

NEWS & VIEWS

*Hampstead Garden Suburb
Free Church*



AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 2017

PLEASE TAKE

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

(United Reformed and Baptist)
Central Square, London, NW11 7AG
www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk

Sunday Services:	<i>11 a.m. (and 6.30 p.m. when announced) Holy Communion is celebrated at Morning Worship on the first Sunday of every month. The Junior Church meets at 11am every Sunday</i>
Minister:	Revd Dr Ian Tutton The Manse, Central Square, NW11 7AG 020 8457 5898 itutton@aol.com
Correspondence Secretary	Penny Trafford 020 8959 3405 ptrafford07@gmail.com
Treasurer	Derek Lindfield 07803 953483
Children's Advocates	Lilian Coumbe coumbe_lilian@yahoo.com Stephan Praetorius Stephan@acceleration.biz
Interim Director of Music	Mark Underwood mark.underwood119@googlemail.com

Safeguarding Statement

Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church believes that safeguarding is the responsibility of everyone and is committed to safeguarding and promoting the welfare of all those who are vulnerable (children, young people and vulnerable adults). We expect all of our leaders, volunteers and those who use our premises to share this commitment and value the support of those who worship here in achieving this.

***The Elders (Trustees), Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church
January 2016***

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HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB
FREE CHURCH
Central Square,
London NW11 7AG



NO 735

AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 2017

Dear **F**riends,

As I sit down to write this the news headline before me is that the parents of Charlie Gard have decided to end their attempt to persuade the courts to allow their son to be taken to the USA for treatment that may or may not have improved his quality of life. It is a case that has reignited the age-old debate concerning who knows best as far as children are concerned, particularly with regard to their health and well-being. The knee-jerk response is often that ‘the parent knows best’ but this is not necessarily so. Parenthood brings with it responsibilities that are often beyond many of us, even when such an event is planned and prepared for, because nothing can prepare anyone for what being a parent entails. The miracle may be that so many of us seem to manage it and that our children emerge relatively unscathed as a result of our efforts. Although please don’t ask my children what they think of it so far...

...None of us who are parents would want to find ourselves in the position of Charlie Gard’s parents and having just listened to his father read his statement outside the High Court today (July 24th) one cannot but have the highest admiration for the dignified way in which they have conducted themselves. By the time this letter is published, little Charlie’s life is likely to have ended and all we can do is trust that he will now be at peace, and that his parents might in time find some comfort from the memories they have of having been his mother and father...

...And, of course it is vital that the wider community makes its contribution as far as the lives of parents are concerned. Babysitters have a value above and beyond the pittance they are usually paid. And this is especially so when for so many household economics demands that both parents work full-time just to pay the bills. Where would we be without child minders, nurseries and pre-schools; breakfast clubs and after school

clubs, parent/carer & toddler groups and of course where applicable the godsend that is grandparents...

...Not for nothing has the Church been in the forefront of providing activities to support parents, children and family life. Indeed, it cannot be coincidental that one of the most powerful metaphors deployed in Scripture to describe how we relate to God and to each other is that of parent, child and family.



We are children of God, sisters and brothers in Christ. Hence it is so important that as a Church we continue to ensure that as best we can we cater for the needs of children, parents and families. More than that it behoves the church to see to it that the government of the day is pressed to provide 'family friendly' policies at the heart of its legislative programme...

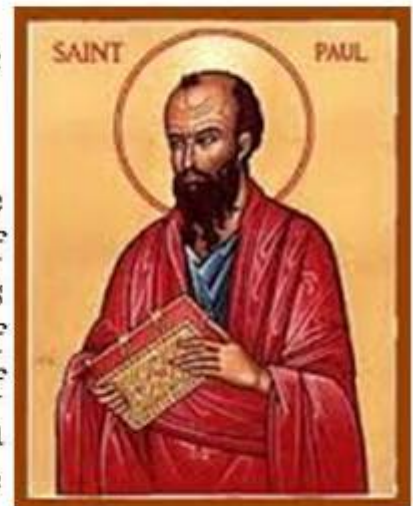
...The make-up of the typical family may well have changed over the years: mum, dad and 2.4 children are more likely to be the exception than the rule. But that should not obscure the underlying obligation that is placed upon us to see to it that children, parents and family life continues to be regarded as the foundation upon which wider society is built...

...There is no greater tragedy than the death of a child. Some of you reading this will have experienced this at first hand. I cannot begin to imagine what it must be like other than the glimpses I have had of the grief of others as I have sought to sympathise with them in my role as a minister, but I sense even that does not come close to the heart rending reality for those who are grieving. So my heart goes out to Charlie's parents and to all who find themselves in such circumstances; I have no words, silence will have to suffice.

Ian Tutton



Bible Study: Paul's Letter to the Romans



Paul begins the second half of chapter 5 of the Letter to the Romans by discussing the nature of the sin which necessarily separates each one of us from God such that if it were not for the Grace of God manifest in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus each one, without exception, would remain estranged from God, left to suffer the inevitable consequences, i.e. the condemnation due according to the anger directed toward the sinner by a Holy God. It is what has come to be known as the 'Doctrine of Original Sin'... *'Therefore as sin came into the world through one man and death through sin, and so death spread to all men because all men sinned'* (Romans 5, 12). This echoes the story found in Genesis chapter 3 concerning the fall (from Grace) of Adam and Eve in their acquiring knowledge of good and evil in direct contravention of God's will for them. Having chosen, such knowledge gave them (and us) 'no choice but to choose', and having chosen for themselves meant that from then till now, the 'natural' inclination of each and all will be to choose for one's self over against the will of God. Ironically, in so choosing they denied themselves what God permitted, access to eternal life, so 'sin' brought about death for them and for us. It is a doctrine that we find hard to accept yet as Blaise Pascal argues, *"For it is beyond doubt that there is nothing which more shocks our reason than to say that the sin of the first man has rendered guilty those, who, being so removed from this source, seem incapable of participation in it. This transmission does not only seem to us impossible, it seems also very unjust. For what is more contrary to the rules of our miserable justice than to damn eternally an infant incapable of will, for a sin wherein he seems to have so little a share. Nothing offends us more rudely than this doctrine; and yet, without this mystery, the most incomprehensible of all, we are incomprehensible to ourselves. The knot of our condition takes its twists and turns in this abyss, so that we are more inconceivable without this mystery than this mystery is inconceivable to us."* More useful for us is to realise that our present condition is as it is, however we describe it, because then we can discover the antidote, *"One of the effects of original sin is an instinctive prejudice in favour of our own selfish desires. We see things as they are not, because we see them centred on ourselves. Fear, anxiety, greed, ambition and our hopeless need for pleasure all distort the*

image of reality that is reflected in our minds. Grace does not completely correct this distortion all at once: but it gives us a means of recognizing and allowing for it. And it tells us what we must do to correct it. Sincerity must be bought at a price: the humility to recognize our innumerable errors, and fidelity in tirelessly setting them right." (Thomas Merton, 'No Man is an Island')...

...In arguing thus, Paul is able to distinguish between sin and the Law – '*...Sin indeed was in the world before the Law was given, but sin is not counted where there is no Law. Yet death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over those whose sins were not like the transgression of Adam, who was a type of the one who was to come...*' (Rom. 12, 13-14). Having established what for Paul is the human condition – the condition into which each of us is born – the condition which causes us to 'sin' or 'trespass' against God, He now contrasts the actual effect of sin with the actual effect of Grace...

