignificant, details that can frequently bring great happiness.

Happiness

*So early it's still almost dark out.
I'm near the window with coffee,
and the usual early morning stuff
that passes for thought.*

*When I see the boy and his friend
walking up the road
to deliver the newspaper.*

*They wear caps and sweaters,
and one boy has a bag over his
shoulder.*

*They are so happy
they aren't saying anything,
these boys.*

*I think if they could, they would take
each other's arm.*

*It's early in the morning,
and they are doing this thing
together.*

*They come on, slowly.
The sky is taking on light,
though the moon still hangs pale over
the water.*

Rogues' Gallery

Frequently I hear people say: "I don't know the name of that person". And that's understandable. We may have a chat over coffee after the service, but we don't always think of asking for a name. To overcome this problem, we would like to start a "rogues' gallery": pictures with names underneath and, if applicable, a function or membership of a committee. Lub Gringhuis has volunteered to take the pictures, so that we can put the frames together. I hope a lot of people will join in this initiative as it will make for a more coherent congregation – but feel free not to be included, if you are not happy about it.

Alja Tollefsen

Key Dates

19th April

14th May

24th May

12th, 19th, 26th July &

2nd, 9th and 16th August

5th September

Annual General Meeting

Ascension Day

Pentecost

Summer Teas

Castle Fair

Note: In the Forthcoming Services t.b.a. is used in several places, as correct information will be available only following the AGM.



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.



Stay!

I pulled into the crowded parking lot at the local shopping centre and rolled down the car windows to make sure my Labrador Retriever pup had fresh air. She was stretched full-out on the back seat and I wanted to impress upon her that she must remain there. I walked to the kerb backward, pointing my finger at the car and saying emphatically, "Now you stay. Do you hear me? Stay! Stay!"



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The driver of a nearby car, a pretty young blonde, gave me a strange look and said, "Why don't you just put the handbrake on?"

Night Out

I took my other half to a disco last night. There was a fellow on the dance floor breakdancing, with backflips, moon-walking, the works. The wife said, "That guy proposed to me 20 years ago and I turned him down." "Looks like he's still celebrating," I replied.

Holy Humour

A gracious lady was mailing an old family Bible to her brother in another part of the country. "Is there anything breakable in here?" asked the postal clerk. "Only the Ten Commandments," answered the lady. Somebody has said there are only two kinds of people in the world: those who wake up in the morning and say, "Good morning, Lord" and those who wake up in the morning and say, "Good Lord, it's morning."

A Journey Through Lent

Lent Course

This year's Lent Course is about *Finding a Voice* by Hilary Brand, based on the film *The King's Speech*. In the film the future King George VI, who has a bad stammer, struggles to come to terms with the fact that he will be the new king and learns to overcome his stammer with the help of a speech therapist.

During the course we explore how we find our voice as Christians in today's world, with the help of scripture fragments and scenes from the film. All the five sessions have a particular theme such as "Fear and Friendship" and "Duty or Calling". As regards the latter subject, we spoke about our own calling or vocation in life and how we knew that this was right. Interestingly, Pauline added today that Bertie's plight could be likened to that of Jesus, who also pleaded with the Father to take the cup from him.

At the time of writing we have just had the fourth session about "Poisonous Words and Profane Responses". We talked about how our words can affect another person, either by speaking directly to them or by talking about them in a negative way. Another thing we dwelt on was profane language and the use of swear words, which are so common in our societies.

What strikes me most about our discussions is that people dare to speak openly about very intimate things, such as their own fears and insecurities. There is an atmosphere of trust, which is proper to the subject matter of the course. It must be a reflection of the sort of community we are at St Mary's for this to be possible.

Hij vocht voor onze vrijheid.
Deze held, onze lieve papa en opa is nu overleden.

CHARLES WILLIAM REEVES

*02-08-1924

†15-03-2015

Echtgenoot van Maria Margaretha Jongenelis†

*Ridder in de Orde van Oranje-Nassau
1939-1945 Northwest Europe Decorations
La Croix du combattant de L'Europe
Croix du Mérite
Das Ehrenkreuz der Bundeswehr in Gold*

Sassenheim:
Zoetermeer:
Holten:

Winifred en Cees
Charles† en Gerrie
Eileen en Wil
*Patrick en Susanne
Margreet*
Stanley en Elizabeth
*Suzanne
Gareth*

Shortlanes End (UK):

Correspondentieadres:
Canadastraat 72, 7451 ZN Holtern.

