

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

Volume 11 Issue 6

July/August 2015

Next issue: September

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St Mary's Chapel,
Diepenheimseweg 102
7475 MN Markelo
www.anglicanchurchtwente.com

The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente

DIOCESE IN EUROPE

THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND





July and August 2015

The Chaplain Writes

'Though we are many, we are one body, because we all share in the one bread'.

As I write, the temperature rises (finally) and it starts to look like summer. By the time you get this issue, we are well under way to enjoy the summer holidays, though some have already had their break.

Things slow down in this period of the year. We have fewer meetings and the congregation on the Sundays is smaller. You will have the Revd Steve Collis and Simone to take the services in August while I am on holiday. I hope you will be able to take advantage of the holiday time; advantage in the sense that you will be able to spend some time thinking on how we respond to our call as Christians.

Whilst doing that you may want something to ponder on. The following words, which we say every Sunday at the celebration of the Eucharist may be helpful: 'Though we are many, we are one body, because we all share in the one bread'.

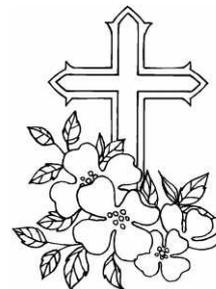
It is the gift of the Eucharist, the healing power of God through the sacrament. We are broken people, we receive his healing power through the sacrament and we share in the one bread, because we are all broken people.

The Anglican Church, [as well as the Roman Catholic Church], instituted a day to celebrate this gift. In short this day is referred to as 'Corpus Christi' (the Body of Christ), which is always held on the Thursday after Trinity. Called in Dutch 'Sacramentsdag', in the south of this country, it is still possible to find processions on this day. As a child, we used to go in procession to the church building, usually dressed up as an angel, nun, prophet or something alike. To be dressed up as such probably has nothing to do with the importance of the Eucharist, but it stuck in my mind and I think that that is a good thing.

Thinking about the importance of the Eucharist, as a gift to be healed is not something easily understood. It needs our thoughts and reflections. I hope you will use some of the extra time to think about this immense gift that we received.

Happy Holidays!

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





Twente News

AS GOD LOOKED DOWN.....

Most seniors never get enough exercise. In His wisdom God decreed that seniors become forgetful so they would have to search for their glasses, keys and other things thus doing more walking.

And God looked down and saw that it was good.

Then God saw there was another need. So in His wisdom He made seniors lose coordination so they would drop things requiring them to bend, reach and stretch.

And God looked down and saw that it was good.

Then God considered the function of bladders and decided seniors should have additional calls of nature requiring more trips to the bathroom, thus providing more exercise.

Anglicans on the Move

On Saturday, 20 June, Council Members met for a Retreat day to learn about each other and explore the reasons they were Council Members in the first place. 'Anglicans on the move' was the title that emerged for this day, meaning moving together in search of our inner motivations to be members of the Council in this era, in this country and in this particular denomination; The Church of England.

Arjen and Jonneke allowed the Council the use of the wonderful studio in their garden and Ineke Wikkerink offered her skills as a life coach to lead the Council through the process. Council members were able to get to know each other better both as fellow human beings and as members of the Council. The meeting, conducted in both Dutch and English, was lively and friendly with Ineke making sure participants stayed on track. Lunch was served and the informal meal gave everyone an opportunity to socialise. At the end of the day, after closing prayers, Ineke was thanked for her help. After she left the Council members were briefed on the finances by the Treasurer Hans Siertsema. A long tiring day but everyone was left positive about the experience.



Castle Fair

The Castle Fair will take place on the 5 September and now is the time to start work. As fruit and vegetables become available it is the time to turn ones thoughts to making chutneys, pickles, jams, marmalades, curds and anything else that can be prepared and stored in a glass jar for human consumption. For further information or help, contact Joyce Wigboldus, the Castle Fair's bottling boss.

Summer Teas

Bakers are needed to provide a regular supply of freshly baked products for the Summer Teas. There are lists in the hut for bakers to sign and in which they can write what they will make and how much. Volunteers to work on serving the Summer Teas as well as showing visitors around the chapel can sign up on the lists in the hut.



Chapel Website App

Lub Gringhuis, our Assistant Treasurer and Webmaster has now made a mobile friendly version of the chapel website.

There are two routes to accessing the App'.

Open the website, <http://www.anglicanchurchtwente.com> and then click on 'mobile'.

Alternatively, go to www.anglicanchurchtwente.com/mobile.htm.

Thank you Lub.

Writing for your church magazine

With this second magazine under new management there has already been a slight increase in contributions to the magazine. I hope all of you, the readers of the magazine, will read the articles and think to yourself, 'Ah, I could write a story about.....'. Then having written the story, remembered the joke, submitted the poem, shared the anecdote, regaled us with your holiday memories, informed us about the inspiring book read, enlightened us with the joy you experienced listening to a choir in some mighty cathedral, or maybe, just a simple church, sit back and enjoy seeing your name in print. Small print I grant you as I use Font size 8 for writers, but it is still your name.

