

Services held every
Sunday morning
10:30 am

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Next issue: First Sunday December 2020

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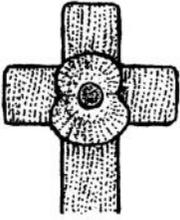


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The Anglican Chaplaincy of Twente

DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND





November 2020

Dear Friends,

When the sun shines, optimism soars; when the dark clouds gather, optimism evaporates like the morning mist! Well, if not exclusively and literally true, I feel, at the moment, here in northern Europe, this is reflective of what is happening currently within our populations and in the news streams. In that case, this is reflective of what is happening currently within our populations and in the news streams. The backlash from Covid 19 lockdown; anger that unimaginably desperate people are fleeing to "our" shores to escape war and unbearable misery; that there could even be a debate about children going hungry; that senior government officials could use anti-asylum-seeker rhetoric, so extreme as to put dedicated lawyers lives at risk; that a teacher should be decapitated in the course of his work, no matter what his motivation, is just too much to comprehend.

I fear that, at the moment, at least, we are in a society that has lost the singular faculty of empathy, betrayed by a language of toxic and insular, egocentric navel-gazing. Those of us, who claim to know anything of the nature and generosity of God through what we believe to be revealed in Jesus, should be among the clearest and most eloquent of voices raised to redress the imbalance. And yet, what, in reality, do we all too often insist on making our issues of supposed importance?

You see, the problem is, our religion, indeed pretty well all religions espouse the virtues of compassion and forgiveness but sometimes, nevertheless, tend to look for a convenient caveat.

Of course, we all recognise how psychologists have explained the need in human society for group identity and belonging, together with a need for certainty and meaning, of which identity is a crucial component. However, our Religion, our Faith, we claim, transcends our psychological predispositions, our innate, inherited egotism, that we might expect something radically different of ourselves.

Sadly, as I experience it, there are two types of religion: dogmatic religion and gentler, spiritual religion. Religion, generally speaking, maintains a necessity for dogmatic expressions, which make us comfortable in establishing that all too important group identity. Unfortunately, this often promotes an attitude, which says, "We are right, and everyone else is wrong". It becomes a case of beliefs and attitudes based on absolute rules laid down by religious authorities. That others have deeply reasoned beliefs becomes seen as nothing more than a deep and personal affront.

We might ask, "How can religion generate both such inhospitable violence and, on the other hand, encourage acts of great altruism and justice?" In short, in our hearts, when we really open them, when we embrace our faith and allow that Spirit of our God to show us the possibilities of Grace, we can embody the principles of

St Mary's Chapel News



Fire in church

The town's fire prevention officer was conducting a health and safety course at the local church.

The officer said to the minister: "Now imagine this: it is a Sunday morning and you have a number of people, spread socially distanced, throughout your church building. Some are in the choir stalls, some are in the kitchen, and some are in the nave. Suddenly, a big fire breaks out. What are the first steps you would take?"

The minister thought carefully for a moment. "Really big ones," he said.

Hoots, mon!

The new hospital chaplain is visiting an Edinburgh hospital. He enters a ward full of gloomy-looking patients with no obvious sign of injury or illness and greets one.

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Videos of the services

Thank you so much to Lub Gringhuis who does an excellent job each week in making the video recordings of the services. They are much appreciated, especially by those who are not able to attend the services in person. Previous services, going back to March this year, are still available to watch via the Website page.

A Word from Wales

Erica Schotman Bonting, the wonderful Contribution Editor of this magazine, has suggested that the magazine runs articles on COVID-19. Readers are therefore asked to contribute personal experiences,

anecdotes, or heart-warming moments while enduring the COVID-19 pandemic. This horror, which has spread across our world, has caused so much disruption, heartache and tragedy. Throughout the pandemic so far, there have also been many inspiring stories of endurance, humour, bravery, and kindness. Here in the UK, the one story that captured the attention of the press was of Captain Tome Moor, at 99, walking in his garden to raise money for the NHS. Your accounts do not have to be quite so dramatic.

In this month's magazine, I have described my experience of returning to the UK and moving into a bungalow in Wales. What I remember most about those first frustratingly difficult days was just how many extraordinarily friendly, helpful people I met.

