

Poetry and Prose

For the Fallen

They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow
old:

Age shall not weary
them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the
sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with
their laughing comrades
again;

They sit no more at
familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our
labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond
England's foam.

But where our desires are
and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that
is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of
their own land they are
known
As the stars are known to
the Night;

As the stars that shall be
bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon
the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are
starry in the time of our
darkness,
To the end, to the end,
they remain.

*The last four verses of
Robert Laurence
Binyon's famous poem*

The Evacuee

Can I come home now?

Can I come home now?

*Can I come home now
mum?*

Can I come home now?

I went to the schoolhouse

A change of clothes in a sack

*We then walked to the
station*

But we didn't come back

We got on to a train

It headed due south

We got off the train

At a little town called Louth

The war it won't last long

You'll soon be back home

But it seems to last for ever

*I must be brave and not
moan*

*You can't come back home
yet*

The planes they still fly,

*The bombs they still fall,
and the dangers still nigh.*

You'll have to be patient

One day you'll come home

When the war is over

And we're all free to roam

They say I am safer here

Than where I've left behind

*And the people looking after
me*

Are warm, good and kind

*But home is where the heart
is*

and home is with you

*Is it time for me to come
back to now*

*And be back home with
you?*

*I used to play with my
brother*

We had such good fun,

*But he went to Ilkley
and I'm here all alone.*

*Last night we had an air
raid*

I was frightened and alone

When will it end mum?

When can I come home?

Yes you can come home.

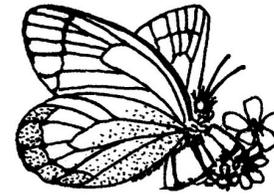
Yes you can come home.

You can come home son.

You can come home now.

©Arthur King

From BBC WW2 Peoples War



June 2015

The Chaplain Writes

Fear

A couple of weeks ago we celebrated 70 years of liberation. The celebrations took place in several countries in Europe, including Russia.

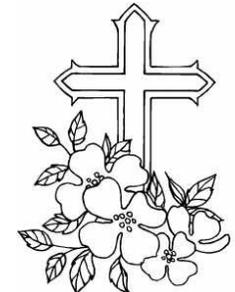
Russia, however, was hardly mentioned in the newspapers, and looking at the situation in the Ukraine, one can imagine that fear is the source of this omission. In this part of Europe we worry about the actions of Russia and the danger of the outbreak of a Third World War, but they did as other countries, commemorate the end of World War II.

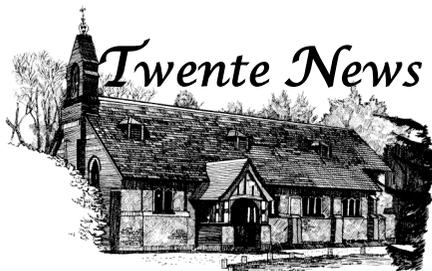
In the Lent course, we looked closely at our own fears and saw how our fears influence our actions. We can feel inhibited by fear and not doing something that we ought to do, out of fear of being turned down. When somebody is wrongly accused, we may not speak up out of fear of losing the sympathy of the accuser. Fear in many cases inhibits our being Christian. Out of fear, we may not live the Christian life as we should. If Jesus had feared, he would have fled his condemnation.

The Lent course will be repeated in the autumn, because it is helpful to look at our own fears, and see how we may be able to tackle them. What we learn will not only allow us to live better as Christians, but also enable us to live more happily with one another.

Alja Tollefsen

Chaplain of St Mary's Weldam





Summer Teas

Some time ago, Jan and I decided to stop organising and co-ordinating the St Mary's Sunday Summer Afternoon Teas at the end of this season. After eight years we feel it is time to hand the baton over to someone else. You are all aware that Jan's health is very precarious, so we think it advisable that someone else takes over this responsibility. We have always enjoyed doing the 'teas' and meeting the wide variety of people who come in. It has also been a pleasure to see how they enjoy the carefully prepared and delicious afternoon teas. We are

putting together an instruction book. Of course, we can always give any advice if needed. We hope that a willing person will be found soon

We shall continue with our duties as caretakers of the "Hut". If you want to celebrate a special birthday or other occasion in the "Hut" please contact us so we can help and support you where we can.

Best Wishes, Jan and Theda.

Post Script

Lists will be set up in the hut for volunteer bakers and helpers. Please sign up, 'Your chapel needs You.'

Ascension Day

In the relatively young traditions of St Mary's Chapel there was a picnic following the Eucharist Service. Ferdinand van Dijk, at quite short notice, had volunteered to organize and co-ordinate the picnic, held as usual in the Wood Yard. He obviously has a natural talent for organizing picnics. A big 'Thank You' Ferdinand.

Around thirty of us joined together to share the food we had bought. So much food that there was more than enough to share with some who, for one reason or another, had not bought anything other than themselves. Sharing a delicious selection of food and drink out in the sun, listening to the wonderful music, provided by Carol van Straten playing guitar and leading the singing of a selection of old favourites, while enjoying warm friendship, was a delightful way to celebrate Ascension Day. If you could not make it to this year's service and picnic, plan to be there for next year.

Invitation to Write an Article for the Magazine

The Magazine Production Team invites everyone to write articles for their magazine. Why? Well, obviously we need stuff to go into the magazine. But, far more important, it is your magazine and is therefore your voice. Due to the way we are all so scattered, most of us only meet and socialise after the service on a Sunday. Let us use the magazine as a means to tell each other about ourselves. Write about something that interests you. Where do you come from? Why did you come to St Mary's? What was it like when the chapel was first established? These are just a few suggestions. Write your story and help us all to get to know each other better.

Another reason for writing is that it can be fun. The more you write the

(Continued on page 3)

A Thought to Live By

Every day well lived
Makes every yesterday
a Dream of Happiness
and every Tomorrow
a Vision of Hope.

Anon - contributed: Erica Schotman

Wise Head

A policeman radios
into Headquarters

Hello, is that you
Sarge?

Yes, go ahead.

A woman has shot her
husband for stepping
on the floor she had
just mopped clean.