De afscheidsdienst zal plaatsvinden op vrijdag 20 maart 2015 om 14.00 uur in de Nederlands-Hervormde kerk, Kerkplein 1 te Holten.

Voorafgaande aan de dienst is er gelegenheid tot condoleren en afscheid nemen tussen 13.00-13.45 uur.

Aansluitend vindt de begrafenis plaats op de Algemene Begraafplaats, Oude Deventerweg 2a te Holten.



Sad News

On 15th March 2015 our friend and beloved participant in our Remembrance Sunday Service

Charles William Reeves

passed away.

We will remember him with love and respect and will miss his encouraging and loving presence at our service.

Charles Reeves was the National President of the Market Garden Veterans Association. Our thoughts go out to his children and grandchildren. We wish them God's comfort in this time of grief and loss.

We will remember him.

So I would like to thank our Chaplain Alja for leading this course and Simone for providing all things needed to show the film.

Els Ottens



The Crossroad

*The road was hard, no turning back,
The way ordained by mighty God.
'Your will, not mine' was all He said,
As humbly down that path He trod.*

*The crowd that cheered Him once with palms
Began to shout for Him to die,
They chose Barabbas in his stead
And with one voice cried 'Crucify!'*

*Between two thieves on either side
They put to death the Prince of Life.
One cried for help, the other cursed -
The first was promised Paradise.*

*This promise now is for us all:
Christ gave His life to set us free.
The Cross divides, it always will -
The question is: what side are we?*

By Megan Carter



A priest parked his car in a no-parking zone in a large city because he was short of time and couldn't find a space with a meter. Then he put a note under the wind-shield wiper that read: "I have driven round this area 10 times. If I don't park here, I'll miss my appointment. Forgive us our trespasses." When he returned, he found a citation from a police officer along with this note: "I've walked round this area for 10 years. If I don't give you a ticket I'll lose my job. Lead us not into temptation."

The vicar was preoccupied with thoughts of how he was going to ask the congregation to come up with more money than anticipated for repairs to the church building. Therefore he was annoyed to find that the regular organist was sick and a substitute had

been brought in at the last minute. The substitute wanted to know what to play. "Here's a copy of the service," he said impatiently. "But, you'll have to think of something to play after I make the announcement about the finances." During the service, the minister paused and said, "Brothers and Sisters, we are in great difficulty; the roof repairs have cost twice as much as we expected and we need £4,000 more. Any of you who can pledge £100 or more, please stand up." At that moment, the substitute organist played *God save the Queen*. And that is how he became our regular organist!

Contributed by Jeanet Luiten



Easter Thoughts in a Churchyard

It's a yearly paradox. You've brought some flowers to the churchyard to lay on the grave of a loved one. All around you are graves and headstones, reminders of the inevitable end of life's earthly journey. But it's Easter Day, and from within the church you can hear the singing: "Jesus Christ is

risen today, Alleluia!" Perhaps then you notice a few other things. You're standing among the fresh daffodils and the grass that's suddenly green and growing again. For a moment you pause and reflect on the reverse of an old saying. In the midst of death we are in life.

That essentially is what Easter is about – an annual reminder that death is not the end of the story. A few years ago I lived for a while in Cookham, in Berkshire, which was once the home of the great 20th century painter, Stanley Spencer. Perhaps his most famous painting is *Resurrection in Cookham Churchyard*, which depicts local residents – many of them recognizable village characters – rising up out of their graves to be greeted by the risen Jesus, standing in the church porch. It's a glorious, vivid, shocking reminder of a great assertion. The graveyard is not a terminus, but a junction.

The resurrection of Jesus (and hence our resurrections, too) is the defining claim of Christianity. Christians don't follow the teaching of a prophet who died many centuries ago, or of a holy man whose life is an example to follow, excellent as that may be. They put their trust in a Saviour whom they believe is

body lay still, composed ever-so-carefully by the morticians. I looked at her and thought about my own mortality. One day I too, like her, may fight a losing battle with pain, and die.

