

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

Volume 16 Issue 2 March 2020

Next issue: First Sunday April 2020

St Mary's Magazine

Chaplaincy Information	Inside Front
The Chaplain Writes	1
St Mary's Chapel News	2
St James the Least	4
Around the Rock in 90 days	5
Lent - lente	7
Forthcoming Services	8 - 9
Homeless Dogs to Furever Homes	10
In Memoriam - Steve Collis	11
Woodbine Willie	12
Goodbye again and Thank You	14
Notices?	15
Farewell Words	16



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

The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente



DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND





March 2020

Dear Friends,

We had our carnival last Sunday, just before Ash Wednesday and the rigours of the penitential season of Lent. Our party after Church was timely in that we had the opportunity to use up all the fancy foods of our everyday existence, and, indeed, it was a veritable feast.

However, this was, actually, a departure from our usual feast of pancakes and was full of all sorts of delights, sweetmeats and mouth-watering goodies. It was, of course, to celebrate, within the carnival atmosphere, the farewell to our dear retiring churchwarden, Blair, and his ever-loving and ever-supportive wife, Marilyn, and Abby, their beautiful and beloved pooch. Amid the celebratory nature of the occasion, there was a sadness, since we were both remembering with deep appreciation the unstinting hard work they have generously given over many years, and bemoaning their leaving the close community we have enjoyed together.

So, in song and verse, in laughter and tears, we made our fond and heartfelt farewells in the certainty that, despite being separated by tracts of land and sea, moor and fen, mountain and bog, we will remain forever friends, if not family, indeed. For us, in the fraternity of our Christian community, there is no east or west, north of south, "Brexin" or Brexit, free of slave: just one will for unity, inclusion, care and concern, which we have embraced together within the love of God.

As they drive into the sunset, (it is west, after all) we send them off with love and gratitude to their new home in Wales. There will be forever a welcome when they return, God bless them, Blair, Marilyn and Abby.

Love Brian

St Mary's Chapel News



Forthcoming Dates 2020

29 Feb - 4 April	Lent Course Five Saturday mornings 10:00 to 12:00 Hilary Brand, based on the writings of C.S. Lewis and using two films, <i>The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe</i> and <i>Shadowlands</i> (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
26 April	Annual General Meeting
10 May	Visiting Choir: <i>Sutton Chorale</i> from the UK (for 75 th 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

A senior moment

I made a list. I checked it twice. I left it at home.

Colourful writing

The foreign student, writing a letter to the superintendent of the mission society, desired to end with the words: 'May Heaven preserve you.'

Not being quite confident of the meaning of 'preserve', he looked it up in a dictionary. When the letter reached the director, it ended with the words: 'And may Heaven pickle you.'



Wet

Physics Professor:
"What happens when the human body is immersed in

(Continued on page 5)

Shock News

The congregation of St Mary's Chapel were both shocked and saddened in February when our wonderful chaplain, Canon Brian Rodford, announced that he planned to retire in June. Even those on the council, who had been informed earlier, were shocked into silence when it became a reality.

The wardens, myself and Jeanet Luiten, have had the privilege of working closely with Brian over the past two years. One of our hardest jobs has been to persuade Brian to take a break! Generally, the only way to contact Brian is via his mobile as he dashes around the vast area covered by the chaplaincy.

I have seen him consoling the sons of a friend, as she fought for her life in the Intensive Care unit. I have seen him weep over the passing of a dog. Before Brian, bugs and crawling creatures in the chapel were generally regarded with little love. Now, when some horrible creepy crawly is found on the altar, we call for Brian. He lovingly picks up the creature and carries it to safety. In short,



Brian shows endless love and compassion for all, two legged, four or more.

Brian's incredible knowledge of the church is freely shared in an easy, friendly manner. The vestry is a place of incredible spirituality, and endless humour.

Yes, Brian will be missed when he retires. But he will also be the first to urge everyone to come together and help his successor to settle in and establish their own style of ministry.