- '*...If many died through one man's trespass, much more has the Grace of God and the free gift in the Grace of the one man Jesus Christ abounded for many...*'

- '*...And the free gift is not like the effect of that one man's sin. For the judgement following one trespass brought condemnation, but the free gift following many trespasses brings justification...*'

- '*...If because of one man's trespass, death reigns through the one man, much more will those who receive the abundance of Grace and the free gift of righteousness reign in life through the one man Jesus Christ...*' (Rom. 5, 15 – 17)

Here Paul is using Jesus as a 'Second Adam'; a motif he will use again...

'... But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have fallen asleep. For as by a man came death, by a man has come also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive...' (I Corinthians 15, 20-22)...

For Paul, the contrast could not be more stark, '*...Then as one man's trespass led to condemnation for all men, so one man's act of righteousness leads to acquittal and life for all men. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by one man's obedience many will be made righteous. Law came in, to increase the trespass – [The corrupting effect of sin being to convince the sinner that right is wrong and wrong is right, hence the need to have an external standard by which that which is right and wrong from God's perspective could be applied; not that the Law of itself could save the sinner from the consequences of their sin but that at least the sinner would be made aware of their sin] – but where*

sin increased, Grace abounded all the more, so that as sin reigned in death, Grace also might reign through righteousness to eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord... ' (Rom. 5, 18 – 21)...

And all of this is set over against Paul's realisation that the ultimate expression of sin was pride, self-delusional pride, the pride according to which the Jews had exploited their position as the 'chosen people of God' in order to exclude all Gentiles from the Covenant established by God with Abraham, a Covenant Paul believed that under Grace, and not under the Law, would properly be understood as the means by which Jew and Gentile together might be included within God's saving purpose revealed in and through the life, death and resurrection of Jesus. The glory of the Gospel of Grace is this...

"Because salvation is by grace through faith, I believe that among the countless number of people standing in front of the throne and in front of the Lamb, dressed in white robes and holding palms in their hands (see Revelation 7:9), I shall see the prostitute from the Kit-Kat Ranch in Carson City, Nevada, who tearfully told me that she could find no other employment to support her two-year-old son. I shall see the woman who had an abortion and is haunted by guilt and remorse but did the best she could faced with gruelling alternatives; the businessman besieged with debt who sold his integrity in a series of desperate transactions; the insecure clergyman addicted to being liked, who never challenged his people from the pulpit and longed for unconditional love; the sexually abused teen molested by his father and now selling his body on the street, who, as he falls asleep each night after his last 'trick', whispers the name of the unknown God he learned about in Sunday school... 'But how?' we ask. Then the voice says, 'They have washed their robes and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' My friends, if this is not good news to you, you have never understood the gospel of grace." — (Brennan Manning. *The Ragamuffin Gospel: Good News for the Bedraggled, Beat-Up and Burned out.* Multnomah Books, 2000)

The human race has come a long way since Adam, maybe, maybe not. We are where Adam was because Adam is where we are. We are all sinners, some at least are sinners saved by Grace: it is God's will that it shall be so for all of us.



Richard Francis Xavier Manning, known as Brennan Manning (1934 – 2013) was an American author, friar, priest, contemplative and speaker.

Ian Tutton

FREE CHURCH FLOWER FESTIVAL

Those of you who visited our Flower Festival will have appreciated the wealth of colour and scent emanating from the wonderfully creative arrangements which had taken over the interior of the Free Church during the weekend of 1st and 2nd July.



Flavia Speakman's African display

We had arrangements from St.

Edwards, The Jade Circle (Tai Chi group), St. Jude's, The HGS Trust, St. John's Hampstead, Alyth Synagogue, Moyses Stevens Flowers, Totteridge Floral Art Club, The New North London Synagogue, North London Wives' Fellowship, HGS Horticultural Society, The Proms at St. Jude's, Hodford Rd. Methodist Church, Sumie Takahashi (Master of the Koryu School of Ikebana), The Temple Fortune Art Club, The Christian Meditation Group, Traidcraft, the Free Church Junior Church, and of course the Flower Team from The Free Church.

Frances Phillips created the exotic, brilliant orange Strelizia (Birds of Paradise), rising up out of a skirt of green palm leaves through breathy white cone shaped hydrangeas and a hoop of green, for the Jade Circle (Tai Chi Group).

Suang Eng Croft, Free Church, arranged a lovely summer garden bouquet of white roses and stocks, lilac scabias, dark blue cornflowers and red fuschia in an elegant white jug.

Iris Elkington's beautiful bridal-like green and white arrangement for the Proms at St Jude's included ivy, rosemary, white lilies, carnations, and tiny chrysanthemums.

Georgina Malcolm represented the HGS Trust with lively displays of purple iris, pink lisianthus, cream stocks and purple and red alstroemeria rising up behind cut-out photos of the Free Church, the Meeting House, Norrice Lea Synagogue and St Jude's Church.

Lesley Dungey, representing St. John's, Hampstead, produced a wonderful display of huge white hydrangeas emerging from the depths of limey green and rich dark green and reddish brown foliage along with a dark plum hydrangea amongst wisps of white.

Flavia Speakman from The Free Church offered us a vibrant, fiery African theme, with dark blue, purple, and cerise dyed lilies, bright sunflowers, yellow pompom chrysanthemums, and orange and pink roses and gerberas.

Maureen Schuricht's leafy hanging ivy arrangement with small white chrysanthemums and white carnations was gentle and pretty.



Flower display by the Choir

Susan Zammet, representing Alyth Synagogue, provided a blue pot of elegant, tall blue delphiniums, white chrysanthemums, limey green button chrysanthemums and yellowy green alchemilla mollis, a herbaceous border on a shelf.

Moyses Stevens, Temple Fortune, kindly donated a dainty, pink gerbera arrangement, with blue purple clematis and salvias in a low basket.

Junior Church, with the help of Honor Orme, created some examples of 'Well Dressing', practised in Derbyshire and other counties. The designs were created on a sticky base, inside a frame, using flower petals. The pictures made were colourful and delightful, featuring a house in a garden with a rainbow, a dove carrying a stem of purple clover flying in a blue sky over a green landscape with hills and a yellow cornfield, a basket of flowers and vegetables, and a yellow heart laid on a background of white, and some pink, daisies.

Joan Reece Phillips and Margaret Lancaster represented Totteridge Floral Art Club with an amazing high cascade of yellow and pink roses, yellow, pink, and white alstroemera, and white stock.

Just round the pillar, Diana Middleweek represented the New North London Synagogue with a novel display – a small dresser with ferns and leaves bursting out of drawers, sunflowers and roses climbing out of jars, jugs and bottles, and apples and green tomatoes and gardening implements dispersed on the shelves. Great fun.

Nearby, under the lectern, we had "the Minister's Choice", a colourful display of white iris, bright yellow roses and pink and purple stocks chosen by Ian (this was his challenge) and beautifully arranged in a vase (with perhaps a tiny



Anne Lowe's display remembering 1914-1918

bit of coaching from Maureen??). Anyway, it was an excellent choice!

Looking up to the organ, Anne Lowe, Free Church, had transformed the top of the wooden rail behind the curtains with a striking arrangement of pink oriental lilies, lisianthus, and trailing greenery falling gently over the cross.

Under this, on the communion table, Maureen

Schuricht, for the Free Church, had created a flaming sunset - a riot of sunflowers, red gladioli, orange and yellow lilies, hot red gerberas, and creamy orange chrysanthemums, which almost covered the whole table. Moreover, looking down, just at the foot of the table, sat a sweet little posy of peach coloured roses and gypsophila, also from Maureen's hand.

Next to this, by the side of the pulpit, was Diana Darrer's arrangement representing The Choir. And it did. It was all there, the choir stalls and singers, the organ, in rows of vibrant blue iris, lilac freesias, pink and white striped double chrysanthemums, large white roses, lilac and magenta stocks and deep vermilion chrysanthemums on a base of smaller white roses.