Have you arrested the
woman?

No Sarge, the floor is
still wet.

Being There

Sometimes we need
someone to simply be
there
Not to fix anything,
or to do anything in
particular,
But just to let us feel
that we are cared for
and supported.

Anon



DADDY?

You know how sometimes we mishear things? A little boy that I know said that they had sung 'Away in a Manger' in the Nativity play at his preschool. He was convinced from singing this carol that Jesus had another name because he had heard it as 'little George Jesus asleep in the hay'.

In the same way a little girl said that she knew God's name because every time people said the Lord's Prayer she heard it as 'Harold be thy name'.

When Jesus gave us the prayer we call The Lord's Prayer he told us what to call God - you can read about it in Matthew's Gospel, chapter 6, verses 5-15.

The word that Jesus used for 'Our Father' was 'Abba' which is the way that children then spoke

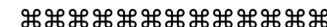


to their father, like we use the word Daddy now. Every time we say the prayer we remember that God is our loving father.

FOUR OF A KIND



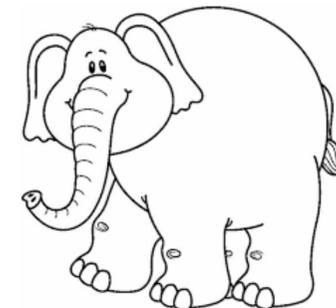
Can you find a common English word of 8 letters which contains 4 Gs? Here is a clue... it's a laughing matter. Answer at the bottom of the page.



What do they call ministers in Germany?
German Shepherds.

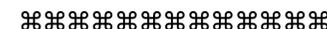
Who was the greatest comedian in the Bible?
Samson. He brought the house down.

Who was the first person in the Bible?
Chap One.



Why does an elephant use his trunk as a bookmark?
That way he always nose where he stopped reading.

What do you call someone with an elephant on their head?
Squashed!



Answer: giggling

An Evacuees Story

A week before the VE 70 years Commemoration Day, Phillipa asked me to read a poem referring to WWII. 'You can look on the Internet ' she said! Where do you look? What do you choose out of the large selection? I caught the word 'Evacuee', which triggered memories of my own as I myself was an evacuee during the war.

In fact, I recently heard that more than a million children were evacuated from the big cities and important ports, as a precaution from the bombing and threat of invasion. These evacuees were taken all over the country by train, steam trains, to country areas to stay in farms, country houses and cottages with 'parents' that were total strangers. It must have been a huge wrench for the parents to let their children go. For some children this was to remain a lifelong trauma and for others, a lifelong friendship.



My experience was different. The house in which we lived on the outskirts of London was bombed by a V1. Possibly launched from the Netherlands! It was a sunny Sunday afternoon in June. We heard the sirens and my brother and I were quickly collected and rushed into the Morrison shelter. This was like an iron cage under the dining table. Just in time as the blast shattered our house and ten other surrounding houses. There was nothing left of the house or its contents.

We were helped out of the wreckage by Air Raid Protection Wardens and given hot tea. Further, I don't remember until a few days later. We were at Paddington station boarding a huge steam train to Devon. My mother, brother and I were being evacuated. My father did work of national importance and remained in the London area. So, unlike the child in the poem on page 24, we were with our mum.

We were quartered in a large country house, where the lady of the house allowed us a mini kitchen, sitting room and three bedrooms. As a child, I found this very large and very scary as the house stood in fields at the top of a hill. The place was near Bampton and Tiverton, near the Exe River. I remember we had a very quiet, peaceful time there, far from all the bombing, tensions and fear. We stayed there until our house was rebuilt at the end of the war. We then returned to rebuild our lives, travelling again by steam train to London. My mother always stayed in contact with the lady of the house. I remember we did go to visit her once.

Recently, I have visited this home, hoping to see if it was really how I remembered, but that is a story for another day. ©Brenda Pyle

(Continued from page 2)

easier it becomes and you have the satisfaction in seeing something you have written, published. Not confident? Well, there are professional editors who will tidy up your manuscript in such a way that only you will know any tidying has taken place.

The absolute maximum length for the article is 2,000 words, about four and a half magazine pages. This invitation is probably the shortest length, about 250 words. So come on, get writing and fill your magazine with marvellous manuscripts.

Forthcoming Events

South African Braai	4 July
Summer Teas	12, 19, 26 July. 2, 9, 16 August
Castle Fair	5 September



Breaking News - S.A. Braai in Weldam 4th July

Ferdinand van Dijk announces a South African Braai (Barbeque) will held in the Chaplain's Garden. The provisional program is as follows:

- A Eucharist Service followed by
- 15:30 Tea Time in the Hut, Tea and Coffee with Melk Tert and Ouma's Beskuitjes
 - 16:00 Braaivleis with South African delicacies such as boerewors and potjiekos on offer.

Due to the South African theme, all food will be provided with €7 tickets sold to cover the costs. Vegetarian catering is still under development. Please bring your own drinks and glasses. Full details will be announced in Church and posted in the hut, with translations of S.A. terms if needed. Everyone welcome.

Congratulations

On Friday 15 May, Dirk, the singing dog of St Mary's became the proud father of six, two boys and four girls. Dirk's proud owners, Joyce and Adriaan Wigboldus are delighted to have six granddogs.

On 31st May, Joyce's grandson Scipio will be baptised. Refreshments will be offered afterwards as is customary, with an opportunity to meet the baby, the human one of course. Double congratulations.



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.

Mother's Advice

"When your mother asks, 'Do you want a piece of advice?' it's a mere formality. It doesn't matter if you answer yes or no. You're going to get it anyway."
-- Erma Bombeck

Where have you been?

Sometimes women are overly suspicious of their husbands. When Adam stayed out very late for a few nights, Eve became upset, "You're running around with other women," she charged.

"You're being unreasonable," Adam responded, "You are the only woman on Earth." The quarrel continued until Adam fell asleep, only to awakened by someone poking him in the chest.

It was Eve, "What do you think you're doing?" Adam demanded.

"Counting your ribs," said Eve.

