

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

Volume 11 Issue 8 October 2015
Next issue: November

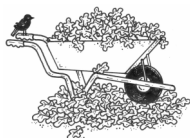
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St Mary's Magazine



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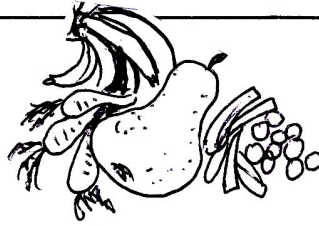
The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente



DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



October



2015

The Chaplain Writes

October is when we prepare for the winter months. It is getting darker earlier and the temperature drops substantially.

It is also the month when we celebrate Harvest, collecting the fruit of the earth, the work of our hands and this year we will share what we collected with the less fortunate.

For weeks, it has been announced in church that the food will be taken to the Voedselbank and on the last Sunday of September, it was announced that we had received a request from the churches in Goor to help in supporting the refugees.

No matter how we look at the situation, we cannot ignore the sad images that reach us through the news. People who have travelled for days and who have been sent backwards and forwards, because the countries who are receiving them, do not know how to deal with them.

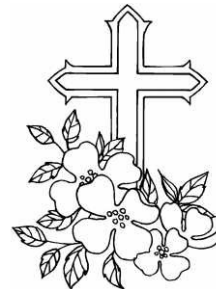
People in need, a group of human beings who left everything they possessed to escape the violence in their country, sometimes to be met with people who are aggressive in their response and don't want to have them in their country, city or street. They knock on our door and ask for help. They want to be our guest and luckily, they will find a welcome with others, who feel a need to help.

Jesus warns us when he says (Mt. 25. 35)

'for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you gave me clothing, I was sick and you took care of me, I was in prison and you visited me.' Then the righteous will answer him, "Lord, when was it that we saw you hungry and gave you food, or thirsty and gave you something to drink? And when was it that we saw you a stranger and welcomed you, or naked and gave you clothing? And when was it that we saw you sick or in prison and visited you?" And the king will answer them, "Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me."

I wish that we will share our abundance with joy.

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





Highlights of Council Meeting 23 September

Finances

Hans Siertsema gave a brief report on the church finances for the third quarter. Overall, church finances are in a better state than financial forecasts at the AGM predicted. Hans told the Council he proposes to give a brief presentation on what it costs to run a church

service. The presentation is planned for the 18 October, in the hut after the service. In addition, various measures to improve giving were discussed.

Castle Fair

Hans Siertsema reported that the 11th Castle Fair had been a success, despite the poor weather. Takings were only just below average, based on income over eleven fairs, but higher than projected. There was concern about the amount of support and help received, with shortages of labour encountered in several areas. Ways to keep the congregation better informed about the progress and requirements of the next fair were discussed.

Growth and Development

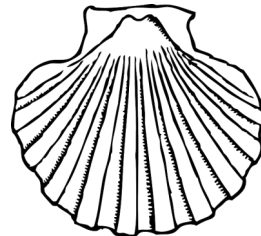
Ways to get the chapel better known, to grow and to offer more to the congregation were discussed. One ongoing project is the introduction of an Evensong service.

Forthcoming Dates

Council Meeting	19 November
Nine Lessons and Carol Service (plus Christmas Market)	13 December
Social Evening (at De Schöppe, Markelo)	16 January 2016
Castle Fair 2016	10 September 2016

Our Pilgrim's Progress

A message has come in from Janice Collins. She sends greetings to everyone from sunny Spain. She is walking near Astorga, northern Spain, on the Pilgrims route to Santiago der Compostela or 'The Way of St James'. Her feet are bearing up very well, which is a good thing because there are about another 275 Kms to go. All is going well with the journey and she is enjoying meeting other pilgrims on the same route.



Fish

Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him how to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.

Bug

Some days you are the bug; some days you are the windscreen.

Duct tape

Duct tape is like the Force. It has a light side and a dark side, and it holds the universe together.

Women

There are two theories to arguing with women. Neither one works.

Experience

Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.

Lips

Generally speaking, you aren't learning much when your lips are moving.

Pets

A pet isn't just part of the family
They ARE family!

Social Evening 16th January 2016

A Social Evening is in planning for the beginning of next year. Arjen and Jonneke have kindly offered the Chapel use of the 'De Schöppe', the Cultural Centre on their grounds. Plans are still in progress, but the outline arrangements so far are, a 'Hutspot' or 'Stamppot' supper followed by an English Pub Quiz. Further details will be given in later editions of the magazine but please reserve that date in your diaries, mark-up your calendars or make a note on your smart phone planner.

The Pub Quiz is based on the format used in competitive quizzing common in English Pubs in the winter months. Participants form four-person teams and think up a team name. A prize, or maybe, prizes, will be given for the most original, appropriate or amusing name. Remember this is a Church social function, so please, names appropriate for the function.

Questions will be read out by a quizmaster. Teams will be given time to discuss the answer and write it down. The amount of time given is flexible to allow for translations, if needed, topping up of drinks and comfort breaks (going to the toilet). Once all the questions are asked, teams will exchange papers to mark them as the quizmaster reads out the answers. The team with the highest score wins. In the event of two or more teams tying, an extra set of tiebreak questions will be asked. The prizes awarded will be unique mementos in the tradition of an English Pub Quiz.