In front of the 1914-1918 War memorial display of the Free Church Fallen was Anne's patriotic arrangement featuring red gladioli, blue delphiniums, blue iris, white chrysanthemums, bright and dark red gerbera, tiny white spray chrysanthemums, deep pink roses and carnations, poppy seed heads, and rosemary for remembrance. A fitting tribute to those who made the supreme sacrifice.

On the side table was Elinor Delaney's graceful display for the North London Wives' Fellowship which included white lisianthus and stocks, with blue thistles, rising out and up towards the light.

Next came the formal display created by Sumie Takahashi, Master of the Koryu School of Ikebana (teacher of the class in the Free Church Hall on Tuesday afternoons). There were six minimalist displays including red gladioli, sunflowers, yellow and red chrysanthemums, red alstroemeira, and blue iris, berries, thistles, twigs, earthenware and wooden pots, and twigs. A very disciplined art using the elements of form, line, space, texture and colour, where the container is very much a part of the arrangement.

On the pillar opposite hung Diana Darrer's beautiful, quilted "Square Garden" made from cut-out squares of a variety of colourful flowery fabrics. Inspirational for all aspiring quilters.

Round the corner of that pillar was Diana Iwi's wonderful tall fanlike display for St. Jude's, comprising cream stocks, white lilies, creamy apricot carnations, deep coral pink roses, and apricot-tinged-with-yellow alstroemera.

On the next side of the same pillar Frances Phillips, St. Edward's Church, had composed a tall classic arrangement of huge creamy pink cabbage roses, blue agapanthus, deep lilac lisianthus, pale orange foxtail lilies, blue scabious, tall Bells of Ireland, and alchemilla mollis.

Turning the corner we had Patricia Larsen's vase of tall brightly coloured flowers which included dark red alstroemera, bright red and orange gerbera, cerise stocks, soft mauve wallflowers, bright red crocosmia and lilac blue buddleia representing the HGS Horticultural Society.

Opposite, Minnie Gilles had arranged a stunning display of large pink hydrangea, stately pink callum lilies, white lisianthus, and blue single delphiniums, seemingly suspended on the pillar, on behalf of Hodford Rd Methodist Church.

The next side of this pillar revealed Alison Newton's delightfully frothy arrangement of large scabious, blue nigella, cow parsley, creamy lime green hydrangeas and little button chrysanthemums "fizzing" out of a silver champagne bucket.

Walking on towards the west doors the next pillar propped up an 'Old Master' composed by Christine Barrow and Mary Charras on behalf of the Temple Fortune Art Club – a delightful golden bowl of cerise pink, apricot and white dianthus, hot pink gerbera, lilac, bright yellow, and deep peach freesias, pale purple alium, white carnations, and ivy and other greenery, escaping from a gilded frame.

Nearby, Georgia Tutton created a gentle, meditative circle of seven tiny pots containing white dianthus, chrysanthemums and sweet pea, and shocking pink gerbera and spray chrysanthemums linked in a circle of ribbon to a vortex of transparent glass, representing the Christian Meditation Group.



Adrienne Glendinning's font display

Bringing in the sunshine were the matching welcoming displays of sunflowers, yellow gerbera, creamy chrysanthemums and yellow roses on each side of the open west doors, created respectively by Maureen and Anne.

The Font had been moved into the centre of the church, and was overflowing with a mass of huge purple, blue and pink hydrangeas (purloined from Katharine Cheng's garden), purple allium, hebe and buddleia, small creamy green hydrangeas, white roses, tiny chrysanthemums and gypsophila, large greyish blue thistles, and various ferns and trailing greenery, arranged by Adrienne (Free Church).

Last but not least, representing Traidcraft, was Rosemary and John's arrangement of two pots containing cream and pink fuschia, blue lobelia and lilac violas, plus two pots of Kalanchoe, pink and cream respectively. These latter two had been a present from John to Rosemary, a spur of the moment purchase on his way home from the office, but, to his dismay, Rosemary later sold one of them to a Traidcraft customer! All in a good cause!

Finally, a big thanks to our very efficient Co-ordinator, Diana Darrer, and her team, for their hard work and commitment in organising such a superb event, and to all the talented flower arrangers from such a breadth of organisations who made our Church look absolutely fantastic. *Adrienne Glendinning*

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

An article in the Times on the 12th July entitled 'Generous acts make the world a happier place' caught my interest. The article continued: 'A study of 50 people who were given 25 Swiss francs and told to either spend it on themselves or a loved one, showed that neurons triggered during generous behaviour activated the ventral striatum, the part of the brain associated with happiness: "People underestimate the link between generosity and happiness and therefore overlook the benefits of pro-social spending," said Soyoung Park, a psychology professor at the University of Lubeck, who led the study. The research, published in Nature Communications, backed other studies which showed that those who volunteered were generally happier. So what's new? Isn't it what was Jesus mentioned in his fifth 'Happy are You' statements - if we substitute the word merciful for kind or showing compassion or simply showing care or even being generous! *Rosemary Birch.*

TRAIDCRAFT

In the latest Annual Review Special Magazine several interesting features are mentioned from 'Farming without fear in Kenya's vegetable section' where in spite of the demand for vegetables lagging behind last year, Traidcraft's Exchange program's help in training, record keeping and financial



Rozina, Bangladesh

management and with their local partner 'The Kenya Rights Commission' have made farmers and packhouse workers more aware of their rights and more able to secure better terms of employment. Another article concerns the textile artisans in Northern India who are running profitable businesses using eco-friendly techniques - the use of natural dyes, recycled materials, good health and safety standards are directly benefitting 12,500 artisan households.. But it's the Exchange work in Bangladesh's tea sector, still relatively new, that are already showing some promising signs. The districts of Tetulia, Panchgarh and Beliadangi are amongst the poorest areas in Bangladesh where the people living there struggle to earn enough money to survive. 3000 tea growers have been organised into 60 collectives - this increases their bargaining power whilst also giving them a chance to share knowledge and best practice. 120 leaders (two from each collective) have been trained in group leadership and operations. 1.5 million tea saplings have been given to 812 tea growers depending on their needs. 3000 tea growers received training on modern agricultural practice to boost the quantity and quality of their crop. The effects are dramatic on their lives. In the words of Jakaria: "I became an example for my village and the people who are from poverty see hope in me. I got a post as 'treasurer' in our small tea growers association. I do not only dream to educate my children I also dream for the people of the village. I dream to help the people in need.' The Exchange has made a particular effort to support women - helping them through tea to fight poverty and social exclusion. Rozina writes: 'My self-esteem and will power have multiplied many times now. I am confident about my success and I aspire to do more.'

The wonderful fact is that through your generous contributions by adding on that extra bit of change on the purchase at the stall and through your donations at the monthly coffee mornings I have just been able to send a cheque for £50 to support this life-changing program.

PLEASE CARRY ON BUYING FROM THE TRAIDCRAFT STALL

Rosemary Birch

FROM THE ARCHIVE

August 1917

In 1911 the newly formed Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church, linked with Gold Hill Church, Chalfont St Peter, “with the view that town churches should be associated with the small and often isolated country churches”. This is a happy account from Work and Worship 1917 of a recent visit: “*The Gold Hill Anniversary* proved a happy occasion. Nearly twenty of our people journeyed over, and were entertained to tea in the homes of the Gold Hill people. Mr Rushbrooke preached in the afternoon, and in the evening Messrs Doxsy, Gudridge, F W Robinson, B A Shouler and Gale Thomas spoke, whilst Mrs Doxsy and Mrs Robinson sang. The intercourse with our friends of the sister church was altogether delightful, and the report of the work done by the members (and especially the women) of this country church was an inspiration. The Revd Thomas Davies is to be congratulated on the way in which his people are carrying on through such a difficult time. We rejoice with them in the manifest blessing accompanying their work.”



