

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

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Next issue: First Sunday July 2019

Chaplaincy
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The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente

DIOCESE IN EUROPE

THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND





June 2019

Dear Friends,

While thinking of my magazine Missive for June, I was procrastinating and decided to put off the inevitable for a while and 'phone my brother for his birthday. We not unusually began chatting about my dear departed Mum and Dad. We mused about how the world has changed in the few years since they left us, and how they would hate the relentless news stories of global division, brokenness, sorrow, outrage, hopelessness and grief. When the call was over, a favourite song of theirs came into my mind, the Irving Berlin song, as sung by Nat King Cole, "Let's face The Music And Dance."

"There may be trouble ahead, But while there's moonlight and music and love and romance, Let's face the music and dance. Before the fiddlers have fled, Before they ask us to pay the bill, And while we still have the chance, Let's face the music and dance.

It made me think, further of God's romance with us, his people, as we celebrate Pentecost, significant because it brings the redemptive-historical cycle of the church year to an end. Followed by Trinity season, there comes a long period of "ordinary time". Pentecost celebrates the culmination of God's redeeming work in Christ and the sign that Christ is seated at God's right hand in heaven. The next "big event" in God's redemptive cycle is his final coming. The loving Spirit is given to us to sustain us in the 'time in between the times.' So, whatever befalls in this world, where selfish, greedy freewill so often takes hold and shapes the present, we can remain strong and steadfast in the knowledge that we are not forsaken and we can dance on in the footsteps of 'The Lord of The Dance'. We can feel the breath of God, and become a part of his breathing life into the world we inhabit.

So, perhaps we might take a moment in meditation, now, as we read this magazine, and feel our own special part in the community of faith to which we belong.

Simply breathe, together, as members in Christ's body, as we hold our hearts open.
Breathing in as our hearts fill with compassion
Breathing out as we pray for healing in our world and in our lives.
Breathing in, opening ourselves to the transforming power of love.
Breathing out, praying for peace in our world and in our own lives.
Breathing in as we hold certain hope in our hearts.
Breathing out as we pray for justice in our world & in our lives.

May the love we know flow from us into this world. Amen.

My love to you all, Brian.

St Mary's Chapel News



With school-days in mind...

A little girl after her geography exam: "Please God make Copenhagen the capital of Japan - at least for this month."

Trouble

The minister's son had just received a bad report from school. Seeking to distract his father, he asked: "Dad, what do you think is the trouble with me? Heredity, environment or just plain original sin?"

Cheers

The restaurant where I took my two sons for a meal was crowded with fans watching a sporting event on TV.

The harried waitress took our order, but more than half an hour passed with no sign of her return. I was trying to keep my children from becoming restless

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Our Dirk is no more

The title of the email from Joyce Wigboldus conveyed the sad news of the passing of doggy Dirk, a long time canine fixture of the Weldam Chaplaincy.

Dirk, a wire haired Jack Russel, was born in 2003. He joined the ever changing small pack of dogs who accompany their families to church on Sundays to enjoy a walk in the Weldam Woods before having a snooze in their car parked in the shade of the trees during the service. Then out they come to socialise in the Hut,

and hopefully scrounge a biscuit or two while the owners have coffee or tea.

What made Dirk unique and especially special was his singing talent. At any birthday celebration, as soon as 'Lang zal ze leven' or 'Happy Birthday' began, little Dirk would fling his head back and join in. He was fully bilingual and was quite happy to give 'God save the Queen' or 'Het Wilhelmus' a go on those special occasions when the national anthems were sung in the Hut. Sadly, old age and infirmity crept up on this little dog until, with his health failing fast, Joyce and Adriaan Wigboldus on the 14 May, took the sad decision to have Dirk put to sleep. Birthdays and celebrations in the Hut will never be the same again. God speed Dirk as you wait by the rainbow bridge.

Summer Teas

The Summer Teas rota has gone up in the Hut. Please read and put your name down for whatever task you can manage.

Summer Teas will be offered on:

7 July, 14 July, 21 July, 28 July, 4 August, 11 August

From a baking viewpoint, now is the time to demonstrate your baking prowess to the many appreciative visitors.

