

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

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Next issue: October 2015

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St Mary's Magazine



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The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente



DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND





September
2015

The Chaplain Writes True disciples

In July, I went on a course in Rome and as part of the course, there were excursions organized to visit several churches. There are many, many churches in Rome and as some of you will be aware, many of the churches are named after a saint.

One of the churches we visited was built on the room where a saint had lived throughout her monastic life. Some of the places were not readily accessible to the wider public and special arrangements had to be made to gain access.

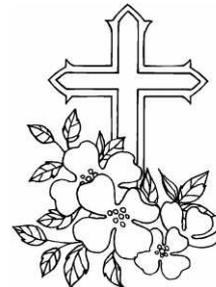
It just goes to show how precious these places are to people. Many visitors, learning about the lives of the saints, want to be inspired by their example. On the other hand, they may visit just out of curiosity, as with one saint, whose remains were kept display. Those remains did not really inspire me, but it did make clear how people try to hold on to something so obviously dear to them.

Visiting these churches and feeling impressed, even learning more details about their lives, is not enough. As much as we do not feel very saintly and are aware of our frailties, we still have to make our contribution. They might not be as impressive as those of a saint may be, but we have to live our life as best as we can, as Disciples of Christ. At the end of our lives, we will be held accountable as to whether we were faithful disciples. Did we learn to become a better Christian? Did we at least try?

We need to work on our shortcomings and we have to believe that our Redeemer will give us the grace to grow above our frailties, to straighten them out. Above all, we need to ask for that grace, even beg for it, and to knock on Christ's door until our prayers are heard.

By studying Scripture, we will get to know what is expected of us, but we cannot stop there. Only reading the Scriptures will only inform and inspire us. Then we need to act upon it. We need to put our money where our mouth is.

Alja Tollefsen
Chaplain of the East Netherlands





Twente News

Obstinate

The clergyman was walking through the village one day when he met one of his parishioners. "How's your cold, Donald?" he asked.

"Verra obstinate" came the reply.

"And how is your wife?"

"About the same."

Blessings

The student was writing to the head of the mission in England who had founded his local school in the African bush. He wanted to end with a blessing, 'May heaven preserve you.'

Not being quite confident of his English, he looked up the word 'preserve'.

When the letter reached the head of the mission, it ended with the words: "And may Heaven pickle you."

Off to school

Mother to young daughter after first day at school: "Well, dear, what did they teach you today?"

St Mary's Teas

For yet another year, the St Mary's Teas season has ended successfully, allowing us to look back with satisfaction and enjoyment. Firstly, we would like to thank all those who helped in so many ways to make the 'Teas' so successful. On three bright and sunny Sundays, the 'Teas' attracted a large number of visitors. Our guests were not only enthusiastic about the cakes but

also the warm and friendly atmosphere. Many of these

visitors also went on to visit the chapel and appeared to enjoy the building and the information about the place. Alas, there were also some rainy days, but with the tables in the hut, it was a warm and cosy venue for afternoon tea.

The financial figures were equally as good with a net profit of €820, with €780 going to the church and €40 to the Flower Guild. For the two of us, especially Jan, it was lovely that we have been able to organize the St Mary's Teas. We will take this opportunity to wish our successors many enjoyable and successful 'Teas' in the future.

Jan & Theda ten Barge



In giving thanks to the Good Lord for a bountiful year our Harvest Festival will be held on the 4th October.

All of our gifts this year will be donated to people in this area who are in need. Please keep that in mind while you are selecting what to offer. (A list of suitable items to donate will be displayed in the hut). After the service, there will be a 'bring-and-share' lunch to celebrate the harvest and the fellowship of St Mary.

Together we can all have a great day as well as helping the less fortunate.

(Continued from page 4)

Peripatetic Past Magazine Editor

For a start, one definition of peripatetic means a person travelling from place to place, generally with some purpose. Well, that could well describe our previous magazine editor Janice Collins, who has left on a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela in the North West of Spain. Janice, walking on her own, expects to be away for eight or nine weeks starting from the 2nd September.



Catedral Santiago de Compostela

Last year during our visit to Iona Abbey, we shared a room. Early one morning, while lying in our bunks, deciding if we should get up to join the 'shower rush', Janice told me of her wish, desire, or maybe intention, to go on this pilgrimage. I was a bit taken aback when she said she wanted to go alone, but I did encourage her to make her plans and go!

Therefore, that is what she did and in typical Janice fashion, she didn't want any fuss. She said I could tell all of you once she was enroute. I gave her an Iona Community Prayer to take with her and of course, we can all wish her well on this venture. I hope to be able to give an update in the next magazine. Please keep her in your prayers while she is 'pilgrimaging'. ©Brenda Pyle

A Big Thank You

Over August, Alja, our Chaplain, was away taking a deserved break. She left us well looked after by Revd. Steve Collis. With his wife Kath, he travelled over from Scotland and stayed in Alja's house. Services were lively, and all those who attended were exercised, both spiritually and physically. In my capacity as warden I am confident in saying that the couple would be welcomed back with opened arms over the next Vicar Break. A big thank you Steve, your services were really appreciated. ©Blair Charles



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

Daughter: "Not much. I've got to go back again tomorrow."

Pregnancy Q & A

Q: Should I have a baby after 35?

A: No, 35 children is enough

Q: I'm two months pregnant now. When will my baby move?

