

Poetry
and
Prose

Robbie Burns
1759 - 1796

Around the English-speaking world, we celebrate the 25th January, the birthday of Scotland's national poet, Robbie Burns, with a traditional Burns Night Supper.

It seemed fitting therefore to publish in the first addition of the new magazine, the most famous of his poems. Around the world on New Years Eve, people of all nationalities sing Auld Lang Syne as the Old Year departs and the New Year arrives.

Like all of Burn's work, he wrote the poem in Doric, the particular dialect of the Galloway region of Scotland that he was born and raised in.

Auld lang syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

Chorus.-For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne

Chorus-For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus-For auld lang syne, etc.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

Chorus-For auld lang syne, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne

Chorus-For auld lang syne, etc.

St Mary's Magazine

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The Warden's Write

It is my privilege to open the very first number of St. Mary's Magazine. I know Blair has worked very hard, ably assisted by Marilyn, to produce something of which we can be proud. Thank you both.

Firstly, Caroline and I would like to thank you all - church council, organists, our reader Frances, the congregation and of course, our visiting clergy - for supporting St. Mary's so enthusiastically during the interregnum so far. Without the church council, everything would have stumbled to a halt, without the visiting clergy and Frances we would have had no services and without the attendance of a faithful congregation there would have been no point in making the effort and we would really miss the organist if he did not turn up. The result of all this goodwill is that things are going well and we are even growing - what better news to start the New Year with??

As you all probably know by now, the Revd. Sam Van Leer has agreed to be our new chaplain. He and his wife Coretta with their two children will be moving here in the second half of July to start work officially on 1st August 2005.

As this leaves a sizeable gap, the church councils of St. Mary's and Arnhem/Nijmegen decided that we should try to get a locum to provide us with some continuity and pastoral care in the coming half year. Unfortunately, it was not possible to find one priest prepared to spend so long with us so we will have two locums. The first locum to arrive will be the Revd Paul Faint, who will be our locum here from the beginning of February to 15th April.

The chaplaincy house in Rheden is going to be prepared for the locums. This means some interior decoration, which will happen in January, and we are looking for volunteers to wield a paintbrush or help in other ways. We also need to furnish and equip the house. Some of you have already offered furnishings for which we are very grateful but the house is not yet fully equipped so please let either of the churchwardens know if you have anything you think will be useful. Lending things is also possible; you will get them back in June 2005. Our major concern at present is beds and mattresses, so if you have a spare bed anywhere, which you could do without for six months, please let us know. If you know anyone with a trailer to lend to transport the furniture, please let us know that too.

We wish you all a happy and healthy 2005.

The Churchwardens



Twente News

Magazine

With the coming of the New Year comes the new magazine for the congregation of St Mary's. A smaller magazine than the ANT, though of similar design, yet also bigger. How so? Well, with the new magazine a slightly bigger and clearer type has been

adopted, which will help those whose eyesight is not quite what it used to be.

At the last PCC meeting on the 7 December, the council discussed the content and layout of the magazine. The editors were given the go ahead to produce the magazine. The aim is to provide a magazine in which the congregation of St Mary's can place their news and events. For the magazine to succeed it needs the support of the congregation.

Old Films and Social Evening

The 22nd January is the social evening to put in your diaries, The Old Films and Social Evening at the Diepenheim Cultural Centre. The evening starts at 18:30 (6:30 pm in old English, or half an hour before 07:00 in modern Dutch). The program includes a series of old silent movies, such as Charlie Chaplin in 'Tramps Forever'.

The evening format is as follows:

- 18:30 Arrival of guests (an opportunity to enjoy drinks, coffee and chat together).
- 19:30 First film shown. (takes about 45 mins.)
- 20:30 Interval and Supper (We would like everyone to bring a plate of "finger food", such as sandwiches, meat balls, mini quiches, or whatever)
- 22:00 Second film shown (takes about 30 mins.)
- 22:30 Finish with drinks

Cost of the evening is €3 per person (children free), and all profits go to the church funds.

Compassion

A little boy, about ten years old, was standing before a shoe store on the roadway, barefoot, peering through the window, and shivering with cold. A lady approached the boy and said, "My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the boy's reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store. She asked the assistant to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could also get her a basin of water and a towel.

He quickly bought them to her. She took the little boy to the back part of the



Fire and Water

What kind of Word

Which Kind of Fire is?

1. Fire _____ A place where fire engines are kept?
2. Fire _____ Apparatus for giving warning of fire?
3. Fire _____ A machine for putting fires out?
4. Fire _____ A juggler who seems to eat fire?