For those participants who do not originate in the Netherlands here is a brief explanation on the terms 'Hutspot' or 'Stamppot'. They are related Dutch mashed potato dishes, in which 'Stamppot' can include cabbage, kale, Brussels sprouts or sauerkraut. Generally there is also some smoked sausage or smoked bacon included. The mash is very chunky rather than a smooth puree. Vegetarians versions will be available if required. A hearty cold weather meal, Hutspot is a popular choice during the long Dutch winters.



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

Right and Wrong

Mrs Cameron, a primary teacher, was teaching her class about the difference between right and wrong.

"All right children, let's take an example," Mrs Cameron said. "If I were to get into a man's pocket and take his wallet with all his money, what would I be?"

Little Tony raises his hand, and with a confident smile says, "You'd be his wife."

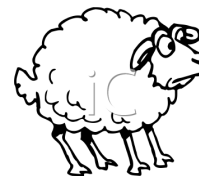
Perfect Woman Competition in New Zealand

The owner of a bar in Wanaka is holding a competition to find the 'perfect Kiwi woman', the prize is \$NZ1,000 and tickets for a rugby game.

Amongst the tasks the aspirants will be expected to undertake are:

- Back a trailer load of hay
- Change a car tyre
- Clear a pool table
- Darn a sock
- Lift a ram into shearing position

As reported in the Sun newspaper in Australia.



The End Is Nigh-er Than You Thought

Two priests are standing by the side of a road holding up a sign that reads “The end is near! Turn around now before it’s too late!”

A passing driver yells, “You guys are nuts!” and speeds past them. From around the curve, they hear screeching tires—then a big splash.

One priest turns to the other and says, “Do you think we should just put up a sign that says ‘Bridge Out’ instead?”

The Most Confusing Password

I was in a couple’s home trying to fix their Internet connection. The husband called out to his wife in the other room for the computer password. “Start with a capital S, then 123,” she shouted back. We tried S123 several times, but it didn’t work. So we called the wife in. As she input the password, she muttered, “I really don’t know what’s so difficult about typing Start123.”

The Outer Hebrides

On a bleak day in May we set out from Oban on the ferry to Castlebay in the Island of Barra, the southernmost of the inhabited Western Isles. Six hours on a choppy sea with poor visibility brought home the sheer remoteness of these islands.

The beginning of the voyage was familiar enough – the contours of Duart Castle in the Island of Mull could just be seen, as was Craignure from where the buses depart for Iona. Sadly, the Tobermory seafront at the far end of Mull with its colourful houses was just a blur.

At the end of the afternoon, it became clearer and humps of rock and small islands finally made way for the beautiful entrance to the bay with Kisimul Castle and the landing stage of Castlebay.

These days travelling the Outer Hebrides is easy enough; dams and causeways have replaced a number of ferry crossings and many of the lesser isles are no longer inhabited. The single lane roads with regular passing places reduce speed but provide steady progress. Barra is charming, but remote, with deserted white beaches to the west and rocky, rugged terrain on the east coast.

Barra and South Uist have remained Roman Catholic with the church of Our Lady Star of the Sea prominently on the cliff top at Castlebay.

Barra Airport in the north, is just a vast beach area where Flybe Twin Otters from Glasgow take off and land. Way before the plane was due in we joined dozens of people armed with cameras who took up their positions.

Forty minutes on the ferry take you to South Uist, with just the one north – south road, ancient monuments, wild ponies, the statue of Our Lady of the Isles, beaches, hills and lochs. As in Barra, the one Co-op Supermarket caters for locals and tourists alike.

The northern causeway takes you to Benbecula, once home to the Army, and on to North Uist. Here we are in Presbyterian Church of Scotland country with its austere large grey churches.

North Uist is watery with numerous lochs and abundant wildlife. We joined scores of twitchers on the trail of Balranald RSPB Reserve and thoroughly enjoyed this beautiful area right on the Atlantic coast.

Another ferry to Leverburgh on Harris, was built for Lord

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Leverhulme, founder of Sunlight soap and owner of Lewis and Harris in the 20's of the last century.

We visited the unique pre-reformation Rodel Church on the southern tip of Harris lavishly adorned with faded sculptures and ornaments.

Harris is beautiful, spectacular white sands, mountain ridges, fantastic views and Tarbert, the friendly main town and ferry port to Skye.

From across the sound Taransay can be seen, scene of the BBC series Castaways on group survival in the nineties.

The main roads in Harris and Lewis have two lanes and the most scenic one we found, is the road from Tarbert across the mountains to Lewis.

In Lewis, we visited the famous Callanish stone circle and the information centre. The blackhouse museum at Arnol, also on the west coast, is another highlight.

The only proper town in the Outer Hebrides is Stornoway, not particularly charming but the port area is certainly worthwhile. From here, the ferries leave for Ullapool on the mainland. Compared to Harris, the Lewis landscape is a bit dull, flat with endless peat bogs.

On a rainy afternoon, we drove to the windswept Butt of Lewis, the northern tip of the island where the lighthouse is. The route from Stornoway is interesting for the fact that it is the stronghold of the Wee Frees. They were a group of churches that broke away from the Church of Scotland in the 19th century. Strict and austere but very much churches of the people. In the long struggles between landowners and crofters in Lewis, the official church tended to side with the landowners and the wee frees filled the void. The Port of Ness area also has the largest proportion of Gaelic speakers.

