

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

Volume 16 Issue 1 February 2020

Next issue: First Sunday March 2020

St Mary's Magazine

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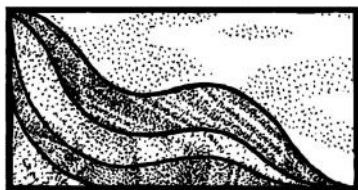
St Mary's Chapel,
Diepenheimseweg 102
7475 MN Markelo
www.anglicanchurchtwente.com

The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente



DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND





February 2020

Dear Friends,

My heart is heavy as I personally perceive the Church of my birth and calling to be overcome, as I experience it, by smug judgement and exclusivism. Not that I make any claims for myself at anything that equates to close proximity to perfection. Indeed, I know the necessity of constant examination of conscience: **my** examination of **my** conscience! Every time I preside as celebrant at the Eucharist, I feel the weight of necessity to pray, " Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, by the will of the Father and the work of the Holy Spirit your death brought life to the world. By your Holy Body and Blood free me from all my sin and from every evil. Keep me faithful to your teaching and never let me be parted from you." Whatever the state of my conscience, I know, too, my Christian calling and Christian being.

Last week, The House of Bishops issued so-called 'pastoral guidance' responding to the recent introduction of mixed-sex civil partnerships, which says, "For Christians, marriage - that is, the lifelong union between a man and a woman, contracted with the making of vows - remain the proper context for sexual activity". One would be forgiven, I feel, for thinking that our Church is sex obsessed. How many self-styled religious and moral experts seem fixated on at least one declared, though questionable aim: of tearing the Church apart in their enthusiasm to dissect other people's private personal business. The Church of England's professed will, set out in the guidance of the House of Bishops for the Church "to minister sensitively and pastorally", seems itself to do anything but! Staggeringly insensitive and naïve, the bishops who allowed the publication of this guidance in their name, continue to promulgate unkind discrimination and repression. What right has the 'entitled righteous' to claim that such a vast throng of equally sentient souls, blessed with the same divine gift of freedom of will and self-examination of conscience, should have no right to a sexual life.

Above all, as I see it, the words from the Guidance I have quoted, "For Christians, marriage ... is ..." claims too much! The implication must be that if you do not agree with this statement, you cannot be counted among Christians. That is, you are not a Christian. Sexual activity is too often used to condemn and, too often, I suggest, to divert from other, much more damaging, insidious corruption. There is great and wicked immorality in economic, financial, commercial, political and partisan religious practice, which costs lives and even the most basic human and environmental wellbeing. This, through war for profit, national and global exploitation and inequality, with no thought for the poor and vulnerable, with nothing but profit motive and greed of the inequitably 'entitled' rich and cruelly powerful. All this continues, with woefully little comment or censure by the Church of God.

There is, nevertheless, room for all of us to consider Jesus' words, "Let anyone among you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone.

My love to you all,
Brian

St Mary's Chapel News



Forthcoming Dates 2020

- 8 February Deanery Day in Amersfoort
(a training day for council officers)
20:00 Ash Wednesday
- 26 February Crafts and Coffee Morning 10 to 12
- 27 February Lent Course
- 29 Feb - 4 April Five Saturday mornings 10:00 to 12:00
Hilary Brand, based on the writings of
C.S. Lewis and using two films, *The Lion,*
the Witch and the Wardrobe and
Shadowlands
(no session on Saturday 28 March)
- 22 March Mothering Sunday with Booksale for the
Flower Guild
- 9 April 20:00 Maundy Thursday, Eucharist and
washing of feet
- 10 April 20:00 Good Friday
- 11 April Church cleaning and decorating for
Easter
- 12 April Easter Sunday
- 10 May Visiting Choir: *Sutton Chorale* from the
UK (for 75th Anniversary VE Day)
At St Mary's they will sing an introit
and the *Gloria* (Darke in F)
Hymns: 475 Immortal love for all
Psalm 31:1-5, 15-16(Anglican
chant)
411 Dear Lord and father of
mankind
453 Great is thy faithfulness
- 26 April Annual General Meeting

Love in a bag

I asked my nephew whether he bought his wife anything for Valentine's Day, and he said he had bought her a belt and a bag. When I commented that I am sure she would appreciate them, he agreed: "Yes, and hopefully the vacuum cleaner will work better now."

