

NEWS & VIEWS

*Hampstead Garden Suburb
Free Church*



JULY 2017

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

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

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| 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 revdlindfield@yahoo.co.uk |
| 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 734

JULY 2017

Dear Friends,

I am writing this in the immediate aftermath of the fire that engulfed Grenfell Tower in North Kensington. In 1974, Paul Newman and Steve McQueen starred in the Hollywood blockbuster, 'The Towering Inferno', but this was different, this was **real**; **real** people, **real** lives, a **real life** tragedy. None of us can even begin to imagine what it must have been like for those trapped in the building, yet we don't have to imagine it because they told us; by phone and text message they told the world exactly what was happening. Was there anything more heart rending that to hear reports of conversations abruptly ended as the line just went 'dead' and there was nothing more that could be said because nothing more could be heard; haunting and harrowing, even words such as these are woefully inadequate when trying to describe one's feelings when confronted by moments such as these.

How then are we to respond? The immediate community has rallied around and offers of help have flooded in from all parts of the country. Local churches have been in the forefront of the operation to ensure that people are fed and clothed; more than that they have provided a place of safety - a sanctuary - for people who, understandably, are feeling emotionally saddened, shocked, even shattered by what they have experienced.

But there is more that is required of us; we are to call to account those whom we observe to be acting unjustly: a need to rediscover a prophetic cutting-edge, to find the courage to 'speak truth to power'...

*... 'Therefore because you trample upon the poor and take from him
exactions of wheat... you who afflict the righteous, who take a bribe, and
turn aside the needy in the gate... You have turned justice into poison and the*

fruit of righteousness into wormwood...Hear this, you who trample upon the needy, and bring the poor of the land to an end... That we may make the ephah small and the shekel great, and deal deceitfully with false balances, that we may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of sandals.' ...

...Just a snapshot from the prophecy of Amos, a peasant farmer whom God plucked from the obscurity of the Samaritan countryside some 800 years before Christ and sent to the cities of Israel to 'speak truth (God's truth) to power.' Much will happen over the weeks and months ahead; the machinery of government will ensure this and that is enquired into and no doubt conclusions will be reached, recommendations made, solutions found and remedial action implemented - it will be fixed by those whose job it is to 'fix' things. And the church doesn't need to get bogged down in the detail; but it does need to keep the bigger picture in sharp focus, lest others lose sight of it. The questions needing to be answered in respect of the tragedy at Grenfell Tower are far more searching than anything to do with the structure of the building, important though such questions are. If the church doesn't ask the questions they will never be answered because no one else can afford to ask the questions for fear of the answers. In spite of everything, Amos remained optimistic...

... 'But let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness like an ever flowing stream', (Amos 5, 24)...

For now, the people have to grieve and to be allowed to do so in whatever way they choose; but looking forward, we will have to choose - will Grenfell Tower be nothing but a folly exposing the cheapskate cost-cutting so characteristic of the greed that pervades the very pores of our society, or will it come to be a monument to the resilience that underlies a desire to see justice done, and to have justice to be seen to be done... **Ian Tutton**



FRIENDS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL LIBRARY

Study Day at Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church
Central Square, London NW11 7AG



Saturday, 23rd September 2017 at 11.00am

Lutyens and Free Church Architecture - Dr

Cristopher Wakeling, The Chapel Society.

(Edwin Lutyens designed both churches in Central Square, Hampstead Garden Suburb)

Walter Starmer – The St Jude's Murals - Revd Alan

Walker, Vicar of St Jude's Parish Church

(Walter Starmer was the son of A Congregational minister)

Sons of the Free Church Killed in the First World

War - Revd Dr Ian Tutton, Minister of the Free Church

(The Free Church has marked the centenary of the First War by remembering those of its sons who were killed during it)

Admission free: retiring collection

Travel: Golders Green Northern Line Underground Station and H2



The Barnet Well-being Hub

Exploring Solutions Together



What is “Well-Being”?

Wellbeing is defined as “the state of being comfortable, healthy and happy”, all important aspects to creating a better quality of life. It’s never too early or late to improve your wellbeing and we are here to help you achieve it!!

What is The Hub?

This new service was launched on the 9th of February 2017 and is quickly becoming a popular service within the borough. At the Hub:

Our overall aim is to provide and offer people within the Barnet community (16 & over) rapid access to services with the aims of improving their wellbeing.

Our Wellbeing Navigators work with you to go through an ‘Emotional Health Check’ (EHC) to understand the issues that are present in your life and help you obtain goals that you would like to work towards.

Once the discussion and EHC have been completed, your navigator will help you to create a tailored plan to put you into contact with services in the community and activities of benefit to you and cater to your needs!

Some of the services we look to put you in contact with:

- Talking Therapies
- Community services (e.g. exercise classes, gardening and growing, support groups)
- Advocacy (helping you to get your voice heard)
- Information and Advice

Where are we located?

The Hub is based in the Meritage Centre, Church End, London, NW4 4JT close to Middlesex University and the Barnet Citizens Advice Bureau

Costs of using our services?

The hub services and workshops are **absolutely free!** Just get in touch with us via telephone or email and we will explore how we can best help you.

How to contact us:

Give us a call on 0333 449088

Send an email to info@barnetwellbeing.org.uk

Come visit us at the Meritage Centre, office hours are: 10am - 6pm, Mon to Fri

BARNET WELLBEING DAY

Date: Friday July 14 2017

Where: Burnt Oak Leisure Centre, Watling Avenue, Edgware, HA8 ONP

Time: 10:30 Registration, tea and coffee available

11:00 Programme starts

14:30 Event ends

All are welcome to this fantastic community event to support Barnet's older people to improve their well being. Come and join us for some short talks and fun exercise demonstrations. There'll also be information stalls, indoor and outdoor activities **AND a FREE Lunch!**

Free parking onsite, short walk from Burnt Oak Station on the Northern Line .

Buses 114, 142, 186, 251, 605

Call Age UK Barnet for more information on 0208 203 5040

CHRISTIAN AID WEEK AND WALK



Congratulations and a heart-felt 'thank you' for the brave 16 person collectors team who put red envelopes through letter-boxes in the Suburb and then went back to collect 288 filled envelopes resulting in the fantastic total of £3400. The weather was not good, in fact that's not a strong enough word for it, as although one can take some useful tips such as giving up on biro's and using a pencil to make a note of numbers - it's virtually impossible to hold a collecting bag, a notebook to note numbers, a hand to open hard gates and ring bells, and an opened umbrella - usually the latter is discarded and I think some of the giving was in sympathy over the appearance of slightly 'drowned rats' - but a wonderful total.