My knowledge of this part of Scotland greatly improved when a dear friend introduced me to the trilogy by Peter May (The Black House, The Lewis Man and The Chess Men) who is not only an accomplished crime writer but also created television documentaries on the area. I also read The Soap Man by Roger Hutchinson.

©Everhard Ottens

When Smart is Too Smart

I can still remember a time when I knew more than my phone.

Refresh. Refresh. Refresh...

The water I was heating for pasta refused to boil, and if my 12-year-old son was right, I wasn't helping by constantly checking on it. "It's like that old saying," he said. "A watched website never loads."

Winter Punderland

As we waited for a bus in the frosty weather, the woman next to me mentioned that she makes a lot of mistakes when texting in the cold. I nodded knowingly. "It's the early signs of typosmia."

"You Need a Shorter Password."

While he was visiting, my father asked for the password to our Wi-Fi.

"It's taped under the modem," I told him. After three failed attempts to log on, he asked, "Am I spelling this right? T-A-P-E-D-

Bested by a Parrot

Wandering inside a pet store, I stopped in front of a birdcage to admire a parrot. We watched each other for a few minutes before it asked, "Can't you talk?"

Bear-ittos, Anyone?

People in sleeping bags are the soft tacos of the bear world.

I Gave My Father €100...

I gave my father €100 and said, "Buy yourself something that will make your life easier." So he went out and bought a present for my mother.

A teacher was testing the children in her Sunday school class to see if they understood the concept of getting to heaven. She asked them, "If I sold my house and my car, had a big garage sale and gave all my money to the church, would that get me into Heaven?" "NO!" the children answered. "If I cleaned the

Huyton Parish Church

'I remember, I remember, the house where I was born.' *Thomas Hardy.*

The house was in a typical English village about seven miles (11.5 km) outside Liverpool and in those days, a part of Lancashire. The village was mentioned in the Domesday Book as Hitune, in the 11th Century. Over the years, the spelling has changed ending up with Huyton. Our house then was about 200 yards from St. Michaels Parish Church, where I was Christened, Confirmed and Married. Our eldest son was also baptised there.



The church, from about 1663 was as often, built on a hill overlooking the village where, in those days, there were only small shops for all our needs. Not so today with Supermarkets!

In the 14th Century, Huyton Village lost most of the small population when the Black Death Plague spread over Merseyside and it took many years for it to recover. The population count in 1931 was 5,198, and later in 1985, more than 57,600.

Looking up to the church from the road, wrought iron arches over the steps up to the church and churchyard show names or initials of earlier Church Wardens. Old gravestones on, and lining both sides of the path, lead up to the porch where a record board of Ministers hangs that dates from 1663 onwards. There had been other churches on the same site dating back from an earlier age.

Inside, the church had four blocks of pews with three aisles. Not so long ago the side pews were removed leaving a place now for

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magazines, leaflets, books, information and coffee.

On entering the church, the belfry and bell ringers area are on the left with a lovely ornate screen. We were welcomed to Morning or Evening services by the six bells. One could also climb up the tower using the stone stairway in this area.

The full boys' and men's' choir entered from the Vestry in procession, with the Vicar bringing up the rear. I am happy to mention that both my brothers were in the choir, with both going on to become Choir Leaders.

Walking past the Pulpit and the bronze Lectern, one took three steps up under the decorated Chancel screen. The screen, believed to have been taken away and hidden from the Cromwellians in 1647, was returned to the church in 1662. Choir stalls on either side led up to the Altar where we knelt at the Communion Rail for Communion. Behind the Altar is a carved Reredos (an ornamental screen on the wall behind the altar.)

The Credence Table and Litany Desk were a gift from Lord Derby and were believed to have come from Holland. Lord Derby lived locally at Knowsley Hall. One of the two Fonts is made of sandstone and dates from the 8th or 9th century.

The information I have about the stained glass windows is that two of them were designed by the Lancashire artist Henry Holiday (1839-1927). One window, dating from 1885, depicts 'Christ blessing the Children'. The other is a Memorial window of 'The Raising of Lazarus' from 1883. The artist also designed more windows in the Liverpool area, London and New York.

Although our family cottage was demolished in about 1933, our new house was still very close to St Michael's and the village.

On my last visit to Huyton and the Church, a large screen projecting the whole service was new to me. Also new was that although there was still an organ, the singing was accompanied by or more different musical instruments. Disappointingly, there was no choir.

I doubt if I will ever go back to Huyton, as our family is no more, even though the Church lives on, even if different.

©Catherine Warmink-Laurence

church every day, mowed the yard, and kept everything neat and tidy, would that get me into Heaven?"

Again, the answer was, "NO!"

Now she was smiling. Hey, they're getting it, she thought! "Well, then, if I was kind to animals and gave candy to all the children, and loved my husband, would that get me into Heaven?" she asked.

Again, they all answered, "NO!"

She was just bursting with pride for them.

"Well," she continued, "then how can I get into Heaven?"

A five-year-old boy shouted out, "YOU GOTTA BE DEAD."

In the Baker's Shop

An irate woman burst into the baker's shop and said, "I sent my son in for two pounds of cookies this morning, but when I weighed them there was only one pound. I suggest that you check your scales."

The baker looked at her calmly for a moment or two and then replied, "Ma'am, I suggest you weigh your son."