Deep Thoughts

I don't understand people who say life is a mystery, because what is it they want to know.

I wonder if Angels believe in ghosts?

The Birthday Study

It is proven that the celebration of birthdays is healthy. Statistics show that those people who celebrate the most birthdays become the oldest.

S. Den Hartog -
PhD Thesis,
University of
Groningen

The Results of Statistics

1. 10% of all car thieves are left handed.
2. All Polar Bears are left handed
3. If your car is stolen there is a 10% chance it was taken by a PolarBear
1. 39% of unemployed men wear spectacles
2. 80% of employed men wear spectacles
3. Work damages your eyesight
1. A total of 4000 cans are opened around the world every second
2. Ten babies are conceived around the world every second
3. Each time you open a can you have a 1 in 4000 chance of falling pregnant

Enemies - Who Doesn't Have Them?

I never really believe people who are so 'holier than thou' that they claim to have no enemies.

If we take enemies to mean people who might want to destroy our way of life or whose way of life we find destructive or abhorrent then most of us in the modern world will say that we do have enemies. On a more personal level it's a sad fact that many of us find that we have enemies at work and find ourselves in situations where the bosses or even our colleagues can feel like back stabbing enemies.

Even at home, which should be places of peace, many people find life to be more like trench warfare. One man said that the only place he felt happy was in his car because both works and home felt like battlefields.

When we stop to examine who our enemies are we often find that they occupy quite a big space in our thoughts and emotions and they take up a lot of our energy.

Jesus said that we should pray for our enemies. To some people that can seem like avoiding the issue but, if our enemies really are in the wrong in some way then asking God to bless them can be transforming. Things may even get worse for a while but then something begins to shift and change in their hearts. If on the other hand it is us who have got it a bit wrong then it's amazing how, when we start to pray for our enemies, our perceptions start to shift and we begin to get some understanding of where a person is coming from.

Prayer can even give us courage to confront our enemies in a way that is creative and loving and leads to a positive change in both of us. Since Apartheid ended in South Africa twenty years ago the truth and reconciliation process, underpinned by prayer and a desire to reach the point of loving one's enemies, has prevented much bloodshed.

So, even if you're not sure you believe in God, give praying for your enemies a go over the next few months. You might well be surprised.

The Source from St Simon's Parish Magazine



(Continued from page 19)

Today, Father's Day is a great time to celebrate any sort of male role models, like uncles or grandfathers, as well as dads. Certainly Father's Day has become a day for greeting card companies to rejoice, and sales of the most popular gifts for Dad (shirts, ties, and electric razors) increase considerably. Perhaps most telling of all, though, is how children continue to see their fathers: in America, for example, more 'collect calls' to home are recorded on Father's Day than on any other day of the year!



Pandora's Story



After three long cold years living in Holland and feeling a bit lonely for being away from friends and family I decided to adopt a dog. I was just not sure about what dog to get. I prayed to God for guidance and after a

couple of months I was reading a magazine when I came across a picture of a woman surrounded by greyhounds. The article was about her work in rescuing grey hounds which had been badly mistreated in Spain. I just knew right then that this was the dog I wanted. After contacting the charity organization we were told that Pandora was the dog that would best suit us. She is a very loving and docile dog. At first, she was scared of everything and everyone. It took me about a week sleeping with her in the living room for her to have some confidence to be left alone during the night. Leaving her alone to get some groceries was out of question. But I was in love with her already and I knew she would learn eventually. And I was right. Six years on, I can say Pandora is the most loyal dog I have even seen. She adores us and my kids, she has a wonderful character, she can be left alone for a few hours and only gets demanding about her walks with which I comply with lots of pleasure. I would definitely recommend a greyhound to anyone who is considering adopting a dog. ©Priscilla Lezeck

To God: From the Dog

Let me give you a list of just some of the things I must remember to be a good dog.

1. I will not eat the cats' food before they eat it or after they throw it up.
2. I will not roll on dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc. just because I like the way they smell.
3. The litter box is not a cookie jar.
4. The sofa is not a "face towel."
5. The garbage collector is not stealing our stuff.
6. I will not play tug-of-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.
7. I don't need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm under the coffee table.
8. I must shake the rainwater out of my fur before entering the house—not after.
9. The cat is not a squeaky toy so when I play with him and he makes that noise, it's usually not a good thing.



9th June commemorates Columba of Iona (c. 521 -97) Missionary to the UK

2013 marked the 1450th anniversary of the arrival of Christianity in the UK. It was brought by St Columba from Ireland to Iona – a tiny island off Mull, in the Western Highlands.

Columba was born in Donegal of the royal Ui Neill clan, and trained as a monk. He founded the monasteries of Derry (546), Durrow (c.556) and probably Kells. But in 565 Columba left Ireland with twelve companions for Iona, an island off southwest Scotland. Iona had been given to him for a monastery by the ruler of the Irish Dalriada.

Why would a monk in his mid-40s go into such voluntary exile? Various explanations include: voluntary exile for Christ, an attempt to help overseas compatriots in their struggle for survival, or even as some sort of punishment for his part in a row over a psalter in Ireland. Whatever the reason, Columba went to Iona and spent the rest of his life in Scotland, returning to Ireland only for occasional visits.

Columba's biographer, Adomnan, portrays him as a tall, striking figure of powerful build and impressive presence, who combined the skills of scholar, poet and ruler with a fearless commitment to God's cause. Able, ardent, and sometimes harsh, Columba seems to have mellowed with age.



As well as building his monastery on Iona, Columba also converted Brude, king of the Picts. Columba had great skill as a scribe, and an example of this can be seen in the Cathach of Columba, a late 6th century psalter in the Irish Academy, which is the oldest surviving example of Irish majuscule writing. In his later years Columba spent much time transcribing books.

Columba's death was apparently foreseen by his community, and even, it seems, sensed by his favourite horse. He died in the church just before Matins, and it is a tribute to this man that his traditions were upheld by his followers for about a century, not least in the Synod of Whitby and in Irish monasteries on the continent of Europe.