The best COVID comment I heard so far has been, "We all in the same storm - just in different boats"

Flip Wegenwijs

This month in the magazine, in response to requests from several readers, the 2016 interview with Flip Wegenwijs is republished. (see page 6 and 7) Like many others in the chaplaincy, I have fond memories of Flip.

Always immaculately dressed and sporting a tie, Flip would quietly enter the chapel and take a seat at the back. The tie was often his Yorkshire tie, carrying the white rose symbol of that county. Flip loved people noticing the link so he could tell them about his time in



England. I never had the opportunity to meet his beloved Gerda as she was desperately ill at the time. Typical of Flip, when she died, grief-stricken as he was, he kept it private, in the family. He was like that. Although he was quite open about having aviophobia'. (a fear of flying)

When Flip found out I was Irish, by descent rather than birth, he frequently regaled me with stories of his visits to Ireland. In the fifties, he had briefly worked for a company supplying dairy equipment to Ireland. At that time, Ireland was desperately poor, and I found some of his tales, while fascinating, quite harrowing.

I had known Flip for some 12 years before I discovered he lived less than a kilometre from my house. Admittedly, a lot of this time he was away in France. I did, however, manage to get to visit him in his flat where I had the pleasure of examining his letterbox collection. His immaculately neat apartment was tastefully crammed with the most astonishing array of antique letterboxes, as well as other antiques.

On the 13 October, while terribly sad at the news of Philip 'Flip' Wegenwijs' passing, I was so glad to have had the privilege of knowing such an extraordinary man.

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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The patient replies, "Fair fa your honest sonsie face, Great chieftain o' the puddin' race, Aboon them a ye take yer place, Painch, tripe or thairm, As lang's my airm."

The chaplain is confused, so he just smiles and moves on to the next patient. The unsmiling patient stares at him and says, "Some hae meat an canna eat, And some wad eat that want it, But we hae meat an we can eat, so let the Lord be thankit."

Even more confused, and with a forced grin, the priest moves on to the next sad-looking patient, who immediately begins to chant, "Wee sleekit, cowerin, timrous beastie, O the panic in thy breastie, Thou needna start awa sae hastie, Wi bickering brattle."

Now seriously troubled, the chaplain turns to the accompanying doctor and asks, "Is this a psychiatric ward?"

"No," replies the doctor, "This is the senior Burns unit."

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Nuts to the Vicar

The vicar visits an elderly woman from his congregation. As he sits on the couch he notices a large bowl of peanuts on the coffee table.

'Mind if I have a few?' he asks.

'No, not at all!' the woman replies.

They talk for an hour and as the vicar stands to leave, he realises that he has emptied the bowl.

'Terribly sorry for scoffing all your peanuts, my dear. I really only meant to eat a few.'

'Oh, that's all right,' the woman says. 'Ever since I lost my teeth all I can do is suck the chocolate off them.'

Only Here for the Beer?

Two nuns were shopping in a supermarket and happened to be passing the wine and spirit section. One asks the other if she would like a beer.

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On the ferocity of the church's Bridge drive

The Revd Dr Gary Bowness continues his tongue-in-cheek letters from 'Uncle Eustace'...

The Rectory
St James the Least of All

My dear Nephew Darren

Your suggestion that we should hold a sponsored hymn-singing bicycle ride through the village as a way of raising money was well-meant, but I am not wholly convinced it would suit our clientele here at St James the Least of All.

You may have musical bike rides, but we have Bridge drives, although socially distanced at the moment, of course. But even at two metres apart, our Bridge games are generally as amiable and peaceful as bear baiting. Half of those attending will see the afternoon as an opportunity to catch up on local gossip and to exchange knitting patterns, the game of cards being a minor hindrance to these other activities. The other half arrive primed for a battle to the death, reluctantly conceding that eye-gouging is not allowed. They will demand total silence - which is wholly ignored by those at the tables discovering what Mrs Trumpington confided to Lady Driver halfway through 'Onward Christian Soldiers' at last Sunday's Mattins. The congregation is eternally grateful to Mrs Mitchell, who as a former mill worker is able to lip read.