What are angels like?

Try asking school children that question, and you'll get some imaginative replies! Like these....

Angels have a lot to do and they keep very busy. If you lose a tooth, an angel comes in through your window and leaves money under your pillow. Then when it gets cold, angels go south for the winter. - Sara, aged 6

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Early Spring Cleaning.

I recently mentioned to Jeanet that it might be nice to fit a new layer of flooring laminate in our attic. She thought this was a marvellous idea and would be the final touch for the house we have now been living in for eight years. Jeanet most probably had an ulterior motive, hoping that I would also rummage through the loads of books that are located there as a secondary library. Jeanet was partly right, our attic does look very much better than before, and yes, I did select a pile of books to get rid of, although not as many that she had hoped for.

I moved my selection from the attic into the cellar, where they were joined up with a lot of books that Blair and Marilyn had already donated in anticipation of their move to Wales. So, if you feel like cleaning up your library, attic or study cellar or wherever you may store

your books, do think of the yearly Book Sale in March, the proceeds of which go to our Flower Fund. It is best to store your donations either in a banana box or a big shopping bag available at most supermarkets. But please keep them in your home until March 8th.

Our Book Sale will be again on Mothering Sunday, March 22nd. With another "Clearance" Book Sale one week later on the 29th. Two weeks before, from March 8th, you are encouraged to bring in your books. Theda and I will go through them, and we will try and arrange them in a logical order for you to rummage through. I hope the input of your donated books and the output as sold books will contribute to a nice income for beautiful flower arrangements in our Chapel through the year.

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(Continued from page 4)

Angels live in cloud houses made by God and His Son, who's a very good carpenter.

- Jared, aged 8

All angels are girls because they have to wear dresses and boys didn't go for it.

- Anthony, aged 9

My angel is my grandma who died last year. She got a big head start on helping me while she was still down here on earth.

- Kate, aged 9

Some of the angels are in charge of helping heal sick animals and pets. And if they don't make the animals get better, they help the kid get over it.

- Vicky, aged 8

What I don't get about angels is why, when someone is in love, they shoot arrows at them.

- Sarah, aged 7

Lot's wife

The Sunday School teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, when little Jason interrupted,

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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://anglicanchurchtwente.com/home/service%20%26%20readings/prayers%20requests.html>

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'My Mummy looked back once, while she was driving,' he said, 'and she turned into a telephone pole!'

Why Elijah did that...

The Sunday school teacher was carefully explaining the story of Elijah the Prophet and the false prophets of Baal. She explained how Elijah built the altar, put wood upon it, cut the steer in pieces and laid it upon the altar. And then, Elijah commanded the people of God to fill four barrels of water and pour it over the altar. He had them do this four times over. "Now," said the teacher, "can anyone in the class tell me why the Lord would have Elijah pour water over the steer on the altar?"

A little girl in the back of the room started waving her hand,

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St James the Least of All

On why pews are better than chairs

My dear Nephew Darren

While it was good to see you when you visited us last Sunday, your suggestion to our churchwardens that chairs would be far more comfortable than our pews was not well received. You must remember that significant numbers in any congregation firmly believe that the more uncomfortable they are, the holier they must be. Pews, generally designed several centuries ago when legs were shorter and bottoms smaller, are conducive neither to comfort nor sleep - although Colonel Marchington achieves the latter unerringly every Sunday within minutes of arrival.