CIRCLE-THE-CITY SPONSORED WALK was attempted, and mastered, by a team of five - Cherry Faulkner, Suang-Eng and her sister, Simon Croft and John Birch (fellow walker John Bryce being laid up with a nasty cold). Those new really found the churches inspiring whilst those who had walked before, were also re-inspired. The walk always starts at St.

Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, with its famous bells. It was these bells on a predecessor church on this site that persuaded Dick Whittington to give London another try!! Then onto the surroundings of St. Paul's - unfortunately not time to go inside but in the booklet of information about the walk there are



St Brides Church

questions to think about, such as 'Who stopped and gave thanks at the foot of St. Paul's steps as she couldn't manage to climb them'? Then onto St. Brides which has Wren's tallest spire, and is said to have been the model for the traditional wedding cake. A lovely quiet garden on the site of the Franciscan church of Greyfriars is next before the scenic Postman's Park, so called due to its popularity as a lunchtime garden for the nearby General Post Office workers. In all 12 beautiful churches were visited and we'd need so much space in this magazine to describe in details enough to do them justice- so why not try to join the team next year?

When all the sponsored money has been collected the team can be so proud for having raised in excess of £485.

So however you supported us, many, many thanks. For enabling us to walk with the refugees and give them some reason to hope, proving that they count not just as numbers but as actual people. To celebrate the 60th Anniversary of Christian Aid week I'll end with part of a prayer:

As a diamond catches the light
And refracts it into a kaleidoscope of colours,
We give thanks, O God, for the myriad acts of kindness, generosity and love over six decades of Christian Aid Week.

For the willingness of collectors
For the generosity of neighbours
For the donation of cakes, books and works of art
For the concerts, recitals, and dramatic performances
For the walks, cycles and sponsored swims
And for the millions of envelopes,
Weighted with coins or light with notes,
For the cheques and the texts to donate
We give you thanks.

Most of all we give thanks for the millions of lives transformed so that together we may all flourish. Amen.

Rosemary Birch



St Mary-le-Bow



The 'Prodigal Son' returns and suddenly the life of the fatted family calf flashes before his teary eyes. **Luke 15:11-32**

NEWS OF PEOPLE

We were very sorry to learn of the death of **Trevor Broomhall**, following a fall at home. His funeral at the Free Church on June 16th was well attended by family and friends...Our sympathies are with his son Donal at this time... (See appreciation below)



...But we are delighted to be able to share good news about two young people who have part of the life of the Free Church in recent years...

Russell Hughes, son of Nick and Ruth Hughes, who was baptized at the Free Church 'quite a few years ago', was recently confirmed at St. John's College Chapel, Cambridge, where he is presently a student...and **Lydia Tutton**, daughter of Ian and Georgia Tutton was baptized, and received into the Roman Catholic Church at St Edward the Confessor on Easter Saturday of this year. We wish them both well for the future

Trevor Broomhall: Some Memories

Below is a summary of the address given at the funeral of Trevor Broomhall on Friday, June 16th ...

A celebration of a life faithful to the Gospel of Jesus Christ on the occasion of the death of Trevor Broomhall, this is what I want us all to take away from here today. We have met to honour the memory of and pay our respects to one who in his own inimitable way remained faithful regardless...Yet we cannot avoid talking a little about Trevor. In his heyday it was as if he had half the Suburb under cultivation; he was one of the few people who thought digging was an experience to be enjoyed, to be engaged in with all the energy and enthusiasm one could muster. He grew so much more than he needed for himself and his family and so every week throughout the growing season our family and many others would discover boxes and baskets of fruit and vegetables left on their doorstep...you knew it came from Trevor.

Trevor enjoyed reading in public; he read the Bible in worship in this church many times; he had a voice that demanded you listen. Just a couple of years ago Trevor fell off his bike, hit his head with sufficient force to cause him to lose the ability to speak coherently; all the right words, just not in the right order. He very soon overcame this but the hospital thought it would be useful for Trevor to have some speech therapy. When visiting

on one occasion I entered the room to discover Trevor dutifully reciting vowel sounds as instructed by a young therapist, recently qualified and very earnest, in a tone of voice more at home in the Globe Theatre than in the small confines of a hospital consulting room. Thankfully all concerned saw the funny side of it afterwards.

As a Church we are twinned with a congregation just outside Paris, in Montrouge. We make frequent visits and Trevor came with us. Our most recent visit coincided with increased security precautions being put in place at St Pancras; we all dutifully passed through the scanners; then it was Trevor's turn, all of a sudden lights flashed and sirens wailed and Trevor was ordered to empty his pockets. It transpired he was carrying a small knife he used to peel the apples he had brought with him for the journey; it had never occurred to him that in the present climate to do so was not the done thing. Happily the powers that be soon realised that this 80 something year old man posed no terrorist threat and he was allowed to travel, sans knife.

But more poignantly, my most vivid memory of Trevor was of one morning when he telephoned me early to tell me that the hospital had sent for him. His wife, Mary was in hospital, very ill. We travelled to the Royal Free together only to discover that she had in fact died some hours previously and that therefore Trevor was denied a last opportunity to say 'goodbye'. He was visibly distraught and in those few moments one had a glimpse of Trevor for who he really was, someone who even though he would invariably keep himself to himself in every way, in that situation just could not do so; even men cry.

But back to where I began; today is not all about Trevor, it is about Trevor, his life as a Christian, faithful in all things; a faith that showed itself in a love for all things of which God would approve, that within the creation God would describe as being 'Good', even 'Very Good' - his love of literature, of music, of the arts in general - his appreciation of learning, of studying, of intellectual prowess, - his reverence for the earth and its resources. Trevor was someone who regarded home comforts as unnecessary luxuries, his desire being to leave as light a footprint as possible upon the earth. I will miss him very much; we are all the poorer for his passing. But we rejoice in the hope of the Gospel for indeed we do not mourn as do those who have no hope. Trevor lived by faith, he died in faith, and I am confident that even now the words 'well done, good and faithful servant' are ringing in his ears as he takes his place among the saints in glory.

Ian Tutton

The Revd Elizabeth Tyndall: Obituary from the Guardian by Kate Sanger 7th May 2017

My Grandmother, Elizabeth Tyndall, who has died aged 86, was among the first wave of female priests ordained in 1994. The achievement was made possible because of her compassion and determination in the face of opposition from within the church.



Born in Bristol, Elizabeth was the youngest of six children of Frank Ballard, a Congregational minister, and his wife, Isabel (née Oman). She attended St Paul's Girls' School in London and went on to study French at St Andrews University, graduating in 1951. She then trained as a teacher at Homerton College, Cambridge, where she met and married Nicholas Tyndall, then a Cambridge student. Elizabeth was a natural educator and her first career saw her teaching in a variety of schools and prisons, while becoming a mother to four children in quick succession.