A prayer of St Columba:

Christ With Us

My dearest Lord,
Be Thou a bright flame
before me,
Be Thou a guiding star
above me,
Be Thou a smooth path
beneath me,
Be Thou a kindly
shepherd behind me,
Today and evermore.

Prayer of hope

Father,
Thank you that nothing
is impossible with you.
When circumstances
seem to conspire, when
situations are entrenched,
when relationships feel
fragile, help us to
remember that you are
the God who breaks
through barriers, who
opens eyes and
transforms lives of even
the most unlikely people.
Help us to remember
Paul - who he was and
what he became – to be
encouraged and full of
hope and thanks,
In Jesus name,
Amen.

By Daphne Kitching

Young Achievers

The Young Achievers Empowerment Organization, begun by Pandu Hailonga in 2004 in Windhoek, Namibia, aims to help young Namibians realize their potential. From its early days the organization received financial support from St Mary's and on Sunday, 24 May, one of the Young Achievers, Michael Mulunga visited the chapel. In a short talk delivered from the lectern, he told an enrapt congregation what was done with the money donated and how much the organization appreciated it. Michael was an example of why Young Achievers exists.

Michael joined the organization in 2006. Still a young teenager he did not know what the term 'vision' meant. It was difficult to believe the confident young man talking had once been a shy young boy, unable to speak in public. Over the months at weekly meetings, he gained confidence while his leadership skills grew. Finishing school, with his parents unable to afford university registration fees, Young Achievers paid his fees. A government loan allowed him to complete his tertiary education.

Michael explained how group meetings helped shape him in ways he could never have imagined. Kindling within him the desire to succeed, Michael lived up to the name of the organization by becoming a 'Young Achiever'. Doors every young person would like to enter were opened for him, offering Michael opportunities and recognition he would never have thought possible. Such opportunities as being elected one of the 12 Zeitgeist young minds in a competition to find exceptional, motivated and inspiring young adults from across Europe, Asia, and Africa. Young people making a positive impact in their worlds. Michael also attended Barack Obama's forum for the Young African Leaders Initiative.

Why did Michael come to tell his story? Mainly he recognized that members of the organization would never have had the opportunity to shine without the financial support given to Young Achievers. He has seen too many youth organizations founder due to financial constraints.

Young Achievers' group aim is to give the members a sense of mission and vision. The money is used in many ways, including an annual Career Day Fair. Professionals such as doctors, accountants, teachers and others talk with the members on a one-on-one basis. Education is a core objective for all Namibian youth. Tutorials are organized to help members achieve outstanding performances in their line of study. Help is given with tuition fees to members if they are unable to pay. Tertiary Education representatives invited in to promote their institutes, tell the members what is available and where to go after they matriculate.

Over the past ten years, the organization has decentralized the concept to five other Namibian towns. The branches follow the same ideas as the founding chapter. Once, or twice a year, groups visit communities to meet and talk to young people on issues affecting them.

Many young Namibians do not know their own country. Groups organize trips giving members the chance to be tourists in their own country. This year's trip visited the Brandberg Mountain.

Michael closed with representative messages from James and Sarah. Michael donated candles, decorated in African themes, to the chapel so that the light of the Anglican Church can never die out as the light of the Young Achievers has been kept alight with the help of St. Mary's.

Techie trouble

The vicar at our local church experienced some technical problems with the sound system one Sunday. Instead of starting the service as usual with 'The Lord be with you', he said: "There's something wrong with the microphone."

Not hearing this, the congregation responded: "And also with you."

Advice to young clergy on preaching

"Consider the postage stamp. Its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

Descriptions

Dust: mud with the juice squeezed out.

Inflation: cutting money in half without damaging the paper.

Raisin: grape with a sunburn.

Mosquito: an insect that makes you like flies better.

Beauty salon: where women curl up and dye.

On what security cameras in church will tell you

From The Rectory
St. James the Least
My dear Nephew Darren

Much against my better judgement, after a recent series of small thefts, we have installed security cameras here at St. James the Least. At least the suggestion for trip wires that opened the gate to Mrs Poppleroy's garden next door, thereby setting loose her deranged Pekingese, were narrowly defeated – though I had to use my casting vote.

So now we have a complete record of everything that goes on when no one is about. It makes such interesting viewing that I have cancelled my television licence and spend every evening watching the antics of my parishioners. I wonder if there is some niche television channel which would be interested; it could help the tower restoration fund no end.

Miss Margison seems to imagine she is now part of some theatrical performance every time she cleans the church; her body language as she wields a feather duster is of operatic proportions, as is her final bow to the cameras as she leaves.

I have at last found the several hiding places where Mr Prentice secretes his bottle of whisky every week when he comes to wind the tower clock.

Colonel Wainwright, who served for some time in the security services, is now worried that pictures of him cleaning the brass will be circulated in Russia. He fails to appreciate that his disguise as a French onion seller, with striped jersey, beret and waxed moustache does tend to make his presence rather more interesting than he imagines – to us, if not to the KGB.

The flower arrangers seem to imagine that we are recording sound as well as pictures and so whenever they are in church together, all gossip is written down and passed round by hand as they work in total silence. So far, they have remembered to take their pieces of paper home with them. One slip and I shall probably learn more

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21 June

In the UK, USA and Canada, the third Sunday in June is Father's Day. It's a good time for sons and

daughters to take their father to his favourite restaurant, or to watch a favoured sport, or whatever else he enjoys doing.

How will you celebrate it this year? If your own father cannot be with you, is there a 'spare' father somewhere in your church or your circle of friends whose children cannot be with him, and who would welcome some special treat on the day?

How do these special days ever get started, anyway? Well, Father's Day began because way back in 1909 there was a woman in Spokane, Washington, named Sonora Louise Smart Dodd. That year she heard a church sermon about the merits of setting aside a day to honour one's mother. Mother's Day was just beginning to gather widespread attention in the United States at this time. But Sonora Louise Smart Dodd knew that it was her father who had selflessly raised herself and her five siblings by himself after their mother had died in childbirth. So the sermon on mothers gave Sonora Louise the idea to petition for a day to honour fathers, and in particular, her own father, William Jackson Smart.