A: With any luck, right after he finishes college

Q: What is the most reliable method to determine a baby's sex?

A: Childbirth.

Q: My wife is five months pregnant and so moody that sometimes she's borderline irrational.

A: So what's your question?

Q: My childbirth instructor says it's not pain I'll feel during labour, but pressure. Is she right?

A: Yes, in the same way that a tornado might be called an air current.

Q: When is the best time to get an epidural?

A: Right after you find out you're pregnant.

Q: Our baby was born last week. When will my wife begin to feel and act normal?

A: When the kids are in college.

Q: Do I have to have a baby shower?

A: Not if you change the diaper very quickly.

Teachers

"I have come to believe that a great teacher is a great artist and that there are as few as there are any other great artists. Teaching might even be the greatest of the arts since the medium is the human mind and spirit.

John Steinbeck

Libraries

The library is the temple of learning and learning has liberated more people than all the wars in history.

Carl T Rowan

True Love

True love possesses the ability to see beyond... Love sees another's soul in great need of help and sets compassion to work.

Charles Swindoll

Family

Fri(END)

Boyfri(END)

Girlfri(END)

Best Fri(END)

Everything has an

END except

Fam(ILY)

It has I Love You



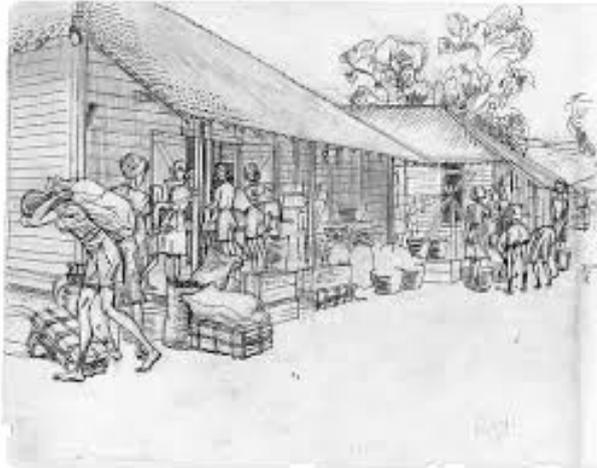
The Forgotten Liberation

Who remembers that August 2015 commemorates the seventieth anniversary of the liberation of the former Dutch East Indies? The Japanese occupied the whole country from 1942 to 1945.

Consequently, I was asked to write something for St Mary's Magazine about the period. A task that proved to be a lot harder than I had at first imagined, considering that it is now 70 years later and there are few survivors left. However, I'll tell you what I do know of people who were in the Japanese camps in those days.

My father was married three times, with me being a child from his third marriage. From his first marriage, I had a half-brother and a half-sister. Their mother married again to a Mr Voorneman. He was mayor of Batavia, a city now known as Djakarta. Consequently, my half-siblings spent most of their childhood in the Dutch East Indies.

My half-sister had only been married for the best part of a year when war broke out and was expecting her first child at the time. After the occupation, she was placed in one of the many internment camps, along with her mother and a stepsister. My half-brother, a naval officer, was at sea when the country was invaded and so he escaped the camps. He took part in the battle of the Java Sea and although his ship was one of the many sunk in that terrible engagement, he survived. There were two other boys in this family, but I do not know where they went. My sister's stepfather was transferred to Glodok Prison, which served both as a camp for



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Dutch administrators, civil leaders and police personnel as well as prisoners of war. All the prisoners were treated equally badly.

There was little difference between the Japanese camps and the German concentration camps. Except that the German camps, although also serving as prisons, were mainly used as places for disposing of certain population groups. In comparison, the Japanese camps were intended to separate the Dutch, Indo-Dutch and foreigners from the rest of the population. This allowed the Japanese to exercise full power over the Indonesian people.

Inside the camps, the Japanese left the internees free to look after themselves and to cook their own meals. But they demanded respect from the internees, such as them bowing whenever they met any of the Japanese. The internees were also required to abide strictly by the camp rules. The Japanese themselves acted without compassion, showing no respect either for their prisoners or their lives. If anyone did the slightest thing that the Japanese did not like, the penalties were severe. Inmates were whipped or buried up to their necks in the hot sun. Some were executed without mercy by being beheaded. I heard that the Japanese treated their servants in the same manner.

Initially, there was sufficient food, but over time, food-supplies decreased more and more. Medical drugs were also to become increasingly scarce. Food and medical shortages, combined with dysentery and various infections, were primarily responsible for some 25% of the internees not surviving. I knew a friend, who was able to save many peoples' lives. Using his extensive knowledge on the use of herbs and plants, he was able to use these plants healing powers to compensate for the lack of vitamins in the diet.

My sister's first baby, a boy, was born in the camp. For her what was worse was that she did not know where her husband was, or even if he was still alive. He had been employed by KLM. Later on, we learned he had been sent to work on the notorious Burma Line, also known as the Death Railway. Although he was one of the survivors, he would never fully recover his health.

Sometimes my sister would show me the diary she had kept to let her husband learn about the early life of their child. However, neither they, nor my half brother, ever actually talked much about those years. When I once went on a trip with Sjoerd to Japan, where universities had invited Sjoerd to speak about his work for

The Day Enola Called

A silver bird, high in a summer sky
The morning sun is glinting on her wings;
While, far below, as washing hangs to dry
A mother rocks her new born babe and sings.