Youth defence

A father was scolding his son for not doing his homework. "If I had a computer, it would be so much easier," said the son.

"You don't need a computer," replied the father. "When Abraham Lincoln was your age, he studied by candlelight in a log cabin."

"And when he was your age," the son replied, " he was the President of the United States!"

1. Fire Station 2. Fire Alarm 3. Fire Engine 4. Fire Eater

Answers

Paul Chesmond

On the 30th January 2004, members of the congregation heard that, after a brief illness, Paul Chesmond had passed away.

Paul, one of the founding members of the church 25 years earlier, had given so much of his time, talents and effort to the church in many roles throughout those years.

Therefore, on Sunday January 30th, can we remember Paul in our prayers.

Can we also remember on that day Joyce Chesmond, who worked alongside and supported her husband Paul throughout those years. She also produced the ANT magazine, supported in turn by her husband.

Rest in peace, Paul.

The purpose of this page is to provide an opportunity to the St May's congregation to: Broadcast the good things in life, such as births and marriages. Celebrate those things that need celebrating, such as birthdays, passing important exams, anniversaries and retirement. Help those grieving at the loss of family and friends.

In the old days, this page in the newspapers was referred to as Hatches, Matches and Dispatches. Hopefully, that is enough explanation. What is needed for this to work is of course, for the readers to contribute material. Personal details, such as the age achieved can be censored out if so desired.

As this magazine was being completed news came in of the Asian Tsunami and the terrible loss of life. This month we can only reflect on the dreadful grief of so many thousands of families across the world, and maybe find some comfort in the following lines. Sadly, many of the victims will have no known grave.

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there
I do not sleep

I am a thousand winds that blow
I am the diamond glints on snow
I am the sunlight on ripened grain
I am the gentle autumn rain

When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
of quiet birds in circled flight
I am the soft stars that shine at night

Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there
I did not die

©Mary Frye

The Quilting Bee

The Quilting Bee members would like to announce that they have donated €150:00 to the Church funds. This is all thanks to the wonderful support we had from so many of you. We would like to thank you all for your interest and support.

Quilt Raffle Winner

Mrs. Anne Kipping of Zutphen, a friend of St Mary's, recently made and kindly donated a child's quilt. This was raffled and raised the amount of €48. The worthy winner was Mrs Nettie van Sisseren, who very recently became a grandmother. Congratulations, twice, Nettie.

Pilgrimage to Chevotogne Monastery

The monastery is situated in the Ardennes, Belgium (near Ciney). The dates are from Friday 29th April to Sunday 1st May 2005. The cost is €27 per night per person, which includes all meals. For transport the plan is to share autos and petrol. You can take part in the services in either church, the Latin or the Orthodox. (note that in the Orthodox, there is a lot of incense). Want more information, interested in going? Then please contact Pauline Talstra or the Church Wardens.

Library

A small library has been set up in the hut, from which anyone can borrow books. Please return them when finished. The books are mainly religious, but there are others. The library also needs organizing, anyone want to be librarian?



Intercessions

If you wish to have someone included in the intercession, please contact one of the Church Wardens before the Service

store and, removing her gloves, knelt down and washed his little feet. She was drying them with the towel when the assistant returned with the socks.

Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, she bought him a pair of shoes. She tied up the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him. She patted him on the head and said, "No doubt, my little fellow, you feel more comfortable now?"

As she turned to go the astonished lad caught her by the hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered the question with these words.

"Are you God's wife?"

"Everybody wants to right the world. Nobody wants to help their neighbour"

Henry Miller

A collision of cultures

The same Problem

One Bank Holiday weekend, the queue of cars at a petrol station was long and frustrating for the waiting drivers.

An attendant turned to one waiting motorist, a clergyman, and said, "I'm sorry for the delay. The trouble is that everyone waits until the last minute to get ready for a trip, which they have known for ages that they're going to make."

"Don't worry," replied the clergyman, "I have the same trouble in my business."

The Ballerina

Arriving for her pas-de-deux

This ballerina caused a stir

For underneath a froth of white

A pair of stockings came in sight.

When challenged to explain her act

She said: "It's an undoubted fact

This is an account of two women from near the Horn of Africa who immigrated to foreign lands. For one of them it was less than a thousand miles away from home but for the other it was

thousands and thousands of miles far-off. For the former it was just a matter of time before she made friends and became fully acquainted with the people and the new environment because quite a few things tallied with her previous life style except of course her family circle, of which she missed a great deal.