Forthcoming Events

Summer Teas	12, 19, 26 July, 2, 9, 16 August
Castle Fair	5 September

Postage Stamps for Charity

Postage stamps are still being collected for charity. There is a box in the hut where you can place your used postage stamps. Theda will arrange for the stamps to be sent to the charity Stichting Woord en Daad (<http://www.woordendaad.nl>)



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

God looked down and saw that it was good.

So if you find as you age, you are getting up and down more, remember its God's will. It is all in your best interest even though you mutter under your breath.

Contributed B. Pyle

How did you spell that?

A friend who wished to check some point on aeronautics asked in his library for books on Metropolitan Vickers. He was handed a copy of Crockford's Clerical Directory. - *The Times Diary 7 January 1987*

Den

When W A Gilbert arrived at a provincial hotel to stay the night he was alarmed to find it filled by clergymen attending a theological conference. He confessed: "I felt like a lion in a den of Daniels." *Hesketh Pearson, Gilbert & Sullivan*

English in Australia

Australian entering hospital: "Ullow, Steve."
"Ullow, Jim."
"Come in to die?"
"No, yesterdie."

Don't go far!

The minister went to the bank and asked for a statement of his account, adding: "We want to know how far afield we can go for our holiday."

Handing him his statement the cashier enquired very gently: "Have you got a field at the back of your garden, sir?"

Staying power

Hospital patients' comment about the new minister: "He can stay longer in an hour than most people do in a week."

Nearly omnipotent

The curate was giving his young daughter a cuddle before she went to bed. As he picked her up and hugged her tight, she said: "Daddy, you're so strong! I really think you'll be God one day!"

Signs found outside churches

~ It is unlikely there'll be a reduction in the wages of sin.

On why the parish goes to war over pumpkin-growing

From The Rectory
St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

Anyone who thinks that the English are a peaceful race has obviously never organised the annual pumpkin growing competition.

Very regrettably, one of the Pilgrim Fathers sent a handful of pumpkin seeds to a relation in this parish in the 17th century and ever since, the church has been obliged to hold an annual competition to see who can grow the largest. I suspect some of the original recipients of those seeds still compete. There is a certain irony that the church, which is supposed to promote peace and harmony, sponsors the most war-like activity in the annual calendar.

Mobilisation starts at the beginning of the year when seeds are planted. From that moment on, every other potential entrant is regarded as the Enemy. Once seedlings are planted out, then heavy armaments are placed at boundaries to deter possible invasion. By late Spring, paranoia has taken over and rumours begin to circulate of espionage and sinister undetectable herbicides. Anyone in the village with a beard is looked on with deep suspicion.

In the weeks before the competition, homes, partners and children are abandoned, as contestants talk to their pumpkins by day and snuggle up with them at night. Should bad weather arrive at this point, then I am blamed for not having prayed sufficiently fervently for sunshine and light rain. If only I had such influence.

On the day before the show, tables are put out and woe betide anyone who places their cake stand where Mrs Cholmondeley has put her tea urn for the past 25 years; she now believes she has squatters rights to that place and any challenge to her claim would probably result in litigation.

I find this competitive spirit a little bemusing, as for the last 25 years, the Earl of Stowe has always won first prize. That his mother, the Dowager Countess, is the judge, is, I am sure, pure coincidence. That she has arrived for the past three years with a white stick and accompanied by a golden Labrador does, however, raise doubts.



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To award the Earl any prize at all does seem a little unfair, when the only time he ever gets mud on his boots is when he falls off his horse while hunting. I suspect he would be hard pressed to find where the kitchen garden is on his estate. But to give any credit to his gardening staff would be seen as bad form, so we all keep quiet.

It has been tentatively suggested that another judge should be appointed, but no one has so far had the courage to step forward. They may have the privilege of nominating the winner, but would also have to face a twelve month period of hatred from all those who were not successful. Christmas card lists will be amended. Families may have sat next to them in church for generations, but would suddenly find it more congenial to worship in another part of the church. Letters would be strangely mis-delivered and the butcher's boy would suddenly deliver lamb when pork had been ordered. Who could dare to take on such a poisoned chalice?

Your loving uncle,
Eustace

©Editor: The Rev Dr Gary Bowness

Castle Fair Update

Whilst we are all enjoying the summer, Lots of us are already thinking about the upcoming Fair.

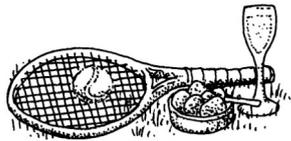
How can we participate? and where are we especially good in.

The list will be up in the hut soon and we would like to encourage the newer members to take part in this great fun too.