At least with pews, parishioners can make some pretence at kneeling, adopting that peculiar crouch only ever seen in church life. Attempt that with chairs and you are assured of sending the one in front sliding across the floor with a shriek. Chairs may be all very well in your own church, so you can create space for the delights of liturgical dance and baby clinics, but we prefer something more immovable. Little Miss Thripp has, over the years, created something of a nest where she sits, quietly bringing in cushions, travelling rugs and her own supply of books and peppermints. As for Major Hoare, I suspect he is installing a drinks cabinet in his pew.

Pews, unlike rows of chairs, also create territorial behaviour. If a visitor should sit in a pew where regulars have sat for the last 50 years, it is regarded as if it were the invasion of Poland. One innocent family once chose the pew where generations of the Psmith family have sat since dinosaurs roamed the land. The Psmiths had no intention of ceding territory peacefully and so for the whole of Mattins, one pew which should have held 6 people sat 9. When they stood to sing, the line exploded into the aisles on both sides, returning to their compressed state, necessitating staggered shallow breathing, when re-seated.

I will concede, however, that we made one mistake some years ago when the pews were re-varnished without having been fully cleaned first. The result is that every time the congregation stands, the organ is drowned out by the sound of tearing, while coats and jackets reluctantly part company with wood.



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No, your congregation may relax in the luxury of padded chairs, but we will stoutly maintain our holy discomfort.

Your loving uncle,

Eustace



Queues likely Sunday Morning?

Queues likely, on a Sunday morning? Very unlikely one would suppose, however, there is a specific location in the Weldam estate area, where, at a certain time, one may see a large crowd heading to their target, the coffee or tea after the Church Service.

The coffee and tea served afterwards, often with nice cakes or biscuits, draws quite a number of our congregation to the Hut. The fastest amongst us can easily get to the serving counter to receive their beverage without any problem. But then having reached their goal, they almost immediately get carried away by starting a chat with their neighbour in the queue. Of course, chatting after the Service with fellow congregation members or even better with newcomers or visitors is the ultimate goal of this Fellowship.

When serving coffee or tea from behind the serving counter or trying to reach the counter when arriving later, one may see several less crowded spots in the Hut where a chat may take place for ample time, without hampering fellow congregation members in their way to the counter. Also, when having received beverages, it will also be much easier the move to a quiet spot without squeezing through chatting members without spilling the contents.

A suggestion, therefore, considering our fellow congregation members and guests, would be to get our coffee and move away from the serving counter to a quiet and more spacious place in the Hut. I am convinced that this will create a much smoother "Coffee and Chat Fellowship".

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#1942959

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"I know! I know!" she said, "To make the gravy!"

Lost in translation

Two American preachers were visiting in Germany and attended Sunday services. Since they couldn't speak German, they decided to do as the man sitting in front of them did. A few minutes into the service the preacher from the pulpit said something and the man in front of them stood, and they stood also. The congregation burst into laughter. They then sat down when the man did.

At the end of the service, they met the pastor and found that he spoke English. They asked him why everyone laughed so much when they stood?

The pastor explained that he had announced that they would have a christening service that evening, and would the father of the child please rise

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Ticket to ride

A former bishop of Exeter was renowned for his bad memory. On one occasion he was travelling by train to a certain part of his diocese. Before he reached his destination, the ticket collector appeared demanding to see all tickets.

The bishop groped his way through this pocket and that, inside his purple cassock and out, but no ticket could be found. Finally the ticket collector lost patience and said: "That's o'right bishop. We all know you's an harness man. It don't matter."

"Oh but indeed it does!" cried the bishop. "Without that ticket I shan't know where to get off this train!"

Best to impress

An older man, not in the best physical condition, went along to his local gym. Carefully

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The Hunger Winter

This year we remember that 75 years ago, the western part of The Netherlands was suffering from a severe lack of food. This was caused by several reasons.

The rail network was well used by the Germans to transport food and munition to the occupiers and used to transport forced labourers to Germany and political prisoners and Jews to the concentration camps.