Refreshments have been hit hard by Covid-19 of course, and the fact that everyone has to bring their own sandwich and drink has rather spoilt the fun. Usually half our players regard lunchtime as an opportunity to put jam on the cards, spill tea on the score cards and make sure that the other tables get the egg and cress sandwiches while they corner the boiled ham; the others usually see it as an unwelcome interruption to the serious business of slaughtering their opponents. It is so sad that Covid-19 has halted this merry comradery.

As for drawing the raffle, it is the adult equivalent of ringing the school bell at going-home time. Half the players will immediately dash off to relay newly mined seams of gossip throughout the village, leaving the others holding reproachful post-mortems with their partners over their bidding mistakes.

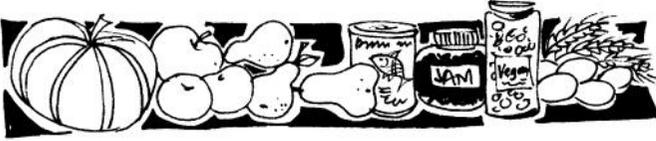


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Reproaches are never too violent, however, since the chances are that they will all be meeting again the following afternoon round a socially distanced card table at another location, for yet another re-enactment of the slaughter at Agincourt. The only difference will be that the French and English were not entertained with tea and sandwiches at half time.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace



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compassion, welcome and forgiveness to the highest degree, and realise real life worth living, for everyone.

Let us together, then, so far as we have the strength and opportunity as Christians 'in the pew', stand against acts of savagery carried out in the name of dogmatic religion and dogmatic politics, and quietly and purposefully embrace our spiritual fidelity to express our espoused higher motivation.

We are people, and we must remember we are talking about people. Real people like you and me. Same desire for a good life, same sensations of warmth, love, tenderness, passion, loss, pain, suffering, despair, desolation!

O God, who is there to speak for the unheard, if we, who know you, remain silent?

God bless you all.

Love as always,

Brian

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The other nun answered that that would be good, but that she would feel uncomfortable about purchasing it. The first nun said that she would handle it and picked up a six pack and took it to the cash out.

The assistant had a surprised look and the first nun said, "The beer is for washing our hair."

The assistant, without blinking an eye, reached under the counter and put a package of pretzels in the bag with the beer. "There you are, sister," she said, "don't forget the curlers."

An Englishman, an Irishman...

A Vicar, a Rabbi and a Catholic Priest walk into a bar. The barmaid says: 'Is this some kind of joke?'

A Dead Cert!

A man went to Chester races and noticed a priest in the paddock watching the horses before each race.

Every now and again he gave a blessing to one of the horses.

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**Thoughts of
Yuval Noah
Harari**

Humans are extremely good at acquiring new power, but they are not very good at translating this power into greater happiness. Which is why we are far more powerful than ever before, but we don't seem to be much happier.

There is a saying that if you get something for free, you should know that you're the product. It was never more true than in the case of Facebook and Gmail and YouTube. You get free social-media services, and you get free funny cat videos. In exchange, you give up the most valuable asset you have, which is your personal data.

The domesticated chicken is probably the most widespread bird in the annals of planet Earth. If you

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In memoriam Flip Wegenwijs

13 June 1932 - 13 October 2020

This interview with Flip was first published in the April 2016 magazine.

My name is Jan Philip Wegenwijs, born on June 13, 1932. From our Amsterdam ancestors, the name Philip has descended through the family since 1763. My surname is even older. It was mentioned at the beginning of the 17th century in Wezel, a small village in the shadow of Nijmegen. According to the Encyclopaedia of Surnames, Wegenwijs comes from a proverb of Solomon - Proverbs 6, Verse 6 - "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, see her **ways** and be **wise**."

When I was six years old, we lived in Eefde on the Deventer-Zutphen road. I was then in Grade 2 at the elementary school. On May 10, 1940, we were due to go to Gouda to celebrate my grandparent's 40th wedding anniversary with a big party. However, at four in the morning, I was woken by my father to be told there would be no party because our country was at war. Throughout that day, I looked on with wonder and fear at the German troops, with all their equipment, invading our country.