What do we Christians say in the face of death? There are many mysteries. But two things we know for sure. First, death is an enemy. Away with the sentimentality that vainly seeks to disguise death's insult! But second, and more important, Jesus' resurrection from the grave is God's proof to us that death is not the end. The empty tomb and Jesus' Spirit within us testify that Easter morning is God's triumph over death. And ultimately, Jesus promised, God will raise from the dead us who believe in His Son.

Why do Christians gather on Easter morning? To show off their fine clothes or give a ritual tip of the hat to religion? God forbid! Rather we gather to celebrate Jesus' victory over death itself. For since He is our Lord and our Saviour, His victory is our victory. In celebrating His resurrection we celebrate our own assurance of ultimate triumph over death.

This Easter as we celebrate Life, if you look closely on Easter morning, you might even see a butterfly alight on the lilies.

Dr Ralph F. Wilson

"Thanks be to thee, my Lord Jesus Christ for all the benefits thou hast given me, for all the pains and insults which thou hast borne for me. O most merciful redeemer, friend and brother, may I know thee more clearly, love thee more dearly and follow thee more nearly, day by day."

Richard of Chichester

After further study to become a priest, Richard was made a bishop. He was greatly loved; was charitable and accessible; stern and merciful to sinners, generous to those stricken by famine, and a brilliant legislator. He decreed that the sacraments were to be administered without payment, Mass celebrated in dignified conditions, the clergy to be chaste, to practise residence, and to wear clerical dress. The laity was obliged to attend Mass on Sundays and holy days, and to know by heart the Hail Mary as well as the Lord's Prayer and the Creed.

Richard died at Dover in 1253. In art, he is represented with a chalice at his feet, in memory of his having once dropped the chalice at Mass! And, of course, he is author of that famous prayer, now set to popular music.



Richard of Chichester (3rd March)

Richard of Chichester, a bishop in the 13th century, began life as Richard de Wych of Droitwich, the son of a yeoman farmer. But Richard was a studious boy, and after helping his father on the farm for several years, refused an advantageous offer of marriage, and instead made his way to Oxford, and later to Paris and Bologna to study canon law. In 1235 he returned to Oxford, and was soon appointed Chancellor, where he supported Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his struggles against King Henry III's misuse of Church funds.

The Parable of the Butterfly

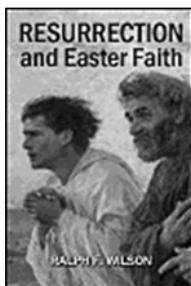
As a butterfly soared overhead, one caterpillar said to the other, "You'll never get me up in one of those things."

Yet for every caterpillar the time comes when the urge to eat and grow subsides and he instinctively begins to form a chrysalis around himself. The chrysalis hardens and you'd think for all the world that the caterpillar is dead.

But one spring morning the life inside the chrysalis begins to writhe, the top cracks open, and a beautifully-formed butterfly emerges. For hours it will stand stretching and drying its wings, moving them slowly up and down, up and down. And then, before you know it, the butterfly glides aloft, effortlessly riding the currents of the air, alighting on flower after gorgeous flower, as if to show off its vivid colours to the bright blossoms.

Somehow, the miracle of the butterfly never loses its fascination for us. Perhaps because the butterfly is a living parable of the promise of resurrection. On Easter morning the disciples saw Jesus' grave clothes lying on the cold slab still wrapped round and round the corpse. Only the corpse was gone, much like an empty chrysalis deserted by a butterfly who has left to soar free. "He is risen as He said," an angel told the incredulous disciples. Later that day he appeared to the disciples, and then, over the course of the next few weeks, to as many as 500 people at one time. Even *doubting Thomas* didn't doubt for long that Jesus was really risen from the dead.

A few weeks ago I lost a friend who had become dear to me. Where she had been so full of life, now her



alive and with them now, and they also believe that through Him they too will move through the junction of death to the journey that lies beyond – a journey he talked about to His followers.

I spoke of an annual paradox. It lies in the inescapable fact of death, indelibly represented by those graves and headstones, and in the equally inescapable fact that – in apparent defiance of all logic – human beings down the ages have clung to the belief that death is not the end. Every culture has its story of the life beyond – the Elysian fields, Valhalla, Nirvana, Abraham's bosom. But only with the coming of Jesus, and the witnessed events of that first Easter morning, has our instinctive belief been given wings. The paradox is the heart of everything. Death is a fact, but life is greater than death. "Because I live," said Jesus, "you will also live".