The baby sucks upon his mother's breast
Partaking of his first meal of the day.
Then in the sky a simple switch is pressed
Something large falls out from 'Enola Gay'.

And so it is – a little boy is fed,
As 'Little Boy' comes hurtling to the ground.
A second sun! The little boy is dead
Of him and thousands more no trace is found.

Think on that morning – think, and be appalled,
That summer morn on which Enola called.

By Nigel Beeton



When He Returns

Born as a babe in
Bethlehem,
As God He laid His
glory down,
Grew as a boy,
became a man
With Adam's fallen
race was found.

His teachings and
His miracles
Brought crowds
around to see Him
work,
No man had ever
spoke this way
As heaven somehow
touched this earth.

And then the
Father's plan
unfurled
Restoring fellowship
once lost,
To take man's sin,
God's Son would
die
The exchange took
place on Calvary's
cross.

There is a day He
will return,
Not as a babe but
conquering King
When Christ the
risen Son of God
In triumph brings
God's kingdom in.
By Megan Carte



NASA, they reacted in horror. It was as if I had told them I was going to hell.

When the camp survivors arrived back in the Netherlands in 1945, they were not welcomed with open arms. The Dutch people had no idea as to how bad the Japanese occupation had been. Probably because, at the time, everyone was too busy reconstructing the Netherlands. They could not envisage anything worse than the German occupation. Only much later did it dawn on the Dutch as to just how much the former prisoners in the Dutch East Indies had suffered under the tyranny and oppression of the Japanese occupiers.

The British and Australians, living at the time in the Dutch East Indies or Malaysia, also ended up in the camps. One of my favourite writers from my younger years Neville Shute wrote a book "A Town like Alice," In the book, a young woman with a group of children hikes straight through the jungle of Sumatra, from one camp to another. There is also a beautiful and touching film called "Song of Survival". It is all about a women's choir founded by an English missionary Margaret Dryburgh and Norah Chambers, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music, London. They sang without words because of the language differences. It certainly had a favourably influenced on camp life because it gave much needed mental support in all the misery. Even the Japanese enjoyed the beautiful music of the female choir. Later I will write more about it. Sadly, Margaret Dryburgh died on April 21st, 1945. She was only fifty-four.

This year we celebrated 70 years of liberation. For those of us living in the Netherlands, that was in May. What many forgot was that there was yet another liberation still to come, a forgotten liberation. Because, for the surviving prisoners and the indigenous people of the former Dutch East Indies, their liberation would only come in mid-to late-August. © Erica Schotman-Bonting



We have a God of Miracles - Continuation.

The St Mary's Magazine editorial team asked me if it were possible to report on a few more aspects of my time of illness that would be worth sharing. So I agreed to try it.

By the end of January 2015, the doctors had given up on me for further investigation and treatment. This was due to the rapid deterioration of my condition. We ended the hospital visit with the conclusion we just had to go for what was possible with regard to quality of life, for example, oxygen aid and physiotherapy.

My sister was sorry to hear of the outcome. She prayed and asked God to give her a word of comfort. She opened her Bible at random and happened to read John's Gospel, chapter 11, verse 4. Here Jesus reacts to the message that his friend Lazarus is very ill. Jesus says in verse 4: 'This sickness will not end in death. No, it is for God's glory so that God's Son may be glorified through it.'

My sister was much impressed by this work of consolation and phoned to tell me, so we both were encouraged. But the challenge is always to keep things in God's hands and not to worry, even when things get worse instead of the expected better. Thus, we were forced to see what Jesus answered in its full context, namely that in the meantime Lazarus, his friend, died. We should not panic but trust that God's way and thoughts are higher than ours.

Two months after I was given up by the doctors, God gave me an idea; mainly, that I go to England to say hello and goodbye to my many friends there. I thought to myself it made sense as I was getting worse and in a few weeks time I would be on permanent oxygen and no longer able to make the journey.

However, it was beyond my ability to undertake this on my own. My sister, who had postponed her trip to China because of me, had said, 'At anytime if you need me, I will be available to help you. I made the connection between her offer and the England idea and a few days later, we were sailing to Newcastle.

I said to my sister; 'For me this is an act of obedience, an act of faith. This journey will become the turning point in my illness.' That is how it felt it should work out. We had a blessed time together. All went reasonably well within my limits. We visited

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Why English is so Hard

We'll begin with a box,
and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox
becomes oxen, not
oxes.

One fowl is a goose, but
two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse
should never be meese.
You may find a lone
mouse or a nest full of
mice,
Yet the plural of house
is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is
always called men,
Why shouldn't the
plural of pan be called
pen?

If I speak of my foot
and show you my feet,
And I give you a boot,
would a pair be called a
beet?

If one is a tooth and a
whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the
plural of booth be
called beeth?

Then one may be that,
and three would be
those,

Yet hat in the plural
would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is
cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother
and also of brethren,
But though we say
mother, we never say
methren.

Then the masculine
pronouns are he, his and
him,

But imagine the
feminine, she, shis and
shim!

Ten Ways to Love

1: Promise without forgetting
Proverbs 13:12

2: Answer without arguing
Proverbs 17:1

3: Listen without interrupting
Proverbs 18

4: Give without sparing
Proverbs 24:26

5: Trust without wavering
1 Corinthians 13:7

6: Share without pretending
Ephesians 4:15

7: Enjoy without complaining
Philippians 2:14

8: Pray without ceasing
Colossians 1:9

9: Forgive without punishing
Colossians 3:13

10: Speak without accusing
James 1:19

God has a plan

God does indeed have a plan.
Not just a good plan.
Not even a really good plan.
God has the perfect plan.