Later, during Grade 4 and Grade 5, our school was occupied by the Germans. We then only had morning lessons once a week at home. For the rest of the time, we were free. In that respect, I had a wonderful childhood.

At the end of my primary schooling, I undertook technical training and then in 1951, I began my two years of military service. When my service ended, I spent a year in Horsforth near Leeds in England with an aunt and uncle. Amongst other jobs, I worked for a while as a model maker at Dinky Toys. I had a lot of fun, made many friends with whom over the years; I managed to keep in contact. Sadly, as most of them were older, there are now not many of them left.

Returning from England, I worked with the PTT in the radio department. We were kept busy setting up telephone connections between radio and television studios with foreign stations. It was through my telephone work that I first made contact with Gerda, who would later become my wife. At the time, she was working in Rotterdam as an operator. After a few months, we met up on a date in Utrecht, and we clicked right away. In 1961, we were married and moved to Zutphen.

We had three children. A son, Marco, who is now 53, has two daughters. Then there are our two daughters, Annelies, who is now 50, and Hannelore, the youngest, who is now 47. Marco lives in Tubbergen, and my daughters live in Tilburg and Den

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Haag respectively. During those years, we travelled a lot in the caravan to places such as England, Ireland, Norway and Finland as well as many other places.

In 1995, we read in the newspaper about a Christmas Carol Service being held in Diepenheim. We went and found that it suited us so well that we became regular visitors to the services. We got on well with Geoffrey Allen as well as with some of the British ex-servicemen, who also attended the services.

In 1997, Gerda fell seriously ill. As we were no longer able to continue living in our house, we moved into the assisted living housing, where I still live. It was there that I nursed Gerda through her last two years. She passed away in August 1999, Geoffrey Allen led a beautiful memorial service for her in Saint Mary's Chapel. Lately, although I still attend regularly, I no longer maintain such close contact with the church. Many of my old acquaintances and friends are no longer there, and I am aware of getting older for not all of the activities appeal to me.

In 2006, I was staying with my friend Riet on holiday in France. There we discovered a dilapidated old house, which had stood empty for 30 years. Both of us were so excited that we bought it and spent seven years working to make it into a jewel of a building. Unfortunately, our joy was short-lived. During a storm, a two-hundred-year-old oak tree blew over. It not only fell on the house but also the power lines above the house. We awoke in a shower of sparks. If the tree had fallen just another half a meter further forward, then we would not be telling anyone about the disaster. However, the antique atmosphere was missing, and the fun of living there was gone. We had the damage quickly repaired before selling the house last year.

Riet remains a good friend, but she grumbles at me sometimes. She had worked in international business and made many friends all over the world. Friends she visits regularly and on holidays in Thailand. Unfortunately, I cannot go with her because I have a fear of flying. Having once experienced a terrible flight during a storm, I no longer feel able to travel in aeroplanes.

My hobby is collecting vehicle-license-plates. I have collected 4000 already, and I store them in my son's attic. In my house, I also have a collection of old mailboxes made of copper or wrought iron. Most of them are over 100 years old and come from everywhere. I like restoring them back to their former glory.

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measure success in terms of numbers, chickens, cows and pigs are the most successful animals ever.

Increasingly, our decisions will be made by the algorithms that surround us. Whenever there is a big dilemma, you just ask Google what to do. And what kind of life is that?

Dollar bills have absolutely no value except in our collective imagination, but everybody believes in the dollar bill.

Animals are the main victims of history, and the treatment of domesticated animals in industrial farms is perhaps the worst crime in history.

Food

People at my workplace have started a funny new tradition where they give names to the food in the office fridge. Today I ate a sandwich called Mark, followed by some cake called Rosie.