In 1943 there was a call from the Dutch government in London to the Netherlands Railways (Nederlandse Spoorwegen NS) to stop these transports. But it was not before September 1944 that the NS responded. Too late for ± 100.000 Jews and Gypsies and by two weeks, too late for 3,253 political prisoners who were transported to Ravensbrück and Sachsenhausen. Only a few of them survived.

The Germans were, of course, angry and in retribution, blocked all food transports from the Frisian and Overijssel harbours and the Afsluitdijk, and closed the bridges over the IJssel. Transport permissions were no longer given.

The second reason was that Limburg was already freed from the Germans, and as the frontline followed the big rivers, the transport of coal from the big mines were no longer possible.

A third reason was the frost. The rivers and the IJsselmeer froze, and transport over land stopped completely. In that cold and dark winter, about 30.000 Dutch people died of starvation.

At that time, I was a 6-year-old child, and we lived in Bussum, not far from Amsterdam, yet the war is still clear in my memories. For us children, it was a period of complete freedom. My parents were kept busy with the daily struggle to survive. I cannot remember being hungry.

Some of the food was barely edible. I refused to eat bread, because it smelled bad, looked horrible, it was nearly black, and it tasted awful. There was no butter to put on it, but sometimes a small wipe of Marmite. My mother did what she could to get me to eat it, but I kept my mouth tightly shut. Later I learned that there were things in the bread like bark from trees and parts of other plants. Some people said there was also sawdust in it. My mother told me she was not too worried even if she could count my ribs because my eyes were still shiny, and I was mobile and cheerful.

It was cold. My brother, who was one and a half years younger than me, slept in the same room as my parents, my baby sister, and whoever was staying in our house. It was a big room, where we also lived in the daytime, and there were

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blankets before the windows to keep the draft to a minimum. A wood stove was the only heating in the house and was kept burning very low.

Furthermore, we only had the woodstove for cooking in the evening. Every night we got about half an hour of gas to cook with. My father had made a 'hooikist', a hay box, to help cook the food without using the stove too much. My mother cut the sugar beets, which she got from a farmer, into little pieces. This was a nearly impossible task because you needed an axe to cut the beet into smaller pieces. A very big pan stood for days on the woodstove, and in the end, the mass had shrunk into a layer of two centimetres of a dark syrup that was used to sweeten the coffee or tea, or whatever the liquid was that looked like those beverages, but was made of herbs, dried chicory and ground acorns.

My father was a doctor of nerve and mind diseases (nowadays, the profession is split into two professions: psychiatry and neurology). He visited most of his patients by bike, with the famous black doctors' bag on the luggage carrier. In it, he had two milk bottles, for often there was a farmer somewhere who gave him milk. Of more import, the bag also had a double bottom to transport resistance papers, a dangerous business.

Often, he took me with him to collect mushrooms in the woods around Bussum. Along the road from Amsterdam to Amersfoort, the Germans had dug foxholes as a refuge for when there was an air raid. My father would lower me down into these holes by my hands, and I would pluck the little honey mushrooms found growing on the hole sides. That food was very welcome and savoury. At that time, we had no inkling about what was in the mushrooms whatsoever, but it filled the stomach. We learned years later that the mushrooms were full of vitamins and food supplements.

My father had hung a mirror from a guestroom by ropes, mirror side down, above the table. On the table was a white tablecloth, with a candle in the middle. The mirror doubled the light, so we could see what we were eating. Every other week instead of a candle, there was a carbide burner. Bah, that smell...!

I remember plates with two tablespoons of beans or vegetables like dandelion leaf or some other horrible wayside plants and one little potato, or nettle soup, and of course, mushrooms. My favourite was a soup made of a bouillon cube with a little bit of leek and parsley in it. In the

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dressed in his new exercise clothes, he approached a trainer in the gym. "I want to impress a beautiful young girl as soon as possible. Which machine should I use?"

The trainer took one look at him and smiled: "I would highly recommend the cash machine outside!"

Hymns for professionals

Dentist:

Crown Him with many crowns...

Contractors:

The Church's one foundation...

Obstetricians:

Come labour on...