In closing I take the opportunity to thank Brian for his friendship and support during my last years at St Mary's Chapel. I wish you and Tony all happiness in your retirement.

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>

(Continued from page 4)
warm water?"

Student: "The telephone rings."

Prayers

When my daughter was young, she was glad to say her prayers, but she always worried whether God would know which little girl she was. One night after the usual 'Amen', she dropped her head upon her pillow and closed her eyes. After a moment she said, "Lord! This prayer comes from 203 Seldon Ave. I'll get you the postcode tomorrow."

Exercise

I work out religiously—
Christmas and Easter.

Zen for the Internet

- If an anonymous comment goes unread, is it still irritating?
- What is the sound of no hands texting?
- If nobody likes your selfie, what is the value of the self?

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

• To see a man's true face, look to the photos he hasn't posted.

Your fault?

Spotted on a church marquee: "Love your enemies: After all, You made them."

Hamster on the Run

My niece bought her five-year-old daughter, Kayleigh, a hamster. One day he escaped from his cage. The family turned the house upside down and finally found him. Several weeks later, while Kayleigh was at school, he escaped from his cage again. My niece searched frantically but never found the animal. Hoping to make the loss less painful for Kayleigh, my niece took the cage out of her room.

When Kayleigh came home from school that afternoon, she climbed into her mother's lap.

(Continued on page 7)

St James the Least of All

On the nonsense of having a lavatory at church

My dear Nephew Darren
This year, the rigours of Lent have taken second place to a far more pressing matter: the installation of a lavatory at St James the Least of All.

Personally, I entirely disapprove of this additional sign of decadence in our moral fibre; we have survived perfectly happily for the last 800 years without one, so why is there such an urgent need now? And being surrounded by acres of fields, there seems to be a completely acceptable alternative.

It also spoils the pleasure I used to take, informing ushers at weddings, having liberally refreshed themselves at our local pub before the Service, that we have no facilities and that they would just have to wait. Their look of pained resignation, developing to clear signs of repentance as the Service progressed, was most cheering. It also meant that wedding parties did not linger after the Service but disappeared with commendable speed to safe havens.

I anticipate that now we have the thing, a sub-committee will form to devise a commissioning Service for the person who will be in charge of its maintenance. I can already foresee Lady Bartlett proposing an appropriate set of robes for the office holder - although it will need some tact to select suitable insignia on the sleeves.

In fact, the project has not been entirely successful; we still need to have a lock fitted and so at present, occupants have been advised to sing hymns loudly. A hymn book has been installed as an *aide memoire*.

The greater difficulty arises from our antiquated plumbing system. A member of the congregation can leave a Service perfectly discreetly; they can enter the lavatory unseen by anyone, but on flushing, water is drawn through pipes running the length of the inside of the building with a thunderous roar.

I am sure that in your worship centre you will have lavish cloakrooms furnished with colour co-ordinated walls and towels, baby-changing facilities and video monitors relaying everything going on in the service. But we are made of sterner stuff, and I maintain that our congregation should



(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

be grateful that they now a lavatory at all. And to think that someone suggested it should even have heating!
Your loving uncle,
Eustace



Around the Rock in 90 days!

Having been inspired by the book "Around the World in 80 days" by Jules Verne, once Hans retired in September last year, it was our turn to travel. Actually, I'd been planning the trip secretly for months, and Hans was only told a few weeks before we left! What greater delight is there than setting off for unknown lands once one doesn't have the daily grind of being at work.

Fortunately, Hans thought it a great idea to be caravanning- going south from Holland- to seek a warmer climate. The plan was to travel to Gibraltar, via Portugal and Spain. Our dog Riebeeck was coming with us, and so he needed extra protection for foreign worms and parasites found there.

One of the main things to consider when undertaking such a long trip is to be flexible. It was important to find campsites which were open all year- however not to actually book anything because when travelling out of season there is always ample space. Besides, taking the weather into consideration, it's best to be able to divert slightly to avoid unwelcome torrential downpours! Lastly, camping for three months means having to do the laundry and groceries shopping at regular intervals- so don't take too much with you. It's amazing how little you need to survive for quite a long time.