Free Church Gift Day brought the largest response yet made on such an occasion - £109.18s 4d. “The Church officers are deeply grateful.”

August 1957

“The *Suburb Golden Jubilee* was an overwhelming success. There has never been such a memorable Jubilee anywhere – let’s do it again – a Suburb week every year!” This was written by members of the 52 Club in their paper FOCUS in August. It continues: “Why wait for the big occasions? Why not a shot in the arm every year? Let’s see the lights go up again on the Square each summer. The whole week’s celebrations were a success from beginning to end, but the best thing of all was seeing Central Square come to life. It was wonderful to be able to go up there every evening and be sure of meeting and mingling with people you know and would like to know. Just to go and have a coffee and watch the crowds go by, what a difference to the usual deserted formality of the Suburb’s centre. It could be done. Let’s make it the first week in July, Wimbledon week so we are sure of good weather. Put up a marquee and provide refreshments every



night, the profits should cover the cost of the tent. Make sure that the HGS Tennis Finals take place on the first or last Saturday. Have the P and PU [Play and Pageant Union] open air play running during that week. Arrange a United Service on the first Sunday. Have country dancing one evening and a children's fancy dress parade another. Arrange a Suburb Ball in the Institute and dancing on the Square. Every one of these things can be organised with a minimum of effort and will all pay for themselves." WOW!!

The Jubilee Great Balloon Race The £1 prize offered by the organisers has been won by Mrs Hawkins of Asmunds Place. Her balloon was found by an airman in Strubby, near Alford, Lincolnshire. The finder also receives £1. All proceeds were part of a scheme to raise funds for the building of Fellowship House – replacing the Club house which was destroyed by a land-mine on Willifield Green during the war.

In **News of People** congratulations went to *Jean Day (Hackett)* on her new job as a Medical Secretary at Westminster Hospital. Jean had been at the BBC for a number of years but decided the new job offered more scope. Another club member *Michael Darke* had won the Mixed Doubles of the HGS Tennis Club, with partner *Judy Taylor*. Apart from being secretary of the Jubilee he had also found time to design the new Fellowship House and his plan was published in the Hampstead and Highgate Express.

Gift Day target surpassed: the target set by the Church - £800 – has been reached and passed, with odd amounts still being received. Congratulations to everyone on a momentous achievement.

September 1917

From Work and Worship September 1917

Harvest Thanksgiving The members of the Church and congregation are reminded that this is one of three occasions in the year – the others being the Church Anniversary and Gift Day – when an appeal for the Building Fund is made. A generous contribution, following the success of Gift Day, will ensure the meeting of all our liabilities upon this fund for the present year.....

Albert Sreeves Private, 1:12 London Regiment has fallen in France. He was wounded in the course of an engagement near Ypres on 16 August, and expired on the following day. During his three years of Army service he had suffered illness and the effects of "tear shells" in Malta, Egypt, Gallipoli and France. He had



endured the hardships of the trenches, but not until 16 August had he taken part in a charge, when he was fatally wounded on the first occasion of "going over the top". Sympathy was offered to his parents and his brother, also on active service.



The Huts cemetery, Belgium where Private Albert Sreeves is remembered

Our friends and fellow Church members, Mr and Mrs Dowsett of Hampstead Way, have sustained a heavy bereavement. On Saturday

1 September their daughter

Millicent, while standing on the pavement at the bottom of Temple Fortune Lane, was struck and instantly killed by a motor wagon out of control. Milly was but 11 years old, a bright clever winsome child, a true disciple. For two years in succession she had been a prizewinner in the SSU scripture examination, and her school fellows will miss her sadly. Our hearts go out in affectionate sympathy to the bereaved parents and younger sister. God comfort them!

September 1957

The Church archive includes the following articles, including the log book of all the camping expeditions, (see September 1957) with maps, photos, stories, etc. – a record of happy, carefree times and FUN gatherings.

Following the success of the Suburb Golden Jubilee celebrations in July the Editors of FOCUS had suggested there would be a Suburb Week every year without too much expense and planning, and they sat back to await comments. They followed: representatives of certain Suburb organisations showed signs of indignation or amusement at the suggestion that a Suburb Week could consist of events which need "the minimum of effort to organise". The Editors said they were sorry: what was meant was that little *additional* effort would be required.....

The '52 Club's Summer Camp near Henley was reported – a shortened account of their antics follows:

"Most of us had the usual rush on Friday evening: dash home from work, change, pack, eat (if lucky!) and dash up to the hall. Some arrived on foot weighed down by packs, some brought up by Dad in the car – there were some who even arrived in a taxi! The lorry rattled along at a good pace, arriving on the site in just enough time to pitch camp before nightfall. We

soon came across *Disadvantage no. 1* during the dusk struggle with guy ropes and tent pegs. For although there were no cows in the field when we arrived they had left their mark, or rather marks. The clearing of this menace was one of the first jobs on Saturday morning, but shortly afterwards we were confronted by *Disadvantage no. 2*, consisting of an invasion by wasps. We were lucky to have Miles with us, for he soon located the nest and then efficiently set up a series of wasp traps at strategic points round the site. Naturally with such weather, we spent a lot of time in or around the river. Our site this year was about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile downstream from Aston Ferry, and about the same distance from "The Flower Pot", a public house, with its various amenities. We were camped about twenty yards from the river bank and most of us bathed at least twice a day. As our years advance, so the Lilo becomes more and more popular as an aid to comfortable camping. We had seven or eight this year and were able to stage a mass water rally to Aston Ferry and back with two or three per Lilo. Carol retired with cramp, Roger Swynnerton had a puncture and sank, and Miles' Lilo split in two (each half remaining afloat), but the majority of us arrived safely, dried in the sun, and then coasted easily back downstream. Other highlights of the weekend were a gentleman's apres-nager (post-swim) beauty parlour, arranged by the ladies, and a visit by the Druce family on Sunday. Michael Columb brought them down and they stayed with us the remaining day. In the evening the camp fire was occasionally lit by fiendish flares, while photographs were taken, while trying to sing gay songs and look natural. Thanks to all the helpers for a most enjoyable weekend."



Anne Lowe



(See Matthew 7:24-27)

03-30-2011

THE WISE BUT CONFUSED MAN BUILDS HIS
ROCK UPON A HOUSE

JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

Wednesday 21st June / Sunday 25th. June. “We’re having a heat wave, a tropical heatwave...” in the words of the (very old) song - most of the country but not west Wales. Borth’s micro-climate was in evidence - strong cold winds and rain. In the breaks, which included all of Friday, we were able to get in some gardening, ending with a recognisable lawn, just a few weeds and lots of flowers. We called on various members of the family, South Wales contingent, and came home with 15 duck eggs - there is definitely a “duck egg blue” colour - from Rosemary’s brother.



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Monday 26th June. Although the Brexit roundabout has, officially, started to grind around, no outcome – or even direction – seems as yet to be in sight. This is not only because the process is complicated: there is also so much different input, from many viewpoints. I’m reminded of the situation the ancient Cretes found themselves in: the chronicler Saki said “unfortunately they make much more history than they can consume locally” - and it doesn’t matter if the ‘history’ was real or imagined.