David Winter



The Resurrection is the central theme in every Christian sermon reported in the Acts.

The Resurrection, and its consequences were the "gospel" or good news which the Christians brought; what we call the "gospels" ... were composed later ...

The miracle of the Resurrection, and the theology of that miracle, comes first: the biography comes later as a comment on it.

C.S. Lewis in "Miracles"

... Even Educated Fleas Do It

A father asked his 10-year-old son if he knew about the birds and the bees. "I don't want to know," the child said, bursting into tears. "Promise me you won't tell me." Confused, the father asked what was wrong. The boy sobbed, "When I was six, I got the *There's no Easter Bunny* speech. At seven, I got the *There's no Tooth Fairy* speech. When I was eight, you hit me with the *There's no Santa* speech. If you're going to tell me that grown-ups don't really make babies, I'll have nothing left to live for."



They say that when a man holds a woman's hand before marriage, it's love; after marriage it's self-defence.

Please Hold ...

A man called his mother in Florida. "Mom, how are you doing?" "Not too good," said the mother. "I've been very weak." The son asked, "Why are you so weak?" "Because I haven't eaten in 38 days," came the reply. "That's terrible," said the son. "Why haven't you eaten in 38 days?" "Because, I didn't want my mouth to be full in case you should call."

Say Again!

Shotgun wedding: a case of wife or death.

Those who jump off a bridge in Paris ... must be in Seine.

A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

St James the Least of All

On the Peculiarities of Ordination Candidates

My dear Nephew Darren,

I was quite happy to see the young person from your church whom you are encouraging to get ordained – even though we did not entirely see eye to eye.

When I answered the door to someone dressed in T-shirt, jeans and trainers, I naturally assumed he was the gardener. It was only after I had given him the wheelbarrow and shown him where the spades were, that I found out who he really was. His assurance that this is how Jesus would dress, were he to visit in person again, jarred somewhat. I think that a three-piece suit and stout pair of brogues would be far more likely. We agreed to differ.

I moved on to ask him about the Sunday services he attended and was interested to hear that he was a church musician. Wanting to know if he sang tenor or bass, or even played the organ, he told me that he was the drummer in the worship band and provided backing vocals. I felt obliged to comment that I was not sure how that would fit in with Matins, but he told me that he had never heard of that service and only attended Mega

Rock Praise. Since I suspected it would not have been written by Cranmer, we moved on.

I had hoped we may have been on safer ground when I asked him whether he preferred early perpendicular or Victorian gothic, but as he had apparently only ever worshipped in your converted cinema, he was unable to offer any opinion. His reaction to my offer to show



Energy Conservation!



brand-new clothing. But that young lady is right; we didn't have the *green thing* back in our day.

Back then, we had one radio or TV in the house, not a TV in every room, and the TV had a small screen the size of a big handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of Scotland. In the kitchen we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. We pushed the mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; we didn't have the *green thing* back then.

We drank from a tap or fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But we didn't have the *green thing* back then.

Back then, people took the bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their Mums into a 24-hour taxi service in the family's £50,000 People Carrier™ which cost the same as a very large house did before the *green thing*. We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances, and we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 3,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pub!

But isn't it sad that the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the *green thing* back then?

Received from a friend and contributed by Els and Everhard Ottens

The Good Old Days

Checking out at the supermarket, the young cashier suggested to the much older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment. The woman apologized and explained, "We didn't have this 'green thing' back in my earlier days." The young cashier responded, "That's our problem today – your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations."



She was right: our generation didn't have the *green thing* in its day. Back then, we returned milk bottles, lemonade bottles and beer bottles to the shop. The shop sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But we didn't have the *green thing* back in our day.



Grocery shops bagged our groceries in brown paper bags, that we re-used for numerous things, most memorable besides household bags for rubbish, was the use of brown paper bags as book covers for our schoolbooks. This was to ensure that public property (the books provided for our use by the school) was not defaced by our scribbblings. Then we were able to personalize our books on the brown paper bags. But too bad we didn't do the *green thing* back then.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have a lift in every supermarket, shop and office building. We walked to the local shop and didn't climb into a 30-horsepower machine every time we had to go half a mile. But she was right. We didn't have the *green thing* in our day.