Our journey started off with spending some time in Normandy- at the landing beaches. Reflecting on all the lives lost of those brave soldiers who fought for our freedom. We felt so grateful and so humbled by the enormity of the whole Operation Overlord. This feeling of freedom was intensified by our circumstances- here we were, off for weeks on end, leaving our commitments and responsibilities behind us. (or just at the end of the mobile phone: with the internet, WhatsApp etc. for urgent business.)

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 6)

"We've got a serious problem," she announced.
"Not only is my hamster gone again, but this time he took the cage."

Medicine Time

The vet prescribed daily tablets for our geriatric cat, Tigger, and after several battles my husband devised a way to give her the medication. It involved wrapping Tigger in a towel, trapping her between his knees, forcing her mouth open and depositing the pill on the back of her tongue.

He was proud of his resourcefulness until one hectic session when he lost control of both cat and medicine. Tigger leaped out of his grasp, paused to inspect the tablet—which had rolled across the floor—and then ate it.

Space Egg EGG

Q: What do you call an egg from outer space?

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

A: An "Egg-stra terrestrial"

Not the easiest place for an affair

My wife asked me if I was having an affair with a woman from Llanfairpwllgwyn gyllgogerychwyr ndrobwylllatysili ogogoch.

I said: "How can you say such a thing?"

Noah's got nothing on the Welsh

In the Bible, God made it rain for 40 days and 40 nights.

That's a pretty good summer for Wales.

(Editor: I did promise some Welsh humour)

Whoops

A drunk man who smelled like beer sat down on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half empty

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 7)

Then on to Spain: originally we'd planned on sticking to the northern coast of Spain, all the way along to Santiago de Compostela. However, bad weather in Galicia meant quick decisions from San Sebastian- we decided to turn south to Salamanca and then aim for heading into Portugal via the north-eastern border, travelling to Porto and from there to turn up north to the Peneda Gerês National Parks. In the Basque country, we stayed in Gasteiz, going through Burgos and Valladolid to Salamanca. We were following old routes from the Napoleonic Wars, and we were impressed by the Spanish. The weather was glorious; the countryside thrilling- plains, mountains, tunnels; the cathedrals of Salamanca enthralling. It was sad to be spending such a short time in Spain on this bit of the trip.

However, Portugal loomed ahead, and we were excited. Hans had spent a few holidays there in his youth, and he was really looking forward to rediscovering some of the places he'd once visited in the north- Braga, Viana do Castelo, Ponte de Lima. The natural beauty of northern Portugal- the forests, lakes and the quiet. It was wonderful- the mountain peaks, castle ruins, rivers and old Roman bridges, jewels of towns; friendly people and warm weather! Hans was reliving his youth, the years were shedding off his shoulders!

Seeing as we had missed out on a visit to Santiago de Compostela, we still needed some spiritual inspiration. So, we planned visits to the Bom Jesus do Monte in Braga and to The Sanctuary in Fatima. And we were truly inspired: the churches and stations of worship that had been built, the faith and dedication of our fellow visitors, the services we attended- even though we could not understand a word!

On to Porto- on the hillsides of the Douro river. A lovely city with loads of character, even though it was raining and miserable, we loved the cobblestone streets intertwining- up and down- through old city buildings, churches, museums, bookshops and cafés with hot coffee and delicious sticky pastries!