Her remarkable career in the ministry started while living in Rugby, Warwickshire, in her 50s, following a comment to her brother-in-law about helping in her church's office. He encouraged her to think more broadly, and in 1983 she was admitted to the office of deaconess in the Church of England, becoming part of the Movement for the Ordination of Women.

On 8 May 1987, in Coventry Cathedral, Elizabeth was among the first group of women to be ordained deacon. From 1987 she worked as stipendiary parish deacon at St Dunstan's, Feltham, west London. She persisted in her wish to become a minister, and while she was supported in her mission, she faced the open prejudices of many around her, including senior colleagues.

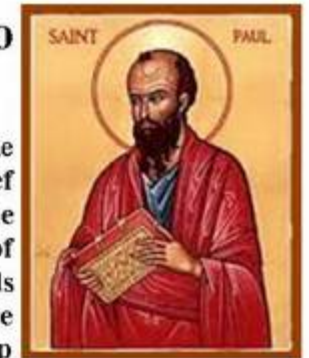
March 1994 saw the first women priests ordained, and the next month she followed in their footsteps. Three months later she assisted in the ordination of her son as a priest, probably the first woman to do so. She worked as a non-stipendiary priest at All Saints', Faringdon, Oxfordshire, from her ordination in 1994 until her retirement in 2002.

Nicholas died in 2006. She is survived by their children, Simon, Sally, Rebecca and Daniel, eight grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a brother, John.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Frank Ballard, Minister of HGS Free Church from 1933 to 1951 which included the Second World War.

Elizabeth, who grew up at the Manse from the age of three, preached at an Anniversary Service at the Free Church. Contributed by Jenny Stonhold

Bible Study: Paul's Letter to the Romans



Having established at the end of Chapter 4 of the Letter to the Romans the basic premise; Belief that (in the) God who raised Jesus from the dead - thereby establishing the Lordship of Christ such that now it is Christ who demands our total allegiance and not the law - will be sufficient for one to be in a right relationship with (accounted as righteous before) God.

Why? Because Jesus died because (on account) of one's sin and was raised from the dead in order that we might be right with (accounted as righteous before) God; sin, after Jesus' death and resurrection, is now no longer a barrier between us and God because it is now no longer a barrier between God and us; Paul, at the start of Chapter 5 begins to discuss the implications of so believing for the life of the believer... *'Therefore, since we are justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through Him we have obtained access to this grace in which we stand, and we rejoice in our hope of sharing in the glory of God.'* (Romans 5, 1 - 2)...

'Peace with God' - A peace that is unique, that is of God alone, what Jesus described as 'peace that the world cannot give' (John 15, 27 - 28); what Paul himself describes thus, 'And let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts' (Colossians 3, 14). Elsewhere, 'Now may the Lord of peace Himself give you peace at all times in all ways.' (2 Thessalonians 3, 16). Or again, 'And the peace of God, which passes all understanding, will keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.' (Philippians 4, 7).

'Access to God's Grace' - God's free Gift, given by God of His own free will as a consequence of which we are able to be forgiven of sin, to know ourselves to have been chosen by God, set apart by God to serve His purpose as the Church in the world. This is best expressed in the following... *'As for you, you were dead in your transgressions and sins, in which you used to live when you followed the ways of this world and of the ruler of the kingdom of the air, the spirit who is now at work in those who are disobedient. All of us also lived among them at one time, gratifying the cravings of our flesh and following its desires and thoughts. Like the rest, we were by nature deserving of wrath. But because of his great love for us, God, who is rich in mercy, made us*

*alive with Christ even when we were dead in transgressions—it is by **grace you have been saved**. And God raised us up with Christ and seated us with him in the heavenly realms in Christ Jesus, in order that in the coming ages he might show the incomparable riches of his **grace**, expressed in his kindness to us in Christ Jesus. For it is by **grace you have been saved**, through faith—and this is not from yourselves, it is the gift of God — not by works, so that no one can boast. For we are God’s handiwork, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do.’ (Ephesians 2, 1-10).*

But at the same time, Paul is not unaware of what is about to confront the believer: difficult times are ahead of them and their faith will be tested, so having encouraged them to appreciate just how much they are loved by God, a love manifest through the twin ‘blessing’ of ‘the grace of God’, and of being ‘at peace with God’, he now exhorts them to be strong as they face what is ahead of them... ‘...And we rejoice in our hope of the glory of God. More than that, we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope and hope does not disappoint us...’ (Rom. 5, 3 - 4). A point amplified in 2 Corinthians 4, 17 - ‘... This slight and momentary affliction is preparing for us an eternal weight of glory that far outweighs them all...’, and again in Philippians 3, 9 - 11, more poignantly this time given that Paul is believed to have been in prison when he wrote this, ‘...That I may gain Christ and be found in Him, not having a righteousness of my own, based on law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness that depends on faith; that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and may share His sufferings, becoming like Him in His death, that if possible I may attain the resurrection from the dead...’

Having so described what it means for the believer to have faith in God, Paul now turns to discuss in detail how it is that the grace - the free gift - of God operates. It is an essential aspect of God’s character which Paul emphasises by contrasting it with how we might respond in a particular situation, ‘While we were yet helpless, at the right time Christ died for the ungodly. Why, one will hardly die - though perhaps for a good man one will dare even to die. But God shows His love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us...’ (Rom. 5, 6 - 8). God acted on our behalf even though we were estranged from God on account of our sin. God acted to put us right with God - God the Father sacrificing God the Son - so that on account of the sacrifice of the Son, (echoing Romans 3, 28), we can be accounted as right

before God. Accordingly we need no longer fear God’s condemnation, ‘Since, therefore, we are not justified [accounted as right before God], *much more shall we be saved by Him from the wrath of God...*’. God acted such that Jesus bore in His body the wrath of God directed towards human sinfulness thereby condemning Him to the only punishment appropriate, that of death, not just physical death but absolute and total God forsakenness, complete separation from God; the Father severing every connection with the Son for our sake. This was so because God could not do otherwise for God could not but act towards us by grace - by offering to us a way of avoiding the consequences of our sin, whatever the cost to God. This is, in essence, The Grace of God. Hence, ‘... For if while we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, now that we are reconciled, shall we be saved by His life...’ The believer is called to live out in her/his life the life of Christ, the believer is called to live out in her/his life the death of Jesus, the believer is called to keep alive the death of Jesus in the living out of the Christian life. This life is a shared commitment, one for which the Church was brought into being, a body of believers that shall themselves unite in such a way that they become ‘The Body of Christ’ - an idea that Paul explores in greater detail in Romans 12, 4 - 8, and at length in 1 Corinthians 12, 1 - 31. If the believers together live out this life, it will bring joy to God, and cause the believer to rejoice in God. ‘... We also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received our reconciliation...’ (Rom. 5, 11).