So, please hurry to sign up on the rota. The sooner you sign up the more chance you have of getting the Sunday you want.

SIGN UP! SIGN UP! SIGN UP!

Forthcoming Dates

7, 14, 21, 28 July
4, 11 August

Summer Teas
Summer Teas

Coffee Rota

The coffee and tea served after the Sunday is not only a wonderful opportunity for everyone to meet up and chat, it also makes a valuable contribution to the chaplaincy funds. However, it does need a regular supply of willing, enthusiastic, cheerful volunteers to provide baked goods and to serve. Please check the coffee rota regularly. Please put your name down to help whenever and where ever you can. If you haven't tried it before you will find it great fun and rewarding. As an added bonus, you will feature on the St Mary Facebook page, managed by Nicky Barker Zonnebeld.

Magazine Payments

St. Mary's Magazine plays a valuable role in helping to keep the congregation informed on what is going on in their church and the chapel community. If you wish to receive a printed copy of the magazine, issued ten times a year, an annual donation of €15 will help to cover printing costs. If you cannot pick up your copy in the chapel and want to have it posted to you, we need to ask for an additional donation of €20 to cover postage.

Last year only two thirds of the magazine costs came from donations, the balance came from chapel funds. It would help the survival of the magazine if all costs were covered by voluntary donations. Thank you.

Intercessions

If you wish to have someone included in the intercessions, or who is in need of a pastoral visit, please contact one of the Churchwardens or the Chaplain, before the Service. Alternatively, if you want to have someone included in the intercessions you could contact the Intercessor via the Prayer Request Tool on the Chapel Website. The Chaplain, the Wardens and the Intercessor will simultaneously receive your message via this tool. The link below will take you directly to the Prayer Request.
<http://anglicanchurchwente.com/home/service%20%26%20readings/prayers%20requests.html>

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when suddenly shouts of victory came from the bar.
"Hey," commented my 11-year-old, "it sounds as if someone just got his food."

Mitre

A bishop once found his mitre needed reversing during the service, having been replaced on his head back to front.

A server, realising his predicament, started to turn it round for the bishop.

"Steady on there, lad," said the bishop. "It doesn't screw on, you know."

To travel hopefully

Seasoned travellers, the missionary and his wife went to book reservations at the airlines counter.

They humbly requested:
"Two tickets to wherever our luggage is going."

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Nun

A sister from a local convent became a certified accountant to help small shop owners manage their finances better. The title of her business? 'Nun of Your Business.'

Vicar Rides Again

A narrow escape The Reverend Douglas Johnston was not the best of drivers. One Sunday he was driving home from church when unfortunately, he had a minor bump with cyclist. The poor man was knocked off his bike into the ditch. The Vicar naturally stopped his car, got out and profusely apologised and gave the cyclist his calling card saying that if he could ever be of

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St James the Least of All

The Rectory
St James the Least

Beware the summer strawberry tea

My dear Nephew Darren
Never, ever feel aggrieved that your summer strawberry tea has to be held in the church hall rather than on a lawn, since there is hardly a single blade of grass to be found in your entire parish. You have no idea of the potential calamities you are avoiding.



Here, during the previous week, the organisers will be desperately asking the opinion of local farmers about the weather. In doing so, they forget that for the farming community, it is *always* the wrong sort of weather anyway. I once received a heartfelt plea from the staff at Heathrow Airport for our ladies to stop calling them at hourly intervals to find out if hurricanes may be imminent.

Naturally, the day will start out warm and sunny and so all the tables will be arranged on the vicarage lawn. By 10am, tablecloths will have been laid. By 10.10am, a brisk breeze will have sprung up and someone will be delegated to retrieve them all from deep within the nettle patch. By 11am, clouds will gather, and a decision will be made to transfer everything into the church hall. Once that is completed, just when it is almost too late to change, the sun will re-emerge and there will be a frantic dash to put everything back on the lawn. This ensures that by 2pm when teas start, the ladies will already be in a state of collapse.

Last year, the Dowager Duchess of Trilby graced us with her presence. As she sat with her entourage, elegantly sipping tea under a giant parasol over the table, the thing - equally elegantly - closed around her, leaving her looking like one of those unfortunate insects trapped by a carnivorous plant. To emerge from its depths looking entirely unflustered was beyond even her social skills.

