

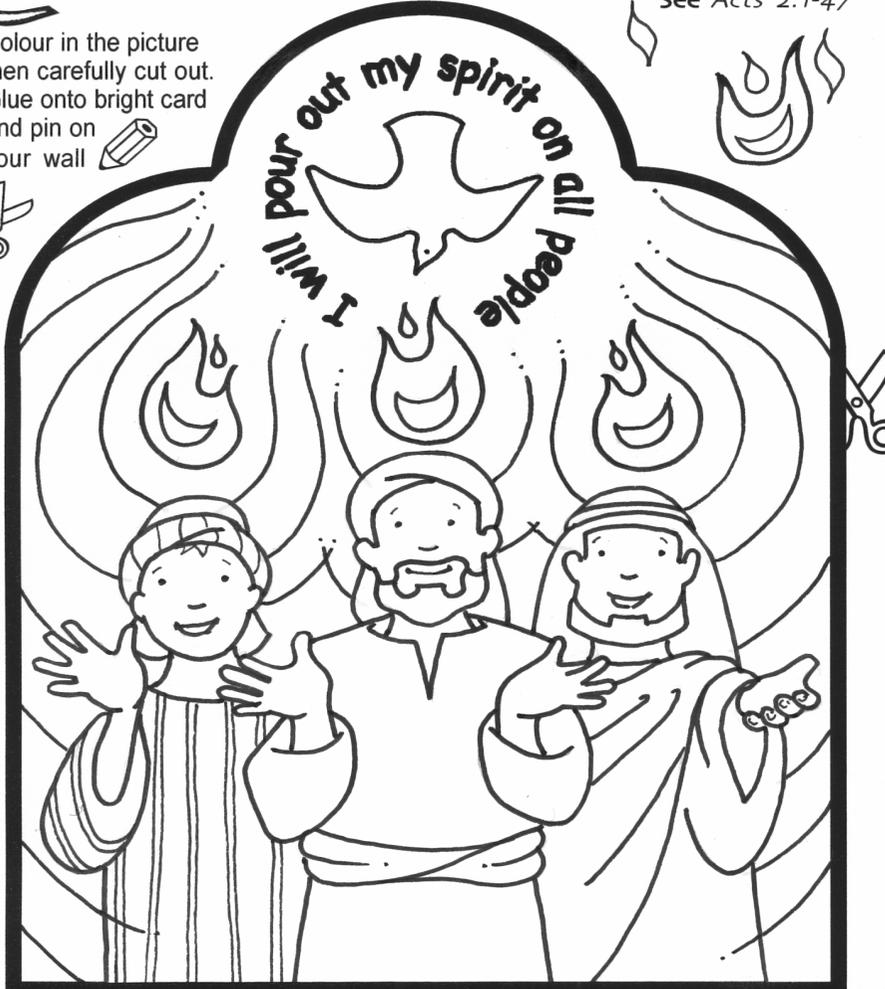
Mouse Makes

Colour in the picture then carefully cut out. Glue onto bright card and pin on your wall 

THE COMING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Now when the day of Pentecost had come the disciples were all together in one place. Suddenly a sound like a violent wind blowing came from heaven and filled the entire house where they were sitting. And tongues spreading out like fire came to rest on each one of them.

See Acts 2:1-47



June 14 © Deborah Noble @parishpump.co.uk



The Chaplain Writes

Ascension Day

This year we will celebrate Ascension Day outside, weather permitting, and it is hoped that people from both congregations will join in great numbers.

Every Sunday and on special occasions we celebrate the Eucharist, because we want to follow the Lord's command to break the bread in remembrance of him. In the Eucharist all our worries and joys come together before God, sharing with one another our happiness and anxieties.

Our daily living is carried by what we believe is the main focus of our life: Christ. He is the source of our well-being and our strong support when things are not going so well. He walks along with us as he did with the disciples on their way to Emmaus – sometimes unrecognized, though the disciples confessed that their hearts were burning. The priest celebrating the Eucharist is only a mediator, making visible what we as a congregation intend: to celebrate and glorify Christ as the basis of our lives.