Ian Tutton



(See Numbers 11)

08-09-2002

WHEN I WAS A KID WE DIDN'T HAVE NO SISSY MANNA ... WE ATE SAND AND WE LIKED IT

JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

'Summer is a'coming in' (and going away again)



Thursday May 11th. A new achievement today in the USA. First flight ever on Air Force 2 by a bunny (rabbit), the pet of Mike Pence, Vice President. Like all of the Presidential team Marlon Bundo (his name) has an agenda. "The Times" reporting the event, said Marlon was "promoting the benefits of shredded lettuce and carrots – to make America grate again."

Sunday May 14th. The annual Junior Church Festival service coincided with the end of Mental Health Awareness week. A challenge to put across, through the children, young people and their leaders a subject which has gone from taboo to high profile, over a relatively short time. We started with a rousing hymn, lots of noise from tambourines, bells, maracas and shakers, which continued when the singing had stopped. We heard how the earliest institution, in the City of London and dedicated to St Mary of Bethlehem gave rise to the word Bedlam. The beginners and juniors then acted two Bible stories, the man possessed by an evil spirit - much movement and writhing - coming out and entering pigs - opportunity for grunts and scampering; followed by the prodigal son, focussing on the reaction of the older son - it's not right! - it's unfair! - illustrating how tensions can be

set up with long-lasting consequences. We then switched to the present, with an explanation of the many ways in which mental unwellness happens and all the 'feel good' points that can help and counteract. There seemed to be an innate understanding by everyone who took part of what we were trying to put across: usually, the Junior Church Festival is relaxed, joyous, laughter, clapping. This year it dealt with a serious subject with care and understanding which seemed to be much appreciated by the congregation.

Tuesday May 16th. Our nation, and almost everyone else on the planet,



Plate taken from the 'Illustrated London News' showing Bethlem ('Bedlam') Royal Hospital in London as it looked in 1860.

has a passion for selfies. Researchers (here they come again) have worked out why most people do not smile on selfies but either keep a 'neutral' face or look surprised (which they can't be really, as they are taking the photo)! The researchers' conclusion is that smiling makes you look at least two years older - which is not a concern for me, having been older for some time.



Thursday May 18th. Still sticking with the academics, small bricks make big money. "A Professor of Play" has been appointed by Cambridge University to research fun. Paul Ramchandani will be paid £84,000 a year, funded by Lego. His aim is "to fill gaps in scientific knowledge about the importance of play and playfulness in education" (leading to higher sales and even more profit for Lego)!

Christian Aid Week May 14th- 20th. An intrepid band of door-to-door collectors, including some new volunteers - thank you - set out, in often atrocious weather on Tuesday evening. There was nothing I didn't have to take off when we dripped our way home - but all very worthwhile and once again a considerable amount raised. The week ended on the Sunday with a team of five doing the six mile circuit of the "Circle the City" walk visiting fourteen churches, spending some time in each appreciating the atmosphere and the architecture, glad for a respite from a very hot afternoon.

Monday May 29th. The death of Trevor Broomhall has affected many. He was indefatigable, continuing with many of his interests right up to being admitted to the Royal Free. Trevor's son Donal and our son Richard grew up together. Donal came on holiday with us. The family - Trevor, Mary and Donal - were part of the large church group, going to Spring Harvest at Butlins over several years. Trevor volunteered at Crisis for Christmas, kept up his allotment by Brookland School until last year, was interested in green technology visiting their centre in the mid Wales mountains, a regular attender at Glyndebourne and many concerts in widespread locations. Trevor for me was the first and third Sundays man (and fifth Sunday when there was one) going to the Quaker meetings on the second and fourth Sundays plus regularly attending our evening services, monthly coffee mornings and Thursday Fellowship. He also attended St. Helen's in the City and was happy to have been asked last year to read three out of the nine lessons at their Christmas Service - he was then stopped by a lady on the 'tube platform who said how much she'd enjoyed the readings. His day started with Bible readings in three languages, keeping up his

linguistic skills. Over the years he went to many Christian retreats. A renaissance man, he is much missed. I'm sure that, at least for some time, I'll have to stop myself from expecting to see him in his chair with arms, right at the front of the church.

Saturday June 4th. Our garden is now home to a family of cave dwellers – wrens, small, tails always going up and down, very loud cries, particularly when their territory is under threat. They flit fast from branch to bush to hedge, and are at our bird feeder, along with tits, sparrows and robins, the latter who have to constantly keep their balance as they are too big to dart right in, like the other visitors. Squirrels are the bane of



our life; they come and steal, you shout at them and rap on the window, they stare you out or just turn their backs, venting their feelings by lashing their tails and chattering loudly. (Cave dwellers? The wren's Latin name is troglodytes, very big for such a small creature, a troglodyte was an early humanoid seeking shelter wherever he could).

Thursday June 8th Election day. Psephologists having perhaps got a bit concerned about the accuracy of their predictions, have been asking 18-24 year-olds which are the best known popular figures. 93% identified Peppa Pig, 91% Taylor Smith (OK I had to ask-pop star), 90% Theresa May and 78% Jeremy Corbyn. What does that tell us? I've no idea but I'm sure we'll find out soon.



Tuesday June 13th From fudge to smudge. The PM is trying to pull together a raft of proposals acceptable to politicians with diverse core values. Once the compromises have been agreed the Queen's Speech has to be prepared. The Speech is not typed out, double-spaced, onto good quality paper, but is hand written onto vellum, parchment prepared from animal skins: and here's the rub -the ink takes three days to dry. There is no point in thinking that all can be agreed on a Friday and the

Queen's attendance arranged for the Monday. Wet ink could mean some unexpected policy alterations - plus inky fingers. As a citizen in the UK I'm proud of such idiosyncrasies. Eccentricity is a cool and refreshing breeze blowing through our increasingly staid and well-ordered lives. Long may it continue!

John Birch

Ethiopia and Permaculture

In this article David chronicles how he becomes involved with 'Permaculture' and goes to Ethiopia determined to try it out.

In 2003, I came across a video that was to change my life. It was called "Greening the desert" and it documented how, against all logic, 10 acres of dry, salty, Jordanian desert, just three kilometres from the Dead Sea, had been transformed into an abundant garden using what has been coined as Permaculture.