For the latter, everything except the moon, the stars and the air that she breathed seemed totally different simply because of the language barrier. That was the worst obstacle that topped the list. That hampered everything, made everything seem upside down. The difference was like day and night. That made her to feel like Alice! To worsen matters, the only human being she knew of then, and the only one who was supposed to be by her side at least for that time being, was available only on the weekends as he worked in a neighbouring country prompting him to spend the whole week there. It was awful to say the least.

Lynn and Nana grew up nearby each other and attended the same Primary School in the quiet evergreen village whose inhabitants were hardworking large and small farmers. Some tendered domestic animals while others worked on the farms growing assorted crops. Coffee topped the list. The dairy, tea and banana farmers catered for the many towns far beyond. The two lovely little girls cherished memories together. One dramatic occasion, vividly remembered up to this day, permanently stamped, and sealed their friendship. At the tender age of twelve years old as they sought guavas in the field alone they were attacked by a swarm of wild bees. (Remember, bees from this part of the globe, according to experts, are the most active and fiercest kind. When they sting, they sting for real. Incidentally, they also produce the sweetest honey.) Family photo albums shows the little girls heavily wounded lying on their hospital beds with their faces not-so-lovely to look at, while their distraught parents stood beside them. Perhaps wondering if their sweet little girls would ever be the same again. In that part of the world where word spreads like bushfire, where many share the problems of one, the village folk visited the girls in hospital to wish them a fast recovery.

Goodbye to an Old Friend

Today we mourn the passing of an old friend by the name of Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows how old he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape.

He will be remembered for cultivating such value lessons as knowing when to come in from the rain, why the early bird catches the worm, and that life is not always fair. Common Sense lived by simple financial policies (don't spend more than you earn) and reliable parenting strategies (adults, not children, are in charge). His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place.

Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate, and a teacher fined for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer Aspirin to pupils, but could not inform the parents when a student became pregnant and wanted an abortion.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband, churches became businesses and criminals received better treatment than their victims.

Common Sense gave up the ghost after a woman failed to realise that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, spilled it in her lap and received a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents Truth and Trust, his wife, Discretion, his daughter, Responsibility and his son, Reason.

He is survived by two step-brothers, My Rights and Ima Whiner.

Not many attended his funeral as so few realised that he was gone. If you still know him, pass this on, if not, join the majority and do NOTHING

Mistakes

Mistakes are...

Messages that give us feedback about life.

Interruptions that should cause us to reflect and think.

Signposts that direct us to the right path.

Tests that push us towards greater maturity

Awakenings that keep us in the game mentally.

Keys that we can use to unlock the next door of opportunity.

Explorations that let us journey where we have never been before.

Statements about our development and progress.

©John C Maxwell

Parents

Before I was married I had three theories about raising children.

Now I have three children and no theories.

John Wilmot

Earl of Rochester
1647-1680)

Coffee

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning.

The wife said, "You should do it, because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee."

The husband said, "You are in charge of cooking around here and you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just wait for my coffee."

Wife replies, "No, you should do it, and besides, it is in the Bible that the man should do the coffee." Husband replies, "I can't believe that, show me."

So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and showed him at the top of several pages, that it indeed says....

"HEBREWS"

Quotes

If you ever think you are too small to be effective, you've never been in bed with a mosquito.

Anger is only one letter short of danger.

she longed to hear the early morning, and the late evening whistles by the woodland birds nestled in their nests. She thought of the occasional near-and-distant family jamborees! The list was endless.

But who was to blame? Nana herself had submitted to her will and said goodbye to her village. Then she had wondering what it was like to be in a different world - so different and diverse in so many aspects of life compared to the one she was used to. Now she was baffled at times by how safe was safe in a new land . Bewildered by the different language, and the different pattern of life and climate. She told Lynn in one of her many letters that she thought life was like a book of chapters and pages. Not as predictable as a book ,maybe because it lay before as a great challenge to tackle. She continued "Undeniably true, at first I felt scared, lost and confused and uncertain knowing that I came from a different place. Some of my concerns, desires and ideals did not confirm to theirs. Yet I was supposed to understand and to accept even if I sometimes did not find the similarities. Even worse, I felt there was that constant air of miscommunication. Even mistrust and at times I wondered how dissimilar people are and unfamiliar with each other."