As the dress code for the tea room concerns, we are back to "black top." Wear any scarf you like over it.

The baking list will be a bit different from last year, as we would like certain things to be made in a certain number. All to do with how well things keep in hot weather.

So please join the lists and lets all have a very fruitful day in September.



~ If you don't like the way you were born, try being born again.

~ Looking at the way some people live, they ought to obtain eternal fire insurance soon.

~ This is a ch_ _ch
What is missing? (U R)

~ Forbidden fruit creates many jams.

~ In the dark? Follow the Son.

~ Running low on faith? Stop in for a fill-up.

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

Hole for one

A golfing priest, after having been beaten by an elderly parishioner, returned to the clubhouse somewhat depressed.

"Cheer up," said the layman. Remember, you'll eventually be burying me some day."
"Yes," said the priest. "But even then it will be your hole!"

Who Me?

My parents accused me of being a liar.

I looked them in the face and said, 'Tooth Fairy, Santa, Easter Bunny' and walked away like a boss.

Lot

A father was reading Bible stories to his young son. He read, "The man named Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, but his wife looked back and was turned into a pillar of salt."

His son asked, "What happened to the flea?"

Atheist:

"Do you honestly believe that Jonah spent three days and three nights in the belly of a huge fish?"
Preacher: "I don't know, sir, but when I get to heaven, I'll ask him."

Atheist: "But suppose he isn't in heaven?"

Preacher: "Then you ask him."

The Atheist and the Believer

There's a little old Christian lady living next door to an atheist. Every morning the lady comes out onto her front porch and shouts "Praise the Lord!".

The atheist yells back, "There is no God".

She does this every morning with the same result. As time goes on the lady runs into financial difficulties

Picnics



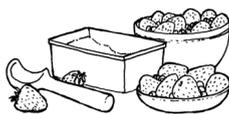
With summer approaching now is the time to think picnic. Already this year, the 13 June to be precise, the British Legion organized a Picnic in the Park. The park behind the Airborne Museum, Osterbeck, being the venue for the picnic with music provided by youth orchestras, pipe and drum bands and other assorted orchestras and it was a great success, enjoyed by all who attended.

Picnics were the preserve of the wealthy. According to an article in the National Trust Magazine, picnics were once outings. Only the wealthy landowners had the resources and servants to transport all the food and trappings required. Nothing like the simple repast farm labourers sat down to in the corner of a field during their meal break, bread, cheese and rough beer or cider.

Oh no, the original picnics were organized as grand social events. The picnic was a lavish outdoor meal with entertainment. Picnics held in the great parks that surrounded the vast country estates. In Mrs Beeton's 1861 *Book of Household Management*, she recommended taking two ribs of lamb, two roast duck, six medium sized lobsters, eighteen lettuces and six cakes on a picnic!

The word 'picnic' is of French origin, although there is some dispute over the exact etymology. Following the French Revolution, Royal Parks were opened to the newly enfranchised citizenry of France. Picnicking in these parks became a popular pastime, but with much simpler fare than the menu suggested by Mrs Beeton. In the year 2000, a 1000 km long picnic was held in France, stretching from coast to coast, to celebrate the first Bastille Day of the new millennium.

In the United Kingdom, railway growth, coinciding with the establishment of paid holidays for workers in the nineteenth century, led to an increase in away days at the seaside or in the countryside. Companies began increasingly to organise days out for their employees, in which picnics played an important part. The result was a growth in the picnic's popularity, with food such as sandwiches, pork pies and cakes being the items most commonly taken, as they were cheap, tasty and portable.



At St Mary's Chapel, the Ascension Day picnic is now established as an annual tradition. A picnic held very much in the spirit of the original definition of the picnic, 'an informal meal eaten outdoors with participants sharing food and

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drink'. However, with an international congregation, the food shared is not a simple meal. Rather it is an exotic blend of foods from all over the world. July will start with a South African Braaivleis, which is similar to a barbeque mixed in with a picnic and heavy duty socialising. The origins of the braai lie in the early Dutch/French Huguenot food of the Voortrekkers.

St Mary's chapel should organize more picnics. After all, sharing food and drink is the basis of any picnic and it is the centre of the Communion Meal.
©Blair Charles



Braai and BBQ Rules

- (1) The woman buys the food.
- (2) The woman makes the salad, prepares the vegetables and makes dessert.
- (3) The woman prepares the meat for cooking, places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils and sauces, and takes it to the man who is lounging beside the grill - drink in hand.
- (4) The woman remains outside the compulsory three meter exclusion zone where the exuberance of testosterone and other manly bonding activities can take place without the interference of the woman.

Here comes the important part:

(5) THE MAN PLACES THE MEAT ON THE GRILL.

More routine...