©Walk in Faith

The longest word in the English language is SMILES

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a few friends and they were surprised, never expecting me back in England. We were only there for four days, but it was just enough. I had not realised that it was the Easter weekend, a special time. That Sunday morning we were a bit late at the local church as we were having such a good conversation. Nevertheless, we still went to the service, which was by now, half way through. They had just ended the intercessions and one of the intercessions was for prayers to be said for the healing of 'Dutch Ben'. You can imagine how hilarious it was for them to see 'Dutch Ben' entering the church five minutes later. It quite disturbed order in the church for a while. What an overwhelming welcome I received.

It made me think of the story in the book of Acts where Peter is in prison and the congregation is praying for his release. In the meantime, an Angel of God has released Peter from the prison and he walks to the gathering. He knocks on the door and they are so flabbergasted that they forget to open the door and let Peter in.

My return, after one and a half years of absence and little hope, was moving, full of thankfulness and praise. Tears were flowing with many expressing their feelings saying, 'Your return has made my Easter'.

I returned to the Netherlands in good order, feeling that something in my body was changing for the better. Yet despite this feeling, there was no measurable change detected on the next planned hospital check-up at the end of the month. However, the check did confirm that the deterioration in my health had stopped, when compared to results of the previous check-up three months earlier. In a desperate situation, all of this happened without any special medication. Here was sign of God intervening. Further checks carried out seven weeks later, confirmed measurable improvements. The miracle of God!

These are only some of the highlights, but I can assure you that everyday God is surprising me, giving me evidence of his presence.

God has opened my eyes and mind spiritually and in so doing, teaches me that we are primarily, spiritual beings in a temporary body. Jesus said to the Samaritan woman:

'God is spirit and those who worship Him must worship in spirit and truth.' John 4: 24.

'Therefore if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creature' says St Paul, 2Corinthians 5:17.

©Ben Dieduksman



Who's Who in St. Mary's?

On a perfect sunny morning, not too cold and not too hot, I rang Joy Romeyn's doorbell. Her house, sited on a quiet street in Goor, has a lovely garden. While Joy still is keeping up the garden herself, she did reassure me that she also has a gardener to do the heavy work. Over a cup of coffee, Joy told me all about herself. Marie Joy Dugdale was born in England on 10 December 1930 in Bournemouth, Hampshire, which in 1974, became Bournemouth, Dorset. Her father was a civil servant with the Inland Revenue. When she was five years old, the family moved to Redhill, Surrey.

I asked her, how it was that she came to live in the Netherlands. Well, of course because of her marrying Henk Romeijn. But how did she meet him? In May 1945, Henk Romeijn came to England to train with the British Royal Military Policeman, prior to being sent out to fight in the former Dutch East Indies. During that period, he was transferred to Sir John Colman's Estate (the mustard manufacturer) near Reigate/Redhill. The estate had been transformed into an army training camp, as were so many large estates in England during the war.

In Amsterdam, Henk was a Scoutmaster and was thus interested in finding out about how English scout-groups were run. Consequently, he wrote to the District Scout Commissioner of Reigate to enquire if the latter could give Henk the address of a local scout group. Shortly afterwards Joy's brother asked their parents if they minded Henk visiting.

At the time, Joy was studying at the Reigate County School for Girls, spending her spare time on thrice-weekly ballet lessons and once a week, Girl Guides. It was on 25th October 1945 that she met Henk for the first time. Of course, it was not love at first sight, considering he wore a moustache! He soon began coming to Redhill regularly to spend his spare time. It was only after Henk shaved off his moustache that Joy's father became suspicious.

To cut a long story short they were married at St. John's Church, Redhill by the Revd. J. B. Phillips in September 1949. Their honeymoon was spent in the Peak District and directly afterwards they sailed for Holland, where they lived with the parents-in-law for nearly 10 years.

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Because it has a whole mile between the first and last letter.

A book dies every time you watch

Reality TV.



It is better to have your nose in a book Than in someone else's business.

©Adam Stanley

Geology Test

Question 1.

Name three types of rock?

Answer (from a struggling student)

1. Classic
2. Punk
3. Hard

Going to college

Lecturing is transferring information from the notes of the lecturer to the notes of the students without passing through the minds of either.

Normalcy

I tried to be normal once.

Those were the worst two minutes and twenty seconds of my life.

Forthcoming Services

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

Forthcoming Services

13th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Rev. Alja Tollefsen
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten
	Intercessor	Simone Yallop
Trinity 15	Chalice	Count Alfred
	Fred Schonewille	Isaiah 50. 4-9a
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Philippa te West	James 3. 1-12
	Gospel	Mark 8. 27-end

Forthcoming Services

Forthcoming Services

Forthcoming Services

20th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen	
	Duty Warden	Blair Charles	
	Intercessor	Everhard Ottens	
	Chalice	Joyce Wigboldus	
	Dedication Festival	Arjen Haffmans	Jeremiah 11. 18-20
		Els Ottens	James 3. 13-3.3,7-8a
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		Gospel Mark 9. 30-37	

27th September	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Alja Tollefsen	
	Duty Warden	Jeanet Luiten	
	Intercessor	Fred Schonewille	
	Chalice	Everhard Ottens	
	Trinity 17	Maureen v.d. Heide	Numbers 11. 4-6, 10-16, 24-29
		Elizabeth v.d. Heide	James 5. 13-20,
10:30 am Sung Eucharist		Gospel Mark 9. 38-50	

Courtyard

While visiting a theological college one autumn, a lady visitor noticed several students on their hands and knees assessing the courtyard with pencils and clipboards in hand. Intrigued, she asked the guide what they were doing.