Celebrating the Eucharist in the open air is not just a frivolity or a fashionable thing, but I hope it will make us realize that the Eucharist should be part of our daily life in every situation and place and not set apart on occasions for just the church building.

Some time ago, I met a young woman who, whenever she ate her lunch, would break the bread she was eating, remembering that Jesus asked us to break the bread in remembrance of him. And that is just what she did.

Apart from enjoying the lovely surroundings in the open air, like the beautiful greenery and the fresh air, I hope that the unusual circumstance may help us to realize that our life is Eucharistic at every time and moment.

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





Twente News

Services

This magazine goes to the printers before Ascension Day and will be delivered to readers after Ascension Day. It is on the cusp, so to speak. Anyway by delivery date, the question *Did the weather permit?* will have received an emphatic answer. Hopefully our Chaplain has brought

back some fine weather from her holiday in Crete to grace this special day – as well as the traditional picnic at the woodshed. One thing’s for sure, she certainly left us in very safe hands during her absence, and we were very happy to welcome the Revd Trevor Whitfield to conduct our services at St Mary’s.

Cost of Living

Stewart and his wife Barbara went to the county fair every year, and every year Stewart would say, “Barbara, I’d love to go up for a ride in that helicopter.” Barbara always replied, “I know Stewart, but that helicopter ride is seventy quid, and seventy quid is seventy quid!” One year Stewart and Barbara went to the fair, and this time Stewart said, “Barbara, I’m 75 years old. If I don’t go for a ride in that helicopter, I might never get another chance.” To this, Barbara replied as usual, “Stewart, that helicopter ride is seventy quid, and seventy quid is seventy quid.” The pilot overheard the couple and said,

Jumble Sale

Since there’s been quite a tussle between gardeners and the weather over recent months, Linda has proposed that a jumble sale be held instead of the usual garden sale this year. This will take place in the Hut after the service on Sunday 15th June. So what better way to spend any intervening day of dismal grey skies and rain than clearing out the shed or attic? After all, one person’s junk may be another’s collectible – as we’ve all learned from *Bargain Hunt*, *The Antiques Roadshow* and other programmes of that ilk.

An encouraging thought when you’re bent double under the rafters (or have just banged your head!): the proceeds from the sale will go to support the work the Flower Guild.

Reminder

The next issue of *St Mary’s Magazine* will cover the months of July and August, and the dates fall in such a way this year that it will also be the last issue before



*Carrying a bucket along a slimy board,
he felt the bats’ uncertain staggering flight,
his shuddering insights, beyond his control,
touching him. But it took him a long time
finally to make up his mind to go home.*

Elizabeth Bishop
(1911 – 1979)



Elizabeth Bishop was born in Massachusetts in 1911. Her father died when she was a baby and his death caused her mother to have a mental breakdown. When she was five, her mother was permanently institutionalized and the two were never reunited. Elizabeth Bishop spent her early childhood on the farm of her maternal grandparents in Nova Scotia, where she was very happy. Later, however, she was claimed by her father’s family and taken back to Massachusetts, where she was not so happy and developed chronic asthma, a condition that initially disrupted her schooling. Nevertheless she went on to study English literature at Vassar college in New York, and the money left her by her father enabled her to travel widely and concentrate on her writing. She was Poet Laureate of the United States from 1949 to 1950, won a Pulitzer prize in 1956, and received the National Book Award for Poetry in 1970.

Inspired by the parable of The Prodigal Son told by Jesus, this poem focuses on the early part of the story, and the growing awareness of the Prodigal that he must rise above the condition to which he has sunk, and his struggle to summon up the courage to return home.