Sonora Louise soon set about planning the first Father's Day celebration in Spokane in 1910. With support from the Spokane Ministerial Association and the YMCA, her efforts paid off, and a 'Father's Day' was appointed. Sonora Louise had wanted Father's Day to be on the first Sunday in June (since that was her father's birthday), but the city council didn't have time to approve it until later in the month. And so on June 19, 1910, the first Father's Day was celebrated in Spokane.

Gradually, other people in other cities caught on and started celebrating their fathers, too. The rose was selected as the official Father's Day flower. Some people began to wear a white rose to honour a father who was dead, and a red one to honour a father who was living. Finally, in 1972, President Richard Nixon signed a presidential proclamation declaring the third Sunday of June as Father's Day - a permanent, national holiday.

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you can hear me telling everyone how to get to Heaven."
"I don't think I will be there." said the boy.
"You don't even know the way to the post office."

Who is the Winner?

The father of five children had won a toy at a raffle. He called his kids together to ask which one should have the present.

"Who is the most obedient?" he asked.
"Who never talks back to mother? and
"Who does everything mother says?"
Five small voices replied in unison.
"Okay daddy! You get the toy."

On Father's Day

A little boy asked his father how much it cost to get married. His father replied that he did not know, he was still paying.

King Arthur

Who invented the Round Table?
Sir Cumference
Other knights:
Sir Pass - the best knight of all
Sir Cumflex - a knight with a strange accent
Sir Vey - A watchful knight

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Signs seen outside Churches

Searching for a new look?

Have your faith lifted here.

Come in and pray today. Avoid the Christmas rush.

When down in the mouth remember Jonah. He came out alright.

Fight truth decay, study the Bible daily.

Dusty Bibles lead to Dirty Lives.

In the dark? Follow the Son.

Forbidden fruits create many jams.

If you are headed in the wrong direction, God allows U turns.

If you cannot sleep, don't count sheep. Talk to the Shepherd.

Billy Graham

Billy Graham told of a time early in his ministry when he arrived in a small town to preach a sermon. Wanting to post a letter, he asked a young boy where the post office was. After the boy told him, Billy Graham thanking the boy saying, "If you come to church tonight

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approval before they broke into God bless Africa. A glorious sound bouncing and echoing off the rock faces as the truck wheezed and growled its way through the mountains.

Finally reaching Louis Trichardt, the truck stopped outside a cheap, hotel for whites. To my surprise, everyone climbed out of the truck and I was hugged, patted, and had my hand shaken until my teeth rattled. That night a lone young white man and a whole truckload of black men parted as friends. We did not know each others' names, but we were definitely friends.

Over the years, I have often thought back to that night when a passing driver, a priest, came upon a stranger stranded and freezing out on a lonely road at night. The priest found room for the stranger on his crowded vehicle and made the stranger welcome. Like the good shepherd, the priest was determined to herd his flock to safety. That night the priest's generosity was rewarded when the stranger he helped, was in turn able to help protect the flock before continuing on a separate path in a land of institutional separateness. I believe my experiences of that night had a lasting effect on me. Able to briefly share music, friendship and a profound faith in God with people from a world I normally would have never seen. A night when my little bit of Africa was blessed.

In 1998, I came to the Netherlands. With health and financial problems, I struggled in the first year, isolated by language and culture. A year later, I saw a reference to an English language church at Weldom. The chapel took some finding but imagine my joy when I finally came upon St Mary's. To find people of all nationalities, the whole spectrum of possible skin tones plus the full range of Christian denominations, coming together in prayer and friendship was magical for me. Surely, it is only in a spirit of friendship and tolerance that we can truly call ourselves Christians. After all, are we not all equal in the eyes of God?

©Blair Charles



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about my parishioners in five minutes than I have done in the last five years.

The cameras have also solved the mystery of who has been pilfering the items - and even the nest where they have hidden it. If only I could teach the magpies to extract money from pockets and place it on the collection plate.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace

© The Rev Dr Gary Bowness



SENIORS TEXTING CODES

ATD:	At The Doctors
BFF:	Best Friend Fell
BTW:	Bring The Wheelchair
BYOT:	Bring Your Own Teeth
FWIW:	Forgot Where I Was
GGPBL:	Gotta Go Pacemaker Battery Low
GHA:	Got Heartburn Again
IMHO:	Is My Hearing Aid On
LMDO:	Laughing My Dentures Out
OMMR:	On My Massage Recliner
OMSG:	Oh My! Sorry, Gas
TTYL:	Talk To You Louder
ROFLACGU	Rolling On Floor Laughing And Can't Get Up

Cannibal: one who is fed up with people
Committee: a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Weight

Signing the register at a wedding, the groom had difficulty in making his ball-point pen work. "Put your weight on it," said the vicar. So the groom complied: 'John Smith (eleven stone, four pounds)'

Life 1

Life isn't about waiting for the storm to pass
It's about learning to dance in the rain

Life 2

It's impossible said Pride
It's risky said Experience
It's Pointless said Reason
Give it a try whispered the Heart

Quote:

Our prime purpose in life is to help others. And if you can't help them, at least don't hurt them
Dalai Lama

Dressing:

'Ecclesiastic' is material used to fasten a clergyman's robes.

Wonderful Church Bulletins!

Thank God for the church ladies with typewriters. These sentences actually appeared in church bulletins or were announced at church services:

The Fasting & Prayer Conference includes meals.

Scouts are saving aluminium cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will go to cripple children.

The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.'
The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'
Thanks to Els Ottens

Economy Dont's in 1917

Don't eat meat three times a day when once is sufficient

Don't forget that porridge is one of the best foods

Don't eat butter with bread

Don't eat butter with bacon

Don't eat between meals

VE Day's 70th Anniversary A Day of Remembrance

After nearly six years of most terrible war, which started in Europe and then became World War 2, on the 8th of May 1945 peace was declared in Europe. Later peace became a reality in the Channel Islands and elsewhere, and in August peace was declared in Japan. We celebrate that peace, while at the same time remembering the lives so bravely given by so many thousands amongst the terrible loss of life of millions the war caused. This year 70 years later, there were celebrations throughout Britain and Europe, and many moving commemorations. Here in Holland there was a day of Remembrance on the 4th May, and Celebrations for Freedom on the 5th May, with this year special attention for 70 years.