"Each year," he replied with a grin, "the final year students ask the new students how many bricks it took to finish paving this courtyard." When they were out of earshot of the new students, the curious lady asked the guide to tell her the answer. He replied simply: "One."

Love

The question what is the difference between 'I like you' and 'I love you?' is beautifully answered by Buddha. 'When you like a flower, you just pluck it. But when you love a flower, you water it daily.'



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On Sundays, they visited the Anglican Christ Church on the Groenwal. Henk was working at that time at Van Gelder Papier. In 1958, the couple bought a house in Baarn, where they lived another 25 years. They used to go to Holy Trinity in Utrecht, where the Revd. Douglas Beukes was their priest. The couple came to Goor in 1983. Joy thinks Henk wanted to escape all the burglaries in Baarn and the increasing heavy traffic. Although he was happy with the place, Joy, at least in the beginning, did not really like the house. For her the move was not an easy period.

In Baarn, Joy was asked to become a member of the Vrouwelijke Vrijwilligers, and there she met many ex-patriots of the Dutch East Indies, who became close friends. For a short period, she was on the committee. It broke her heart to leave her kind neighbours and all those close friends, to go to a place she'd never heard of.

The Anglican Church Twente, our chapel, proved to be a godsend in helping her to overcome all these problems. Joy told me about the friendliness and the warmth she has found in this congregation. She remembers the noisy yellow heating machine. The Hut did not exist, so the coffee was made at a table in the back of the church. Towards the end of the service, the smell of fresh coffee helped spice up the closing prayers. Sunday school was held in the cellar under the vestry. (The space that now holds the central heating).

The church community gave Joy great support when Henk died in 1991. They had no children. In turn, Joy has involved herself in a number of jobs in the church. She was a sidesperson, reading the lessons and the intercessions. She also did more than her fair share of the washing-up during the fair. Modest as Joy is, let us not forget all she did in the background. Her tasks included helping with the teas, when Agnes and Colin Lee were organising them, as well as many other little jobs.

As Henk was the General Secretary of the Former Resistance, the NFR/VVN. During the war, he had been in the resistance. When he died, the group "Gewest Twente" (Twente Region), asked Joy to become their secretary, which she fulfilled until their disbandment in September 2004.

I will always remember her on Remembrance Day with her Scottish skirt, all the decorations and the red poppy on her dark blue blazer. When I asked if she could remember something special, she could

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not find one thing, because there had been too many beautiful and remarkable moments. Joy told me that what she liked best in the services were the sermons.

Not long ago, her house was burgled, an event that shocked her to the bones. In fact, she has still to get over it. But the good side is that she discovered how much help she had, and still has, from her neighbours. © Erica Schotman Bonting



King Solomon and King David
Led merry, merry lives
With many, many lady friends
And many, many wives
But when old age crept o'er them
With its many, many qualms
King Solomon wrote the proverbs
And King David wrote the Psalms

Braaivleis

Reflecting the international nature of St Mary's, on the Fourth of July the South African Braai was introduced to those lucky, intrepid 'Chapel goers' who were able to attend. Ferdinand van Dijk developed the idea, steered it through to fruition, organized the food and then let the braai loose on the public. An Australian, a South African and a Netherlander have kindly shared their views on this iconic meal of South Africa. Thank you Ferdinand.

From Australia, Pauline Talstra wrote that on July 4th we all came together to enjoy a BRAAI. In my opinion there is never a reason not to get together to have some fun. In this case, there was more than one reason to do so. It was American Independence Day, Count Alfred's birthday, and the anniversary of Alja's ordination. The weather was perfect, (hot! around 35°C) and Rev Alja's garden was looking spectacular, meaning everything was conducive for such an event.

We Aussies are experts at holding BBQ's... we live outdoors most of the year. Dare I say it... Our South African contingent did a spectacular job. Of course, we don't have little black pots hanging over hot coals. The outcome of the concoction, 'potjie kos', a little stew of meat and veggies, was

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Quotes from Joyce Meyer's Sermons

'Have God make a message out of your mess.'

§

'Don't run to the phone, run to the throne.'

§

'Words are powerful: if you change your words, you can change your life.'

§

'Mercy is the stuff you give to people that don't deserve it.'

In common

I was the supply teacher for a class that was learning about groups. In one exercise, pupils were asked to label a group of items according to their common characteristics.

Pictured were onion rings, doughnuts, and party biscuits. The correct answer would have been that all the items have holes in the center.

But one health-conscious boy pointed out: "All of those things contain too much cholesterol."

Way ahead

People aren't really so smart. The turtle had a streamlined body for travel, a hard top, retractable landing gear and a mobile home for thousands of years before we did.

From a church news sheet:

The vicar is away on holiday for two weeks. Massages can be given to the curate.