The Prodigal

*The brown enormous odor he lived by
was too close, with its breathing and thick hair,
for him to judge. The floor was rotten; the sty
was plastered halfway up with glass-smooth dung.
Light-lashed, self-righteous, above moving snouts,
the pigs' eyes followed him, a cheerful stare -
even to the sow that always ate her young -
till, sickening, he leaned to scratch her head.
But sometimes mornings after drinking bouts
(he hid the pints behind the two-by-fours),
the sunrise glazed the barnyard mud with red,
the burning puddles seemed to reassure.
And then he thought he almost might endure
his exile yet another year or more.*

*But evenings the first star came to warn.
The farmer whom he worked for came at dark
to shut the cows and horses in the barn
beneath their overhanging clouds of hay,
with pitchforks, faint forked lightnings, catching
light,
safe and companionable as in the Ark.
The pigs stuck out their little feet and snored.
The lantern - like the sun, going away -
laid on the mud a pacing aureole.*

the Castle Fair (the weekend of the Castle Fair and delivery of the magazine coincide). So if you have any important notices for the summer period, it would be greatly appreciated if you could submit them by the 22nd June.

Remember, Remember the 6th of September!



Key Dates

Pentecost	8th June
Jumble Sale	15th June
Summer Teas	13th, 20th and 27th July
	3rd, 10th and 17th August
Centenary WW1	4th August 2014
Castle Fair	6th September
Iona	19th-27th September



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.

“Folks I’ll make you a deal. I’ll take the both of you for a ride. If you can stay quiet for the entire ride and don’t say a word I won’t charge you a penny! But if you say one word it’s seventy quid.” Stewart and Barbara agreed and up they went.



The pilot did all kinds of fancy manoeuvres, but not a word was heard. He did his daredevil tricks over and over again, But still not a word. When they landed, the pilot turned to Stewart and said, “By golly, I did everything I could to get you to yell out, but you never did. I’m impressed!” “Well,” replied Stewart, “to tell you the truth I almost said something when Barbara fell out. But you know, seventy quid is seventy quid!”

Time Out

An astronomer went to one of the remotest spots in the world to observe a total eclipse of the sun. Unfortunately he was suddenly captured by cannibals. The eclipse was due the next day around noon, so to gain his freedom he planned to pose as a god and threaten to extinguish the sun if he was not released.



But the timing had to be just right. So, in a few words of the primitive tongue that he knew, he asked his guard what time they planned to kill him. The guard replied, "Tradition has it that captives are to be killed and cooked when the sun reaches the highest point in the sky on the day after

DIOCESE IN EUROPE The Church of England



News Release: New Diocesan Bishop Appointed

The next Bishop of Gibraltar in Europe will be the Reverend Canon Dr Robert Innes, currently Senior Chaplain and Chancellor of the Pro-Cathedral of Holy Trinity Brussels.

The appointment has been made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Lokoja in Nigeria, representing the Standing Committee of the Primates of the Anglican Communion, in consultation with representatives elected by the diocese and the Central Members of the Crown Nominations Commission.

Canon Innes was educated at Cambridge University and is an engineering graduate. He worked in electricity power stations and a major international business consultancy before training for ministry at Cranmer Hall, Durham, in 1989. He served his title in the Diocese of Durham whilst also working as a lecturer at St John's College, Durham (1995 to 1999), after which he spent six years as Vicar of St Mary Magdalene, Belmont.

He moved to the Diocese of Gibraltar in Europe to become Senior Chaplain and Chancellor of the Pro-Cathedral of Holy Trinity, Brussels, in 2005. He was additionally appointed a Chaplain to Her Majesty the Queen in 2012.

Canon Robert Innes is 54 and is married to Helen. They have three daughters and a son. He will be commissioned and consecrated on the 20th July 2014 at Canterbury Cathedral.

rest of us, some of whom do five days a week being paid to work and others – the mothers, mostly – who do some of that and then add on another sixty hours or so bringing up small children. As for the "day" of rest, well, we have what we call a "weekend", which is probably not exactly restful, except in the sense that "a change is as good as a rest". Whoever called shopping "rest"?

These thoughts are stirred by the fact that last month, May, many countries held a *Labour Day* – an idea probably reflected in our annual May Bank Holiday. It's a time when we are meant to celebrate the contribution of work to our daily lives – and the dignity of labour, whatever it is – because without work our whole society would be impoverished.