Wednesday 28th June. There’s been a spot of bother in Bruges - where two of our grandsons are going for a short break next month - maybe they’ll let us have an update. It started when a tourist realised that cafes were charging 10% more to visitors, for meals, than “locals” - which includes anyone Flemish or Belgian. The proprietors say they are encouraging loyalty, building up regular customers. I can see their point. The tourist board – sorry “Federal public services economy office” - said the cafes were not discriminating – “for example based on race or belief”. As the row started over the local double fried frites it will be interesting to see how it pans out



Saturday 1st July/ Sunday 2nd July. The Flower Festival was a great success. The number of displays, from so many different sources, was astounding. The presentation and colours were fascinating. The church not only looked like, but smelt like, a vast country garden. As I walked around I realised that each display told a different story, imagination combined with the skills of arranging. The outdoor service on Sunday - church in garden, garden in church - was both informal and a great act of praise. Being outdoors in the sunshine inspired amazing unaccompanied singing. On both days there were many visitors: all seemed to enjoy and appreciate

the Festival - to those who put in so much hard work, it was all worthwhile.

Tuesday 4th July. At present, we are dog-sitting. Sally's two lovely chocolate Labrador, one just out of puppyhood, the other very elderly. I came back from walking the younger one. A lovely evening. We sat outside: for about 20 minutes. A police helicopter was hovering close by. We went in. Started supper. Bell rang. "Who is it?" I said through the closed front door. "Police: can you give us access to the rear garden?". "Yes", I answered, opening the front door, to be confronted by three officers and a muscular German Shepherd, straining on his leash. "He's got a scent". "Just a minute whilst I get hold of our dog - there's a second one but she's asleep under the table". The whole party rushed through, came back after ten minutes: "No luck. He's long gone but thank you for your co-operation." We finished supper, indoors.



Friday 7th July. A close friend phoned to say that Millicent Slack had passed away. We knew that she had recently been unwell but it will take time to fully realize that Millicent is no longer with us. She was always cheerful. I don't remember our first meeting: I was a new born. Millicent and Kenneth had moved to Shrewsbury with Kenneth in his first posting as minister at the Presbyterian Church. Millicent was expecting (Nick) as was my mother (me). They used to push their prams together. The time was Autumn/Winter 1941. My mother lost contact with Millicent. Our family got to know her well when she started attending the Free Church. My mother was visiting: suddenly there were cries of "Margaret" "Millicent" and after many years they were reunited. Until just a few years ago Millicent was a great traveller, eager to see as much of the world as possible - we had postcards from Singapore, Iceland, Canada and Hawaii, even a total journey time of 37 hours from that last destination did not put her off. Her faith and her full life made her one of the most outgoing and understanding people I have ever met. A great privilege to have known her. She was still very active: before her move to Yorkshire she took in her stride a seaside holiday which turned from two weeks into several after a fall. In a local nursing home she had a tumble in the bathroom and as a precaution a doctor was called: "Is there anything you would like?" "A sherry please". Always Millicent, never to be forgotten.

Saturday 8th July A 24 hour visit to Wales centered on seeing granddaughter Becky in the RWCMD's Summer Festival concert (Royal Welsh

College of Music and Drama - you can see why they use the initials). She was one of seven sopranos in the Voice Ensemble, singing a piece by Mendelssohn, in German. There were also performances by pianists and harpists. The particular occasion was the 20th birthday of the Junior Conservatoire for young people from four up to 19. We then moved from the foyer to the impressive modern concert hall to hear the 'Side by Side' orchestra ('side by side' because professionals were mentoring and playing alongside talented youngsters) - the biggest orchestra I have ever seen - 74 players. The programme included Mendelssohn's Piano Concerto no 1 the soloist being Owen Putter, age 15. It was just not his talent - and that of everyone else who took part - which was amazing - but also their poise and confidence. In the Foyer concert each player had to introduce his/her piece and take the applause at the end. Oh, and during the concert interval the Junior Jazz ensemble performed, playing amongst other things, Happy Birthday.

Monday 10th July Businesses with witty names often get attention - but they also have to perform. 'Wright Hassall' are solicitors. 'Grate Expectations' - for a long time in East Finchley by the Bald Faced Stag - sold fire places. 'Tree Wise Men' is another local firm in Colindale. 'Surelock Homes' are locksmiths. From my estate agents background 'Doolittle and Daley', in Kidderminster, reflects what many people feel about us.

John Birch



Fear and Faith

In these challenging times we may feel helpless, confronted by forces working together to undermine the very fabric of our society. There is a rise in anger and verbal abuse in the media particularly since the Brexit vote. Within the UK we have experienced terrorist attacks in Manchester, Westminster, London Bridge and in Finsbury Park against Muslims following prayers during Ramadan. The fire in the Grenfell Tower has caused great loss as well as physical and emotional suffering. This has led to questions about the treatment of people in social housing.



My recent daily Bible Reading notes entitled 'Fear and Faith' explored Isaiah 14v3-23. Throughout history there have been wars, conflict and rivalry. Isaiah speaking many centuries ago proclaimed an oracle against the superpower of his day - Babylon. Isaiah predicts that while at the moment Babylon's star is in the ascendant in the future this star will fall.

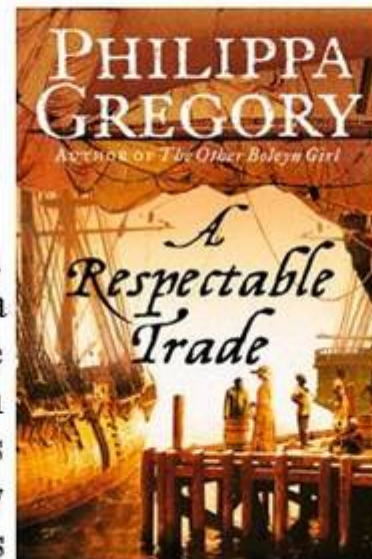
It is never inevitable that evil will prevail, although we may fear it will. Fear is the great enemy of faith because it paralyzes us and makes us doubt. The saying 'Do not be afraid' occurs many times in the Bible and we seem to need reminding not to fear on a daily basis. Isaiah encourages peoples, past and present, to keep the faith. To cast out fear is to dare to believe. The father of a boy with 'unclean spirit' says to Jesus, 'I believe, help my unbelief.' (Mark 9v24). And in Psalm 112v7 we read 'They are not afraid of evil tidings; their hearts are firm, secure in the Lord'. So we should not be afraid of bad news but keep trusting in the Lord and look for the good news around us. In the recent disasters we have seen the police, fire service and medical staff rush to help people. Religious groups and communities have opened up their buildings and provided support and help to the people affected.

We pray that the Church will 'rise up' and take a positive lead in promoting reconciliation, both within communities where needed and between the nations of the UK that in these uncertain times many will open up to the hope and certainty of the Gospel. Help us to remember that 'Perfect Love casts out fear'. Give us hope in these difficult times. Amen

Jenny Stonhold

BOOK REVIEW

A Respectable Trade by Philippa Gregory. Harper Collins 2011



Although this book was published twenty years ago, I had not come across it till now – a pity as it is a good read and raises a lot of issues. The ‘respectable trade’ of the title is the slave trade in which British people were engaged from 1570 onwards. Historians estimate that since that date about fifteen to twenty million Africans were captured and shipped across the Atlantic – a quarter of them dying on the voyage,

a quarter on landing and a further quarter on the sugar plantations. The prosperity of 18th century Britain was founded on the profits from this barbarity and the majority of the great country houses we visit and admire today were financed by the vast profits of this slave trade. Famously, Jane Austen writes in her novel ‘Mansfield Park’ of the heroine Fanny Price marrying into the family of Sir Thomas Bertram, a plantation (and therefore slave) owner. Interestingly, Fanny is the most moral and earnest of all Jane Austen’s heroines but she is given only one sentence questioning the morality of Sir Thomas’s fortune – and the matter is left there.