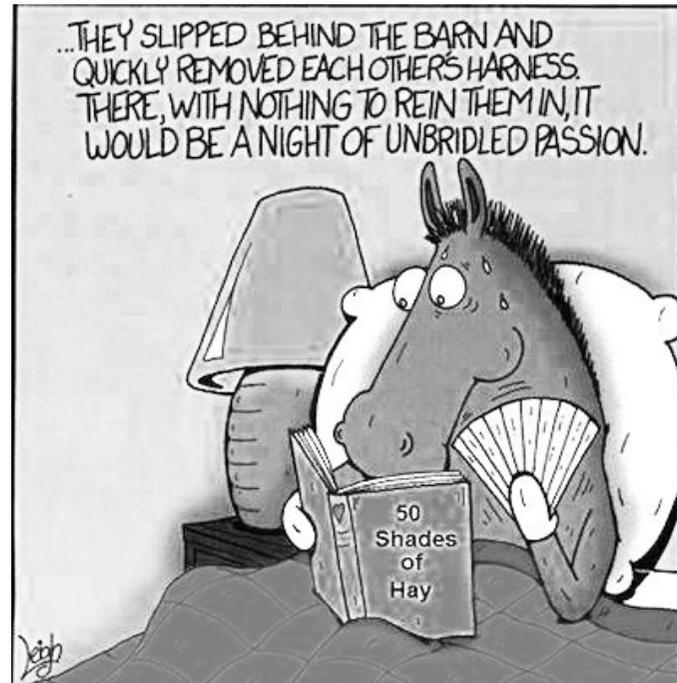
Back then, we washed the baby's Terry Towel nappies because we didn't have the throwaway kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy-gobbling machine burning up 3 kw – wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids had hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always

him round our late Norman church prompted him to tell me that he believed all churches should be closed and people should gather in each other's homes, like the early Christians.

In a last despairing attempt to find common ground I asked him if he had ever preached. He was slightly apologetic to admit that he had done so very rarely, as he found it took such a long time to write an hour-long sermon. When I mentioned that I did not think I had ever exceeded eight minutes in my entire life, he gave me such a look of withering astonishment that with heroic Christian charity, I did not beat him over the head with the Bible he was carrying.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

© The Revd Dr Gary Bowness



Inner Peace

I'm passing this on because it worked for me. A doctor on TV said that in order to have inner peace in our lives, we should always finish things that we start. Since we all could use more calm in our lives, I looked around my house to find things I'd started and hadn't finished.

I finished a bottle of Merlot, a bottle of Chardonnay, a bottle of Baileys, a bottle of wum, the last couple of trunklizers, an a box a choclutz. U hav no idr how fablus I eel wyte now.

Football

Commentary

Arsenal now have plenty of time to dictate the last few seconds.

Peter Jones

He dribbles a lot, and the opposition don't like it – you can see it all over their faces.

Ron Atkinson

12th April	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
Easter 2	Chalice	Everhard Ottens
	Maureen van der Heide	(1) Acts 4: 32-35
	Elizabeth van der Heide	(2) 1 John 1: 1-2: 2
10:30 hrs Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 20: 19 to end

19th April	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
Easter 3	Chalice	Count Alfred Solms
	Dina Boessenkool	(1) Acts 3: 12-19
	Fred Schonewille	(2) 1 John 3: 1-7
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Luke 24: 36b-48

26th April	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	t.b.a.
	Intercessor	Joyce Wigboldus
Easter 4	Chalice	Jeanet Luiten
	Blair Charles	(1) Acts 4: 5-12
	Els Ottens	(2) 1 John 3: 16 to end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 10: 11-18

3rd May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	t.b.a.
	Intercessor	Pauline Talstra
Easter 5	Chalice	Joyce Wigboldus
	Arjen Haffmans	(1) Acts 8: 26 to end
	Fred Schonewille	1 John 4: 7 to end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 15: 1-8

10th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	t.b.a.
	Intercessor	Joyce Wigboldus
Easter 6	Chalice	Everhard Ottens
	Louw Talstra	(1) Acts 10: 44 to end
	Victor Pirenne	(2) 1 John 5: 1-6
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 15: 9-17

14th May	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	t.b.a.
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
Ascension Day	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema
	Jeanet Luiten	(1) Acts 1: 1-11
	Philippa te West	(2) Ephesians 1: 15 to end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Luke 24: 44 to end