In the Genesis creation story God forms Adam from the dust of the ground and gives him work to do – a beautiful Garden of Eden to cultivate. Soon – "it is not good for the man to be alone" – God adds a partner in the enterprise, Eve. It all sounds blissful, until they begin to think they know better than God, with catastrophic results. The punishment for their disobedience is on gender lines. The woman will have pain in childbirth and "be subject to her husband"; the man will find that his work which had been a joy becomes a pain: "by the sweat of your face you shall eat bread".

Whatever you make of that story, I can confirm that in many years of ministry if a woman wanted to talk to me about a problem it was usually to do with a man, and if a man had a problem it was usually to do with work. I cheered myself up by the thought that these strange penalties were abolished by the death of Jesus. In Christ women are no longer to be dominated by men, nor is work for the males to be an unrewarding slog. "All are one in Christ Jesus." Hallelujah!

© David Winter, a former Head of BBC Religious Broadcasting

A Comforter and Helper, inspire us when in need Our link to Son and Father will then be strong indeed.

Father, Son and Spirit, they are One not Three The Trinity embraces all that you can see With thanks and praise we worship and show we understand We're part of that great Oneness as we stand hand in hand.

By Helen Hain

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.

– St Columba



Hymn for Trinity

*Tune: Aurelia
(Samuel S Wesley
1810 – 1876)*

Father, God,
Almighty, we come
before your throne
We praise your great
creation and bow to
you alone
We humbly seek thy
mercy and ask of you
this day
To pour your love
upon us and hear us as
we pray.

We look to you Lord
Jesus, to show us what
to do
And when we look
towards you we see
the Father too
When we are heavy
laden and burdened
down with strife
We look to you for
guidance, the Way,
the Truth, the Life.

Embrace us, Holy
Spirit, with God's
power and love
As when you
descended on Jesus, as
a dove

That night, I suggested to my son and daughter that we sit up with him through the night. He appreciated it, he said, though at one point, apparently seeing us look gloomy, he said, "I would like to make an announcement. No one in this room is dead yet." An hour or so later, he spoke his last words: "I want you to know," he said, clearly and lucidly, "that I am in no pain. I am very comfortable. And I have had as happy a life as anyone on this earth could ever have."

A short time later, he died.

I miss him a lot, and I think about him a lot. I've wondered now and then how it was that my family and I were so lucky that he lived so long. I can't figure out if it was because he walked through life, or because he quit taking left turns.

Life is too short to wake up with regrets.

So love the people who treat you right.

Forget about the ones who don't.

Believe everything happens for a reason.

If you get a chance, take it, and if it changes your
life, let it.

Nobody said life would be easy, they just promised it
would most likely be worth it.

Enjoy life now – it has an expiration date!

By Michael Gartner

The Way I See It

Most of us know that one of the Commandments tells us to observe a day of rest – a "Sabbath unto the Lord". We may well prefer to ignore the words that precede it: "six days shalt thou labour".

Truth to tell, it all sounds very remote from modern life. Some of us "labour" on all seven days in the week – usually from choice rather than necessity. Others would love to have some work to do – any work, so long as it's paid. And in between there's the

The new bishop will be based in Brussels and work closely with the Diocesan Office in London. He says it is timely that news of his appointment comes on the twentieth anniversary of the opening of Eurostar, adding; "It links Britain and mainland Europe in a very physical way. My job as a bishop will be to build links and bridges – between England and the continent and between the different parts of our huge European diocese.

"My home will continue to be in Brussels and the office of the Bishop and his Chaplain will be based there. Though I can imagine I might become known as the "Eurostar Bishop", as I expect to be commuting regularly between Brussels and the diocesan office in London!"

The Suffragan Bishop in Europe, the Rt Revd David Hamid, whose office will continue to be based in London, says "It will be a joy to welcome Robert among us as diocesan bishop. He is already well known to so many from his ministry in Brussels and we all look forward to supporting him in his new role as he leads us in our journey as God's people in the diocese in Europe."

Diocesan web site: www.europe.anglican.org/



Science can add years to your life,

but only Christ can add life to your years.

Anon

their capture, so that they are ready to be served for the evening meal." "Okay," replies the astronomer, "Just so I know." Then guard added: "But everyone's so excited about the eclipse that in your case we're going to wait till just afterwards."