From a school essay

'...and when the marauders landed on the coast, the villagers would run to the top of the hill and set fire to the deacon...'

Conversation

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment

Oil

If they squeeze olives to get olive oil, how do they get baby oil?

Towels

The organist and his wife had their towels marked Hymns and Hers.

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On Church Management Consultants

St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

I'm sure your church's team of management consultants meant well, but their visit here was not wholly helpful. It is all very well when they are co-coordinating office staff, secretaries, clergy teams and legions of volunteers, but here, there is me, Miss Margison and a golden retriever

Our simpler pattern works perfectly well: if it happens in church, I do it; if it involves drawing up rotas, stoking the boiler, visiting the sick or clearing the car park of snow or the churchyard of leaves, Miss Margison does it. If something small and furry or flapping and feathery has strayed into the church, the golden retriever does it – by carrying it back outside.

Inevitably, there are legions of people around the parish who are always "glad to lend a hand if needed." Having said that, they then feel satisfied, and actually do nothing – but complain about those of us who do things.

Rotas are irrelevant, as whatever is written down never bears the slightest resemblance to reality anyway. As soon as someone finds that they are booked on a certain date to read a lesson, make coffee, or mow the churchyard, they immediately book a holiday for that week.

If we are lucky, they may find a replacement - apart from one occasion. Major Hastings was unable to read the lessons on a certain day, so he booked another, then forgot and booked a second person. Cometh the day, they both went to the lectern and neither would give way, so we had the lessons read by two people. It would not have been too bad if they read at the same pace, but they got ever more out of phase as the reading progressed, one having returned to his pew while the other was still doggedly finishing the last few verses.

I did, however, greatly appreciate your team's advice on time efficiency. From now on, on Sunday mornings, the lessons will be read while the hymns are sung, the collection taken while the anthem is given and the sermon preached while the notices are delivered. In future, we should get through Mattins in twelve and a half minutes.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace

(Continued from page 15)

delicious. Ferdinand tenderly cared to the little black pot, despite the perspiration pouring from him Well, maybe we Aussies are really pussycats when it comes to a Barbie. We 'chuck the meat and the shrimps on the barbie' (gas!), grab a tinnie and wait for it to cook itself.

Well for the entertainment ...in my honest and humble Aussie opinion, I don't even want to make comparisons. Our South African's are quite a lot more elevated culturally, than us. The music, wonderfully provided for us by Carol van Straten, was authentic and brought the rhythms within us to the surface. The dancing, well that was something else. Here we all let ourselves go. It was a real 'leveller' and indeed, we saw other sides to each other. Such a brilliant event, this Aussie is quite laid back and prepared to let you South African's repeat the same again next year. But there again, a 'sausage sizzle' might just be the thing.

Dina Boessenkool from South Africa, was on familiar territory, observing that there is something so wonderfully primitive about a braai. Ferdinand's open fire for potjekos (food cooked in an iron pot) over an open fire made me think back to my childhood. It was always our task as children to get the fire under way with rolled newspaper and small pieces of wood. Then we would sit and watch the flames changing colour as they flickered through the coals. In particular, I want to thank Caroline for the delicious tart and Ferdinand for the excellent South African sausage, the boerewors, a real belly stretcher.

I brought a sleeping bag with me to use at a picnic when I came to the Netherlands. It never happened. But when I heard the braai would be held in Alja's garden I took the opportunity to sit on the grass instead of a chair. Something I have not done in years. A highlight for me was hearing the familiar sound of the saki saki or "sakkie-sakkie ", "langarm", "kotteljons" or "water pomp" the traditional Afrikaner dance of my youth. In my first years as a young teacher at the Werda Hoerskool, we each term with a braaivleis at which we danced the saki saki. If you want to see the distinctive langarm pump action, look on You tube to Wake me Up Sokkie Group. Here is the link:https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EcCyNggE_xk

Finally, for the home team, Jeanet Luiten gives us a Dutch viewpoint on the Afrikaans Braai in the chaplain's garden. She also noted how the 4th of July was a special day for the congregation. For as Pauline had written earlier, there many joyful events to celebrate. Linking all of these together was the "Afrikaans Braai."

After a Eucharist service to mark Alja's ordination, we started off with tea and cake, only to be swiftly rushed on to the lawn, where Ferdinand with the help of a lot of Africans managed to serve us a perfect Braai, including boerewors and potjie kos. Both just tasted heavenly. All the wonderful salads and fruits made it even better.

Jolly

Ever notice that the people who are late are often much jollier than the people who have had to wait for them?

Startling Statistics

In Arab Algeria, women make up 70% of all lawyers and 60% of its judges. Women dominate medicine and 60% of university students are women.

If all the information on Wikipedia, started in 2001, was printed without images, it would consist of 2053 volumes.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, started in 1768, has 32 volumes.

Humans will create more information in the form of data in the next two days than was created in all of history up until the year 2003.

In 1981, 52% of the world lived in absolute poverty. By 2010, this number was down by 21%, with 721 million fewer people living in extreme poverty.

Since the 20th Century, the amount of hours that the average person works has halved, despite wages and





Philosophy

The philosophy professor raised for his students the question "If a tree falls in the forest when no person is there to hear it, does it make any sound? Does the tree even exist if no one is looking at it?"