Fortunately, attention was diverted from her predicament by the wife of one of our farmers. This substantial lady had been sitting in a chair with slightly too thin legs for the damp lawn. The rear two slowly sank into the grass, eventually catapulting the dear lady backwards into the lap

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of the local mayor. Disentangling red flannelette from mayoral chains took some time, and delicacy.

At least when I have had enough, the lawn can be cleared in minutes by drawing the raffle. The moment the last plastic shower cap and set of Christmas doilies has been awarded, there will be a dash to get home, giving my dog the opportunity to retrieve remnants of cream cakes from the flower beds.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace



Where are the children?

I love Family Services. They are sometimes quite jolly. Yes, I had to become accustomed to this phenomenon. But after I started to be a Sunday school teacher, I got the idea behind it. And now I enjoy that Sunday morning very much. Perhaps the more since I am an old woman and enjoy the simplicity of these services more as ever before.

I grew up in an unchristianly family and had to sneak into the lessons in the public school wherein a special class, the bible stories were told. Church-going was still far off, and so I didn't enjoy the pleasure of Family services.

But now we have them four times in the year with Father Brian, who is skilled in drama and makes these services a real pleasure. Not to forget the simple songs we sing instead of the sometimes rather dogmatic hymns of our regular services. They may not be very beautiful, but they are expressing God's love and great happiness. And singing those is never wrong, isn't it?

But something amazes me. We see in these services a few children only, while I guess we must have two hands full of them in our midst. I am missing them. Where are they on these Sundays?

Dear parents, is it possible to bring your children to the church on Family Service Sundays? It would make such a difference! Father Brian involves them in the service, for instance, with sharing in the prayers and the reading of the lessons.

If we want them to be dedicated and happy Christians in the future, they should be involved in church activities as young as is possible. That is also the reason why I enjoy seeing babies in the church, even when they are noisy. I do not care. Do you?

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help, then the man should not hesitate to ask. As the man rode home he looked at the card which said,

'The Reverend Douglas Johnston is sorry he missed you today.'

Hackers Beware!

My email password has been hacked. That's the third time I've had to rename the cat

They gave me a Chihuahua

Two guys were out walking their dogs on a hot day, when they pass by a pub. The first guy says, "Let's go in there for a pint." Second guy, says, "They won't let us in with our dogs." First guy: "Sure they will, just follow my lead."

He goes up to the pub, and sure enough the doorman says, "I can't let you in

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here with that dog." He replies, "Oh, I'm blind and this is my seeing-eye dog." The doorman says, "Ok then, come on in."

The second guy sees this and does the same thing. He goes up to the pub, and the doorman says, "You can't come in here with a dog." He replies, "I'm blind and this is my seeing-eye dog."

The doorman responds, "You have a chihuahua for a seeing-eye dog?"

The second guy stops for a second, before exclaiming, "They gave me a chihuahua?"

Pitter-patter

A couple had begun to long for the pitter-patter of little feet, so they bought a dog. It's cheaper and you get more feet

How to fill in a form

Solomon took a census of all the foreigners residing in Israel, after the census his father David had taken; and they were found to be 153,600. He assigned 70,000 of them to be carriers and 80,000 to be stonecutters in the hills...

(2 Chronicles 2:17-18)

We can spend much of our working life filling in forms of one sort or another. Sometimes we struggle to complete an online form and have to use the telephone help-line. The young people who help us on the end of the line can leave us feeling that we are obviously idiots.

Do you like filling in forms? No, of course not! No-one does. There are a few censuses in the Bible, which are a type of form. The above quotation is about authorities getting information to use for their benefit to get people in work.

Do you always have to give the details they ask for? No! If you just bought an electric iron does the manufacturer *really* need to know your name, address, date of birth, number of people in your house and cat's mother's name? If not, then why are they asking for such details? Always be careful about what information you give out, and to whom.

Sometimes if you are in debt you are asked to fill in a budget form. Again, be careful. Do they really need to know your employer's name and address and your bank details? On the other hand, do not forget to include every item of expenditure. If you just put down your earnings and the amount you spend at the supermarket it may look as you have plenty of money. Remember bus fares, school meals, rent, council tax, telephones and all the rest.