Golfers:

There is a green hill far away...

Politicians -

Standing on the promises...

Librarians -

Let all mortal flesh keep silent...

Miscellaneous observations on daily life

If you had to identify, in one word, the reason

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Forthcoming Services

February 2 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Candlemas

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Jeanet Luiten

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Rachel Koster

Readings

Malachi [3. 1-5]

Lea Meijnen

Hebrew [2. 14-end]

Gospel

Luke [22. 22-40]

February 9 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

3rd Sunday before Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Blair Charles

Intercessor:

Maureen Underwood

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Lea Meijnen

Arthur Cass

Readings

Isaiah [58 1-9a]

Elisa Hannan

1. Corinthians [2. 1-12, 13-end]

Gospel

Matthew [5. 13-20]

February 16 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

2nd Sunday before Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Lea Meijnen

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Simone Yallop

Readings

Genesis [1.1 2.3]

Eric Wanjala

Romans [8. 18-25]

Gospel

Matthew [6. 25-end]

Forthcoming Services

February 23 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Next Sunday before Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden

Blair Charles

Intercessor:

Joyce Wigboldus

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Jan de Beij

Patrick Saridjan

Gospel

Readings

Exodus [24. 12-end]

2. Peter [1 16-end]

Matthew [17 1-9]

February 26 2020

Eucharist 20.00

Ash Wednesday

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor

Simone Yallop

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Victor Pirenne

Louw Talstra

Gospel

Readings

Joel [2. 1-2, 12-17]

2. Corinthians. [5.20b- 6.10]

Matthew [6. 1-6,16-21]

March 1 2020

Eucharist 10:30

First Sunday of Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor

Jeanet Luiten

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Joyce Wigboldus

Erica Schotman Bonting

Gospel

Readings

Genesis [2. 15-17, 3. 1-7]

Romans [5. 12-19]

Matthew [4 1-11]

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why the human race has not achieved, and never will achieve, its full potential, that word would be 'meetings'.

There is a very fine line between 'hobby' and 'mental illness'.

You should not confuse your career with your life.

No matter what happens, somebody will find a way to take it too seriously.

When trouble arises and things look bad, there is always one individual who perceives a solution and is eager to take command. Very often, that individual is crazy.

Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.

The most powerful force in the universe is gossip.

The one thing that unites all human beings,

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mornings, we had a kind of oatmeal porridge. I still feel the shivers on my back when I think about it.

My brother and I were very clever at finding food elsewhere. Some people raised rabbits for their meat, and my mother gave us all the left green remnants of the kitchen to bring to some of them, for the rabbits. We discovered one man was giving his rabbit slices of white bread. So, we stayed in hiding till we thought the coast was clear and stole the bread from the rabbit!

The Germans had officers quartered in the Hotel Bosch van Bredius on the other side of the highway. It was bombed by the Allies a few weeks after they moved to the Hotel Jan Tabak, next to our garden. That was also bombed, but the Germans had already moved into the school opposite our house, hidden by a little pine forest. We children discovered that the kitchen threw away their leavings in big bins next to the kitchen door. We made it a sport to steal as much as we could without being seen.

Wood was very scarce. The Germans often moved because of the threat of being bombed. One day they left the school for another place. That night, under cover of darkness, the little pine forest was felled. When we woke up, nothing was left but bare ground.

I remember one day my mother gave me a plate with what looked like fried onions. It tasted wonderful. Later my mother said she used a very doubtful mix of rancid fat, but I did not know about that at the time. Sometimes my father managed to bring a rabbit home to cook. My mother only accepted the rabbit if the head was still on it because many cats were eaten under the guise of being rabbits. Cats look like rabbits, but obviously, the head is different.

That winter I got dysentery and was very ill. The nightmares I had then are still haunting me now. Next to these worries, my mother had another problem, because we already had had for three years, my grandmother and two of her sisters living with us. My grandmother, Omi, was, as I learned after the war, a German Jewish lady. To the outside world, she was deaf and dumb, but we children knew there was nothing wrong with her. But we also knew that nobody was ever to learn about this secret.