Philippa Gregory’s novel focuses on a group of African slaves brought to a Bristol household in 1787, as many were, to be household servants without pay. Frances Cole, the young inexperienced lady of the small house is tasked with the training of these ‘goods’, to be sold on in England at a profit. Frances as a good Christian does her best to be humane in her treatment but is forced by her subservient position as wife into agreeing to behaviours she would normally be shielded from. The most shocking and extreme example is when she is forced by her husband to arrange for a visiting magnate and plantation owner to rape one of the newly arrived slaves, in the house, at the end of a drunken dinner. Husband Josiah too is affected by the rape which he witnesses on his own hearthrug by his guest. Josiah was invited to join in but refused.

‘He had made his fortune from the Trade but he had never abused an individual. All the pain and grief had happened far away, out of sight, out of earshot.’

This quotation about Josiah could apply to all of us collectively. In my own case we dutifully drew in our History exercise books at school, the

large arrow from Britain to Africa carrying guns and trinkets, another from Africa to the West Indies and America carrying slaves, and a third from there across the Atlantic to Britain carrying sugar, rum and tobacco, to be sold at enormous profit.



Did we learn about the human realities

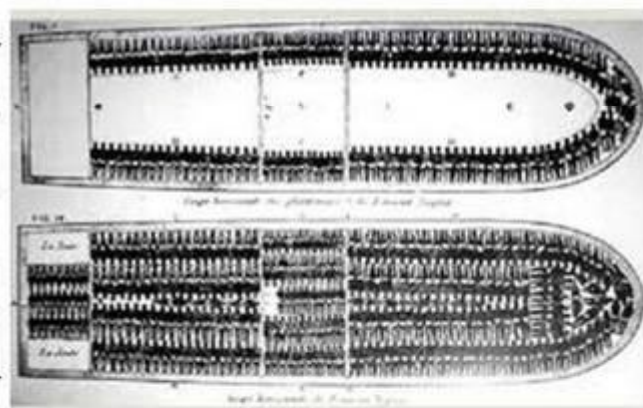
of this trade? No. We learnt the good news that this wealth enabled Britain to become the Workshop of the World; we also learnt that William Wilberforce and William Pitt succeeded with their Bill in Parliament for the abolition of the Slave Trade in British ships and colonies in 1807.

But existing slaves were not freed until 1833 when the British government paid compensation to every slave owner at enormous cost (not compensation to every slave!) Of course the gentler version of history is appropriate for schoolchildren; but as adults we should face the less sanitised version of this history and acknowledge the vast suffering on which the past prosperity of Britain was based.

The novel does not pull many punches where the condition of the African slaves is concerned, but the reader finds the author's treatment of the central love story less believable. The leader of the group of slaves is Mehuru, a priest and high-up in his Yoruba tribe in Africa and Frances is a totally repressed Englishwoman, but their love would have been better treated Jane-Austen style, from afar; as it is, their affair goes unnoticed by the husband in spite of being consummated in his house. In true Mills and Boon manner, Frances finds the

sensual side of herself with Mehuru which had previously been blocked. Perhaps the author had had a TV series in mind as she wrote; in fact it was televised in the 1990's!

The most vivid parts are the descriptions of life on board the ship from Africa – so degrading and cruel the reader hardly dares to



remember them – people chained lying down with no sanitation, below decks, rarely fed or watered, made to dance on deck for the crew's amusement, - if they tried to die by starvation, a metal helmet was placed on their head and they were force-fed through the helmet with boiling soup. In fact, it was a plan of the crowded and cruel conditions on board

slave ships that enabled Wilberforce to gain support for his Bill, especially when he took people to the docks where the smell of the ships alone spoke volumes.

In spite of the odious way he makes his money, the reader has compassion for Josiah. He comes from very small beginnings but prides himself on being honest in trade, paying his dues and staying within the law. He longs to be part of the 'top table' in the Bristol coffee house where the bigwigs run the whole port of Bristol, making immense profits for themselves and excluding small men like Josiah. Then, to his delight, he is invited to join them. However, their real motive is to have him bear the cost of their failing spa business; they then trick him by diverting the spa water to their own newly purchased area above his spa. Then when two of his ships fail to return, he is completely ruined, mentally as well as financially.

The book needs to be more widely read as a reminder of this problematic side to British history. For not only were the great country houses of the 18th century built on the proceeds of this trade, but it was also the foundation of the modern banking system and the funds that propelled the Industrial Revolution. It is also worth remarking that the final abolition of slave ownership in 1833 was only achieved by the biggest Government buy-out in British history until the Government's bail-out of the banks in 2008. However, it is a well-told story in its own right and it can be highly recommended.

Marion Ditchfield

THURSDAY FELLOWSHIP

The next meeting will be on 21st September in the Church Rooms at 2.30 pm (no meeting in August) when Jenny and Brian Stonhold will return and give

An illustrated talk on 'Life in Wales'

These friendly meetings begin with tea and refreshments and everyone is warmly invited to join us.

ADVANCE NOTICE: Our next Castaway on the Desert Island will be John Birch on the 19th October. Come and listen to his favourite eight discs. Will he return safely?



Rosemary Birch

Ethiopia and Permaculture (cont).

In this article David chronicles more about his permaculture trials in Ethiopia and his adventures there..

We went straight to work identifying suitable locations for each of our projects and I settled down to teaching in class and then out into the field for practicals, such as building swales, which are rainwater harvesting earthworks, and earth-bag construction techniques, with which we can build all



manner of structures from houses and grain stores, to water storage systems etc.

I am also into alternative energy systems, so I taught how to build a compost powered hot water system, a wood-fired Pizza oven... and Lorenzo stoves.

Soil erosion is a big issue in many developing nations, so teaching how, not only to mitigate its effects, but also ways to restore eroded landscapes is vitally important.

Ethiopians are reputed to be the world's best at building terraces but with impoverished soils and erosion next to nothing grows - hence the need for UN food program distribution centres.

By teaching farmers how to utilise the principles of Permaculture to grow new foods, how to use organic fertilisers and crop rotation methods to improve soil quality, along with water preservation systems, these communities now have the knowledge and skillsets with which they can provide themselves with both food and water security against future famine scenarios.

As an example, within ten years (2021), the children from these communities will have planted around 820,000 trees that will have been produced by the two tree nurseries that we helped them establish.

These trees will not only provide fruit, nuts and oil, but also a variety of timbers for construction purposes; and, as the trees are planted on their own land, by the time they leave school, not only will they be healthier through better nutrition, but their trees will also be providing them with a regular income.

After a couple of weeks, we noticed that one of the kitchen staff who brought the food out to the tables wasn't looking too good, so having suggested that he should perhaps lay down for a bit, he replied, "It's OK, it's just a touch of typhoid!" You can imagine how we all reacted to his somewhat laissez-faire attitude!

Over the next few days, not only did some of the members of our team begin to feel sick, but other tourists staying at the lodge began to drop like flies. Sure enough, this chap had sparked off a mini typhoid epidemic, so along with the handful of tourists that were there, we decided to put ourselves under quarantine. This wasn't as bad as it seems, as we were able to keep ourselves occupied by holding teaching sessions in the classroom that we had just rebuilt. Class was often interrupted with an urgent "sorry, I've got to go" as someone suddenly dashed out, in urgent need of a toilet. When the last to recover (one of the American girls) came back from a toilet break proudly announcing that she had produced a normal poo, everybody was elated. We knew that we should wait a



few more days to make sure the epidemic was over, but we were so much looking forward to getting back out into the villages again so as continue teaching the locals.