Cashing in Chips

People find it surprising that there are more Catholic churches in Las Vegas than there are casinos. Visitors forget that residents live lives much like other people in other cities.

So it is not surprising that worshipers give casino chips rather than cash when the collection basket is passed around in church. It is not considered wrong or offensive, as the chips have value and the churches need all the money they can get to carry out their missions.

Since the worshipers donate chips from many different casinos, the churches had to come up with a method to efficiently convert them into cash, so they forged an agreement with the local Franciscan Monastery to consolidate the chips, make an accurate accounting of the amounts from each church, and cash them in at the appropriate casinos.

It wasn't long before those who processed

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On what those adverts from parishes wanting clergy REALLY mean...



The Rectory
St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

So, you are being encouraged to look at adverts for parishes for that happy day when you will have charge of your own church. You wonder if you should look to moving to another part of the country; I suspect it may

be better if you look to moving to another planet, as your reputation may not yet have travelled that far.

Reading the specifications that parishes provide, giving a picture of life in their community, need to be read in the same way as estate agents' specifications for houses for sale. Both demonstrate a triumph of optimism over reality. Let me help you decode some of the statements you will find:

“We look to grow our Sunday School” – We do not have a Sunday School.

“We have an enthusiastic choir” – We have a choir totally out of control.

“Our youth group is always eager to learn.” - Our youth group experiments with some strange substances.

“The new incumbent should be sympathetic to our musical tradition”- The new incumbent must be able to play the organ as well as lead the Services.

“While cherishing our traditions, we see the need for change” – We always see the need for change, but alter anything at your peril.

“Plans for church renovations are in hand” – The building is in imminent danger of collapse.

“We have a large range of church groups” – You will have to run a large range of church groups singlehandedly.

“The vicarage is being refurbished” – The vicarage is a death trap. Its rising damp and dangerous electrics will not be fixed for many months yet.

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“There is opportunity for developing ecumenical relations” – No one in living memory has ever spoken to clergy of other denominations in our town.

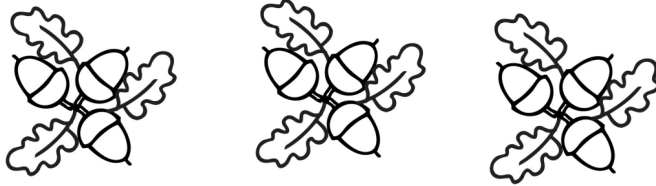
“The new incumbent should have a sense of humour” – He or she will need it when reading this specification.

My dear nephew, *caveat emptor*. Let the buyer beware!

Your loving uncle,

Eustace

© Rev Dr Gary Bowness



Butterleigh Celebrates 125 years

How bringing in the Harvest is celebrated in a Mid Devon village

In a changing world, it's good to know that some things change very little. Butterleigh's annual Harvest Home is one of those things.

This year it is the 125th anniversary of an event for which the first recorded account in the village was in 1890.

Taking place on the second Saturday of September, Butterleigh's Harvest Home is a celebration of the season of 'mellow fruitfulness'. It marks a time in the farming cycle when weather permitting, the rewards of the growing season are reaped.

Days before the event the Butterleigh landscape changes with the addition of a vast marquee on Homefield. Trestle tables are laid out inside, stalls are set up, cakes are baked, sandwiches cut, games and races organized. The whole village, led by the Harvest Home Committee, pulls together to make the day work out, for rain or shine, this is Butterleigh's Big Day.

Back in 1890, there were some differences. One hundred sat

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the casino bounty were given a most appropriate nickname. They are known as the Chip Monks.

Baby Brother

Little Johnny's new baby brother was screaming up a storm. He asked his mom, "Where'd we get him?" His mother replied, "He came from heaven, Johnny." Johnny replied, "WOW! I can see why they threw him out!"

Upgrade

I asked if I could borrow a newspaper while I was visiting my son.

"Dad," he smiled, "It's the 21st century- I haven't bought a newspaper for ages. Here's my iPad."

Tell you what, that fly never knew what hit it!



Big Brother: "If you broke your arm in two places, what would you do?"

Little Brother: "I wouldn't go back to those two places, that's for sure."

Forthcoming Services

4th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
Harvest Festival	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
	Chalice	Simone Yallop
	Brenda Pyle	Joel 2.21-27
10:30 am	Dina Boessenkool	1 Timothy 6.6-10
Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Matthew 6.25-33

Forthcoming Services

11th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
Trinity 19	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
	Chalice	Joyce Wigboldus
	Linda ten Berge	Amos 5.6-7,10-15
	Blair Charles	Hebrews 4.12-end
10:30 am		
Sung	Gospel	Mark 10.17-31

Forthcoming Services

18th October	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
Trinity 20	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
	Chalice	Pauline Talstra
	Fred Schonewille	Isa. 53.4-end
	Victor Pirenne	Hebr. 5.1-10
10:30 am		
Sung	Gospel	Mark 10. 35-45

Forthcoming Services

25th October	Celebrant &	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
Last after Trinity	Chalice	Everhard Ottens
	Arjen Haffmans	Jeremiah. 31.709
	John Bestman	Hebrews. 7.23-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 10. 46-end

Forthcoming Services

1st November	Celebrant &	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
All Saints/All Souls	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema
	Maureen v.d. Heide	Wisdom 3.1-9
	Elisabeth v. D.	Revelation 21.1-6a
10:30 am	Gospel	John 11.32-44

Forthcoming Services

8th November	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Fred Schonewille
Remembrance Sunday	Chalice	Everhard Ottens
	Louw Talstra	Jonah 3. 1-5,10
	Pauline Talstra	Hebrews 9. 24-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 1.14-20

**Answers Given in
Sunday School tests**

Noah's wife was Joan of Ark.