Many people stayed in our house for short periods. All of them were kept in hiding by taking them from one address to another, too short a time for them to be trapped. All those people needed food but naturally, they had no food coupons. And without food coupons, you could not buy the necessary rationed

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supplies. One of my aunts was not my mother's sister. She was also a Jewish lady.

With special food for a sick child nearly impossible to find, my mother decided to go to the East-Netherlands to find more food. She left on a bike fitted with wooden tyres and two bicycle bags filled with damask tablecloths, linen sheets, table silver and some jewellery. Six weeks later, she came home with a pound of beans, a kilo of some grain, beetroots, some rather rancid bacon, and a little bit of sugar.

She told us horror stories about her trip. One day she cycled along a small path through woodland. On the way home, she wanted to return along the same path. A man stopped her and told her the woodland was full of landmines. Over the past few weeks, more than 40 people had already been killed there. So, my mother took another road.

Another story was how you had to protect whatever you had with all your might because other people would try to steal from you when you were either asleep or going to the toilet along the roadside. The Germans did not encourage this search for food. One day, when my mother was with many others cycling on a dyke, Stuka's flew low overhead and machine-gunned as many people as possible. Everyone ran to the side of the road to hide in the grass. My mother was lying over her bike with the bags under her. When it was over, she saw the man lying close to her was dead. On the other side, two people were wounded but could go on. Sadly, many people would never return home again.

Our house was damaged during the bombardments, and in the last months of the war, we lived in the Institute for the Blind in Blaricum. One night my brother and I had just gone to sleep when my parents and aunts came into our bedroom, crying with tears in their eyes: "They have capitulated! The war is over." My brother and I couldn't believe it. Some months before, they had said that we were liberated, but then it was not true. That was on "Dolle Dinsdag" (Mad Tuesday).

But the next morning we had to believe it because everyone was saying the same and everyone was extremely happy. The food changed: it was so good to eat white bread. It tasted better than the best cake today. We got rye bread with raisins in cans and white beans in tomato sauce with corned beef. And for the first time in my life, I tasted chocolate. Oh, that taste!

My mother's parents lost their house in the bombing of Rotterdam, but all my family survived. Omi found her real

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regardless of age, gender, religion, economic status or ethnic background, is that, deep down inside, we ALL believe that we are above-average drivers.

The main accomplishment of almost all organised protests is to annoy people who are not in them.

A person who is nice to you, but rude to the waiter, is not a nice person. (This is very important. It never fails.)

Are you taking a mid-winter break?

If you are preparing to take off for foreign climes, do keep an eye out for signs that have English words... but perhaps not an English meaning! In hotels and train stations and airports all over the world there are polite little signs that will bring a smile to the lips of even the most exhausted traveller. For instance, how about these*:

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Switzerland: We have nice bath and are very good in bed.

Romania: The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time, we regret you will be unbearable.

Russia: If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.

Italy: If service is required, give two strokes to the maid and three to the waiter.

Spain: Our wine list leaves you with nothing to hope for.

Denmark: In the event of fire, open a window and announce your presence in a seemly manner.

Canary Islands: If you telephone for room service you will get the answer you deserve.

Zebra
Little James, aged four, was looking at a picture book.

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granddaughter, the only surviving family member, and they both left for America. As did my Jewish 'aunt', she found her husband and two children again. They had all been in hiding in separate places. They were some of the few who have been our friends since. Most of the people we helped during the war disappeared to America or returned to their daily lives in the Netherlands, and we never heard from them again, because they didn't want to be reminded of those awful times. We understood that. They had lost so many family members and Friends. They survived, and that was enough.

To this day, I am still not able to throw good food away, it still gives me a guilty feeling.