She continued to say that somehow, as every second ticked by, a common ground settled and control resumed. This appeared to bring co-existence. That steadied her to believe that perhaps the conjunction of tolerance, patience, sacrifice, perseverance and hope together from both sides, would, if given a chance , go along way to affirm that all would be well and in order in the long run. Besides, she concluded, "What else was there but to conform peacefully, giving and taking and professing the very different ideologies that existed in between. As a postscript, Nana quipped her mother's slogan, "Home is where you are - in a castle, in a hut, even at a Hotel so long as you keep God first". Lynn received that letter as she was packing, packing to re-visit her village. Chuckling to herself, she read it through and decided to reply once she got to her mother's house.

When Lynn took her Seychellois husband to her village to meet her family, he not only liked the people but he also fell-in-love with the village and decided on their second visit there, to travel on a one-way ticket.

©Grace Meyer.

Well and good and very much appreciated but none the less, their heartfelt good wishes could not erase the fear of bees that had gripped the girls and for several years after the unpleasant incident, they did not trust any flying insects, or object for that matter.

After their college studies and training they were posted to work in different places - one in the Seychelles Islands in the tourism industry. The other worked with an A/GO on an unspoiled beautiful beach off the Indian Ocean, from where time after time she looked up to the stars when the nights were warm and she quoted in her diary, "Beautiful place it was as I looked up to the sun rolling higher through the sapphire sky which keeps the great and the small satisfied with a feeling no money on earth can buy."

Further separation was due when one of them travelled to a far-away land. However, in their communications, they continued to narrate to each other their different adventures and the experiences that they were going through. They exchanged photographs depicting different weather patterns, cultures and even the architectural designs of 'their new-founded-lands'. Lynn sent many souvenirs and postcards from the Tropics and Nana looked with wistful eyes at the pictures portraying the breezy hillsides rising higher above the raging ocean with its warm quiet blue waters.

Lynn always teased Nana about the weather by inscribing witty remarks at the back of the photographs. Many times in her letters, Lynn would humour Nana by asking her..... "why do people there like to paint 'white' in the trees, on the fences, on top of cars and houses, on the pavements, on the road - almost everywhere!" Although Nana relished the jokes, they equally increased her home sickness. As she perused those letters, at the back of her mind, she relentlessly imagined hearing the echoes of the distant drums from her village being relayed as though from a station..... "Ooh, what lovely rhythm that is...." She would murmur to herself. She also imagined hearing echoes of the roars of the lions sprawling in the great wilderness. She missed the beautiful lianas climbing the fences and the trees that surrounded most compounds in the village,

These ballet tights are tutu cool.
There is no substitute for wool. "

Quotes

A good sermon should have a good beginning and a good ending, and they should be as close together as possible.

The Bible tells us to love our neighbours, and also to love our enemies, probably because they are generally the same people.

On the sixth day God created the platypus. And God said: "Let's see the evolutionists figure this one out."

He who lose money, loses much; he who loses a friend, loses much more; he who loses faith, loses all.

Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints on your heart.

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature, but beautiful old people are works of art.

2nd January 2005	Celebrant & Preacher	Canon Jake. Dejonge
Epiphany	First Reading	Isaiah 60.1 - 6
	Psalm	72.[1 - 9] 10 - 15
Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	Ephesians 3.1 - 12
	Gospel	Matthew 2.1 - 12

23rd January 2005	Celebrant & Preacher	Canon Jake Dejonge
Third Sunday of Epiphany	First Reading	Isaiah 9.1 - 4
	Psalm	27.1.4 - 12 [or 27.1 - 11]
Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	1 Corinthians 1.10 - 18
	Gospel	Matthew 4.12 - 23

9th January 2005	Officiant & Preacher	Frances Gothard
Baptism of Christ	First Reading	Isaiah 42.1 - 9
	Psalm	29
Morning Prayer	Second Reading	Act 10.34 - 43
	Gospel	Matthew 3.13 - end

30th January 2005	Celebrant & Preacher	Canon Jake Dejonge
Presentation of Christ in the Temple	First Reading	Malachi 3.1 - 5
	Psalm	24.[1 - 6] 7 - end
Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	Hebrews 2.14 - end
	Gospel	Luke 2.22 - 40

16th January 2005	Celebrant & Preacher	Canon Keith Walker
Second Sunday of Epiphany	First Reading	Isaiah 49.1 - 7
	Psalm	40.1 - 12
Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	1 Corinthians 1.1 - 9
	Gospel	John 1.29 - 42

6th February 2005	Celebrant & Preacher	TBD (could be the Locum)
Sunday next before Lent	First Reading	Exodus 24.12 - end
	Psalm	2 or 99
Sung Eucharist	Second Reading	2 Peter 1.16 - end
	Gospel	Matthew 17.1 - 9