Noah built the ark and the animals came on in pairs.

Moses went up Mount Cyanide to get the ten Commandments.

The first commandment was when Eve told Adam to eat the apple.

The seventh commandment is thou shalt not admit adultery.

Lot's wife was a pillar of salt by day and a ball of fire by night.

Samson slayed the Philistines with the axe of the apostles.

The greatest miracle in the bible is when Joshua told his son to stand still and he obeyed him.

A Christian should have only one wife. This is called monotony.

Solomon had 100 wives and 700 porcupines.

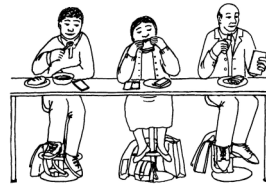
The epistles were the wives of the apostles.

The people who followed the Lord were called the 12 decibels.

(Continued from page 11)

down to dinner and only when they'd finished and adjourned to the field 'for sports' were the women and children permitted to 'do justice to a good tea'. Nowadays, the sports happen during the afternoon, with children's races and a cross-country run for adults and children. Various stall and games keep the non-runners entertained and competitions add a bit of fun. Who can make the best farmer out of fruit and veg? Whose is the best Victoria sponge?

To make it even more of a fun celebration this year's 125th Harvest Home will include extra amusements, such as a bucking bronco, gladiator duel and children's Sumo suits - definitely not seen 125 years ago.



Once the races are over, our traditional Harvest Tea takes place - and everyone does it justice. A thoroughly well organized team spends much of the day preparing. Trestles groaning with a fabulous array of food, entice the crowd

into the marquee. Tea and coffee, (often served by the men in the team) are poured from mighty flagons. The afternoon festivities start at about 1:45pm.

And it doesn't stop there. One hundred and twenty-five ago, the Cullompton Volunteer Band played on the Village Green. This year the evening band will be The Lyrics who will play in the marquee until everyone has danced to a standstill. For those who haven't eaten enough during the tea, there will be a bar and a barbecue running all evening. The evening event starts at 8pm and runs until 1am. Entry cost to the evening event is £5 on the door.

© Simone Stanbrook-Byrne (a friend of Brenda Pyle)

Octobers - Saints Days

4th - St. Francis of Assisi – love for the Creation

St Francis (1181 - 1226) is surely one of the most attractive and best-loved of all the saints. But he began by being anything but a saint. Born the son of a wealthy cloth-merchant of Assisi, Francis' youth was spent in fast-living, parties and on fast horses as a leader of the young society of the town. Then he went to the war between Assisi and Perugia, and was taken prisoner for a year.

By the time of his release, Francis had changed. Perhaps his own suffering had awakened him to that of others. In any case, he abandoned warfare and carousing, and began to help the poor and the lepers of his area. Then one day a voice which seemed to come

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from the crucifix in the small, semi-derelict church of Damiano Assisi 'Go and repair my house, which you see is falling down'.

This religious experience was a vital turning point in Francis' life: Jesus Christ became very real and immediate to him. His first action was to begin repairing the church, having sold some of his father's cloth to pay for materials. His father was not amused, in fact he was furious - until Francis renounced his inheritance and even his clothes by his dramatic stripping off in the public square of the town. The Bishop of Assisi provided him with simple garments, and Francis began his new life.

His inspiration was always religious, not social, and the object of his quest was always the Crucified Christ, not Lady Poverty for her own sake. Francis rebuilt San Samiano, and then travelled as a pilgrim. His compassion for the poor and lepers became famous. Soon disciples joined him, and they set up a communal life in simple wattle and daub huts. They went on occasional preaching tours. (Not until later did they become an Order whose theologians won fame in the Universities.)

In 1219 Francis visited the Holy Land, and his illusions about the Crusaders were shattered. He went on to seek out the Sultan, and tried to convert him. Back home, he found his Order was now 5,000 strong, and growing. Francis stepped down as head, but continued to preach and was immensely popular. He died after a prolonged illness at 45, and was canonised in 1228.

Francis' close rapport with the animal creation was well known. The story of his preaching to the birds has always been a favourite scene from his life. He also tamed the wolf of Gubbio. This affinity emphasises his consideration for, and sense of identity with, all elements of nature. The 20th century witnessed a widespread revival of interest in Francis. Sadly, some of the physical universe, as seen in his Canticum of the Sun. This makes him an apt patron of nature conservation.

The 20th films and books caricatured him as only a sentimental nature-lover or a hippie drop out from society. This ignores the real



Bullying

There was a little boy named Johnny who used to hang out at the local corner market. The owner didn't know what Johnny's problem was, but the boys would constantly tease him. They would always comment that he was two bricks shy of a load, or two pickles short of a barrel. To prove it, sometimes they would offer Johnny his choice between a nickel (5 cents) and a dime (10 cents) and John would always take the nickel -- he said, because it was bigger.

One day after John grabbed the nickel, the store owner took him aside and said, "Johnny, those boys are making fun of you. They think you don't know the dime is worth more than the nickel. Are you grabbing the nickel because it's bigger, or what?"