©Erica Schotman Bonting



I believe, help my unbelief

What do we do when we doubt our faith? By Tony Horsfall of Charis Training (www.charistraining.co.uk)

I was in a discussion recently as to whether or not a Christian can have doubts. The father in Mark's story (9:17-27) speaks for many people. He knew that Jesus could heal his son, but just wasn't quite sure if He would.

Doubt comes in many forms. It may be intellectual, a form of wrestling with the truth of certain key Christian beliefs like the Virgin Birth or the inerrancy of the Bible. It may be philosophical, a pondering of the problem of evil and why God allows bad things to happen to good people. Sometimes it is spiritual, and doubting whether or not we are saved. Occasionally it is emotional, wondering if we are loveable, if we have any worth or value in God's sight.

Such doubts are painful and debilitating, but true faith does not exclude the possibility of doubt. Indeed, we could say that faith would not be faith if there was not an element of doubt!

Often doubt is a way by which we discover the truth in a deeper way as we wrestle honestly with the questions we have. For many it is a way by which faith grows and matures, leading us to a greater understanding of the mystery of God and the reality that with our finite minds we can never understand everything about God or the way in which He works.

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Doubt is not the same as unbelief, which is a stubborn refusal to believe what the Bible says to be true. Doubt is more a normal part of faith development and is not to be feared, especially if we bring our questions to God.

The great Methodist minister Dr William Sangster was asked if he ever doubted. "Yes," he replied, "of course I have doubts. But I also doubt my doubts!"



Nelson Mandela - freed 30 years ago



Nelson Mandela, who led the movement to end South African apartheid, was released from prison 30 years ago this month, on 11th February 1990. He became President of South Africa in 1994.

Mandela had been involved with the African National Congress since 1944, advocating non-violent resistance. But after the Sharpeville massacre of peaceful demonstrators in 1960, he helped organise a paramilitary branch of the ANC.

He was arrested for treason in 1961 but was acquitted. He was arrested again in 1962 for illegally leaving the country, then again in 1964 on charges of sabotage. The same year he was sentenced to life in prison.

When F W de Klerk became President in 1989, as part of the shift away from apartheid he lifted the ban on the ANC, and then ordered Mandela's release. In 1993, Mandela and de Klerk were jointly awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Mandela was raised as a Methodist and had strong Christian convictions, which he rarely aired in public for fear of alienating those who did not believe. In 1999 he said: "Without the church, without religious institutions, I would never have been here today ... Religion was one of the motivating factors in everything we did."

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When he came to a picture of a zebra, his mother asked him what animal that might be. Jimmy thought for a moment and then replied: "That's a horse who has eaten genetically modified corn."

Where babies come from

For weeks a six-year old lad kept telling his teacher about the baby brother or sister that was expected at his house. Then one day the mother allowed the boy to feel the movements of the unborn child. The six-year old was obviously impressed but made no comment.

Furthermore, he stopped telling his teacher about the impending event.

The teacher finally took the little boy aside one day, and asked: "James, whatever has become of that baby brother or sister you were expecting at home?" James burst into tears and confessed, "I think Mummy ate it!"

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Weighed down

After the Christmas and New Year festivities, the wife gingerly crept onto her bathroom scales to weigh herself. She pulled a sad face. Her husband asked: "What's the matter? Are you overweight?" "Well, not if I was fifteen centimetres taller."

Paying the Debt

Blessings on thee,
little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan,
Trudging down a dusty lane
With no thought of future pain.
You're our one and only bet
To absorb our National Debt.

Little man with cares so few,
We've got lots of faith in you.
Guard each merry whistled tune,
You are apt to need it soon.
Have your fun, boy, while you can,
You may be a barefoot man!

An Observation

As a child of God,
prayer is kind of like calling home every day. - Anon

Thanks to everyone, and Goodbye

After over twenty years in the Netherlands, Marilyn, Abigail and I are moving to Wales. Our profound thanks go out to all the people, who have come from all over the world, that we have met over those years, at St Mary's Chapel.

We will always remember the Ascension Day picnics, the Castle Fairs, the Summer Teas, and all the Social Evenings. Times of sharing, laughter and fellowship.