- (6) The woman goes inside to organize the plates and cutlery.
- (7) The woman comes out to tell the man that the meat is looking great. He thanks her and asks if she will bring another drink while he flips the meat.

Important again:

(8) THE MAN TAKES THE MEAT OFF THE GRILL AND HANDS IT TO THE WOMAN.

More routine...

- (9) The woman prepares the plates, salad, bread, utensils, napkins, sauce and brings them to the table.
- (10) After eating, the woman clears the table and does the dishes.

And most important of all:

- (11) Everyone PRAISES the MAN and THANKS HIM for his cooking efforts.
- (12) The man asks the woman how she enjoyed her 'night off,' and, upon seeing her annoyed reaction, concludes that there's just no pleasing some women.

and has trouble buying food. She goes out onto the porch and asks God for help with groceries, then says "Praise the Lord".

The next morning she goes out onto the porch and there's the groceries she's asked for, of course she says "Praise the Lord".

The atheist jumps out from behind a bush and says, "Ha, I bought those groceries - there is no God".

The lady looks at him and smiles, she shouts "Praise the Lord --- not only did you provide for me Lord, you made Satan pay for the groceries!"

You choose

One beautiful Sunday morning, the vicar announced to his congregation: "My good people, I have here in my hands three sermons, a €100 sermon that lasts five minutes, a €50 sermon that lasts fifteen minutes, and a €10 sermon that lasts a full hour. "Now, we'll take the collection and see which one you have chosen."

Where do we come from?

A little girl asked her mother, "Where did people come from?" Her mother answered, "God made Adam and Eve and they had children and that's how all mankind was made."

A couple of days later she asked her father the same question. The father answered,

"Many years ago there were monkeys, which the human race evolved from."

The confused little girl returned to her mother and said, "Mommy, how is it possible that you told me that we were created by God, and Daddy said we came from monkeys?"

The mother answered, "Well, dear, it is very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his."

Q and A's

Q: What do you call a sleepwalking nun?

A: A 'roamin' Catholic.

Q: Why didn't Noah go fishing?

A: He only had two worms.

Are you becoming 'nomophobic'?

Where is your mobile phone? When did you last check it? If it is close, and you have checked it within the last few minutes or so, you may have nomophobia.... Fear of being separated from your mobile phone. 'Nomo' stands for 'no mobile', and what you 'fear' is being out of contact, not connected.

Nomophobia is taking its toll on family life, it seems. As one father recently admitted: "The very first thing I do when I wake up in the morning – and the very last thing I do at night – is pick up my phone, press the Twitter app and see what's going on in the world.... During the day I can't undertake the most basic task – from making the children's lunch to cleaning my teeth – without swiping the screen..."

Now Ofcom, the UK communications industry regulator, has released figures that show that the average amount we spend online has more than doubled from 9.9 hours a week 10 years ago to 20.5 hours a week. A separate report finds that the average person in the UK checks their phone 50 times a day.

Psychiatrists are warning of widespread technology addiction, and urge people to take 'holidays' from their gadgets. Most of us won't manage that, but we might do well to heed at least one piece of advice: avoid screen light for an hour before you sleep at night, in order to sleep properly. Phone addiction can be just as damaging as addiction to alcohol or gambling. If this is you, be honest, and consider the effect your screen addiction could be having on those people close to you.

© Parish Pump

Something to smile about: Emoji

Emoji has become the fastest growing language in history. That is the verdict of a linguistics expert, who has studied the spreading catalogue of 722 digital smiley faces and symbols. So far a staggering eight out of ten of us have used emoji to communicate with someone.

It seems that many young people find it easier to communicate using the Smartphone icons – which include hearts and food and drink and an array of facial emotions – rather than words. 72 percent of 18 to 25 year olds say they find it easier to put across their feelings using

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

Forthcoming Services

12th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	John Bestman
Trinity 6	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema
	Heleen Rauwerda	Amos 7 7 - 15
	Arjen Haffmans	Ephesians 1 3 -14
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 6 14 -29

Forthcoming Services

19th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. A. Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
Trinity 7	Chalice	Simone Yallop
	Brenda Pyle	Jeremiah 23. 1-6
	Victor Pirenne	Ephesians 2.11-end
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 6.30-34, 53-end

Forthcoming Services

Forthcoming Services

26th July	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens
	Chalice	Jeanet Luiten
Trinity 8	Blair Charles	2 Kings 4. 42-44
	Jeanet Luiten	Ephesians 3.14-end
10:30am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 6.1-21

Forthcoming Services

2nd August	Celebrant & Preacher	t.b.a.
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
	Chalice	Simone Yallop
Trinity 9	Simone Yallop	Exodus 16. 2-4,9-15
	Jeanet Luiten	Ephesians 4. 1-16
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 6. 24-35

Forthcoming Services

9th August	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Steve Collis
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
	Chalice	Jeanet Luiten
Trinity 10	Els Ottens	1 Kings 19. 4-8
	Dina Boesenkool	Ephesians 4. 25-5.2
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 6. 51-58