True Value of Mates

Two men are out ice fishing at their favourite fishing hole, just fishing quietly and drinking beer. In a very low voice, so as not to scare the fish, one says, "I think I'm gonna divorce my wife. She hasn't spoken to me in over two months." Slowly sipping his beer, his friend thoughtfully replies, "You'd better think it over a while. Women like that are hard to find."

Moving On

She spent the first day packing her belongings into boxes, crates and suitcases.



The second day, the removal firm came to collect her things. The third day, she sat down for the last time at their beautiful dining room table by candle-light, put on some soft background music, and enjoyed a last supper of prawns, caviar, and a bottle of spring-water. When she had finished, she went into each and every room and deposited a few half-eaten prawn shells dipped in caviar into the hollow of the curtain rods. She

(Continued on page 8)

Bijeenkomst over Humanitaire Hulp in Syrië

In Glane zal op vrijdag 20 juni 2014 (Wereldvluchtelingendag) van 11.00 tot 16.00 uur een seminar worden gehouden over de rol van de kerken in de humanitaire hulp aan Syrische vluchtelingen.

In de ochtend spreken verschillende organisaties over kerkelijke hulpverlening in en om Syrië. Partner van Kerk in Actie (ACT Alliance) dhr. Samer Laham uit Damascus; coördineert de humanitaire hulp van ACT in Syrië. Bisschop Aktas van de Syrisch Orthodoxe kerk uit Oost Turkije; coördineert daar hulp voor vluchtelingen. Een vertegenwoordiger van CORDAID zal uitleggen wat CARE doet.

Tijdens het middagprogramma gaan Tweede Kamerleden en vertegenwoordigers van het Ministerie van Buitenlandse Zaken en de Verenigde Naties (UNHCR) met elkaar in gesprek over de hulpverlening die Nederlandse organisaties in Syrië bieden.

De bijeenkomst wordt gehouden in het Syrisch-Orthodoxe Klooster St. Ephrem, Glanerbrugstraat 33, 7585 PK in Glane (bij Enschede). Belangstellenden voor deze dag kunnen zich per e-mail aanmelden bij: secretariaat@oecumene.nl o.v.v. naam en adresgegevens. De toegang – inclusief lunch - is vrij.

De bijeenkomst vindt plaats onder auspiciën van de Raad van Kerken in Nederland en wordt georganiseerd door Kerk in Actie (PKN), de Assyrische Mesopotamische Vereniging, de Stichting "Help Christenen in Syrië" en de Katholieke Vereniging voor Oecumene.



not a problem. You just make seven rights, and you're okay again." I couldn't resist. "Do you ever go for 11?" I asked. "No," he said " If we miss it at seven, we just come home and call it a bad day. Besides, nothing in life is so important it can't be put off another day or another week."

My mother was never in an accident, but one evening she handed me her car keys and said she had decided to quit driving. That was in 1999, when she was 90. She lived four more years, until 2003. My father died the next year, at 102. They both died in the bungalow they had moved into in 1937 and bought a few years later for \$3,000. (Sixty years later, my brother and I paid \$8,000 to have a shower put in the tiny bathroom – the house had never had one. (My father would have died then and there if he knew the shower cost nearly three times what he paid for the house.)

He continued to walk daily – he had me get him a treadmill when he was 101 because he was afraid he'd fall on the icy sidewalks but wanted to keep exercising – and he was of sound mind and sound body until the moment he died.

One September afternoon in 2004, he and my son went with me when I had to give a talk in a neighboring town, and it was clear to all three of us that he was wearing out, though we had the usual wide-ranging conversation about politics and newspapers and things in the news.

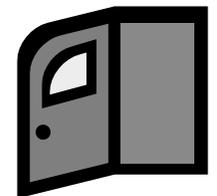
A few weeks earlier, he had told my son, "You know, Mike, the first hundred years are a lot easier than the second hundred." At one point in our drive that Saturday, he said, "You know, I'm probably not going to live much longer." "You're probably right," I said. "Why would you say that?" he countered, somewhat irritated. "Because you're 102 years old," I said. "Yes," he said, "you're right." He stayed in bed all the next day.

you have," said the teacher, "and maybe we can help." The girl hesitated and then read: "I think the Seven Wonders of the World are:

1. To see
2. To hear
3. To touch
4. To taste
5. To feel
6. To laugh
7. To love"

Sometimes the things we overlook as simple and ordinary and that we take for granted are truly wondrous.