Another highlight was running the Raffle at the Castle Fair. It was like we were Father and Mary Christmas in the middle of summer. And of course, how can we ever forget the organised chaos of the Dog Show?

There are also fond, sad, memories of all the kind people whom we grew to know and love, and to whom we made final farewells over the years. We hold memories of them in our hearts.

Over the years, I have had the privilege to serve on the Chaplaincy Council chaired by Canon Geoffrey Allan. I was also given the opportunity to follow in my father's footsteps and become a Church Warden. In that position, I worked alongside the Revd. Sam van Leer, the Revd. Alja Tollefson and our present chaplain, Canon Brian Rodford. Like my father, I have enjoyed every minute of my time as warden.

Marilyn and I have long worked together on producing and dispatching the magazine. The jokes, which so many people tell us are the first thing they read, are kept appropriate for a church magazine by Marilyn's meticulous vetting. (she censors them!!). My one regret is that I never filed away all the jokes Marilyn would not let me use.

The two of us will continue to produce the magazine in Wales, but now it will be Jeanet who will take care of distributing the printed copies.

Our thanks to everyone who through their kindness and friendship, has so richly enhanced our life.

Like Arnie, you can be assured, we will be back - at least for a visit.



NOTICES

Irony of Life

The Lawyer hopes
YOU get into trouble
The Doctor hopes
YOU get sick
The Landlord hopes
YOU don't buy a house
The dentists hopes
YOU get tooth decay
The mechanic hopes
YOU get a breakdown
Only a thief wishes
"YOU have prosperity in
life
And also wishes
"YOU have a Sound Sleep

Quotes

To get to heaven, turn right
and keep going straight. -
Anon

Life is too short for us to do
everything we want to do; but
it is long enough for us to do
everything God wants us to
do. - *Anon*

Nothing is rarer than a
solitary lie; for lies breed like
toads; you cannot tell one but
out it comes with a hundred
young ones on its back. -
Washington Allston

Seenager

I just discovered my age group. I am a
Seenager (senior teenager)

I have everything I ever wanted as a
teenager, only 55 -60 years later. I don't
have to go to school or work. I get an
allowance every month. I have my own pad.
I don't have a curfew. I have a driver's
licence and my own car.

I have an ID that gets me into bars and
the liquor stores. I like the liquor stores
best. The people I hang around with are
not scared of getting pregnant, they aren't
scared of anything, they have been blessed
to live this long, why be scared? And I
don't have acne. Life is good.

Also you will feel much more intelligent
after reading this., if you are a **Seenager**.
Brains of older people are slow because
they know so much. People do not decline
mentally with age, it just takes them
longer to recall facts because they have
more information in their brains.
Scientists believes this also makes you
hard of hearing as it puts pressure on your
inner ear.

Also, older people often go to another
room to get something and when they get
there, they stand there wondering what
they came for. It is **Not** a memory
problem ; it is natures way of making older
people do more exercise.

SO THERE

The woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of
his head to rule over him, nor out of his feet to be trampled on by him;
but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected,
and near his heart to be loved. - *Matthew Henry*

The scholar and his cat

I and Pangur Ban my cat,
'Tis a like task we are at:
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.

Better far than praise of men
'Tis to sit with book and pen;
Pangur bears me no ill-will,
He too plies his simple skill.

'Tis a merry task to see
At our tasks how glad are we,
When at home we sit and find
Entertainment to our mind.

Oftentimes a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur's way;
Oftentimes my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
'Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.

When a mouse darts from its den,
O how glad is Pangur then!
O what gladness do I prove
When I solve the doubts I love!

So in peace our task we ply,
Pangur Ban, my cat, and I;
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine and he has his.

Practice every day has made
Pangur perfect in his trade;
I get wisdom day and night
Turning darkness into light.

*An old Irish poem from the 9th century
from the Irish by Robin Flower "Bláithin"*



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.*