Slowly, Johnny turned toward the store owner and a big grin appeared on his face and Johnny said, "Well, if I took the dime, they'd stop doing it, and so far I have saved \$20!"

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Genuine notes left for milkmen, part 2

My daughter says she wants a milkshake. Do you do this before you deliver, or do I have to shake it at my end?

Please send me a form for cheap milk, as I have a baby more than two months old and did not know about it until a neighbour told me.

Sorry not to have paid your bill before, but my wife had a baby and I've been carrying it around in my pocket for weeks.

Milk is needed for the baby. Father is unable to supply it.

Please leave no milk today. When I say today I mean tomorrow, as I wrote this note yesterday

Grandparents' Answering Machine

Hello. We can't get to the phone now, but please leave a message after the tone. <beep>

If you are one of our children, dial 1 and select 'birth arrival' option 1 to 5, so we know who you are.

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sternness of his character, and his all-pervasive love of God and identification with Christ's sufferings, which alone make sense of his life.

Two ancient, and many modern English churches are dedicated to him.

27th Odran of Iona - fought over by the spirits

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

British by birth, Odran (died c. 563) was one of Columba's first

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

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

©Parish Pump



You plough the fields

Between 1 July and 15 August, Riet and I returned to Northumberland for a six-week visit after an absence of eighteen months. We met a number of old, good friends, with the result that there are too many stories to tell. Consequently, I have selected one good story, which I think is worth sharing.

We met Avril, a long-term friend of ours at Boulmer, an old fishing village with a long association not only with fishing, but also with the lifeboat service. Nowadays, there is only a small population left in the village, with only forty locals still living there. The village is being taken over by holidaymakers who have bought up most of the houses.

Avril discovered an old neglected community centre, built out of corrugated metal sheeting and by now, good for nothing. It was standing next to the old church, which had not functioned as a church for several years. In the meantime, the church building had been converted into a

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beautiful private house. On discovering this old, abandoned community, centre Avril, who lives in one of the neighbouring villages, had an idea. Surely, it should be possible to restore the old shed back to being a village community centre.

On opening discussion on the idea with the locals, she found the villagers were not interested. It appeared they had a mental block about forming a team and working together. Avril started writing to charities, attempting to raise funds to fulfil her dream. This proved to be more successful. Meanwhile, she received help from an unexpected quarter. The people living in the converted church were willing to offer her some valuable, as well as talented assistance. The owner, a retired builder, gave her accurate estimates on what work was required to complete the project. Another person, experienced in archival, historic research, discovered the shed dated back to before World War I. The shed now had an historic value, meaning it was worth restoring and saving.

Avril managed to raise £50,000 and nearly a year later the work was almost complete. The shed was by now not only a restored community centre, it was also an exhibition room, displaying the history of the village and the part the shed played in that history. Now with new kitchen and toilets it was an ideal place in which to organize social events with refreshments and meals served. The centre is therefore able to generate an income and be self-supporting.

Avril's careful, systematic development of the project helped change the villagers from negative, grumpy people, unwilling to work together - a mentality often encountered in old fishing villages. Now they are a team, which has fully embraced the scheme Avril had originally proposed. However, with the work nearly done, it was noticeable that the old wounds and bitterness in the souls of the locals could still emerge in spite of the better atmosphere.

A village hall committee been formed, yet despite there being a common cause, some people still tried to create divisions. They pushed for the implementation of unwise plans, without sufficient oversight on the money spent. Avril, recognizing what was happening, asked the prayer group of four churches, whose parishes covered the villages, to pray for peace and an end to strife in Boulmer. I myself have been a member of the prayer group for years, (which prayed for me during my year and a half absence and illness).

Avril's request made us to think it was time for us to go to Boulmer to pray ourselves, which is what we did. We gathered in the new Boulmer Hall for the special prayer meeting. One felt afterwards that it was blessed. I felt the Spirit interceding for the Hall and the whole village, making way for the Kingdom of Heaven. Two weeks after the special prayer meeting, I had already returned to the Netherlands when Avril phoned me. She told me there had been another difficult village hall committee meeting. But God was there and disaster was averted. The

¹⁷*(Continued on page 20)*

For child-minding services, press 2.

To borrow the car, press 3.

For having clothes washed and ironed, press 4.

For grandchildren's overnight accommodation, press 5.

For school taxi service, press 6.

For emergency catering, press 7.

To book a mealtime at our house, press 8.

For emergency finance, press 9.

If you are inviting us to dinner or taking us to the theatre, start talking - we're listening!

Wrong Notice?

We are pleased to note that there has been a change of mind by the Housing Department regarding the name for the new Housing complex for the elderly. 'St Peter's Close' did seem somewhat inappropriate.

Big Brother: "That planet over there is Mars."

Little Brother: "Then that other one must be Pa's."



Important things our parents taught us...

TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE: "If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I've just cleaned in here!"

RELIGION: "You'd better pray that'll come out of the carpet."

LOGIC (1): "If you fall off that swing and break your neck, you're not coming to the shops with me."

LOGIC (2): "Because I said so, that's why."

CONTORTIONISM: "Just look at the dirt on the back of your neck!"

OSMOSIS: "Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

BEHAVIOUR MODIFICATION: "Stop acting like your father!"

ANTICIPATION: "Just you wait till we get home!"

ESP: "Put a sweater on: do you think I don't know when you're cold?"