Forthcoming Services

November 1 2020

10:30 Eucharist

All saints and All souls

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden

Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:

Jeanet Luiten

There will be no

sung hymns

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Joyce Wigboldus

1. John 3. 1-3

Gospel

Mathew .5. 1-12

November 8 2020

10:30 Eucharist

Remembrance Sunday

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden

Klaas Prins

Intercessor:

Joyce Wigboldus

There will be no

sung hymns

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Elizabeth v.d Heiden

Thessalonians 4. 13-18

Gospel

Mathew 25. 1-13



Forthcoming Services

November 15 2020

10:30 Eucharist

2 before Advent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden
Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor:
Maureen Underwood

There will be no
sung hymns

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Heleen Rauwerda

1. Thessalonians 5. 1-11

Gospel

Matthew . 25. 14-28

November 22 2020

10:30 Eucharist

Christ the King - Next before Advent

Celebrant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden
Klaas Prins

Intercessor:
Simone Yallop

There will be no sung
hymns

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Linda ten Berge

Ephesians 1.16-23

Gospel

Matthew 25. 31-end

November 29 2020

10:30 Eucharist

Advent 1

Officiant ant and Preacher

Canon Brian Rodford

Duty Warden:
Jeanet Luiten

Intercessor
Jeanet Luiten

There will be
no sung hymns

Sidesperson/Reader

Readings

Rachel Koster

1. Corinthians 1. 3-9

Gospel

Mark 13. 24-end

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When the race was over the man realised that that particular horse had won - and the same thing happened in the next four races.

The man said, "I'm not going to let this priest out of my sight. I'm going to back the next horse he blesses."

In due course a horse came past the priest and he gave it an extra large blessing.

Immediately the man ran to the bookie and placed £20 on it at 100 to 1.

The race started and the horse shot out of the stalls and was in the lead. Then it got to the last furlong, fell and had to be shot.

The man found the priest and said, "Father, why didn't that one come in first?"

The priest calmly said, "My son, are you a Catholic?"

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About umbrellas and rain

In the corner of the Hut stands a basket full of umbrellas in all sizes and colours. Since some time there hangs a card on the basket saying that you can buy them for a few euro.

While I was pondering about the reason why people leave their umbrella and are no longer interested in that convenient instrument to stay dry, a story from the past came into my mind.

Nowadays, umbrellas are relatively cheap, but just after the war, they belonged in the more expensive and scarce articles category. A headscarf was in more common use against the rain than an umbrella. My father gave a beautiful umbrella as a birthday present to my mother, with her initials neatly carved in the handle. She was delighted and used it rather often. But alas, one day she forgot the umbrella after a concert, and she was sad about the loss.

We moved from the western part of the Netherlands to the lovely countryside of the eastern part of the Netherlands. Singing was already in those days my favourite occupation, and I was one night performing in a youth choir. I was one of the last to leave after the performance and discovered that the weather had changed and it was raining cats and dogs

Outside, the concierge of the building said, he had an umbrella forgotten by someone, and I could take it home with me. When I opened the umbrella I saw to my utmost surprise, that it was my mother's umbrella: her initials affirmed it.

Can you imagine how happy my mother was to have her dear umbrella again?

About umbrellas and rain, there is another funny story about it. My mother had a friend who lived near us. She was married to the Commissaris der Koningin in Overijssel. She and her husband had noble titles, but in daily life, they did not use them. This friend regularly went to Amsterdam to do some shopping or to go to a concert.

One day she left with the sun shining in a blue sky, but arrived in the pouring rain in Amsterdam. Parking in the Bijenkorf garage, she looked for her old raincoat and boots in the trunk, always kept there since the time they had had a flat tire on a rainy night. There was also an umbrella, with a broken spoke, but precisely what she needed to stay dry.

Thus attired, she crossed the Dam and went to a famous cafe in the Kalverstraat, where she often started her visit to Amsterdam with a good cup of coffee. (This cafe burned down one day and exists not longer)

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She ordered a cup of coffee. After a while, the waiter came back with a card on a plate.

Written on it was: "We don't appreciate your presence in our establishment." She said nothing but dived into her handbag and retrieved a card, carrying the full titles and double names of her husband and herself. She wrote on the back of card: 'We don't appreciate to come here again.' and placed the card on the plate. And really, she never went there again.

When she told the story to my mother and described the face of the waiter, they had a good laugh about it. But she put a good umbrella and a decent raincoat in the trunk of her car because you never know.....