Forthcoming Services

16th August	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Steve Collis
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Joyce Wigboldus
	Chalice	Count Alfred Solms
	Trinity 11	
	Linda ten Berge	Proverbs 9. 1-6
	John Bestman	Ephesians 5.15-20
10:30 am		
Sung Eucharist	Gospel	John 6. 51-58

Forthcoming Services

23rd August	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Steve Collis
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	Fred Schonewille
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens
	Trinity 12	
	Louw Talstra	Joshua 24. 1-2a, 14-18
	Victor Pirenne	Ephesians 6. 10-20
10:30 am		
Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Ephesians 6. 10-20

Forthcoming Services

30th August	Celebrant & Preacher	Simone Yallop
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Jeanet Luiten
	Chalice	n.a.
	Trinity 13	
	Heleen Rauwerda	Deuteronomy 4.1-2, 6-9
	Brenda Pyle	James 1.17-27
10:30 am		
	Gospel	Mark 7. 1-8, 14, 15, 21-23

Forthcoming Services

6th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	John Bestman
Trinity 14	Chalice	Caroline Siertsema
	Vivian Reinders	Isaiah 35.4-7a
	Joyce Wigboldus	James 2.1-10, 14-17
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 7. 24-end

Forthcoming Services

13th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
Trinity 15	Chalice	Count Alfred
	Fred Schonewille	Isaiah 50. 4-9a
	Philippa te West	James 3.1-12
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 8.27-end

Forthcoming Services

20th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles
	Intercessor	Caroline Siertsema
Dedication Festival	Chalice	Joyce Wigboldus
	Jeremiah 11.18-20	Arjen Haffmans
	James 3.13-4.3,7-8a	Els Ottens
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Gospel	Mark 9. 30-37

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emoji rather than words.

According to research by Talk Talk Mobile, the top ten most popular symbols are: smiley face, cry with laughter, love heart, red-cheeked face, thumbs up, tongue out face, blowing a kiss, winking face, confused face, and 'see no evil' face.

© Parish Pump

The Way I See It: Keeping connected

When you think about it, life revolves around keeping connected. From the moment we are born we instantly connect with mummy (think of the pictures of the royal baby!). Then we begin to connect through our family, then our school friends, colleagues at work and those we connect with through interests, hobbies or neighbourliness. Then, for many people, there is a major and life-long 'connection' with a partner. Our lives are made meaningful, colourful and fulfilling largely because of our 'connections' My mother used to speak of people we knew (posher than us) who were 'well-connected'. Even at nine years old I knew what she meant.

The modern world expects us to be connected in other ways, too. Someone was complaining in a recent newspaper article that BT had left them disconnected for a month when they moved house - disconnected, that is, from phone, email and internet. People who can't Twitter or do Facebook feel disconnected from the 'social media', as they are called. Nobody likes to be 'cut off'.

Loneliness is a fearful fate, and at its worst it is, of course, total disconnection - not from the human race, but from our significant connective people (friends, family, even neighbours). It is the invisible plague in our midst, to be truthful: top of the list of disabilities for many older people.

So, how can we improve our 'connections'? My great-niece is a GP in the Midlands. She told me that many of her older patients don't have any specific medical condition. They are simply lonely, and that brings on worries and mental niggles that eventually become a crippling handicap. At one level it's the inevitable consequence of time and mortality, of course, but it's exacerbated by a life-style that tends to be immersed in itself. Couples tend not to be 'joiners'. 'We've kept ourselves to ourselves', people say. But there's often a price to pay in the end.

'Why don't you try church?' my young relative asks. 'But I'm not religious', they reply. To which she counters, 'You don't have to be religious to go to church. They need everyone they can get!' I don't know how effective this particular piece of evangelism has been, but it's certainly true that church is, or should be, one place where you'll be warmly welcomed - and quickly make 'connections'.

© Parish Pump

A short history of medicine

"Doctor, I have an ear ache."

2000 BC - "Here, eat this root."

1000 AD - "The root is heathen, say this prayer."

1850 AD - "The prayer is superstition, drink this potion."

1940 AD - "The potion is bogus, swallow this pill."

1985 AD - "The pill is ineffective, take this antibiotic."

2000 AD - "The antibiotic is artificial. Here, eat this root!"

Genuine Notes left for the Milkman

- Dear Milkman, I've just had a baby. Please leave another one.
- Please do not leave anymore milk at No. 14 as he is dead until further notice
- Please bring me a form about cheap milk as my boyfriend has made me stagnant

Muldoon's cat

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet cat for company.

One day the cat died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, me cat is dead. Could ya' be sayin' a mass fer the poor creature?"

Father Patrick replied, "I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there is a new denomination down the lane, and there's no telling what they believe. Maybe they will do something fer the creature."