As is usual in St. Mary's with all of the 'big' commemorations, a lovely service was held on Sunday 10th May to celebrate Victory in Europe 70 years ago. In England, they were celebrating VE weekend, with street parties, moving ceremonies at the War Memorials, a huge Concert held in Horse Guards Parade ground and on Sunday, and a wonderful service in Westminster Abbey with the Queen in attendance. After which there was a parade with the now elderly Veterans, near Whitehall. Very special indeed!



So too was our contribution to this very important historical occasion. During our service in St Mary's, two poems were read, Andrew Motion's "A dream of Peace" and Siegfried Sassoon's "Everyone Sang". We had a good sermon on Liberation and Forgiveness. The Church had an arrangement of deep red roses, and each person received a single rose to take away, for the remembrance of VE, and also because it was Mother's Day in

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getting bad. I could feel the two men squashed next to me trembling with fear.

I knew I had to do something. Leaning forward I asked in English what was wrong. Surprised, the policeman ordered me to get out and stand in front of the headlights. Seeing a white teenager, he asked for my ID. I reached into my jacket pocket then froze as the constable leapt back, aiming his pistol at me. I could see both assault rifles were also aimed at me. The constable screamed at me to take out my ID slowly. My identity card showed I was a white alien. He told the sergeant I was a ***** rooinek, (Afrikaans term for a Brit). Politely I interrupted to say I was Irish, offering my green and gold passport. The police sergeant examined both documents, wanting to know what I was doing in a van full of black people. (It was not put quite as politely as that).

Improvising madly I explained how I worked with the Reverend Father at a mission outside Louis Trichardt. I was escorting them home after a service in Pretoria. A breakdown had delayed us. I could guarantee I would see them all safely back home. The policemen came together. There was a short, rapid conversation in Afrikaans. From the choir, there was now complete silence. Finally, the sergeant turned to me and giving me my papers, told me to take my black gentlemen home (again, not quite so politely).

Back in the truck, still in complete silence, we followed the police van to the edge of the town. With a final whoop of the siren, the police van u-turned and raced back to the town. Another kilometre, then the celebrations started with everyone laughing and talking at the same time. Laughing especially hard when the priest translated what I had said to the police. We all knew we had come close to being part of yet another tragedy in this beautiful country.

Frightened, outnumbered, armed police facing a crowd of angry men only needed one wrong word or action to give cause to open fire. It had happened before and sadly, it was to happen many more times in the future.

The singing, when it began again, was even more beautiful than before. Now the singers were singing with relief, with joy and in gratitude to God. Approaching the mountains, the priest used a break in the singing to ask me what hymn I wanted to hear. I asked if they could sing Nkosi Sikelel iAfrica. There was a great roar of

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Uit die blou van
onse hemel,
Uit die diepte van
ons see,
Oor ons ewige
gebergtes,
Waar die kranse
antwoord gee,

Sounds the call to
come together,
And united we shall
stand,
Let us live and
strive for freedom,
In South Africa our
land.

The English
translation of the
first three stanzas is
as follows
Lord, bless Africa
May her spirit rise
high up
Hear thou our
prayers
Lord bless us.

Lord, bless Africa
Banish wars and
strife
Lord, bless our
nation
Of South Africa.

Ring out from
our blue heavens
From our deep seas
breaking round
Over everlasting
mountains
Where the echoing
crags resound . . .

Nkosi Sikelel iAfrica

The national anthem of South Africa merges two anthems and five languages. The first verse and second stanza are from Nkosi Sikelel iAfrica and the second two stanzas are from Die Stem van Suid Afrika. The first stanza is in Xhosa and Zulu, the second stanza is in Sesotho, the third in Afrikaans and the fourth in English.



Nkosi sikelel' iAfrica
Maluphakanyisw'
uphondo lwayo,
Yizwa imithandazo
yethu,
Nkosi sikelela, thina
lusapho lwayo.

Morena boloka
setjhaba sa heso,
O fedise dintwa le
matshwenyeho,
O se boloke, O se
boloke setjhaba sa
heso,
Setjhaba sa South
Afrika – South Afrika.

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Automatically correcting him I said I was Irish before going on to tell him I was travelling to Salisbury to see my parents. Satisfied, the priest blipped the accelerator a few times and the choir broke into song. I thought I had gone to heaven, carried up on the music of an incredible male voice choir singing a selection of hymns in English, Afrikaans and various African languages.

Entering the first town, the singing stopped. Those in the back crouching down as best they could. I sensed their nervousness as we scuttled through the town and then safely out into the country undetected. One more town a hundred kilometres north, cross the Soutpansberg Mountains and they would be home.

Back in the countryside, the choir started again. I noticed the most beautiful of African hymns, Nkosi Sikelel iAfrica, (God bless Africa), was not sung. Now the anthem of the African National Congress, this Xhosa hymn was banned. A prison sentence could follow it being sung in public.



At the next town, again we crept along the empty road, trying to be inconspicuous, a difficult feat in a battered overloaded truck with noisy, rumbling engine. From a side street, a police van, siren screaming and blue light flashing, shot out of in front of us and stopped, forcing the priest to brake hard to avoid hitting it. A white police constable, probably in his twenties, jumped out and marched up to the driver's window. His right hand carried an automatic pistol, barrel pointing down. Another white policeman, cradling an assault rifle, moved quickly out onto the pavement to our left. It was plain to see the police were uneasy.

The man by the driver's door spoke aggressively in Afrikaans, despite the fact the truck was stopped under streetlights and the priest's clerical collar was clearly visible. When the priest called him 'brother' the policeman replied that he was no black person's brother, he was 'baas'.