@Erica Schotman Bonting

Offering HOPE in Uncertain Times

Life before lockdown wasn't always a bed of roses. But it was normal and predictable... usually... Now everything seems unknown. What does the future hold? Is there a door of hope?

Hope in Uncertain Times is a giveaway booklet pointing to hope for now and for eternity. Published by HOPE Together and Biblica, with the backing of Elim, Church of England, the Methodist Church, Baptists Together, the World Prayer Centre, and the Redeemed Christian Church of God, it is an ideal gift to give with an invitation to join your church in person or online.

Copies are available to order from the HOPE shop - copies cost just 30p for bulk orders of 50 or more. A video version of the booklet is available from the HOPE Together website hopetogether.org.uk.

Give away the Jesus story as told by Mark

The Talking Jesus research showed that for 27% of practising Christians, reading the Bible for themselves was a key influence in their coming to faith. As a result of the research, HOPE Together decided to find out what Bible a non-Christian would pick up and read.

When 800 non-Christians were asked this question, the majority wanted something short, well-designed and contemporary in look and feel. Based on this evidence HOPE Together and Biblica have published a beautifully illustrated version of Mark's Gospel, designed in a magazine-style and printed on quality paper, making it an attractive gift to give away to friends, colleagues and family, people who visit your church and those in your community who are exploring faith. Order copies from the [HOPE shop](http://HOPEshop.hopetogether.org.uk/shop) hopetogether.org.uk/shop

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"No, Father."

"That explains it," said the priest, "You obviously don't know the difference between a blessing and the last rites!"

Medical name

The curate told his doctor that he was worried because he just wasn't able to do all the things around the parish that his vicar expected him to do. When the examination was complete, he said, "I'm prepared for the worst, doctor. Just tell me in plain English what is wrong with me."

"Well, in plain English," the doctor replied, "you're just lazy."

"Okay," said the curate. "Now give me the medical term so I can tell my vicar."

Bread

Bread is like the sun. It rises in the yeast and sets in the waist.

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Notes from a Quarantine Diary

Day one: I have stocked up on enough non-perishable food and supplies to last me for months, maybe years, so I can be in isolation for as long as it takes to see out this pandemic

Day one + 45 minutes: I am in the supermarket because I wanted a Twix aper.

If you need 144 rolls of toilet paper for a 14 day quarantine you probably should've been seeing a doctor long before COVID-19.

History

History is not there for you to like or dislike. It is there for you to learn from it. And if it offends you, even better. Because you are then less likely to repeat it. It is not yours to erase. It belongs to all of us

Covid Memories

During the first months of COVID-19, I have been amused to hear people complaining about feeling bored during lockdown Bah humbug! They should try migrating from one country to another during the first pandemic to strike our world in a hundred years.

We bought our house on the 17 March but were only able to move in on the 9 April. Why? Because our furniture was now stuck in the Netherlands. No problem, we managed to buy just enough in the UK to allow us to move in. We told the Dutch removal company to dispose of our bed and sofas as we now had replacements. 'Had' being the operative word as now, the UK furniture company contacted us to say that they were not allowed to deliver. We managed to find a company that could provide a bed and mattress, flat-packed, of course. It took Marilyn and me two days to build our bed. Meanwhile, we were sitting on folding garden chairs trying to watch a TV that would only show BBC1!

Of course, over the next few weeks, everything worked out. The Dutch company then was finally able to deliver, followed by a giant sofa from the UK company. The house, once so empty, was now stuffed with boxes and furniture. Now our problem was too much stuff. We could not unpack as the rooms were now full of packing boxes and materials. The municipal rubbish centre was less than a kilometre down the road but was closed. I rapidly acquired new skills in squashing and folding the cardboard to fit as small a space as possible. A cardboard mountain slowly grew in the garden, draped with plastic bags and sheeting. Why does a sofa have to be wrapped in 20 metres of plastic?

And while all this went on, we were meeting our neighbours and other residents on the park. All socially distanced over garden fences. The retirement park we have moved to is a group of forty bungalows, surrounded by a two-metre wooden fence, and beyond that, on three sides, trees. As we wandered around with our dog Abby, we met such warm, friendly people who made us feel so welcome.