Muldoon said, "I'll go right away Father. Do ya' think €1,000 is enough to donate fer the service?"

Father Patrick exclaimed, "Sweet Mary! Why didn't ya' tell me the cat was Catholic?"

At the construction job

There's this cathedral that's still being worked on, and the workers have rigged a "cage elevator" inside so they can get material up and down to the upper floors. A characteristic of these "cage elevators" is that the doors (gate) must

We have a God of Miracles

This is the story given by Ben Dieduksman at the end of the 14 June service. It is a testimony to the good hospital report that shows clearly that the healing process is now well underway. This was after doctors gave up on Ben in January 2015 after four years of treatment.

I have been on the church's weekly intercession list since mid-2014, having been ill for four years with a rare lung disease the pulmonary specialists have been unable to diagnose fully up until now. The hospital did try everything to find out the cause but without success. For the past one-and-half years the specialists had me on a maintenance dose of medication, following an earlier program of aggressive medication that did not have any effect. Other than that is of doing lasting damage, both physically and mentally.

But God gave me an assurance at the beginning of these four years that I had to follow the regime of medical treatment. I had no idea I had to face years of hospital treatment! So it became more and more an exercise in faith and trust. A mustard seed of faith, with the quality of expectations exceeding hope and leading back to first line in Hebrews 11: 'Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.'

It was, and still is, an exercise in waiting for the Lord and day after day rejoicing in his presence. The only thing I could do was to praise Him, seven times a day from morning until evening and into the night times. I learned Praise is a powerful tool: it releases inner rest, inner peace and joy through the Holy Spirit and releases the Power of the Spirit. That power keeps out worry, doubt, fear, depression and so on that might overcome you. No chance!

Now healing is on the way according to the hospital report and the way I am feeling. It was time to give God all the glory.

Spontaneously we decided in church to combine the celebrations the following Sunday for Riet's 80th birthday with my healing celebrations, wonderful ingredients for a great party in the hut.

I want to take this opportunity to say a few 'Thank you's' to the entire congregation.

- for the multitude of heart warming encouraging cards, text messages and phone calls
- for all the prayers said in support of me for such a long period of time in faithfulness and perseverance

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And to God who has answered all our prayers in this miraculous way.

I would also like to thank the Flower Guild for the flowers Riet and I received during the celebrations. The event was a glorious way for us to start our holiday in England.
May God bless the church.

©Ben Dieduksman

A Shepherd, waiting

(Mk6:34, Heb13:8)

Sheep without a shepherd –
wandering this way and that,
not knowing the way
or whose voice to listen to;
uncertain, uncared for,
anxious, lost and in danger.

Here we are
in our post-modern, sophisticated culture,
still sheep without a shepherd.

But Jesus has compassion
today, yesterday and forever
for those who run to Him.
He loves.
He provides.
He alone satisfies
and makes sense of the wanderings.
Nothing is wasted.

There is a Shepherd, waiting...

By Daphne Kitching



be closed manually for them to be "called" to another floor.

One day one of the workers, Peter by name, takes the elevator to the top floor, and it is subsequently needed on the first floor by the sexton. Unfortunately, Peter forgot and left the door open. After the sexton rings for the elevator a couple times, to no avail, he yells up for the worker to send the lift back down.

Visitors to the cathedral were treated to this sight: The sexton of the cathedral, head tipped back, yelling up to the heavens:

"Peter! CLOSE THE GATES!!!"

What is Love?

(according to a group of 4 to 8 years old)

Love is when a girl puts on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other. *(Karl 5)*

When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore. So my grandfather does it for her all the time even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love. *(Rebecca 8)*



Coffee

The Brownlows of Belton House in Lincolnshire were early adopters of the coffee craze at the start of the 18th century. Family members each had their own long-spouted coffee pots and china dishes.



When it comes to per capita coffee consumption, the Netherlands leads the way at 2.4 cups of coffee per day. Despite an increased interest in coffee in the UK, the British drink less than half a cup per day.

In dollar value, coffee is the second largest export in the world. (after oil)



Coffee was originally viewed with suspicion in Europe, nicknamed 'Satan's Brew', until Pope Clement VIII (1536-1605) gave the beverage his blessing.

Coffee houses were seen as places where revolutionary ideas could

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Once upon a time

Once upon a time? Yes, well it could be, but it could just as well be some-time in the future, that's up to you! Well, no matter what the time, there was once a man, let us call him John Doe, and he is the subject of our story, or is he? John had an important mission to undertake, somewhere in the jungle on the other side of the world. He sold his house and travelled there to work. His mission lasted for several years. Finally, bringing it to all to a successful completion, he decided now was the time to return home.