Contributed by Annet Bril



Happiness comes through doors you didn't even know you left open.

– Anon

Never give the devil a ride – he will always want to drive!

– Anon

Seven Wonders

A group of students were asked to list what they thought were the present Seven Wonders of the World. Though there were some disagreements the following received the most votes:

1. Egypt's Great Pyramids
2. Taj Mahal



3. Grand Canon
4. Panama Canal
5. Empire State Building
6. St Peter's Basilica
7. China's Great Wall

While gathering the notes, the teacher noticed that one student had not finished her paper yet. So she asked the girl if she was having trouble with her list. "Yes, a little," she replied. "I couldn't quite make up my mind because there were so many." "Well, tell us what

back to the church. He called the priests "Father Fast" and "Father Slow."

After he retired, my father almost always accompanied my mother whenever she drove anywhere, even if he had no reason to go along. If she were going to the beauty parlor, he'd sit in the car and read, or go take a stroll or, if it was summer, have her keep the engine running so he could listen to the Cubs game on the radio. In the evening, then, when I'd stop by, he'd explain, "The Cubs lost again. The millionaire on second base made a bad throw to the millionaire on first base, so the multimillionaire on third base scored."

If she were going to the grocery store, he would go along to carry the bags out – and to make sure she loaded up on ice cream. As I said, he was always the navigator, and once, when he was 95 and she was 88 and still driving, he said to me, "Do you want to know the secret of a long life?" "I guess so," I said, knowing it probably would be something bizarre. "No left turns," he said. "What?" I asked. "No left turns," he repeated. "Several years ago, your mother and I read an article that said most accidents that old people are in happen when they turn left in front of oncoming traffic. As you get older, your eyesight worsens, and you can lose your depth perception, it said. So your mother and I decided never again to make a left turn."

"What?" I said again. "No left turns," he said. "Think about it. Three rights are the same as a left, and that's a lot safer. So we always make three rights." "You're kidding!" I said, and I turned to my mother for support. "No," she said, "your father is right. We make three rights. It works." But then she added, "Except when your father loses count." I was driving at the time, and I almost drove off the road as I started laughing. "Loses count?" I asked. "Yes," my father admitted, "that sometimes happens. But it's

Columba of Iona (c. 521 -97)

Last year (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.

Parish Pump June 2014



(Continued from page 6)
then cleaned up the kitchen and left.

When the husband returned with his new girlfriend, all was bliss for the first few days.

Then slowly, the house began to smell. They tried everything: cleaning, mopping and airing the place out. Vents were checked and carpets were steam cleaned. Air fresheners were hung everywhere. Exterminators were brought in to set off gas canisters, during which they had to move out for a few days. Nothing worked.

People stopped coming over to visit. Repairmen refused to work in the house. The maid quit. Finally, they could take the stench no longer and decided to move. A month later, even though they had cut their price in half, they could not find a

St James the Least of All

On the Impossibility of Keeping Silence in Church

My dear Nephew Darren,

Your remark that you rather liked the silence we keep before starting services gave me pause for thought. I suppose all things are relative. I know that the noise your congregation makes before worship resembles a packed stand on the football terraces any Saturday afternoon, but the days seem long-gone when I could expect our congregation to sit in real silence for ten minutes.

There's the sound of the treasurer counting the previous day's jumble sale takings, of the ladies at the back asking each other when the fish van will next come round, and of Major Hastings's deafening whisper as he comments on some woman's choice of hat. Add to this the weekly competition between the organist and the bell-ringers to see who can make the most noise, the roar from the choir vestry as they all complain they don't like my choice of hymns, and the sound of books, umbrellas and collection money being dropped. I sometimes suspect that an informal rota is arranged whereby people volunteer to drop heavy objects in rotation, thus maintaining a constant clatter, for which no single person can be held responsible.