It was time for us to catch our breath- we had been on the road for just over 3 weeks....still a good 8 weeks to go- wow! We had done and seen so much already. It felt like a lifetime of free time already- Holland and work felt like another world. And Hans was really starting to realize that he would not be going back to work- not ever!! During the secret months of planning, I'd told many friends and family about the idea, with strict instructions to keep it from Hans. It was very funny to see the reactions of so many people- some thought it most

(Continued on page 9)

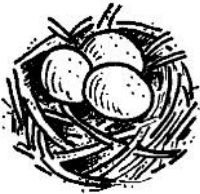
(Continued from page 8)

undemocratic, some thought it an impossible idea: to get up and go off, just like that, straight after retirement. Some thought it wicked, some thought it fun, some could understand- the need to get out of the humdrum of life...as well as the need to see the sun and be warm for October, November and December!

And so here we were, having spent time in Porto, one of Portugal's most beautiful cities. It was raining, cold and windy: we felt stranded at the crossroads: should we carry on to Lisbon and Setubal? Or was it wiser to head off to nature, to the quieter midlands of Portugal and then make our way down to the Algarve- to the sea, the sun and the warmth? We felt saturated, not by the wet but by the enormity of all we had achieved up until now. So, we learned our next lesson on long travel- if you can, to take time to reflect on what you have done and where you are going to- and why!!

This part of our story is to end here, to be continued in the next issue of the magazine.

©Caroline Siertsema



Lent, lente

Years ago, when I lived for nearly 8 years in California, I was a member of a small choir that performed mainly old music. And of course, there was also some Old English music in our repertoire. To my big surprise, we had to pronounce the texts in a way, which sounded to me, unlike any modern English I had ever heard. Rather it was pronounced in a way like I would read Dutch. As we say in the Netherlands 'op zijn Hollandse boerenfluitjes'. It made me realise how near our languages must have been in the very distant past.

And today I discovered that the word Lent, the time before Easter, originally meant 'springtime'. And of course, the Dutch word for springtime is.... yes, lente.

©Erica Bonting Schotman

(Continued from page 8)

bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading.

After a few minutes the man turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

"My Son, it's caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol, and a contempt for your fellow man."

Well, I'll be," the drunk muttered, returning to his paper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man and apologized. "I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope does."

Forthcoming Services

March 1 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

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]

Hebrew [2. 14-end]

Matthew [4 1-11]

March 8 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Second Sunday of Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Maureen Underwood

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Elizabeth v.d Heijden

Heleen Rauwerda

Gospel

Readings

Genesis [12. 1-4a]

Romans [4. 1-5, 13-17]

John [3. 1-17]

March 15 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Third Sunday of Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Lea Meijnen

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Vivian Reinders

Ann Powell

Gospel

Readings

Exodus [17. 1-7]

Romans [5. 1-11]

John [4. 5-42]

Forthcoming Services



March 22 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Mothering Sunday

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Joyce Wigboldus

Chalice:

Jeanet Luiten

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Linda ten Berge

1. Samuel [16. 1-13]

Philippa te West

Ephesians [5. 8-14]

Gospel

John [ch.9]

March 29 2020

10:30 Sung Eucharist

Fifth Sunday of Lent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor

Simone Yallop

Chalice:

Joyce Wigboldus

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Rachel Koster

Ezekiel [37, 1-14]

Lea Meijnen

Romans [8. 6-11]

Gospel

John [11. 1-45]

Seen in a local paper

"For sale:
Ferret, likes
kids, nice pet,
but chewed the
guinea pig's ear
off.
Also, included,
one partially
deaf guinea pig."

Talking Bird

My father's secretary was visibly distraught one morning when she arrived at the office and explained that her children's parrot had escaped from his cage and flown out an open window. Of all the dangers the tame bird would face outdoors alone, she seemed most concerned about what would happen if the bird started talking.

Confused, my father asked what the parrot could say.

"Well," she explained, "he mostly says, 'Here, kitty, kitty.'"

(Continued on page 13)

HOMELESS DOGS TO FUREVER HOMES

Indeed, I was a fortunate child who shared her childhood with the best of friends - dogs.

As a result of those blissful days of happy tails, warm licks and unconditional love, my life became complete only with the company of a dog. So, I was so thrilled to be able to complete other people's lives by helping them to adopt rescued dogs.