Permaculture is an approach to agriculture that is based on designing gardens, farms and settlements in order to meet the long term needs of both mankind and the earth itself.

From running three businesses and my involvement in outreach and voluntary work, I have been able to travel all over the world, and everywhere I've been, I have seen retrospectively, how, by introducing the principles of permaculture, people's quality of life could be improved substantially.

Reading up on permaculture was exciting, and certainly inspired me to get my hands dirty with some experimentation, but the first real step into the world of permaculture, requires undertaking a Permaculture Design Course (PDC). I set my sights on heading to Australia to sit under the tutelage of Geoff Lawton who was responsible for the Greening the Desert project. Being aware that with Australia, being quite different in regards to its climate, as well as its flora and fauna, compared to that of Africa, I would have much preferred to do a PDC somewhere on the African continent. With nothing appearing to be available in Africa, and almost on the verge of booking my flight out to Australia, I came across a notification of a PDC that was slated to be run in just a few weeks' time in Ethiopia.

Having completed my PDC, I knew that in order to pass on my new found knowledge and skills, I needed to learn how to teach it. Fortunately, I was invited to stay on for another six weeks so as to do a "Training of the Trainer" course, (ToT), which resulted in my being qualified as a Permaculture aid Trainer.

With the only available flight having me arriving in Addis Ababa three days prior to the start of the PDC, Alex, the owner of the Lodge in Konso, recommended that a friend's hotel in Addis would make for an interesting place to stay until we headed south to Konso. It was a small hotel which being just over a hundred years old was originally one of Emperor Menelik II's palaces and the first ever house to be built in

Ethiopia with two floors.

I was to meet up with one of the trainers the next day who was flying in from Australia, along with two fellow students who were arriving from the US and Kenya. My first night came with a shock; I didn't know what the temperature was, but despite having several blankets on my bed, in all the time that I had spent in Africa, I had never felt so cold. When Steve arrived from the airport, wearing simple shorts and a Tee shirt, following the typical Australian greeting of G'day mate, he was soon bemoaning the cold temperature.



Emperor Menelik II's palace, the first-ever two-storey house in Ethiopia

Anticipating a warmer climate, all he had effectively packed were shorts and tee shirts, so having dropped off everyone's bags at the lodge, we immediately headed into town in search of a jacket. We found the main market, but with Steve's muscular frame requiring a size 48 inch jacket, it began to look as if we were searching for a needle in a haystack. Observing the folk mingling around us in the market, who by comparison were generally speaking decidedly stick-like, I was wondering if anyone would even consider having such a size in stock.

With one of the sayings in permaculture being "Work smart, not hard", I came up with a brilliant idea. Rather than wasting time going from stall to stall in this huge market, we gave a couple of street-children the task of locating stall holders with suitable sized jackets and to request that they bring them to us at a coffee shop beside the market.

Within fifteen minutes, Steve had chosen one of the three jackets that had been discovered, and the children were tucking into the meals that we bought them as a thank you for their services. As they ate, they shared their stories of life on the streets of Addis. It is an unfortunate fact that wherever one goes in Africa, you will invariably come across children such as these.

Getting up at four-thirty, we had breakfast and loaded up all the vehicles. With our journey expected to take around thirteen hours, we were to leave well before dawn so as to arrive at our destination before dark.

As our convoy of 4 x 4's set off from Addis Ababa, we were not aware that news was being broadcast across the world, warning of a new humanitarian crisis that was brewing in the south; a massive famine, said to be the worst to hit the region in 60 years was well under way.

Compared with my experience of driving in other African countries, this was to be far from a straightforward trip. As we drove further south, we began to see the evidence of extensive soil erosion and the huge gullies that had been carved out of the mountainsides by the tremendous quantities of water that come cascading down whenever it rains. On more than one occasion, we had to negotiate rocks and boulders that had found their final resting places on the road, having been dislodged from their original locations by the rushing waters.

We were gradually becoming aware that there was no traffic passing us on the road heading north, and eventually came across a sight that I had never seen before: a solid line of lorries and buses parked up on each side of the road that went on for well over a kilometre. I was just wondering what might be the reason for this, when a thought came into my head that perhaps a bridge was damaged. With the traffic slowing to almost walking pace, a policeman came into view and confirmed my thoughts. However, it wasn't a simple case of a damaged bridge... the bridge was gone.

As a result, all heavy vehicles were required to park up, while smaller saloon cars were being sent off on a ninety kilometre detour up and over the mountain on a dirt road. Not wishing to add another ninety kilometres to our already lengthy journey and with all of our vehicles being 4x4's, we all agreed that we should be able to make the crossing without any problems.

The flash flood that had filled the wide river plain with an unbelievable quantity of water and had destroyed the bridge a few hours earlier was long gone. In its stead was a river bed strewn with rocks and boulders of all shapes and sizes, whilst the water effortlessly ran between them at around a foot deep.

I have done my share of off-road driving, which is generally quite fun, but I had never anticipated being in a situation where I would have to undertake a river crossing in a car. Following the route of the Land Rover in front of us, and having engaged the four-wheel drive, we gingerly entered the



river. We were being rocked from side to side in the cab by the rocks and stones hidden beneath the swirling waters, and had covered about ten meters, when one of the front wheels slipped into a gap between the rocks, and we were stuck. It was a forgone conclusion that we were likely to get wet, but none of us thought that it would be so soon. We jumped out, so as to lighten the load, but still no go. We were now reaching into the elbow deep waters pulling out small rocks and pebbles in order to try and dislodge the larger rock that the wheel was jammed up against. A few moments later, we were on our way again and we all climbed back in the cab. We were all congratulating ourselves on a job well done, when we came to a halt again. With the wheels churning up stones and water in an effort to get a grip, it was obvious that traversing this river was likely to take us longer than we had anticipated. The first time we found ourselves stuck was like an adventure; the second time was annoying; but the third time was downright frustrating.

Having crossed the actual river, we were now having to negotiate the rock and boulder strewn flood plain. Again, we found ourselves going nowhere, so dismounting once again, we looked for the rock that was preventing us from proceeding any further. We were surprised to find that all the wheels appeared to be free. We were now in a bit of a fix, as it wasn't a wheel issue that we were facing, but the sump of the gearbox had become wedged against a large rock. We couldn't go forwards, or back. To make matters worse, because of the way the vehicle was sitting, we couldn't get under it to remove the pebbles and stones around the larger rock.