JUSTICE: "One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you."

Wicket or wicked?

'The Pilgrim's Progress' is a well known religious book by the 17th Century English writer and preacher John Bunyan. On 30th August, John Bunyan is remembered by the Church of England, as a lesser festival for Teachers of the Faith. Since I was to take the service of Morning Prayer and to preach on 30th August I decided to talk about John Bunyan in my sermon. I related one of the episodes in 'The Pilgrim's Progress' to the readings set for that Sunday.



'The Pilgrim's Progress', is an allegory of the Christian life. It is a story, told as a dream, of one man's trials and tribulations in his journey through life. A journey from his hometown in this world to the 'Celestial City' in heaven. At the beginning of the book the main character, called Christian, is to begin his pilgrimage by finding his way to the 'Wicket Gate', where the 'straight and narrow' King's Highway begins.



I explained that a wicket gate is a small door or gate built into a larger door, wall or fence. John Bunyan is said to have modeled his 'Wicket Gate' on the small door in the west wall of Elstow Abbey church, in the village of Elstow near Bedford, where he lived. John Bunyan describes how his character, Christian, enters through this narrow 'Wicket Gate', as he begins his pilgrimage. This is to illustrate the words of Jesus in Matthew 7: "Enter through the narrow gate; for the gate is wide and the road is easy

that leads to destruction, and there are many who take it. For the gate is narrow and the road is hard that leads to life, and there are few who find it".

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As from this point in the sermon there were quite a lot of blank faces in the congregation. I wondered if this was because this is not a very easy message to hear. However, a week later I learned from our churchwarden Blair, who had been talking with some members of the congregation after the service, that the real reason was that people had misunderstood what I had said.

For those who have Dutch as their native language it is very difficult to hear the difference between the letter 't' or the letter 'd' at the end of a word. Because of this, several members of the congregation thought I was talking about a 'Wicked Gate' instead of a 'Wicket Gate'. I can imagine that must have been very confusing and must have made the rest of the sermon difficult, if not impossible, to understand.

I do apologize for causing this confusion. It has certainly taught me a lesson. I need to think about the possibility of this kind of misunderstanding when I am preparing a sermon. If I ever talk about this again I will try to remember to say that the spelling of 'wicket' is with a 't' like the wickets used in the game of cricket.

On reflection perhaps, it should be called the 'Wicked Gate', since it is the entrance for 'Sinners Only'. That is what we all are. In the book, the gatekeeper is called Mr. Goodwill and it turns out in part 2 of 'The Pilgrims Progress' that Mr. Goodwill, the gatekeeper, is in fact our Lord Jesus Christ.

That reminds me of the beautiful painting that hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, made by William Holman Hunt. It depicts Jesus as the light of the world carrying a lantern and knocking on a door. The text under the painting is from Revelation 3: "Listen! I am standing at the door, knocking; if you hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to you and eat with you, and you with me." The door has no handle and can only be opened from the inside. The door represents our soul and Jesus wants to come in to save us from our sins. Only we can open the door. When we do that, our pilgrimage begins. ©Simone Yallop (Reader in Training)
Photographs by courtesy of St Paul's and Elstow Abbey



The Sense of the Goose

When you see geese on their annual migrations flying in a "V" formation, you might consider what science has discovered as to why they fly that way. As each bird flaps its wings, it creates an uplift for the bird immediately following. By flying in a "V" formation, the whole flock adds at least 71 percent greater flying range than if each bird flew on its own.

People who share a common direction and sense of community can get where they are going more quickly and easily, because they are travelling on the thrust of one another.

When a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of trying to go it alone and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird in front.

If we have the sense of a goose, we will stay in formation with those people who are heading the same way we are.

When the head goose gets tired, it rotates

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back in the wing and another goose flies point.

It is sensible to take turns doing demanding jobs, whether with people or with geese flying south.



Geese honk from behind to encourage those up front to keep up their speed.

What message do we give when we honk from behind?

Finally - and this is important - when a goose gets sick or injured and falls out of the formation, two other geese fall out with that goose and follow it down to lend help and protection. They stay with the fallen goose until it is able to fly or until it dies; and only then do they launch out on their own or with another formation to catch up with their own group.

If we have the sense of a goose, we will stand by each other like that.

Author not known

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committee showed enough wisdom and strength to reject the unwise plan. We believe this was an example of the power of prayer. I feel I have learnt some precious things about Avril's project.

She had the vision on how to restore new life in the old fishing village. Over the years, the village had gone down and had almost died. She began without any support from the locals yet gradually, with the blessing, the villagers offered their cooperation. Avril brought light to this village without mentioning Christian principles or Biblical references. She did however demonstrate them in her actions. In a sense, she was ploughing new ground in bringing new hope and a better future for the villagers.

Earlier, the pastor had offered to hold a special service to bless the village, but the residences rejected this offer. It says something about the old negative attitudes. The pastor tried to sow the seed of hope, but it could not germinate on unploughed ground. The teaching that came to me as a revelation was:

'We need the sowers, we need the harvesters, but first of all we need those who plough the ground.' And the ground has been wonderfully ploughed and the Lord blessed her. We are all called to plough and to be the light. This story threw new light on the Gospels for me, the importance of those who plough and the fact that the field is always waiting. The vicar now wishes to hold the forthcoming combined Christmas Carol Service in the new Boulmer Hall. I pray for this to happen.