There is never enough space on most forms, though they must know email addresses are usually long. Then there are questionnaires asking you to rate the experience. Was the webpage helpful? Why was it helpful.... and suddenly you may be asked to give away yet more information about yourself... be careful. As a general rule, try and give as little as possible, just sufficient for the task in hand.

I hope you have enjoyed this article. Now please complete the 18-page satisfaction survey and include your bank account number, inside trouser leg measurement and bank card. Oh, and don't forget the name of your cat's mother!

©David Pickup, is a solicitor who here considers a common problem...

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Holy Days

22nd June, St Alban, helping a stranger in need

On June 22nd the Church remembers St Alban, who was put to death on that day in 250AD, on the site of the town in Hertfordshire that now bears his name and has a splendid cathedral which houses his shrine.

Alban should be the patron saint of anyone who impulsively offers to help a stranger in need... and finds their own life turned upside down as a result.

The story goes that Alban was a Roman citizen quietly living in England in the third century. Then, miles away in Rome, the emperor, Diocletian ordered a persecution of the Christians. Nothing to do with Alban... except that suddenly he found a desperate priest on his doorstep, being hunted down by local soldiers. Alban decided to give the priest shelter, and within days was converted to Christianity himself, and then baptised.

As if this was not brave enough, when the soldiers arrived, Alban decided to take the priest's place. He dressed up in the priest's clothes to enable the priest to escape. Not surprisingly, the soldiers then arrested Alban himself. Now a Christian, Alban refused to offer sacrifice to the Roman gods, and so was condemned to death.

But the story doesn't end there, for Alban went to his execution with such holiness and serenity that one of the executioners was converted, and the other executioner's eyes fell out (or so the story goes). Alban was buried nearby, and the shrine built to his memory was soon known for its healing powers. Alban's cult extended all over England, and nine ancient English churches were dedicated to him



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And the Lord separated his paper from his plastic

My sister-in-law was teaching Sunday school class. The topic for the day: Easter Sunday and the resurrection of Christ.

"What did Jesus do on this day?" she asked. There was no response, so she gave her students a hint: "It starts with the letter R."

One boy blurted, "Recycle!"

What do you call an Amish?

What do you call an Amish person with a hand in a horse's mouth?
A mechanic

Minty Fresh

Q: What do scientists use to freshen their breath?

A: Experi-mints

Appletastic

My three-year-old daughter stuck out her hand and said, "Look at the fly I killed, Mommy." Since she was eating a juicy apple at the time, I thrust her

Forthcoming Services

2 June 2019

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Easter Seven

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Maureen Underwood

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Eric Wanjala

Readings

Acts [16. 16-34]

Ann Powell

Revelation [22. 12-14, 16-17, 20-end]

Gospel

John [17. 20-end]

9 June 2019

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Pentecost

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Blair Charles

Intercessor:

Jeanet Luiten

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Erica Schotman

Readings

Acts [2. 1-21]

Frances Gothard

Romans [8. 14-17]

Gospel

John [14. 8-17, 25-27]

16 June 2019

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Trinity

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Philippa te West

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Arjan Hafmans

Readings

Proverbs [8. 1-4, 22-31]

Patrick Saridjan

Romans [5. 1-5]

Gospel

John [16. 12-15]

Forthcoming Services

23 June 2019

10:30 All age service

Trinity 1

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Blair Charles

Intercessor:

Young persons

Chalice:

Everhard Ottens

Sidesperson/Reader

Young persons

Readings

Isaiah [65. 1-9]

Young persons

Galatians [3. 23-end]

Gospel

Luke 8[. 26-29]

30 June 2019

10:30 Eucharist

Trinity 2

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor

Jeanet Luiten

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Victor Pirenne

Readings

1 Kings [19. 15-16, 19-end]

Elisa Hannan

Galatians [5. 1, 13-25]

Gospel

Luke [9. 51- end]

7 July 2019

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Trinity 3

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Blair Charles

Intercessor:

Maureen Underwood

Chalice:

t. b. d.