All of a sudden a handful of children appeared as if from nowhere armed with screwdrivers and a crowbar, and following a short period of negotiations, dived under the vehicle and began working at freeing the rock from under the engine. With the other vehicles having passed around us, twenty minutes later, we were still firmly grounded; the rock was simply too big for the children to loosen. We now had no choice but to reduce the weight of the vehicle in an attempt to enable it to clear the rock, so with the children now willing porters, everything was soon transported over to the river bank.



With excellent timing, a couple of Germans stopped next to us in a truck that looked as if it been built for the Paris to Dakar rally, and being fitted with a winch, offered to help extract us from our predicament. Having placed small branches under the front wheels to act as a ramp in order to raise the engine a few inches higher, we watched with baited breath and no doubt all fingers crossed, as the car slowly inched forward. We were finally free, and making it onto level ground without any further incident, we reloaded all of our equipment and headed on our way again.

However, with a two hour delay behind us, it was just beginning to get dark when we turned off the tarmac road and we started off down the remaining hundred or so kilometres of dirt road to Konso. Covering this road in the dark was to delay us even further, so, finally after almost 16 hours on the road, we arrived at our destination. Having been introduced to our fellow students and teachers over dinner, we headed off to our mud huts and pretty much fell asleep the moment our heads hit our pillows.



We would have the opportunity the following morning to acquaint ourselves with what would be our homes for the next six weeks. As you can see, our accommodation was basic, but clean, and most importantly, bug free. *(To be continued)*

David Speakman



Thanks to Jerry Moates (See Genesis 6-8) 01-29-2001
APPARENTLY I HAVE TWO OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT SOCKS

TRAIDCRAFT

After a break of several weeks chocolate and yogurt raisins are back (with free samples in the front of the stall!) The raisins are the largest I have ever seen. Do you ever wonder where they come from and who benefits from our eating them - not just us ! The grapes (raisins) are grown on Smiths island, a small island in South Africa's Orange River, where Elizabeth (64) and her family pick the grapes grown by members of the Eksteen Agricultural Co-Operative.

The money from this seasonal work provides them with a valuable income - but this is not the only way that Elizabeth benefits from the Co-operative. The Fairtrade premium on sales of raisins has paid for two community water pumps, meaning that the family and all the neighbours no longer have to carry buckets of water from the canal.

Another wonderful success story is the production of honey (and blue-berries). This year APICOOP (Cooperativa Campesina Apicola Valdivia) is celebrating its 20th anniversary. Founded by Chino Henriquez and Andres Garay, the former was so devoted to helping local beekeepers that he used his own home as collateral when taking out the loan to launch the cooperative. He wanted to help local Chileans who owned little or no land to improve their livelihoods, offer their children an education, and live happier and more supported lives. Attending school in Latin America can be incredibly expensive and most families cannot afford to provide their children with what they need to choose their future. Many of the locals were living in poverty or were members of indigenous groups – meaning that they encountered discrimination every single day of their lives, which still exists today.

Acicoop began their journey with 40 beekeepers and a tiny old processing facility, producing less than 150 tonnes of honey per year. Now with support from Traidcraft exchange it produces 1,400 tonnes of honey and works with more than 350 beekeepers (and is in the process of building a shiny new processing factory). It is now the third largest honey enterprise in Chile.

As part of a Diversification project Apicoop (in partnership with Traidcraft) bought a plot of land and spent a whole year eliminating the terrible weeds, preparing the soil and planting little blue-berry bushes, a fantastic source of



employment for local women. Some of these berries go on to be used in Geobars. PLEASE KEEP ON SUPPORTING TRADCRAFT - the above two stories show how much difference we can make to people's lives.

Look closely at the stall and you always find bargains - food reduced (coming up to 'best-before-date') or sales - MOST OF THE BAGS AND SCARVES ARE REDUCED AT THE MOMENT. Take time to look - your time will not be wasted but CAN REALLY MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

Rosemary Birch

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH (and food for thought!)

In the UK, recent surveys have shown that our children are among the most unhappy and dissatisfied and discontented in the world. They need to hear Jesus' message of hope, but the consumer engine with its perpetual hunger would rather silence that voice.

In the financially poorer parts of the world Jesus' hope has been gladly received. Africa alone has seen a huge rise in the number of people professing Jesus. In the last century, African Christians have grown from nine million to more than 54 million. I don't think it's a coincidence that in the countries where there is too little food, more people are professing faith in God while in countries where obesity is an issue the Church is declining. It seems to me that when people have too much cake they don't think they need the BREAD OF LIFE. *Rosemary Birch*



Thanks to Daniel Goodman (See Proverbs 6:6) 06-24-2011

SERIOUSLY, SLUGGARD ... GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES AND THEN YOU CAN CONSIDER MY WAYS AGAIN

From the Archives

JULY 1917

Work and Worship July 1917 finally brought confirmation of the death of Private Albert Lawrence Doxsey who had been reported “missing” since November 1916. The moving tribute to him follows. “Mr Doxsey has now been informed that his elder son Lawrence was killed in action on November 13 last: the date at which he was at first reported ‘missing’. The deepest sympathy is felt for our beloved Church Treasurer and his wife, for their son Alan (on active service in Egypt) and for Miss Dickson, the fiancée of our fallen comrade. The strain upon them has been immeasurably increased by the long period (seven and a half months) of uncertainty and anxiety that has passed before receiving the final intimation from the War Office; and the patience and fortitude with which our friends have borne their heavy burden have won the respectful admiration of us all. May our God still sustain and strengthen them! Lawrence Doxsey was one of the most devoted, generous, loyal and hardworking of the younger members of our Church. He was a Sunday School teacher, was active in the CYP (Company of Young People) and other organisations, and was a member of the choir. He shared to such an extent the spirit of his parents and their deep interest in the work of the Church as a whole, that we looked forward to the time when he would find a place to which he seemed predestined as one of our leaders and Elders. When the call came to serve his country he obeyed without hesitation, and, though by no means physically robust, (many of us cannot suppress our doubt as to the wisdom of the medical authorities in passing him) he never dreamed of urging any claim for exemption. A sense of duty and a spirit of sacrifice characterised him all through, and a truer and more Christian lad has laid down life for the cause that is today claiming so many of our best and bravest.”



Anne Lowe, our archivist, who discovered this moving account of Lawrence Doxsey, and has written the article above, reminds us that his grave is at Serre Road in France, which was visited by a local group in 2012 who were unaware of Lawrence’s presence there.