There is also the weekly ritual when the verger – always waiting until the church is full – goes round each microphone, giving them a bash and bellowing "Testing, testing" and relishing the echo as it bounces off the walls.



which one of us would turn 16 first. But, sure enough, my brother turned 16 before I did, so in 1951 my parents bought a used 1950 Chevrolet from a friend who ran the parts department at a Chevy dealership downtown. It was a four-door white model, stick shift, fender skirts, loaded with everything, and, since my parents didn't drive, it more or less became my brother's car.

Having a car but not being able to drive didn't bother my father, but it didn't make sense to my mother. So in 1952, when she was 43 years old, she asked a friend to teach her to drive. She learned in a nearby cemetery, the place where I learned to drive the following year and where, a generation later, I took my two sons to practice driving. The cemetery probably was my father's idea. "Who can your mother hurt in the cemetery?" I remember him saying more than once.

For the next 45 years or so, until she was 90, my mother was the driver in the family. Neither she nor my father had any sense of direction, but he loaded up on maps – though they seldom left the city limits – and appointed himself navigator. It seemed to work. Still, they both continued to walk a lot. My mother was a devout Catholic and my father an equally devout agnostic, an arrangement that didn't seem to bother either of them through their 75 years of marriage. (Yes, 75 years, and they were deeply in love the entire time.)

He retired when he was 70, and nearly every morning for the next 20 years or so, he would walk with her the mile to St Augustine's Church. She would walk down and sit in the front pew, and he would wait in the back until he saw which of the parish's two priests was on duty that morning. If it was the pastor, my father would then go out and take a two-mile walk, meeting my mother at the end of the service and walking her home. If it was the assistant pastor, he'd take just a one-mile walk and then head



Commenting on a complaint from a Mr Arthur Purdey about a large gas bill, a spokesman for North West Gas said, "We agree it was rather high for the time of year. It's possible Mr Purdey has been charged for the gas used up during the explosion that destroyed his house."

(Daily Telegraph)

A young girl who was blown out to sea on a set of inflatable teeth was rescued by a man on an inflatable lobster. A coast guard spokesman commented, "This sort of thing is all too common."

(The Times)

Contributed by Jeanet Luiten



A grandmother is giving directions to her grandson who is coming to visit with his wife. "You come to the front door of the apartment. I am in apartment 301.

There is a big panel at the front door. With your elbow, push button 301. I will buzz you in. Come inside, the elevator is on the right. Get in, and with your elbow, push 3. When you get out, I'm on the left. With your elbow, hit my doorbell."

"Grandma, that sounds easy, but, why am I hitting all these buttons with my elbow?"

"What! You're coming empty handed?"

To all those people who check behind the shower curtain for an intruder: if you do find one, what's your plan?

No Left Turns

Submitted by Blair Charles

This is a wonderful piece by Michael Gartner, editor of newspapers large and small and once president of NBC News. In 1997, he won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing. It is well worth reading, and a few good chuckles are guaranteed.

My father never drove a car. Well, that's not quite right. I should say I never saw him drive a car. He quit driving in 1927, when he was 25 years old, and the last car he drove was a 1926 Whippet. "In those days," he told me when he was in his 90s, "to drive a car you had to do things with your hands, and do things with your feet, and look every which way, and I decided you could walk through life and enjoy it or drive through life and miss it." At which point my mother, a sometimes salty Irishwoman, chimed in: "Oh, bull----!" she said. "He hit a horse." "Well," my father said, "there was that, too."

So my brother and I grew up in a household without a car. The neighbors all had cars, the Kollingses next door had a green 1941 Dodge, the Van Laninghams across the street a gray 1936 Plymouth, the Hopsons two doors down a black 1941 Ford – but we had none.

My father, a newspaperman in Des Moines, would take the streetcar to work and, often as not, walk the three miles home. If he took the streetcar home, my mother and brother and I would walk the three blocks to the streetcar stop, meet him and walk home together.