Angry voices started up in the back of the truck with the priest trying to get his flock under control, with no success. The constable shouted something back at the police van. A police sergeant, also carrying an assault rifle, appeared. Taking up position in the middle of the road, he trained his weapon on the driver. Things were

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Holland. Louw Talstra, our organist led us into a marvellous rendering of both the British and the Dutch National Anthems.

Then to the Hut, where in true St. Mary's fashion, many generous people had brought delicious snacks and cakes. We had coffee and drank a glass of wine while listening to a poem by Brenda about an evacuee who was being brought away by train to a new home. Brenda then gave us a small talk about her own experiences at a very young age, of being sent as an evacuee from London to Devon. How many years later, she had returned to this house, and how emotional that had been. Christiaan then read a compilation of poems that he had put together using pieces by a couple of poets as well as a



poem he wrote. It was very moving.

I would like to thank all those who helped to make this celebration so special and meaningful. So many people showed great interest and recounted their own Families' experiences during the war. Of course, a few of us had parents who took part in the fight for freedom here in Europe. In my case my father, served a year in Holland with the RAF before he moved to Belgium where he served three more years there. Caroline Siertsema's father was also in the RAF. How grateful we are to these courageous young men and women, and because of their war effort, whatever it entailed, we can live in Peace and Freedom.

Contributed by Phillipa Te West

The British Abroad

Roland, an Englishman went to Spain on a fishing trip.

While there, Roland hired a Spanish guide to help him find the best fishing spots. Since Roland was learning Spanish, he asked the guide to speak to him in Spanish and to correct any mistakes of usage. Together they were hiking on a mountain trail when a very large, purple and blue fly crossed their path. The Englishmen pointed at the insect with his fishing rod, and announced, '*Mira el mosca.*'

The guide, sensing a teaching opportunity to teach Roland, replied, 'No, señor, "*la mosca*"... *es femenina.*' Roland looked at him in amazement, then back at the fly, and then said, 'Good heavens..... you must have incredibly good eyesight.'

Lesson

What did Anne Boleyn's mother say when her daughter told her she had fallen in love with Henry VIII and was going to marry him?

That man is not worth losing your head over.

Training

At one Army base, the annual trip to the rifle range had been cancelled for the second year in a row, but the semi-annual physical fitness test was still on as planned. One soldier mused, "Does it bother anyone else that the Army doesn't seem to care how well we can shoot, but they are extremely interested in how fast we can run?"

and Exercises

During training exercises, the lieutenant who was driving down a muddy back road encountered another jeep stuck in the mud with a red-faced Colonel at the wheel. "Your jeep stuck, sir?" asked the lieutenant as he pulled alongside. "Nope," replied the colonel, coming over and handing him the keys, "Yours is."

End Result

Which month do soldiers hate most?
March!

Dodenherdenking Day

Remembrance Day or 'Dodenherdenking' as it is called in the Netherlands is very important for me. Wherever we are, we will always attend the Dodenherdenking. I was rather young during the war but I still remember quite a lot.

I remember that our house was always full with people and it was only after the war that I realized that these people were on the run from the enemy; students, Jews, even a deserted German soldier. And one day they all had to leave the house very suddenly because my parents got two German officers quartered upon them.

Apart from that, I think I am one of the last war-victims because one month after the war I was run over by a Canadian jeep.

An Ode to my Parents:

*I am thinking of my parents:
with danger of life and possession
they hid men and women
for brutal enemy suppression.
I'm very thankful for their strife
to give me moral standards in life.
They taught me to think critical
about dogma's, religious and political.
Taught me tolerance and to aid those in need
and to abstain from any form of greed.
To cherish the peace so bitterly fought
and the freedom to us they brought.
Contributed by Christiaan Koning*



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Thereafter she ignored me and spoke exclusively to her husband in rapid Afrikaans. He did not look happy.

Holiday traffic delaying our journey meant it was close to sunset before we reached the farm turn-off. He offered to take me to the next town thirty km north, but taking one look at his wife, the poor guy dropped me off at the roadside. At the end of May, it was late autumn, I was over 1000 meters above sea level and I was freezing. Barbed wire and thorny shrubs lined both sides of the road offering me nowhere to shelter, other than a few isolated kopjes. Within an hour I was trudging north in the dark and on a moonless night, my only light came from the blaze of million stars above. I had to walk in the middle of the road following the barely visible white line in complete silence, as by now there was no traffic.

Until I heard an incredible sound ominously coming ever closer from the south. Anyone who has seen the film Zulu may remember the Zulu impi singing a salute to the Rorke's Drift defenders. This sound was similar and gave me time to reach the edge of the road before a vehicle rumbled up, catching me in the headlights. The truck stopped alongside. I was aware the vehicle was full of people, which on a lonely road at night could only be bad news, for me.

A voice boomed out, asking me in Afrikaans if I needed a lift. The speaker's accent telling me he was black. In poor Afrikaans, I told him I was going to Salisbury and he offered me a lift as far as Louis Trichardt, a town about a hundred kilometres from the border. Unusually, the speaker addressed me as 'Brother' rather than 'Baas', the usual term used by blacks for a white man.

Nervously I squeezed onto the bench seat of yet another American pickup. There were two men seated next to me, one on the lap of the other. The driver leaned around them to introduce himself as the Reverend something, an African name, which I could not catch. Relishing the relative warmth of the cab, as there was no glass in the windows, I tried to get comfortable.

The priest told me he was taking the church choir home after attending a function in Pretoria. They had been delayed by a puncture although they left in time to get home. I mentally finished the sentence with 'before the curfew'. He politely asked what an Englishman was doing in the wilds of Africa in the dark.

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- flowers too,
once you get to
know them.'
9. 'I think we dream so we don't have to be apart for so long. If we're in each other's dreams, we can be together all the time.'
10. 'You can't stay in your corner of the Forest waiting for others to come to you. You have to go to them sometimes.'
11. 'A little thought for others, makes all the difference.'
12. 'A day without a friend is like a pot without a single drop of honey.'

©Little Church Mouse

Grandpas

Grandpas are there to help children get into mischief that they haven't thought of yet.