Sitting in the Campus Quadrangle after class, the student wrote:

There was a young man
who said "God,
I find it exceedingly odd
To see how a tree
continues to be
If there's no one about in
the Quad

The answer came back

"Young man, it isn't so
For I am always about in
the Quad
And that is why the tree
continues to be
Observed by

Yours faithfully, God"

Unique Epitaphs

She lived with her
husband fifty years
And died in the
confident hope of a
better life



How is your training going?

People often ask me how my training is going. Recently our magazine editor suggested that I write a short article about it for the magazine. As many of you know I was accepted as a Reader in Training in the Diocese in Europe in May last year.

A Reader, or Lay Reader, in the Church of England is a lay minister who has been theologically trained and is licensed by the Church to preach, teach, lead worship and assist in pastoral work. A Lay Reader is not a priest and so may not celebrate the Eucharist but may lead non-Eucharistic services such as Morning Prayer, Evening Prayer and, if trained to do so, may take funeral services. The office of Lay Reader is voluntary so Readers do this alongside their normal jobs.

The practical part of my training, in preaching and leading worship, takes place here at St. Mary's under the guidance of our Chaplain. For the theological part of the training I am registered as a student at St. John's Theological College in Nottingham, where I am doing a set of six distance learning modules from their Certificate in Christian Studies programme. The six modules are: 'Old Testament', 'New Testament', 'The Early Church and the Creeds', 'Common Worship', 'The Holy Spirit and the People of God' and lastly 'Personal and Social Ethics'.

At the time of writing, in mid-August 2015, I have almost completed the first module on the Old Testament. It is quite a lot of work requiring more than 200 hours of study, just for this module. The Old Testament module is divided into three sections. The first section is 'The Story of Israel'. It begins with 'The Exodus' and 'Old Testament History'. It then goes on to 'The Promised Land', 'The Kings of Israel' and then 'Exile and Restoration'. The second section is 'The Word of God' and deals with the Law and the Prophets. The last section, which I am working on now, is 'The Human Response'.

Although it is quite difficult to combine with my fulltime job, I am thoroughly enjoying the study. I especially enjoy the preaching, which is something that I have always wanted to do. Fortunately, for my preaching, I am also able to draw on the theological knowledge I gained in the four years of summer Bible school that I did at the end of the seventies.

As well as the preaching practice and the study modules there are also Reader Training Workshops arranged by the Diocese in Europe. This year I have attended two of these workshops. The first one was on Liturgy and Common Worship. It was held in Woking, near London, in June. The second workshop was on Funeral Ministry. It was held in Madrid in July. Both of these three-day workshops were very interesting and inspiring. It was also good to meet other Readers and Readers in Training from different parts of the diocese. I will be doing another workshop in October, also in Woking, this time about Anglicanism.

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I hope that this short article has given an impression of how I am getting on with my training. I am quite happy with the way it is going and I certainly have no regrets about beginning this path to one day becoming a licensed Reader.

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An Evacuees Story - Part Three

I wrote in the July/August magazine about how during the Second World War I was evacuated to Devon after our home was bombed in 1943. My mother, brother and I were billeted in a large white country house, set on the top of a hill, surrounded by farmland. In recent years when I kept dreaming about all of this, my doctor suggested I went to look for the house and surrounds. This is my story of that journey.

During the Crocus Holiday six years ago, I went with my youngest son Colin. Having recently returned from a two year journey through Africa, Colin was still in a travelling mood. We went in my car with Colin doing most of the driving. From Dover, we followed a country route down to Exeter, stopping to see things of interest on the way. With the month being February, it was still wintery, but there were already primroses flowering in the hedgerows here and there.

We were staying in a Bed and Breakfast in Bampton. The owners asked, 'Why are two Dutch people travelling to Devon in winter?' In answering them, I explained how we had come to look for the house to which I was evacuated to in the war. They answered that was amazing as we were the third group of guests doing the same thing. They wanted to know if they could help in anyway. I discussed with them the details I could remember, a white manor house on a hill, a farm in the valley near a river that often flooded. There was a bridge to cross the river opposite a quarry. The owners, following a discussion, thought they knew the house. Having studied a map, I did remember the house was close to the River Exe near Tiverton/Dulverton. Looking at our detailed map of the area, they showed us where the house was. I told them how the explosions used to frighten me as I thought another bomb was coming! They assured me the quarry was now closed.

The next morning, following a hearty breakfast and after arranging to come back for another night, we set off. After following the map and the instructions for about twenty minutes, I looked up and there it was. Across the river to the left, there stood the house. We crossed the bridge and following the steep, winding, unmade-up road, arrived at the house 'High Lee'. Although now painted pink, it still looked and felt familiar.



The thick layer of gravel on the ground created a lot of noise when

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Press

For the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press, here is a clip from a newspaper:

'Owing to the overcrowded conditions of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week.'

Signs found outside churches

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

~ 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.

~

Quotes

Families that pray together stay together

Middle Age: When you know your way around, but don't feel like going

Growing up

Me behave?
Seriously?
As a child I saw
Tarzan almost naked,
Cinderella arrived
home after midnight,
Pinocchio told lies,
Aladdin was a thief,
Batman drove at over
200mph, Snow White
lived with seven men,
Popeye smoked a pipe
and had tattoos, Pac
Man ran around to
digital music while
eating pills that
enhanced his
performance, and
Shaggy and Scooby
were mystery solving
hippies that always
had the munchies. The
fault is not mine if our
generation grew up a
bit weird.