My brother, David, was born in 1935, and I was born in 1938, and sometimes, at dinner, we'd ask how come all the neighbors had cars but we had none. "No one in the family drives," my mother would explain, and that was that. But, sometimes, my father would say, "But as soon as one of you boys turns 16, we'll get one." It was as if he wasn't sure

The only time the noise level drops significantly is if the congregation see Miss Simpson sidle up to me to have one of her confidential little chats about someone in the village. Everyone knows that her information will provide more than enough to keep gossip flourishing for the following week.

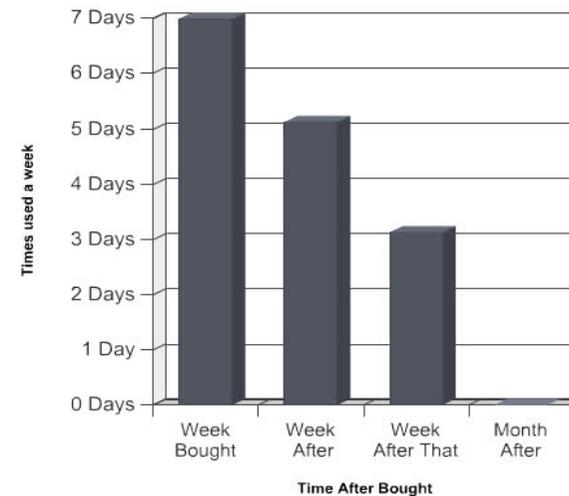
Equally, periods of silence during services are rarely welcomed. Some find them threatening, but the majority simply assume that it means I have lost my place. I gave up after one occasion when, on announcing we would say the Lord's Prayer and then leaving a time of silence for recollection, a chorister leaned over to me and whispered helpfully: "It begins 'Our Father'"

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

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Usage of a Home Gym



buyer for their house. Word got out and eventually even the local estate agents refused to return their calls.

The ex-wife called the man and asked how things were going. Politely listening to the saga of woes, she said that she missed her old home terribly and would be willing to reduce her divorce settlement in exchange for the house. The husband agreed on a price that was about 1/10th of what the house had been worth, but only if she were to sign the papers that very day. She agreed and within the hour his solicitor delivered the paperwork.

A week later the man and his girlfriend stood smiling as they watched the removal company pack up *everything* to take to their new home.

And to spite the ex-wife, they even took the curtain rods!

8th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Pentecost	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens Count Alfred Solms
Sunday School: Jolanda Wessels	Els Ottens	(1) Numbers 11: 24-30
	Victor Pirenne	(2) Acts 2: 1-21
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 20: 19-23

15th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Trinity	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	Chalice	Pauline Talstra Joyce Wigboldus
Sunday School: Caroline Siertsema	Arjen Haffmans	(1) Isaiah 40: 12-17, 27 to end
	Heleen Rauwerda	(2) 2 Corinthians 13: 11 to end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Matthew 28: 16-20

22nd June	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Trinity 1 (Proper 7)	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema Simone Yallop
Sunday School: Elizabeth vd Heide	Elizabeth vd Heide	(1) Jeremiah 20: 7-13
	Maureen vd Heide	(2) Romans 6: 1b-11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Matthew 10: 24-39

29th June	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Peter and Paul	Intercessor	Janice Collins
	Chalice	Janice Collins Everhard Ottens
Sunday School: Jolanda Bestman	Simone Yallop	(1) Acts 12: 1-11
	Carla Koomen	(2) 2 Timothy 4: 6-8, 17-18
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Matthew 16: 13-19

6th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Everhard Ottens
Trinity 3 (Proper 9)	Intercessor	Philippa te West
	Chalice	Count Alfred Solms Joyce Wigboldus
Sunday School: Caroline Siertsema	Erica Schotman Bonting	(1) Zechariah 9: 9-12
	Blair Charles	(2) Romans 7: 15-25a
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Matthew 11: 16-19, 25-30

13th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Joyce Wigboldus
Trinity 4 (Proper 10)	Intercessor	Janice Collins
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens Caroline Siertsema
Sunday School: Elizabeth vd Heide	Arjen Haffmans	(1) Isaiah 55: 10-13
	Heleen Rauwerda	(2) Romans 8: 1-11
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Matthew 13: 1-9, 18-23