One night we were awoken by a few seemingly random gunshots. I quickly got dressed and from the door of my mud hut which was conveniently located on the top of a small hill, I peered into the thick blackness of the night in order to try and see what was going on. We could now hear women screaming and the awful sound of deep mournful wailing coming from houses on the edge of town, just a matter of some 600 or so metres away across the road from our location. Suddenly muzzle flashes erupted from the same area, as a barrage of gunfire filled the night. We could easily identify two components to the firefight from the location of the muzzle flashes, as we stood in awe at the drama that was unfolding below us. It is hard to say how long the battle lasted, probably no longer than 15 to 20 minutes, but as time went on, the shooting became more sporadic, and further away, as one group was clearly being chased out of town. We eventually headed back to our beds and slept without any

further incident.

First thing in the morning, we were told that there had been an attempted robbery at the home of the town's mayor and in the process the robbers had shot the mayor dead. However by lunchtime, we began to hear about a power struggle between two political rivals, which had developed to the point that what we had witnessed was in fact a revenge attack for some earlier incident, resulting in an assassination, and the ensuing gun battle between the supporters of each of the individuals concerned.

Later in the day we were informed that the town was under martial law, roadblocks had been set up just down the road from us, as a curfew had been initiated where no-one could enter, or leave town between 6:00 pm and 6:00 am. This severely restricted the work that we were doing in the surrounding villages, as we had to factor in the time that we would have to finish work, so as to be able to travel back through Konso and home before the curfew, in order to avoid the risk being stranded in town, or worse, on the other side of town and having nowhere to sleep. Fortunately, the situation calmed down after a few days. The military left town and on the surface things returned to normal.

With my travels around the world, I had already been exposed to a handful of tropical diseases, with symptoms ranging from mildly irritating, to downright inconvenient; but during my last week in Konso, I was to experience something that was to take me to within a gnat's whisker of losing my life.

At the end of what appeared to be a normal day's teaching, I began to head down the path towards my mud hut. With my colleagues talking shop with some of our local students, I was pleased to realise that I was going to be the first to hit the showers and would subsequently be able to enjoy a warm shower from the limited amount of water that the sun would have heated up in the water pipes coming from the tanks during the day. Having only covered some 50 metres or so, I was surprised to find that I was becoming short of breath, and my breathing was becoming decidedly laboured as I climbed the remaining 50 metres up what was now a slight incline towards my hut.

Showering was problematic, as I hardly had the strength to lift my arms high enough to wash my hair and drying myself off was almost impossible. With each step heading towards the showers having already required a huge effort, by the time I had covered half of the ten metres from the shower back to the door of my hut, it was taking a momentous effort to even shuffle one foot past the other, until I found myself unable to move at all.

Steve found me pretty much rooted to the spot and asked if I was OK. All I could manage was one word with each breath, so I replied: "I... can't... breathe...!" Steve stood in front of me so that I could hold on his back, and he effectively dragged me into my hut and somewhat unceremoniously dumped me on my bed.

In the space of no more than ten or fifteen minutes, I had gone from my normal state of health to the point that not only was breathing difficult, but with every breath that I took came a pain in my lungs that I had never experienced before. After some time lying on my back, almost forcing myself to breathe, despite the pain, I felt the need to turn over. However, as soon as I began to roll onto my left side, I experienced a sensation as if a balloon full of water was in my left lung. I could feel the full weight of it pushing down on me. Wow, I thought. I can't do that, so began to roll onto my right side. The same thing happened; I could feel this great weight, as if again, my other lung also had a water filled balloon in it. I had no choice but to remain flat on my back.

With the local doctor having no idea as what was occurring, and with the nearest hospital being a three hour drive away over pot-holed dirt roads, I was clearly in no state to be able to cope with such a journey. Unknown to me, attempts were being made to get the hospital to send a doctor out to me. However, with all attempts to get a mobile signal appearing to be futile, as a last resort just before midnight, it was decided to send a chap to the hospital on a motorcycle in order to request an emergency call out. Steve came to check on me and to give me an update on what was being done, and then headed off to bed.

Not long after this, I began to become aware that despite forcing myself to breathe through the pain, each successive breathe was getting shallower and shallower. It wouldn't have taken a rocket scientist to figure out that eventually, I would not be able to get enough oxygen to remain conscious, and as such, the realisation dawned on me that before long, it was highly likely that I would pass out.

A thought went through my mind analysing what would be the likely scenario in the event that I did pass out; I was now making such a concerted effort to breathe, that I concluded that in the absence of such a conscious effort, it was likely that I would stop breathing and subsequently lose the battle for life.

Soon after, my breathing deteriorated rapidly and I was now desperately trying to breathe: I felt a sense of panic flood over me as I began to lose consciousness. With the last three breaths I was able to take, I found myself saying three words: "Jesus... save... me...!"

I came round just after sunrise, no different from usual; no breathing problems, no pain, and no water filled balloons in my lungs. As I walked into the dining room for breakfast, everybody looked at me as if they had seen a ghost; they were discussing who had the courage to check up on me, as considering the state that I had been in the previous night, none of them expected me to make it through to morning.

Despite feeling fine, I was told to relax, but as the doctor, who had finally made it from Arba Minch, had given me a clean bill of health following a thorough examination, I was back teaching in class after lunch.

To this day, despite talking to doctors here in the UK, I have no idea as to what happened that night, but for sure, if I was a cat, I lost one of my nine lives that night.

With a virtually non-existent phone signal in Konso, I had had no means of contacting Flavia to let her know that I was ill, so was surprised to find an e-mail when we arrived back in Addis Ababa, written the night that I was ill, asking if I was OK.

It turned out that pretty much the same time that I took a turn for the worse; Flavia began to feel that something was wrong with me and not being able to get me on my phone, sent me the e-mail, and began praying. Between midnight and 3 am, the sense of concern had morphed to one of dread; she began to call friends to support her in prayer and prayed till 4 am, when she felt the burden lift off of her and was able to fall asleep.

The fervent prayer of a righteous man (or woman) availeth much. God does not have a magic wand that he uses to fix things; He has an army of prayer warriors. I am so blessed to have found that my wife can be counted as one of them, as otherwise you would likely not be reading this account today.

David Speakman



(See Genesis 11:1-9)

11-27-2006

**NATURALLY, ONLY A PERCENTAGE OF THE
POST-BABEL CROWD GOT HIS JOKE ABOUT
"BABELLING ON"**

Growing Old: Brexit and the Corn Laws

The older one gets the more one tends to think about childhood. This is something we are told we should not do. Instead, we are told we should focus as much as possible on the here and now, keep ourselves busy and active and generally put away notions that we are getting old and a bit feeble: the past is the past and should know its place. This is particularly annoying advice, especially when it takes the form of recommending that we should take up things like hang-gliding, white-water rafting, kite surfing or one of the many other 'excitement' activities that infest modern leisure. Why should we have to become rather poor imitations of people much younger than ourselves in order to be taken seriously? Indeed, why is it assumed that we would rather be youthful than not youthful. After all,



we have already been there, done that, got the T-shirt (youth that is, not necessarily the hang-gliding etc). But young people have never been old people and have little or no idea what goes on in their heads – and even less interest. Which is a pity! Memory and experience can be quite precious commodities. For most of history in most civilisations it has been a question of 'respect age' and 'listen to your elders' on the reasonable assumption that they've seen it all before and the mere fact that they've survived so long is worthy of respect anyway.