Twelve Wise Things we learn from Winnie the Pooh

A bear who has led us through the Hundred Acre Woods since 1924.

1. Piglet: 'How do you spell love?'
Pooh: You don't spell it, ...you feel it.'
2. 'You are braver than you believe. Stronger than you seem. And smarter than you think.'
3. 'The things that make me different are the things that make me.'
4. 'If there ever comes a day when we can't be together, keep me in your heart. I'll stay there forever.'
5. 'Sometime the smallest things take the most room in your heart.'
6. 'Some people care too much. I think its called love.'
7. 'Rivers know this: there is no hurry. We shall get there some day.'
8. 'Weeds are

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One Night when God blessed Africa

Three months before my seventeenth birthday I emigrated from Zambia to South Africa. I began a five-year apprenticeship at an Iron and Steel Corporation in what was then the Transvaal and is now Gauteng. William Blake's famous line from Jerusalem, *Dark Satanic Mills* applied so aptly to the steel mills, dark, dirty and incredibly dangerous. For the first two years, my annual holiday was spent with my parents in Zambia, 2000 km north. When they moved to Salisbury, Rhodesia (Harare, Zimbabwe), a mere 1000 km north, hitchhiking home for a long weekend was now possible and it is where my story starts.

To give some context to the story, South Africa in the sixties was in turmoil. A full scale armed uprising had been narrowly averted and the armed struggle by liberation movements had begun. Many towns in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State adopted white-by-night policies. Air raid sirens sounded at night to warn people to be in their own racial area until sunrise. In reality, a law only enforced against blacks caught in the white areas.

Many Afrikaner colleagues disliked English speakers, especially those coming from independent African states to the north. Deep grievances going back to the British Concentration Camps during the Boer War some sixty years ago still festered on. I found it a hard unfriendly place to live and work, where I could not even turn to my church for help. My working hours were long, often working seven days a week. There was no time for church. However, with my parents closer, I could take occasional breaks to visit them.

Hence, on learning I did not have to work over a holiday weekend, I decided to hike home. One of my more friendly Afrikaner colleagues was visiting the family farm that weekend so he offered me a lift north of Pretoria. On Friday afternoon, the two of us left work early and all was going well until we picked up his wife. My lift drove an American pick-up truck, with bench seat. Wife's grandmother had been in a British camp and wife was not happy about sharing the bench seat with an 'Englishman'.



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200th Anniversary Waterloo - 18 June 1815

With all the commemorating of the 70th Anniversary of the end of the war in Europe, let us not forget the 18 June 1815 is the 200th Anniversary of Waterloo, the great Anglo/Dutch/German victory over Napoleon Bonaparte. The initial action took place on the 16 June at a crossroads called Quatre Bras in Belgium. The Prince of Orange commanded Dutch Belgium troops, delaying Marshall Ney's march on Brussels



to give Wellington the time needed to bring his armies into action at Waterloo on the 18th June. Two days later, on the outskirts of Brussels, the Duke of Wellington commanded the combined European army that defeated the numerically superior La Grande Armée de Napoleon at Waterloo. Wellington's British Army included soldiers of the King's German Legion, recruited in Hanover and Brunswick. There were also soldiers of the Netherlands and Belgium Army, weary from the battle two days earlier. Later in the day, Prussians troops, under the command of Field Marshall Gebhard Blücher arrived. At the end of the day, over 55,000 men were dead, dying or wounded. Including amongst the wounded was the Prince of Orange, a future King of the Netherlands.

Why do we need to remember a battle fought 200 years ago? What possible significance can it have on our lives today? Waterloo was the battle that ended 25 years of war and occupation across Europe. From the tragic losses of so many young lives grew a Europe that would enjoy over fifty years of relative peace. A Europe in which period democracy slowly evolved and the continent experienced huge technical advancements and great social improvements. After Waterloo, the United Kingdom of the Netherlands and Belgium was finally established as an independent nation state.

The British at University

A famous scientist, Arnold Nijmegen, was on his way to a lecture in yet another university, this one in Aberdeen, Scotland, when his chauffeur offered an idea.

'Tell you what, sir, I've heard your speech so many times I bet I could deliver it and give you the night off.' 'Sounds great,' Nijmegen responded. When they got to the auditorium, the scientist put on the chauffeur's hat and settled into the back row. The chauffeur walked to the lectern and delivered the speech. Afterward he asked if there were any questions.

'Yes,' said one professor. Then he launched into a highly technical question. The chauffeur, panic stricken for a moment, quickly recovered. 'Ah, professor now that's an easy one,' he replied, 'in fact, it's so easy, I'm going to let my chauffeur answer it.'



7th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	Chalice	Jeanet Luiten
Trinity 1	Els Ottens	1 Sam 8.4-11,16-20
	Vivian Reinders	2 Cor. 4.13-5.1
	Gospel	Mark 3. 20-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		

14th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	John Bestman
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema
Trinity 2	Pauline Talstra	1 Samuel 15.34-16.13
	Dina Boessenkool	2 Corinthians 5.6-17
	Gospel	Mark 4.26-34
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		

21st June	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	Chalice	Count Alfred
Trinity 3	Fred Schonewille	1 Samuel 17.32-49
	Heleen Rauwerda	2 Corinthians 6.1-13
	Gospel	Mark 4.35-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		

28th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	Fred Schonewille
	Chalice	Jeanet Luiten
Trinity 4	Victor Pirenne	2 Samuel 1.1,17-end
	Linda ten Berge	2 Corinthian 8.7-end
	Gospel	Mark 5. 21-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		

5th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Pauline Talstra
	Chalice	Count Alfred Solms
Trinity 5	Erica Bonting	Ezekiel 2.1-5
	Blair Charles	2 Cor. 12.2-10
	Gospel	Mark 6. 1-13
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		

12th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	John Bestman
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema
Trinity 6	Heleen Rauwerda	Amos 7. 7-15
	Arjen Haffmans	Ephesians 1.3-14
	Gospel	Mark 6. 14-29
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		