More Startling Statistics

In 1990, worldwide
one million people
owned a mobile
phone.

Today there are
between five and six
billion in
circulation.

Between 1990 and
2013, maternal
mortality dropped
by almost 50%.

In the span of a
mere 66 years
humans we went
from taking flight to
landing on the
moon.

(Continued from page 19)

driven or walked over. We were trying to decide whether to knock on the door when an upstairs window opened. A lady stuck her head out and asked us what we wanted. I told her of our mission and asked if I could possibly walk through the garden and orchard. 'Wait a few minutes' she said and I will let you in and make you a cup of coffee. You can then look around the house as well. I felt that was very kind of her.

We sat chatting over the coffee, answering each others' questions. She told me she was delighted we had come to visit. She was writing the history of the 'High Lee' and had no information about the war years. After coffee, she showed the part of the house in which we had lived, although by now, it had been renovated and redesigned. The main staircase was on the right side of the large hall, whereas I remembered it being on the left. However, the little courtyard in which I had played and gardened was exactly as I remembered it, as was the orchard with its swing and beehives. How old those trees must have been. Following a good wander around Colin and I left feeling very satisfied.

Returning to the Bed and Breakfast we found our hosts were eager to hear about how we got on. They were delighted to hear how we got on. To end this satisfying day, they invited us to have a 'Fish and Chip' supper with them. This we did, delighted and grateful for such a happy day. Equally happily, since that journey I haven't had anymore 'war dreams', thankfully.

Earlier, over coffee, I had told the woman in High Lee about the book, 'The Secret Garden'. I went on to tell her how my mother had told me when I was older that your whole life is actually like the story. You have to keep going on into a 'secret garden' to fulfil the purpose of your life.

When I lived in Ruurlo, I named my house and lesson room, 'The Secret Garden' as my own house was an endeavour and the people coming for English lessons were embarking on new ventures. For over the years I had come to appreciate the wisdom of my mother's words. Indeed, it was in honour of my mother that I named these new undertakings after my wartime reading, 'A Secret Garden', which has had such a deep resonance throughout my whole life too.

©Brenda Pyle





St GILES

St Giles was a hermit, someone who lived a quiet life of prayer away from other people. His special day is 1st September and he lived in a forest near Arles in France, sometime in the 9th century.



The story goes that he had a pet deer. One day the King was hunting in the forest and shot an arrow at this deer.

When the huntsmen found the deer it was in a woodland clearing with St Giles. The saint himself was wounded by the arrow and held the deer in his arms - and all around them were the hunting dogs, silent and still as if held by an invisible power.

St Giles is the patron saint of cripples and beggars. His emblem is an arrow and in the United Kingdom there are over 150 churches dedicated to him.

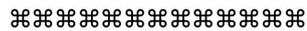


WOODLAND WORDS

Can you find all these words from the forest? The words go up, down, backwards, forwards and diagonally and some letters are used more than once.

M U S H R O O M S S
B H M O S D I A S L
U A O W T V K A K O
T F D L Y S S O M O
T N O G L F S R E T
E I A K E Y A D G S
R V Y C G R R E E D
F S N A K E G W O A
L M M R O W F O X O
Y E R O M A C Y S T

* ant * badger * butterfly * deer *
fox * grass * holly * ivy * moss *
mushrooms * oak * snake *
sycamore * toadstools * worm *



**Did you hear about the car
with the wooden wheels and
wooden engine?**

It wooden go.

**What is the smallest ant in the
world?**

An infant.

**What do
ants take
when
they're ill?**
Antibiotics.



Poetry and Prose

Biblical Caution

If you are tempted to use Biblical references, please ensure that the recipient cannot misinterpret your meaning.

The story is told about a bridal couple. They received a Bible as a wedding gift from their committed Christian friends. Inside the cover the donors, after their inscription, cited 1John 4:18, intending that the newly married couple would read the passage on 'Perfect love casteth out fear' in the Epistle of John.

Unfortunately in their haste, they opened the bible to John 4:18 - The Gospel of John. Imagine the look on the poor bride's face when she read, 'He whom thou now hast is not thy husband for thou has had five others.'

Asking

I never go forth to meet a new day

Without asking God as I kneel down to pray
To give me the strength and courage to be
As patient with others as He is with me!

Anonymous

The Captives' Hymn

*Father, in captivity,
We would lift our prayers to Thee,
Keep us ever in Thy love,
Grant that daily we may prove
Those who place their trust in Thee
More than conquerors may be.
Give us patience to endure.
Keep our hearts serene and pure,
Grant us courage, charity,
Greater faith, humility,
Readiness to own Thy will,
Be we free or captives still.
For our country we would pray,
In this hour be Thou her stay,
Pride and sinfulness forgive,
Teach her by Thy laws to live,
By Thy grace may all men see
That true greatness comes from Thee.
For our loved ones we would pray,
Be their guardian night and day,
From all danger keep them free,
Banish all anxiety,
May they trust us to Thy care,
Know that Thou our pains dost share.
May the day of freedom dawn,
Peace and justice be reborn,
Grant that nations loving Thee
O'er the world may brothers be,
Cleansed by suffering, know rebirth,
See Thy kingdom come on earth.*

Margaret Dryburgh

Born: 21st February 1890, Sunderland, UK

*Died: 21 April 1945, Women's Camp, Bangka Island,
Dutch East Indies*

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.