Sidesperson/Reader

Elizabeth vd Heijden

Readings

Isaiah [66., 10-14]

Heleen Rauwerda

Galatians [6, 1-6, 7-16]

Gospel

Luke [10.1-11, 16-20]

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contaminated hands under the tap and washed them with antibacterial soap.

After sitting her down to finish her apple, I asked, with a touch of awe, "How did you kill that fly all by yourself?" Between bites, she said, "I hit it with my apple."

Piping Up

A Scottish mother visits her son in his New York City apartment and asks, "How do you find the Americans, Donald?" "Mother," says Donald, "they're such noisy people. One neighbour won't stop banging his head against the wall, while the other screams and screams all night long." "Oh, Donald! How do you manage to put up with them?" "What can I do? I just lie in bed quietly, playing my bagpipes."

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Fat Eyes

A few days ago, I made a simple hamburger and fresh vegetable soup. It was nothing special, but with Canadian society being so health conscious, I did not want the soup to be too greasy.

Therefore, I let it stand to cool so that I could carefully lift the little solidified circles of fat off the surface of my soup with a small spoon. As I looked into that spoon with a bit of fat floating on the surface, my chest tightened, my breath became ragged, tears formed.

Was it a heart attack? No!

Thoughts, long past burst forth from where they had been carefully stored, or perhaps, more honestly, hidden for a long time. My thoughts burst into a cold grey displaced-persons camp in 1946. The sharp, stale smell of human bodies mixed with that of yesterday's boiled cabbage hung heavy on the non-moving air. The hum of more than a hundred hush voices blended in a monotonous background of non-soothing, ragged noise. I was surrounded by a slow-moving crush of humanity. As I looked up, my mother stood over me, keeping the crowd from pushing me. Mother's big wooden spoon move with controlled purpose as it lifted a single drop of fat from her plate of watery soup, to deposit that single drop in the middle of her child's shallow plate.

She slowly, calmly and firmly said, "Quiet child! You now have three 'fat eyes' just like the rest of us. Eat up quickly as others are waiting on that plate."

The memory, or was it a dream, faded as quickly as it had come. For you readers who were born before, or during the Second World War, you too may feel the sudden tensing of your heart as you remembered having counted the "fat eyes" or having hunted for the possibility of meat in your soup.

During, and for a few years after World War II, many people were hungry all over Europe. Thousands of fully functioning farms had been shelled, the workforce decimated, crops not planted or burned, animals not fed. Cattle, pigs, ducks and chickens wandered aimlessly through broken fences into "No Man's Land". They starved or drowned in shell craters and were shot for food or sport by passing troops. Hungry people ate what they could.

City folks relearned the meaning of the Biblical term "to glean". Desperate people would steal into a city neighbour's potato patch, which before the war was a grassy lawn. They would go out into the countryside fields, not of their own planting, and

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look for anything left by the farmers. There was always the risk of unexploded shells, bombs or mines, angry owners or competing gleaners.

In winter, with people hungry, a small frozen potato, sugar beet, turnip, cabbage or swede were all fair gain to the soup pot. In the cold, the human body soon needs and craves fat.

Hungry people traded their jewellery and valuables for an egg, a bit of any meat, a marrow bone, or piece of fat to add to their soup pot. These fundamental food items gained stature and importance in the bidding for survival. One's mother tongue did not matter.

Hunger was felt all over Europe. The simple term "vet ogen" in Dutch, "tuku oéi" in Czech, "fedt Øjne" in Danish, "fett øyne" in Norwegian, "yeux de graisse" in French, "fetten Augen" in German, "occhi di grasso" in Italian, "tłuszczu oczy" in Polish, "mcupa ena3a" in Russian, "mcupy oqi" in Ukrainian, or in Hebrew עיניים שמנות and even "fat eyes" in English can still generate emotionally charged memories.

Fats, like most other foods, are necessary, but in proper quantities. Today, too much fat is insidiously sneaked into many Canadian diets. Too little fat was available to some in the 1940s.

As the years of peace grow, we should not forget the cost of peace and benefits of peace. Let us also remember the hungry of the world back then and continuously since that time in some war zones today. We have so much for which to be thankful, that of peace and food enough!

©Don Cheeseman



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Various observations on daily life

Gossip is what no one claims to like but what everybody enjoys.
- Joseph Conrad

One of the worst things about loneliness is that you can't run away from it.