He chose to settle in a small town, not too far from where he had once lived. It was therefore not surprising that on a beautiful Sunday morning, he decided to go the church where once, long ago, he had enjoyed so much warmth and friendship. Parking his car a short distance away gave him the opportunity to enjoy a stroll through the woods. Shortly he came upon the chapel, sited at the edge of an open meadow. Strangely, there were no people going in, which was what he had expected to see. However, there was an older man, sat on a chair in front of the closed door.

"Hello," said John, "Am I too early or too late?"

"That all depends on what it is that you want?" replied from the older man, looking up from his chair.

"Well," said John, "When I came here before, a long time ago, there were so many people they were almost out on the pavement. In fact, there were so many that it was sometimes difficult to find enough books for everyone. I was always made very welcome."

The man, looking at him quizzically said, "Yes that was a long time ago. There are no more books now because the books had to be sold when the money ran out."

Startled John continued. "I have also noticed that I cannot hear the organ playing?"

"You are right of course. You cannot hear the organ because it has gone to another church. There was no longer enough money to pay the organist. "

"Well, hopefully the beautiful wooden pews are still here?"

"No sir, I am afraid the pews also had to be sold."

"What about the priest? Surely, there is still a priest? "

"Sadly, there was not enough money to pay the priest's salary. He was unable to pay for his house and all his other daily expenses so he went off to work in another region."

John, who by now was feeling very weary and sad, told the older man, "I came here to enjoy the church service. What is there left for me here? For that matter, why are you here?"

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The man replied, waving his arm to encompass the sunny meadow full of wild flowers, "I have nought else to do other than wait here for better times. Would you care to sit for a while? You never know, you too may still experience some of God's peace in this place."

Nodding sadly, John walked into the middle of the meadow and plopped down on the grass. Pulling his knees up to his chest, he wrapped his arms around his legs and resting his head on his knees he prayed. Bees and other insects buzzed around him. The wind rustled softly through the grass.

Suddenly, aware he was no longer alone; he looked around to see a little girl sat beside him. She stared back at him with big blue eyes. "Hello." He said, smiling at her.

"Hello," the girl replied, smiling back at him. "Why are you so sad?"



John felt strangely compelled to tell her of his disappointment on finding out about how his former chapel had closed. "Well", said the girl when he finished speaking, "is all of this not just a little bit your own fault? Did you not take a little too much for granted? Are you not guilty of believing that-the-way-it-is-is-the-way-it-will-always-be?"

John, surprised, nay shocked, at hearing a child talking in such a manner, replied after some thought, "Yes, that may be but what was I supposed to do? What could I have done?"

The girl thought in silence for a moment before answering. "You know that on earth you get nothing unless you give something in return. Love comes to those who give love. Unless you can share the joys and sorrows of life with others, your life will be unfulfilled and empty. All friendships need to be maintained and nurtured. If not those friendships will wither and die. For even the simplest of life's pleasures you have to make at least some token payment. And so it was with your beautiful chapel. All of you forgot that the chapel had to be paid for and looked after in some way. The precious warm and peaceful feelings that made you all feel so happy in this place were taken for granted, as a right. Return home to ponder on the steps you will need to take to return things back to the way they were. Learn from your mistakes. Remember, only God's love is priceless."

John paused and thought deeply before turning his head to answer the girl. Surprisingly, there was nothing there, not even a crushed place in the grass. Had God sent an angel? Who knows? John stood up. He knew what he had to do. And of course, because all fairy tales end well, you may want to think up the happy ending yourself. Who knows, you may also find yourself playing an important part in the ending.

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(Continued from page 18)

spread. The Boston Tea Party of 1773 was planned in a coffee house, the Green Dragon tavern.



In 1938, Milanese coffee bartender

Achille

Gaggia



patented a steam-free

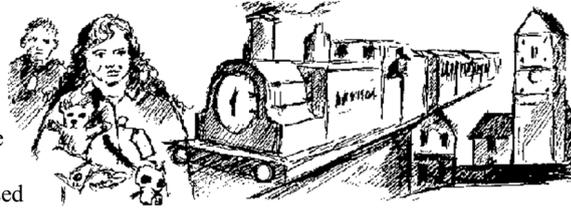
coffee machine that used a piston to force water through the coffee grounds at high pressure - the beginning of the modern espresso age. ©National Trust Magazine

World Truth

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much. We have multiplied our possessions but reduced our values. We talk too much and love too seldom and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living but not a life. We've added years to life, not life to years. George Carlin 1938 - 2008

Evacuees - Part Two

As I told you in the June Magazine, I was an evacuee in World War II. Evacuated to Devon after the bombing of our house in 1943, we must have been a sorry sight when we got out of the steam train at Exeter station to be collected. We were dressed in all we possessed with one little case of



belongings that my parents had managed to salvage from the rubble of the house. Included was a very tattered book, 'The Secret Garden', which my mother had been reading. Most of the contents of our house had been blown to smithereens. I was fortunate to be with my mother and brother.