In February 2015, after I volunteered at a dog shelter where some dogs had lived there for seven years, I knew I had to help homeless dogs find "forever" homes. My one-person organization, DOGS WITHOUT BORDERS, was so named because I felt that when we help other living beings, borders do not count. Quickly, I found two homes for three darling dogs named Phoebe and two brothers Ping and Pong. One of my girlfriends adopted the girl dog, and a friendly family adopted Ping. I kindly asked the parents if they could keep the other brother since I had to go away for the weekend. In less than 24 hours, the mom called me to ask if Pong could join them too. I was elated for these young, frisky brothers!

What an easy process, I thought - Not!!! My education became extensive as I learned about the: complicated E.U. adoption regulations; five medical tests for checking health conditions; travel choices and costs by road or flight; and development of a home visiting and aftercare process. Fortunately, the Dog God saw that my one-man-band needed help, so I was directed to my mentors named Sharon and Fred, a wonderful British couple who live in Calpe, Spain. Their network, called Costa Blanca Dog Homing, finds good homes or spaces in British shelters for hundreds of dogs annually. Also, eight dedicated Dutch volunteers joined to help me develop DWB / Honden Zonder Grenzen. We really became active by coordinating with eight Spanish, one Bosnian and two Dutch dog shelters!

During the next four and a half years, I worked 30 hours per week on-line, went on home visits and transported adopted, well-balanced dogs. Whenever possible, I personally evaluated dogs at their excellent dog shelters, and their dedicated, hard-working volunteers already have places reserved for them in Dog Heaven!

After finding good homes for 208 great dogs, it was time for me to move on and now I am helping wildlife. But it was a difficult decision to stop because my knowledge and experience had made me a valuable source in this area that sorely needs more "middle persons" to connect shelters with adopters. Unfortunately, I was not able to find another willing leader to take over. However, for myself and the volunteers, we will feel great satisfaction by knowing that we helped to complete the

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12)

lives of these happy dogs with their caring owners. Many of us may be retired, but we were ready and willing to do a task we love, and the Dog God blesses us...

©Katelyn Ferguson



In Memoriam Steve Collis

Steve was a dear friend, and our friendship began as early as 1978 when I travelled to Sheffield to meet him to prepare for a school trip which would involve accommodation at Ranmoor House Halls of Residence of Sheffield University.

Steve was a manager of Ranmoor House. The English Department of our school made the trip four times, and every time it was Steve who was a tremendous help finding interesting venues

and providing wonderful extras like a couple of tickets for the Grand National and a semi-final of the FA Cup, which meant a lot for the lucky pupils and teachers who could go.

On a personal level, we also related to each other. Steve was always generous, put us up when we came over and lately stocked us up with Yorkshire Tea for a decade.

I could help him by promoting Ranmoor House to other schools in our area.

When Steve went off to Durham to study for the priesthood, we lost track of him, but we knew he had become an RAF Chaplain.

One day I Googled him, and contact was restored. He served the Church in the Middle East for many years, mainly in Abu Dhabi.

It was wonderful that he was our locum a couple of times. I cherish the moments when we met both in the UK and in the Netherlands.

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 12)

Not to be sniffed at

At the end of a visit to Amsterdam, a friend borrowed an old suitcase from his hosts to carry home his souvenirs. At the airport, however, a customs officer subjected our friend's luggage to a thorough search and even sent for a drug-sniffing dog. Sure enough, the dog entered the area, headed straight for the borrowed bag and went into a frenzy. The customs officer now intensified his search, but ultimately, he found nothing.

After arriving home, the young man immediately phoned his hosts and told them how puzzled he'd been by the dog's behaviour.

"Perhaps," the owner of the suitcase said, "it was because that's the bag our cat usually sleeps in."