On the fourth side of the park is the River Dee. We were given a key to the pedestrian gate in the fence that let us out onto a lane, that in turn allowed us onto the grass embankment running alongside the river. We can now enjoy miles of walking out in the country for Abby and us, yet only a short distance from home.

Opposite the gate was a small field. We were introduced to Billy, a huge, friendly goat who lives in the field. Every morning our walk begins with a passage through the gate. We

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call Billy to the fence and feed him a breakfast banana, before walking Abby. Many of the regular dog walkers also bring food for Billy. Little wonder he is such a large goat. Watching Billy eating a whole mango, sucking the pip clean before spitting it out is a wondrous sight.

After the walk, our day is a mixture of gardening, tidying, and sorting out how to work around the latest Covid regulations. For example, having finally found a dog groomer for Abby, we had to change to a new one. The reason? The first dog groomer was in England, and we are now not allowed to leave our Welsh county at present.

Sorting out our Dutch car has also taken months of work. One phone call to the appropriate Government office took nearly two hours, most of that spent sitting in the queue listening to music.

As an aside, our problems fade into insignificance when compared to the issues of an organization in Chester. That is the English city a few miles upriver from where we live. They had organized a drive-in theatre at a showground as a safe live music venue to raise funds for a charity. The showground sprawled across the Welsh/English border.

With all plans in place, the organizers found out that the toilets were in the Welsh part of the grounds. Anybody going to the toilet would not only be breaking the law, but they would have to go into 14 days self-isolation. Not sure if that would be in the toilet block or if they could go home first. Disaster loomed until a company offered to install portable toilets, on the English side.

All things considered, we love it over here as we have a lovely bungalow, wonderful neighbours, and everything we need close at hand. The downside is we miss our weekly visits to St Mary's to share the service with all our friends, and afterwards, a cup of coffee and a chat. The churches here are still closed so we have not been able to attend a service. However, like our problems with the furniture, this problem too will pass.

We long to go forth and search this beautiful country, but accept the restrictions are necessary while dread plague invests our world. On the positive side, I am delighted to see how, through all the fear and suffering, there appear to be a surfeit of good news stories. It is as if the pandemic has activated a human kindness gene. Stay safe and take care has become the new way of saying goodbye. Maybe because it imparts such concern and hope for a brighter, safer tomorrow.

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With forthcoming US Presidential Elections in mind

A candidate came home in the small hours and gave his wife the wonderful news:

"Darling, I've been elected!"

She was delighted. "Honestly?" she demanded.

He laughed in an embarrassed sort of way. "Oh, why bring that up?"

Old politicians never die - they just run once too often!

The congregation

A minister was considering a move to a busy town-centre church, and wanted to know what the congregation was like, and especially the church council. So, he rang the minister who had just retired from that church. The retiring minister hesitated a moment and then replied: "Some of them are wise; some are otherwise."

Prayer

A little girl attempted the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father, who does art in heaven, Harold is your name. Amen."

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November brings us All Saints and All Souls day, when we remember those who have gone before us in the faith....

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

- Psalm 116:15

The Christian church has the resurrection written all over it.

- E G Robinson

The Church is the only society in the world that never loses any of its members, even by death.

- John Blanchard

The greatest saints have always shown the perfect combination of nearness to our Lord on the one hand, and a deep sense of their own unworthiness and weakness on the other.

- Abbe de Tourville

There is little good in filling churches with

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The unsung heroes who help us say goodbye

No one likes to talk about death. Especially during a pandemic that's impacting everyone on the planet. And yet for some people, death is their life's work. It's their vocation.

In fact, helping bereaved families and friends say a personal goodbye to their loved ones is what motivates them, day after day.

They are the funeral directors and the staffs of our local crematoria and cemeteries. Often forgotten or out of mind, the men and women who arrange and service funerals perform a vital role.

Vicars and other ministers of religion work closely with these key workers. We see the care they take to help families arrange the funerals they want for their loved ones. We see the strict health regulations they have had to follow during this pandemic and the increased pressures on them. We see the long hours and dedication.

Yet, after one funeral, an undertaker confided to me how useless he felt while NHS staff were at the frontline of fighting coronavirus. I replied that what he did was essential too, and massively important during these difficult days.