We were billeted in a large country house on the top of a hill, surrounded by farmland. The owner of the house was a Member of Parliament and was up in London. His wife was living by herself in this huge house. Their children were grown up and I do not know anything about them. In the house, we were allowed a small kitchen and living room and upstairs three bedrooms and a bathroom. There was a small courtyard at the back where we could play.

At the front of the house there was a large terrace surrounded by a garden and a small orchard. In the orchard were some beehives and the bees kept swarming, I remember. Then the lady of the house, I will call her Mrs P. would get all dressed up in special clothing and smoke them out of the trees and bushes.

Somehow or other we settled into country life and gradually recovered from the shock and weariness of the constant bombing of London. My mother grew up in Clapham, London, but she grew to love this 'country life'. My brother went to the local village school. We had to walk with him every morning and collect him in the afternoon, a good half hour walk each time. There was no public transport in the war years. During the winter, it was still dark with the stars in the sky. My mother often said 'Thank the Lord' or 'Thank Goodness the stars are still in the sky', meaning that at least the constant bombing of London could not change the night sky.

Mrs P wasn't very keen on having evacuees in her home but gradually she came to enjoy our company. When she discovered that my mother was a skilled dressmaker she became enthusiastic and she got material from somewhere for my mother to make clothes for Mrs P and all her friends. Especially she made underwear and blouses from parachute silk. The house was not far from a large American base on Exmoor. Mrs P. was friendly with one of the commanders, a major, of the base. They were very kind to us too and brought us extra rations and a lasting memory of mine, canned orange juice. How we loved that and no juice has ever tasted like it again for me. Where it came from and how, I do not know. I also remember the two ladies 'crouching' around the radio at sometime. I realise now they would have been listening to the news.

The book, 'The Secret Garden' was read to us repeatedly as there weren't any other books. It is only recently that I have recalled all these experiences. For a while, I kept dreaming about it all. My doctor suggested I went to look for the house and its surrounds, but that is another story.

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TAKING & GIVING

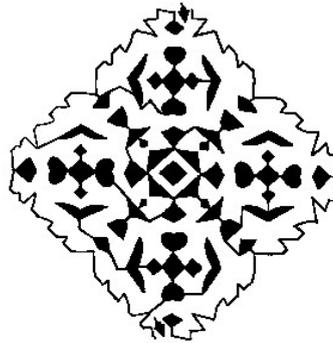
If you look at a map of Israel you will see that there are two small inland seas. And if you look closely you will see that these two seas are linked by the River Jordan. The river starts in the northern hills and goes through the Sea of Galilee, then through the Jordan valley, and ends up in the Dead Sea. But even though the water is all from the same river, the two seas are completely different.

All around the Sea of Galilee are towns and villages, trees and farms. The Dead Sea has no trees or farms, it is dead. What makes the difference? The Sea of Galilee is alive because it has an outlet. It passes the water on as quickly as it flows in. The Dead Sea is dead because it passes no water on.

In St Luke's Gospel we read what Jesus said about giving – 'Give to others, and God will give to you' (chapter 6, verses 27-28). Unlike the two seas we can choose how we want to be: to give and take and be alive. Or just to take - and become sad and lifeless.

IN & OUT

Can you find your way through this lacy maze?



Did you hear about the slimy monster who was famous for his farmyard impressions?
He couldn't do the noises but he could do the smells.



And what about the monster who went shop-lifting?
He was crushed under Tesco's.



Poetry and Prose

John Milks is an engineer, born and raised in Massachusetts. While writing poetry is his hobby, he does not consider himself to be a poet.

The Bulge

Losing weight is a
Summer tradition
To get myself in good
swimsuit condition
But it seems that my fate
Is I start it too late
so instead of a loss -
there's addition!

©Ralph Taylor

Lady of Leeds

There was a young lady
from Leeds
Who swallowed a
package of seeds.
Now this sorry young
lass
Is quite covered in grass,
But has all the tomatoes
she needs.

Anonymous

Perkins

A funny young fellow
named Perkins
Was terribly fond of
small gherkins.
One day after tea
He ate ninety three
And pickled his internal
workings

Anonymous



This is what Summer means to me

*A warm summer day
without a cloud in sight*

A baby bird

Taking its first flight

This is what summer means to me

Trees full of leaves

Giving me shade

My dad and I

Fishing in the glade

This is what summer means to me

Watching my daughter

Play on her slide

And how She will never

Want to come inside

This is what summer means to me

See how she enjoys the day

Until the very last

Just like me as a child

Long ago in the past

This is what summer means to me

The distant roar

Of a neighbours lawn mower

Unruly grass be gone

For ever more

This is what summer means to me

The smell of charcoal

And good friends all around

Birds singing in the trees

What a lovely sound

This is what summer means to me

©John Milks



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.