The reason some people don't recognise opportunity is that it usually comes disguised as hard work.

Enthusiasm without intelligence is disaster.

A yawn may be considered bad manners, but it can also be considered an honest opinion.

Most people can't save because their neighbours are always doing something they can't afford.

The easiest way to tell the difference between young plants and weeds is to pull up everything. If they come up again, they're weeds.

Right Diagnosis

A man tells his doctor that he's incapable of doing all the things around the house that he used to do. When the examination is over, he says, "Okay, Doctor. In plain English—what's wrong with me?" "Well, in plain English," says the doctor, "you're just lazy." The man nods. "Now give me the medical term so I can tell my wife."

Hearing Loss

I'd noticed that my 60-year-old father seemed to be losing his hearing, so I mentioned it to my mother. "Things haven't changed that much," she said. "Only difference is, before, he didn't listen. Now, he can't."

Wrong Answer

While doing a crossword puzzle, I asked for my husband's help. "The word is eight letters long and starts

Celtic spirituality



One of these sunny days sitting in my beautiful garden full of colour again and next to a sweet smelling bush, so much at ease and comforted by all around me, the words of a hymn came into my mind. I remembered to have read something about this hymn in a book about Celtic spirituality. It is hymn number 203 in our hymnbook, titled Saint Patrick. Cecil Frances Alexander created a beautiful poem from the words of this Saint, who lived from 372 to 466. We rarely sing

this hymn because there are three melodies used for the five verses. I will share with you what J. Philip Newell wrote in his book:

I bind unto myself today
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The witness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling winds tempestuous shocks',
The stable earth, the deep salt sea
Around the old eternal rocks.

These words of looking to God for strength and therefore looking to the elements of creation, leap out of our hymnbooks. They make a profound and more vital connection between the spiritual and the material than we are accustomed to finding in other hymns that merely touch upon the beauty of creation at a superficial level. They draw our attention not simply to the goodness of what has been created but to a perception that within the creation, there is something of the presence of the uncreated, that is, God. The second characteristic, that of the closeness of heaven's company among us on earth, comes across especially in the sharply Christocentric fifth verse of St. Patrick's hymn. Christ is everywhere present and with him the host of heaven:

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

There is not in the Celtic way of seeing a great gap between heaven and earth. Rather, the two are seen as inseparably intertwined. And Christ is at the heart of all life.

©Erica Schotman Bonting

Don't let the sun kill your pets this summer

Summer is upon us. The sun needs to be taken seriously. Here are some useful tips:

NEVER leave your pet alone in the car, even with the windows down. Sunlight sets car temperatures soaring in a matter of minutes. Your pet will collapse from heatstroke.

On hot days, make sure your pets have regular access to fresh drinking water. If you are out and about with your dog, make sure they can still drink regularly.

Watch out for sunburn! Dogs and cats with light-coloured noses and fur are vulnerable, so keep them out of the sun from 10am to 4pm. Keep an eye on the tips of their ears and nose.

Keep your pet well groomed - especially long-haired ones. A tangle-free coat will keep the animal much cooler than a tangled, matted one.

Walk your dog in the cool of the early morning or late evening. NEVER force your dog to exercise in humid hot weather.

As for rabbits: keep the hutches of all small animals out of direct sunlight. Make sure their hutches are clean and dry and disinfect at least once a week. Provide clean fresh cool water. Watch out for flystrike or myiasis, a particularly nasty condition. It occurs when flies lay their eggs near or even on rabbits. If you find any maggots on or near your rabbits, get a vet's help. Mist your rabbit or small animal to help them stay cool. Brush out excess fur.

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with an m, and the clue is 'tiresome sameness.'"

"Monogamy," he suggested

Right Answer

Jack wakes up with a horrible hangover and a throbbing black eye. The first thing he sees is a single rose on the side table and a note from his wife: "Dear, breakfast is made. I've gone shopping to make you your favourite dinner tonight. I love you!"

He stumbles to the kitchen and, sure enough, there's breakfast. "Joe," he says to his son, "what happened last night?"

"You came home drunk and got that black eye tripping over a chair."

"So, why the rose, breakfast, and sweet note from your mother?"