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13)

Quotes

Friendship
doubles our joy
and divides our
grief. - Anon

The rich are not
always godly;
but the godly
are always rich.
- Anon

There is none
more lonely than
the man who
loves only
himself. -
Abraham Ibn
Esra

Nature is
wonderful.
A million years
ago she didn't
know we were
going to wear
spectacles yet
look at the way
she placed our
ears. Anon

Sign in school
hallway:
Free Monday
through Friday:
knowledge.
Bring your own
container.

Experience is
that marvellous
thing that
enables you to
recognise a
mistake when
you make it
again.

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 13)

When he was the parish priest in the Episcopal Church in Carnoustie, we once attended a service there and were struck by the wonderful atmosphere. This was Steve as we like to remember him.

@Everhard Ottens

On the 22 February a Requiem Eucharist Service was held in St Mary's Chapel for Steve Collis, Priest. Everhard Ottens delivered the above eulogy to his dear friend of so many years.

During the last interregnum, the Reverend Steve Collis, who had served before as locum on several occasions, was part of the small group of locums who helped to make the summer of 2017 so memorable. Steve and his wife Kathy, plus Labrador dog, a failed Guide Dog, endeared themselves to the congregation.

Our deepest sympathies go to Kathy and family for their loss, and our profound thanks for sharing Steve with us for a short while.

Woodbine Willie: bringing love with cigarettes and the Bible 8 March

Here's a 'saint' that the Church of England remembers from the 1st World War - the Revd. Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy MC, or 'Woodbine Willie', as everyone knew this popular, much-loved army chaplain on the Western Front.

Studdert Kennedy (27th June 1883 - 8th March 1929) had been born in Leeds as the seventh of nine children. After reading divinity and classics at Trinity College Dublin, he'd studied for ordination at Ripon Clergy College, and served his curacy at Rugby.

By the time war broke out in 1914, Studdert Kennedy was vicar of St Paul's Worcester. He soon volunteered to go to the Western Front as a chaplain to the army. Life on the front line in the trenches was a desperate affair, but soon Studdert Kennedy had hit on a way of bringing a few moments of relief to the stressed out soldiers: as well as good cheer he gave out copious amounts of 'Woodbines', the most popular cheap cigarette of the time.

One colleague remembered Kennedy: "he'd come down into the trenches and say prayers with the men, have a cuppa out

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14)

of a dirty tin mug and tell a joke as good as any of us. He was a chain smoker and always carried a packet of Woodbine cigarettes that he would give out in handfuls to us lads. That's how he got his nickname. He came down the trench one day to cheer us up. Had his Bible with him as usual. Well, I'd been there for weeks, unable to write home, of course, we were going over the top later that day. I asked him if he would write to my sweetheart at home, tell her I was still alive and, so far, in one piece... years later, after the war, she showed me the letter he'd sent, very nice it was. A lovely letter. My wife kept it until she died."

Kennedy was devoted to his men, so much so that in 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross at Messines Ridge, after running into no man's land in order to help the wounded during an attack on the German frontline.

During the war, Kennedy supported the British military effort with enthusiasm, but soon after the war, he turned to Christian socialism and pacifism. He was given charge of St Edmunds in Lombard St, London, and took to writing a number of poems about his war experiences: *Rough Rhymes of a Padre* (1918) and *More Rough Rhymes* (1919). He went on to work for the Industrial Christian Fellowship, for whom he did speaking tours. It was on one of these tours that he was taken ill, and died in Liverpool in 1929. He was only 46.

His compassion and generosity in the face of the horrors of the Western Front was immortalised in the song 'Absent Friends': "Woodbine Willie couldn't rest until he'd/given every bloke a final smoke/before the killing." He himself had once described his chaplain's ministry as taking "a box of fags in your haversack, and a great deal of love in your heart."

©Parish Pump



(Continued from page 14)

What constitutes a living wage depends upon whether you are giving it or earning it.

Too much of the world is run on the theory that you don't need road manners if you are in a five-ton truck.

It is much more dignified to say we're moving in cycles rather than running around in circles, although it comes to about the same thing.

With Mothering Sunday in mind...

Woman takes her being from man, man takes his well-being from woman.