JULY 1957

The July 1957 edition of Focus: “The Lively Paper” contained an account of the 1957 Golden Jubilee of the Suburb:

“Congratulations to the Hampstead Garden Suburb on reaching its Golden Jubilee. Fifty years ago the dream of Dame Henrietta Barnett – to provide a colourful and restful centre for a community made up of persons of all classes of society and standards of income – became reality, and in 1957 it continues. A week of celebration has been planned to mark this occasion. The Jubilee was opened on 29 June by Sir Cullum Welch, the Lord Mayor of London, and throughout the seven days there will be a variety of entertainments and exhibitions.

Highlights of the week

Opening ceremony: Sat. 29 June at 2.30pm in the Institute, Central Square, performed by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress. The County of Middlesex Military Band will play on Central Square from 1.45pm.

Visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret. Tuesday 2 July. Her Royal Highness will enter the Suburb at Hampstead Way (North End Road) and proceed by way of Wildwood Road, Meadway and Heathgate, arriving at the Institute at 3pm.

Friday 5 July, 7.45pm. **JUBILEE BALL** in the Institute Hall, Central Square. Hendon Hall Band. Tickets 10/6d. Evening Dress.

Saturday 6 July 12noon to 7pm. *Fair on Willifield Green* 8pm. *Jubilee Concert* in the Institute.

An information bureau will be open daily at the Friends Meeting House.

The 52 Club’s diary notes the forthcoming event: **27 July: Outing to Epping Forest.** Bring some tea with you and meet outside (not in) “La Strada” at 2.30pm.

Also bring your swimming costume, as we are likely to end up at the open-air swimming pool at Epping. We will travel by 102 bus [this was when the 102 went to Chingford].

Also arranged: **Summer Camp 2 August** Henley has definitely been fixed for this year’s camp and arrangements are well under way. We will be travelling down to Henley by lorry on Friday evening, 2 August, returning on August Bank Holiday Monday evening the 5th. Cost will be around £2 and that will cover transport, food and camping fee.....”

Extracts selected by Anne Lowe

GOLDEN JUBILEE MEMORIES

My own memories of the Suburb's Golden Jubilee in July 1957 are ones of the whole community coming together in happiness for a week of celebrations. I was involved on the floral side. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Cullum Welch, performed the opening ceremony at the Institute and then proceeded to the Henrietta Barnett Junior School hall to open the Jubilee Flower Show. I had been asked to make something special for this occasion, and had made a huge floral coat of arms of the City of London. This was 3ft. by 3ft. and formed the centre of the display of all the Horticultural Society's silver cups. It was made of masses of white stocks and scarlet red carnations and caused much comment! I had also produced three bouquets for the ladies of the dignitaries: Mrs John Osmond and the Mayoresses of Hendon and Finchley (no London Borough of Barnet then). A few days later came the visit of Princess Margaret – her bouquet was made of beautiful, Suburb-grown roses provided by residents. She looked stunning on a beautiful day. After her official welcome and plaque unveiling she walked across the Square (on the grass) with Sir John Braithwaite, then down Northway to the Historical Exhibition in the Free Church Hall. Her last Suburb call was to the Wellgarth Training College where she was presented with a posy of moss roses and lily of the valley by a four-year-old girl.

Looking back now I can't imagine how I did it all, and enjoy myself too – but I WAS YOUNG! Evenings on the Square were warm and wonderful – dancing, talking, Morris Men, mixing, skiffle groups and singing Green Grow the Rushes, O.....

Anne Lowe (nee Brown)

THURSDAY FELLOWSHIP

(Held in the Church Rooms Free Church
2.30—4pm)

20th JULY OUR SUMMER PARTY.

EVERYBODY IS WELCOME TO

THESE SMALL, BUT VERY

FRIENDLY, MEETINGS WITH A GENERAL 'PARTY'

FEELING, GOOD FOOD AND MUSIC WITH DAVID

TRAFFORD.



Rosemary Birch

MEMORIES OF THE HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB'S GOLDEN JUBILEE 1957

Anne Lowe's request in the May/June edition of News and Views for memories of the Suburb's Golden Jubilee has prompted me to respond with a few of my own recollections of that event.

I was 12 years old at the time and living at 3 Asmunds Hill just a couple of doors up from the pair of cottages at 142 Hampstead Way which were the first to be built in the Suburb in 1907. I can remember how excited everyone was at the prospect of a week of celebration with special events planned as well as visits from some important



people. My grandparents were among some of the first residents in the Suburb, living in Asmunds Place and in Addison Way, so I had heard a lot from both my parents and grandmother (then living in the Orchard) about the early days of the Suburb. I remember going to watch the Lord Mayor of London unveil a plaque on the wall of the first cottages to commemorate the occasion. The houses were covered in bunting and Union Jacks and I took photographs using my Brownie 127 camera! I managed to find one of those photos taken after the ceremony looking down the bottom of Asmunds Hill towards the cottages (I took other photographs of the occasion but at the time of writing have been unable to find them! I take heart that I will be able to eventually locate them remembering my mother's wise advice: 'nothing is lost Brian – it is waiting to be found!').

There were other events held later in the week at the Institute and on Central Square as well as special services in the Free Church and in St Judes. The visit of Princess Margaret was a highlight of the celebrations and I remember seeing her at the Institute and thinking how glamorous she looked!

Looking back to the Golden Jubilee I can remember people saying that 'the Suburb is not what it used to be'. Perhaps that is inevitable when we look back, but I also remember people saying that we need to be thinking about the future and to ensure that the Suburb's unique character is preserved while accepting that not everything will remain the same.

Brian Stonhold

The End of an Era

Have you ever looked at the board at the back of the church? The names of people from the Free Church who served the church overseas are on it. One name, in particular, caught my eye when I first looked at it - Colin Carpenter. I was ordained in 1969 at Princes Street Congregational Church in Norwich. I discovered that there were a number of Congregational Churches in the city, as well as a large Presbyterian Church. There are sadly fewer now. But one of them that continues is Jessopp Road. And the minister of Jessopp Road was a man called Colin Carpenter. Yes, the same Colin Carpenter whose name is on our board of members who served overseas.

Colin served with the then London Missionary Society in Madagascar. He was fluent in French, a pre-requisite for working there. When he retired from his work as a missionary he was called to serve the church in Jessopp Road.

I remembered Colin at a recent service. I was at Jessopp Road for the second time in two years attending the Thanksgiving Service for another missionary, Mavis Smith. Carole and I had been at the church just eighteen months before for the Thanksgiving Service of Mavis' husband, Kenneth.

In many respects the service served as a marker for the end of an era. Colin, Kenneth and Mavis were career missionaries. Unlike Carole and I, and missionaries of our generation, they committed to serve for most of their working lives. When we applied to serve it was made clear to us that we were not being asked to commit for the duration, but just for two years, in the first instance. Colin served for many years in Madagascar. Kenneth and Mavis Smith served first at a place called Inyati in what was then Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and then at Moeding College in Botswana (which is where Carole and I served).