"Oh, that. Mum dragged you to the bedroom, and when she tried to take off your clothes, you screamed, 'Leave me alone, I'm married!'"

Reason for visit

Suspecting he had a serious medical

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Ascension Day

condition; I nagged my husband until he agreed to see a doctor. Once there, he was handed a mountain of forms to fill out. Next to "Reason for visit?" he wrote, "My wife made me."

Bad driver

I didn't realize how bad of a driver I was until my satnav said, "In 100 metres, do a slight right, stop, and let me out

George and Dragon

A tramp knocks on the door of an inn known as St. George and the Dragon.

The landlady answers.

"Could you give a poor man something to eat?" asks the tramp.

"No!" yells the woman, slamming the door in his face.

A few minutes later, he knocks again.

"Now what do you want?" the woman asks.

"Could I have a few words with George?"

Ascension Day opened with light drizzle and thick cloud cover. Did a bit of cold, damp and miserable weather deter the Weldam picnickers? Oh no! Forty Five people attended a wonderful Ascension Day service in the chapel. There would have been more, but some of the congregation were unable to attend either for health reasons or other commitments. An unexpected visitor was Daisy the dog, who was invited in. Daisy was beautifully behaved and happily participated in the Peace, receiving many a pat on her head as she stood in her pew, happily wagging her tail.

After the service everyone wended their way out of the chapel and up through the trees to the woodyard. Fortunately, though still cloudy, the drizzle had ceased. Most people had brought in food for the bring-and-share picnic and this was now laid out in the workshop. Visitors and guests who had not come with food to offer were made welcome and assured that there was more than enough for everyone. And of course there was. A wonderful spread of dishes representing both Dutch cuisine and the mixed range of cuisines from the diverse congregation.

First, our chaplain offered up an entirely appropriate grace to get the meal started. People sat at the tables laid out in front of the workshop, chatting over the food. Then going back for more and moving to a different table or group. It was a great way to meet new people and catch up with old friends.

Music as usual was provided by our musical maid from the Cape of Good Hope, Carol. Requests were taken and everyone was invited to join in with any of their favourite songs. While this was going on the several dogs that had arrived with their owners, took the opportunity to socialise with each other and the humans. One dog in particular was sorely missed, little Dirk. (see page 2).

A plant sale was organised on the same lines as the food. People donated plants to be sold with the proceeds going to flower fund.

Thus the meal comprised of sampling different foods, listening to music, exercising dogs, buying plants, comparing gardening experiences and catching up on each others news. As the old saying goes, A' good time was had by all'.



It's supposed to be bring and share

Bible Bite

A short story from the Bible

It can be read in the Bible in
Mt 2: 1-12, Mk 9: 1-8, Lk 5: 17-26

The Pharisees had come to Jesus' home in Capernaum to make sure he wasn't breaking any of their religious rules...

So many came to hear Jesus speak that they filled his house...



and the streets outside.

Four men brought their paralysed friend to Jesus for healing

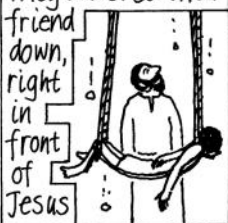


But the crowd wouldn't let them get close



so they climbed up to the roof and took off some tiles.

They lowered their friend down, right in front of Jesus



Jesus was so impressed by their faith, he said to the paralysed man



Your sins are forgiven.

The Pharisees were shocked!



Only God can forgive sins...so this fellow is insulting God!

But Jesus knew what they were thinking.



Why are you thinking such wrong thoughts?

Is it easier to say 'Your sins are forgiven' or 'Get up, take your mat, and walk'?



But I want you to know that I do have the authority to forgive sins...

Get up, take your mat and go home!



He got up, picked up his mat and walked home, praising God



The crowd was amazed...



We have never seen anything like this!



A POEM FOR PENTECOST

*Unless the eye catch fire,
The God will not be seen.*

*Unless the ear catch fire
The God will not be heard.*

*Unless the tongue catch fire
The God will not be named.*

*Unless the heart catch fire,
The God will not be loved.*

*Unless the mind catch fire,
The God will not be known.*

William Blake (1757-1827)

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.*