I have to pay tribute to Avril. During my absence, she kept me informed on what was on in the villages and churches via phone calls, letters and cards. She sent me a £100 gift before she knew I was going to England at Easter for a short visit. I feel God led her to do this. In the same way, years ago, God led me to be her mentor at a very critical point in her life. But that is another story. We both give glory to God that rescued us and gave us new horizons and new jobs.

©Ben Dieduksman



Sleep easy

Don't let the sun go down on your anger. That has been biblical advice for millennium. Now a study at Oxford has found medical evidence that agrees.

A study at the university's sleep and circadian neuroscience institute has found that ending your day angry, or sleeping right after a traumatic event, can make bad memories stick. Instead, sleep deprivation prevents the consolidation of bad memories, and therefore leads to fewer flashbacks. The findings, published in the journal Sleep, may also suggest that the practice of giving sedatives in trauma treatment should be reconsidered.





EDITH CAVELL

Edith Cavell was a British nurse in charge of a hospital in Belgium during the First World War. She saved the lives of soldiers from both sides and helped Allied soldiers escape from German-occupied Belgium during the First World War, for which she was arrested.

Her strong Christian beliefs led her to help all those who needed it: she said, "I can't stop while there are lives to be saved."

Despite international pleas for mercy, she was shot by a German firing squad. The night before her execution, she told the Revd. Gahan, the Anglican chaplain who gave her Holy Communion: "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

In the Anglican Church, 12th October is her commemoration day. This year Nurse Cavell is featured on a special £5 coin to mark the centenary of the war.



PROPER POORLY

In the Middle Ages certain saints were associated with particular ailments, and became known as patron saints for people suffering from those illnesses. Can you guess who you might have asked to pray for you...

If you had toothache?

Dentista Apollonia Peter

If you had a migraine?

Aspren Aspirin Anthony

If you had a sore throat?

Blaise Flannel Godelina

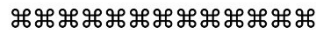
If you had sore knees?

Neale Gangulphus Sebalus

Worst of all, if you got the plague...

Agricola Adrian Quirinius

Answers at the bottom of the page.



Doctor, Doctor I feel like I'm biscuits!

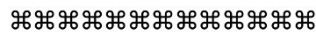
You mean the square ones?

Yes!

The ones you put butter on?

Yes!

Oh, you're crackers!



Answers: 1. Apollonia 2. Aspren (honestly!) 3. Both Blaise and Godelina 4. Gangulphus 5.all of them

Poetry and Prose

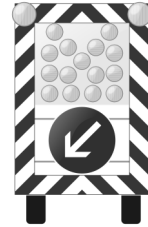
October

O'er hill and field
October's glories fade;
O'er hill and field the
blackbirds southward
fly;
The brown leaves
rustle down the forest
glade,
Where naked branches
make a fitful shade,
And the lost blooms of
Autumn withered lie.
David Gray

Pale amber sunlight
falls across
The reddening October
trees....
Are we not better and
at home
In dreamful Autumn,
we who deem
No harvest joy is
worth a dream?
A little while and night
shall come,
A little while, then, let
us dream...
~Ernest Dowson,
"Autumnal"

The Diversion

*They set up a diversion
While they repaired the road
On lanes which - no aspersion -
Just could not take the load!*



*The way was long and narrow
The corners, they were sharp!
You could not get a sparrow
Twixt me and passing cars!*

*And then - now fetch the bleeper
You'd credit not my fate
I met a large road sweeper
I had to sit and wait!*



*And what's the council's function
On this diverting day?
For, when I reached a junction
No sign to show the way!*

*I got a map to find my route
Through this chaotic hell
The council couldn't give a hoot
That road was closed as well!
©Nigel Beeton*



Mission Statement

Founded in 1979, the Anglican Church Twente belongs to the Church of England's Diocese in Europe. The Church of England forms a part of the worldwide Anglican Communion of more than 80 million people

The Anglican Church Twente, based at St Mary's Chapel, Weldam provides a Christian ministry in the East Netherlands. Most of the congregation live in the towns and villages of the East Netherlands and across the border in Germany. Some come from further afield.

The Anglican Church Twente holds a service every Sunday at 10:30 am in English. The church offers Holy Communion to all baptized Christians, Sunday School to nurture and educate children in the Christian faith, and a warm welcome to people of all nationalities.

The main aims of the Anglican Church Twente are to:

- † Offer Christian worship by the rites of the Church of England in the English language.
- † Provide pastoral care to all who are in need of such help.
- † Promote a lively fellowship among those who attend the services.
- † Support outreach in Christian ministry wherever there is a need.

Stewardship

We are a self-supporting church and raise all income from our giving and stewardship. As God has blessed us, we thank Him by giving accordingly.

A Prayer for St Mary's

*Almighty and everlasting God
Creator and ruler of all things in heaven and earth,
Hear our prayer for the St Mary's family.
Strengthen our faith,
Fashion our lives according to the example of your Son,
And grant that we may show the power of your love,
To all among whom we live.
Inspire us in our worship and witness,
Grant us all things necessary for our common life,
And bring us all to be of one heart and mind
Within your Holy Church
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Who lives and reigns with you in the Holy Spirit
One God, now and forever,
Amen.*



Views expressed in this magazine are those of authors and contributors and are not necessarily shared by the editor or church leadership.