Another undertaker told me how he helped families cope with the restrictions on the numbers of mourners at funerals, currently set at 30. He had slowly driven his hearse past golf clubs, pubs and old people's homes where friends - unable to attend the services - had said their goodbyes.

In the funerals I have taken during the pandemic, I have been much impressed by the care and sensitivity shown by funeral directors and crematorium staff. Often, while they have been under much stress themselves.

I applaud the way that crematoria have made it easier for mourners who cannot attend funerals to view the services via the internet. This seems to have become common practice across the country. During the pandemic, this 'optional extra' has become a key part of the service.

The feedback I have had from mourners watching from just outside the chapel, or across the world, has been very positive.

Christian ministers work closely with the bereaved family and the funeral director to ensure each funeral is very personal to the deceased, and an occasion they will remember long after the day has passed.

We want to bring a message of hope at funerals. I like to say that love never dies, and that the love we have for someone

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goes on beyond the grave.

As the funeral section on the Church of England website states: "When someone dies, although we can't see the person we love anymore, Christians believe that through the cross and resurrection of Jesus Christ, we will see that person again. It might be in a very different form, in a very different way, but that is the Christian hope, and that is the message everyone will hear when they come to a Church of England funeral."

Meanwhile, it's the care of undertakers and all those who arrange and conduct funerals that help us say our goodbyes.
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80 years on, we still need courage and endurance

This year is the 80th anniversary of the Battle of Britain - when the horrors of the Luftwaffe bombs were heavy over British skies. On this Remembrance Day we can only imagine the terror of living in Coventry, in Liverpool, in London during those months, 80 years ago. It must have seemed like the beginning of the end of the world.

It is a good time to stop and thank God that in the end, evil did not prevail. Hitler did not win the battle to dominate Europe. His expected 'rule of a 1000 years' lasted a mere 12 years (1933 to 1945). And we can thank God for the courage and endurance of our fathers and grandfathers, our mothers and grandmothers, in the midst of such towering darkness and destruction.

Sadly, 80 years on, the world is still at war. Man's greed, arrogance and desire for domination have not gone away. There are still battles to be fought for our land, major problems to be solved. Coronavirus, economic uncertainty, terrorism, climate warming... the threats are different from Hitler, but our need for courage, endurance and perseverance is the same.

It is a good time to pray for our nation and ourselves, to turn to God in repentance and in faith, to 'walk more nearly' and 'follow Him more clearly'. It is a good time to be ready to serve our God and serve our neighbour in whatever ways lie open before us.
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people who go out exactly the same as they came in; the call of the Church is not to fill churches but to fill heaven. - Fr Andrew SDC

November also brings us Remembrance Day...

War creates no absolutely new situation: it simply aggravates the permanent human situation so that we can no longer ignore it.

- C S Lewis

War does not determine who is right - only who is left.

- (probably) Bertrand Russell

The tragedy of war is that it uses man's best to do man's worst. - Harry Emerson Fosdick

The Church knows nothing of a sacredness of war. The Church which prays the 'Our Father' asks God only for peace. - Dietrich Bonhoeffer

God isn't looking for perfect people. He is looking to perfect people. - John Hileman

Love's as warm as tears

*Love's as warm as tears,
Love is tears:
Pressure within the brain,
Tension at the throat,
Deluge, weeks of rain,
Haystacks afloat,
Featureless seas between
Hedges, where once was green.*

*Love's as fierce as fire,
Love is fire:
All sorts - infernal heat
Clinkered with greed and pride,
Lyric desire, sharp-sweet,
Laughing, even when denied,
And that empyreal flame
Whence all loves came.*

*Love's as fresh as spring,
Love is spring:
Bird-song hung in the air,
Cool smells in a wood,
Whispering 'Dare! Dare!'
To sap, to blood,
Telling 'Ease, safety, rest,
are good: not best.'*

*Love's as hard as nails,
Love is nails:
Blunt, thick, hammered through
The medial nerves of One
Who, having made us, knew
The thing He had done,
Seeing (with all that is)
Our cross, and His.*

C. S. Lewis

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.*