Thomas Adams

I learned more about Christianity from my mother than from all the theologians of England.

John Wesley.

With Lent in mind...

Jesus can be contacted 24 hours a day: just go on-line via your knee-mail. Anon

God never made a promise that was too good to be true.
DL Moody

Goodbye again, and Thank you

On the 23rd February Marilyn and I set off for St Mary's Chapel for our last service before we left for Wales and retirement. It was also to be my last day as Duty Warden. As it is unlikely that I will ever have the privilege of serving as Warden again, there was a degree of sadness on the journey. I expected there would be a few speeches of farewell, probably a bunch of flowers and we would leave.



Jeanet was busy doing something in the Hut so I potted around in my usual style preparing the chapel for the service. The weather was very Welsh, pouring rain. During the service, Brian wished goodbye to Marilyn and me, thanking us for our service to the church. At the end of the service, he announced that the handshakes and conversation at the door would now place take at the Hut, because of the weather.

Hence, we tidied up the chapel and dashed down to Hut. I was drinking coffee and chatting when I was asked to turn around. There was Louw sitting at the table with an

electronic keyboard and next to him stood two Irish Colleens. I knew they were Irish because their hair was green. The colleens were actually Jeanet Luiten and Joyce Wigboldus, singing their version of Delilah, now been 'Charlie', with the chorus of 'Why, why, Charlie'. This was followed by a similarly doctored version of 'The Green, Green Grass of Home'. (Anyone notice a Welsh theme?)



Mari and I were

presented with a wonderful selection of Dutch goodies and a fantastic riverscape picture of Zutphen. The town in which we have lived for the past twenty years. The picture will have pride of place over the mantelpiece in our new home. Other people

came forward and offered us gifts and cards, all quite overwhelming. There was even a quiz set events in my life. I discovered that Mari had conspired in secret on the answers. I had wondered why over the past week why my wife suddenly became so interested in me!

Following the songs and presentations, there was an incredible bring-and-share lunch. A rather sad day turned out to be one of the happiest. My thanks to everyone, your kindness left me deeply moved. Mari and I will always retain the most wonderful memories of St. Marys Chapel and the wonderful community who worship there.

NOTICES

Recipe for a happy marriage

Start with love, a generous share,

Then blend in warmth and laughter.

Add lots of happy memories that will last forever after.

Place inside a sunny home filled with warmth and cheer.

Bake in joy and happiness and

Serve year after year!

Serves: two and more

Seen on an old sampler

C. S. Lewis Quotes

Quote: "Since it is so likely that children will meet cruel enemies, let them at least have heard of brave knights and heroic courage."

Source: "*On Stories: And Other Essays on Literature*" (1966)

Quote: "There is but one good; that is God. Everything else is good when it looks to Him and bad when it turns from Him."

Source: "*The Great Divorce*" (1945)

Quote: "The future is something which everyone reaches at the rate of sixty minutes an hour, whatever he does, whoever he is."

Source: "*The Screwtape Letters*" (1942)

Quote: "When we Christians behave badly, or fail to behave well, we are making Christianity unbelievable to the outside world."

Source: "*Mere Christianity*" (1952)

Watch, Watch, Watch

The water I was heating for pasta refused to boil, and if my 12-year-old son was right, I wasn't helping by constantly checking on it.

"It's like that old saying," he said. "'A watched website never loads.'"



Farewell Words

*Farewell words too often part
And cleave with sorrow to aching hearts.
With a final wave, all disappears
Beneath the hush of silent tears*

*Why can't sorrow be so kind
As to hide away and stay confined?
And leave us only thoughts of bliss,
Of joyful things to reminisce.*

*So focus not on sorrows, born
Where happy times are now forlorn,
But instead on joy and merriment
And delight all felt without relent.*

*And with all the love to fill our hearts,
Sorrow and pain then soon departs.
And although goodbyes are bittersweet.
We can no longer feel incomplete.*

© K. Gregory.

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.*