The standard, lazy objection to all of this is that 'the world of today is very different from the world they (ie the aged) grew up in' or words to that effect. Which misses the obvious point that this has been true of every generation. There is nothing new here, it is simply part of the human condition. This lazy objection is usually made in the context of technology – computers, IT etc – and our supposed inferior ability to understand and navigate the paraphernalia of social media. Which overlooks the fact that – apart from operational



capability – the young no more understand how these things actually work than we do. We were in the same position with the advent of wireless and (later) television. As a child, there were these things called wirelesses or radio sets sitting on our sideboards which we were supposed to listen to. We hadn't a clue how they worked (ie the theory of valves, rectifiers, condensers etc) but we knew enough to tune them in and play around with aerials, earths, accumulators etc. Not so with many of the older generation. I remember my grandfather – an engineer – being completely non-plussed when he was asked

by my sister and me to switch the radio from the Light Programme to the Home Service so that we could listen to the next episode of an exciting serial on Children's Hour (bear in mind that there were no repeats or 'catch-ups' in those days. If you missed it you missed it!) This required a change of waveband from Long to Medium and this was beyond him. Such operations had not been part of his world and though he might even understand some of the theory of radio transmission and reception, practical application was not part of his world. (It should be explained that our parents – who normally undertook this operation - happened to be absent at the vital time).

And this is the trouble with technology and technical innovation: every generation thinks it is experiencing something unique, something that will change society for ever, without realising it has all happened before and that almost certainly it will happen again, that it will simply be a question of 'plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose', ie everything changes and nothing changes.

In fact the older I get, the more I seem to use my grandfather as some kind of reference point for my own memories (we lived with him for a number of years after the war). Born in 1870, he had a good memory which enabled him to reminisce about his childhood, national events, political interests etc. I can remember him and my mother discussing the monarchy and what the queen was doing. The conversation went on for a considerable time, getting evermore bogged down in puzzling non-sequiturs until he said 'of course, I'm talking about the old queen, not the present queen'. More to the point he could also remember his own grandfather talking about the passionate discussions he (his grandfather) had had as a young man with friends and acquaintances about the repeal of the corn laws. Thinking about it now this memory throws into focus our own debate about Brexit. There are eerie similarities between the two. Basically, it was a battle between free-traders on the one hand who wanted the punitive duties on corn abolished and the landed gentry on the other who wanted to maintain them in the interests of autarky and their own enrichment. In a sense, the free-traders were the globalisers of the day, the nowhere people, the technocrats behind the industrial revolution whereas the aristocrats and landed gentry were the somewhere people who saw the industrial revolution and the growth of a vast workforce



as a threat to their traditions. As usual it was a mixture of ideology and self-interest. The industrial revolution had created a working class that

JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITIONS

Entries for the second competition in "UK Towns and Places" are still coming in - the best score up to now is 11 out of 13.

Here is competition number 3:

1. A gap in the Seven Sisters
2. Shooting competitions held here
3. Lights up in the Autumn
4. Second tunnel up the Thames
5. A safari park in Scotland
6. Winston Churchill's ancestral home
7. Home of the Stump
8. England not Australia
9. Chocolate
10. Circuit in Kent
11. Donkey noise
12. Grooms partner
13. Royal Pavilion



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Another helpful hint: this time the answers all start with 'B'

John Birch

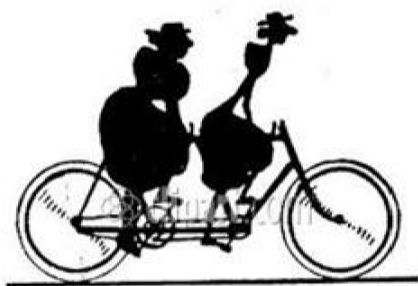
needed to be fed as cheaply as possible. Cheap labour and high profits were the aim - aims that are nowadays largely achieved by the import of cheap East European labour (instead of cheap corn). It was all a curious pre-echo of the Brexit debate. This debate raged from roughly 1815 when the duties were imposed (following the Napoleonic wars) until 1846 when they were

finally repealed, much longer than our own debate. In that instance, the free-traders, the globalisers, won the day. But then nothing is forever, particularly in Britain. Following the experience of two world wars Britain introduced a system of agricultural subsidies in 1947 which, with important modifications, was incorporated into the Common Agricultural Policy after joining the EU. And that is the situation till this day. And whatever happens will the day come when, generations hence, someone remembers being told how their grandfather's grandfather had witnessed the great Brexit debate?

John Ditchfield

WORDSEARCH: MODES OF TRANSPORT

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



AMBULANCE BARGE BOAT
 BUS CAMEL CANOE CAR
 DONKEY ELEPHANT EURO-STAR
 HANG-GLIDER HELICOPTER
 HORSE LIMOUSINE LONG-BOAT
 MOTOR-CYCLE MULE PONY
 PLANE RICK-SHAW SAILING-SHIP
 SEDAN-CHAIR SHANKS-PONY SKI-LIFT
 STEAMER SUBMARINE TANDEM
 TRAIN UNDER-GROUND



DIARY

Regular Events

All services taken by Revd Dr Ian Tutton unless indicated

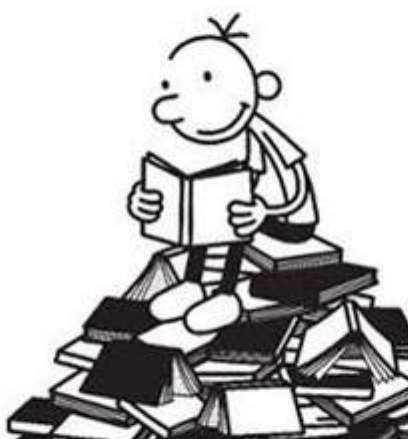
Mondays 10.00am to 11.30am Studying together, Elders' Vestry

Wednesdays 10.00am to 12 noon Toddler and Parent/Carer group, Church Rooms.

Thursdays 8pm Choir practice (alternate Thursdays) restarts September

Sundays 10.00am Choir Practice (young singers) 10.30am (adults) restarts September

Christian Meditation - Meditators meet on alternate weeks to meditate together. For further information, contact Georgia Tutton at: gmrtutton@aol.com



AUGUST

- 6 11.00am Family Communion Service**
- 11 1.00pm Piano Recital by Masa Tayama in Free Church**
- 13 11.00am Family Worship**
- 20 11.00am Family Worship**
- 27 11.00am Family Worship**

SEPTEMBER

- 2 10.30 am Drop in-Coffee Morning, Traidcraft Stall & Clothing Exchange in Church**
- 3 11.00am Family Communion Service**
- 9 7.00-9.00pm Youth Group**
- 10 11.00am Family Worship**
6.30pm Evening Praise with Communion
- 12 7.30pm Elders Court**
- 16 10.00am to 6.00pm Open House, Free Church open**
- 17 11.00am Family Worship**
1.00pm to 6.00pm Open House, Free Church open

- 21 2.30pm Thursday Fellowship
 23 7.00-9.00pm Youth Group
 24 **11.00 Harvest Festival Service** followed by lunch in Church Hall
6.30pm Evening Praise
 30 1.00pm Piano Recital by Madeleine Jones in Free Church,
 Lunch in support of Christian Aid served from 12.15

OCTOBER

- 1 **11.00am Family Communion Service**
 7 10.30 am Drop in-Coffee Morning, Traidcraft Stall & Clothing Exchange in Church
 7.00-9.00pm Youth Group
 8 **11.00am Family Worship**
6.30pm Evening Praise with Communion
 10 **8.00pm Deacons Court**
 14 **10.00-12.00** Saturday Church meeting



NEWS AND VIEWS



PRODUCTION
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 EDITORIAL PANEL
 TYPESETTER
 EDITOR

John Ditchfield
 Jill Purdie and others
 Joan Holton and Marion Ditchfield
 John Ditchfield
 Marion Ditchfield

The October issue will be published on Sunday 1st October and articles should be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 10th September.

We welcome articles, as well as reviews of books, films, plays etc. from members and friends. These will not always represent the views of the editorial panel or of the Church. Publication is at the discretion of the Editors.

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