Mavis' passing underscores the way in which missionary activity has changed. She spent many years, with Kenneth, in Africa. Initially they came home to England only every few years. Their children were educated at boarding schools here in England and during school holidays cared for by relatives and family friends. Every couple of years their passage to Africa was paid for by the LMS and they were reunited with their parents for a short time. This was a pattern that had been followed by decades. At the time no one really questioned this. But that all changed in the nineteen seventies.

The model for missionary activity previous to that was one in which missionaries from the UK were sent to be 'in charge'. Kenneth Smith

became a Headmaster at a relatively early age. He was, as it happens, remarkably good but that was not always the case. During the late nineteen seventies and eighties it was realised that this model was inappropriate and that local peoples should be responsible for the churches of which they were part. If there were skill shortages then other churches could be asked to provide personnel, but only for a short time in order that the local church could train their own to take over.

Carole and I were recruited as part of the programme implementing this new model. We went to Botswana and served as educational missionaries. The United Congregational Church of Southern Africa (UCCSA) to which we were attached recognised that it had a responsibility to ensure that eventually we would be replaced by Batswana. We were. Kenneth and Mavis were also replaced by local people. The Motswana lady who replaced Kenneth was also remarkably good.

Whilst in Botswana Carole and I were privileged to know a number of career missionaries who served in the country for a long time. There was Derek and Joan Jones. Derek was a linguist and mastered Setswana and ended up overseeing the translation of the Bible into modern day Setswana. There was Dr Alfred Merryweather and his wife Mary. Alfred was the medical superintendent at the Molepolole Mission Hospital. He was also Seretse Khama's personal physician. He became the first Speaker of the Parliament in the newly independent Botswana in 1966. There was Albert and Florence Lock. Albert had been a humble postman in East London before experiencing a call to ministry. He eventually ended up as an area superintendent minister and one of the architects of the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa. He became the second Speaker of the Botswana Parliament.

The service was a sad nostalgic day for us. We said 'goodbye' in the proper sense of that word (God be with you) to our friend Mavis. We remembered her with much affection. We also thought of her husband Kenneth, another diligent servant of Jesus Christ. We were also mindful that we were part of an occasion that marked the end of an era for Mavis was one of the last of the 'career' missionaries who so selflessly served their Lord and Saviour.

Derek Lindfield

NB Have you seen the film 'The United Kingdom'? It tells the story of Sir Seretse Khama and his romance with Ruth Williams. It is excellent.





Choir News

Greetings from the organ loft! It's a privilege and a huge joy to take on the role of interim Director of

Music at the Free Church. Having played the organ for a few Sunday services now, I've been struck by the incredible warmth and friendliness of the church community, as well as the skill and enthusiasm of the choir. Thank you so much for your wonderful welcome!

I come here from seven years as Organist and Director of Classical Music at Holy Trinity Brompton, overseeing a professional choir, two volunteer choirs and several orchestras and instrumental ensembles. I have a great passion for organ and choral music as well as a huge desire to see great music of all types being used to the glory of God in worship. Now, as a freelance organist and conductor, my great joy is to encourage congregations to sing! St Augustine's saying that: "He who sings prays twice" has always resonated with me and whilst we might debate the precise theological meaning of that statement, I think it reflects the example throughout scripture that there is something of a 'sacred duty' for Christians to sing and make music in worship. Yet it should always be a joyous duty, so I'm delighted to discover that you are a community which loves to sing!

I'm excited to worship with you and to play my part in developing the musical life at the Free Church over the coming months. I'm looking forward to getting to know you all!

Mark Underwood



Neoliberalism: The Way Forward and the Role of the Church - a Personal View

Introduction

The previous article looked at various suggestions that have been put forward to tackle Neoliberalism and the problems it has created - a realistic taxation system, local renewal as a way of re-engaging with people, and technology (particularly social media). The article concluded that all these possibilities were unlikely to have much impact on the problem.

Given this pessimistic analysis, the question is posed whether there is any way forward at all? The answer is probably no. Over time, people have become accustomed to the status quo and accept it as more or less inevitable. Eight years on from the great global financial crisis of 2008 we are further than ever from bringing the forces of Neoliberalism under control. The discredited and dangerous doctrine of Austerity (see News and Views July-August 2015) still reigns supreme as the neoliberal doctrine of choice for enforcing its agenda of individual enrichment and social impoverishment. Having even failed in its ostensible aim of 'reducing the deficit; (see November 2016 for a discussion of the 'Horror' of the Fiscal Deficit') its legitimacy is still rarely questioned.

'Idealism' v 'Realism'

The basic problem is this: at the root of any political, social or economic doctrine is an unstated but profoundly held view of human nature – of the kind of people we are and of the kind of people we ought to be. At its very crudest, there is a view that sees human beings as essentially social animals that, in general, prefer to cooperate to achieve collective ends – what might be called the 'Idealist' view of humankind - and an alternative view that sees human beings as essentially self-interested, who are best left to pursue their own individual goals and that in doing so, society will look after itself. This might be called the 'Realist' view of human nature – Realist because it is based on the view that we are all subject to original sin (and therefore human failings such as greed, selfishness etc) and that it is better to recognise and accommodate to this side of our human nature than to fall prey to a false optimism about the enduring powers of our 'good' side..

In practice of course, no-one is a pure Idealist or a pure Realist. We are all on a spectrum between the two. Even so, in any one historical era individuals and societies tend towards one end or the other – and of course, events and the pressures of various groups tend to push it in one direction

Gift Day Appeal

At the time of writing I can report that we have received £9037.00 as a result of our Gift Day appeal. A very big thank you to all who have given so generously.

Derek Lindfield



or the other..

Historically, the default position is towards the Realist end. Only when circumstances are such that the well-being of a whole society – its survival even, as in war – seems to be threatened is there the necessary collective interest sufficient to create a common ethic which favours the Idealist view. Put crudely, in war ordinary people become necessary to the survival of the powers that be. They need to be organised, paid, fed, and their interests catered for in ways unthinkable in ‘normal’ times. A community ethic then becomes the norm which closely approximates to what we have called the ‘Idealist’ view of human nature. This was the view that was temporarily dominant from roughly 1940 until the early 1980s. During this time it gave a huge boost to egalitarianism – not just in the UK but also in the US and Europe, and it became clear what could be achieved by cooperation between and within these populations as distinct from the ‘Realist’ view that had prevailed previously. But all this changed of course in the 1980s when the west reverted to its age-old default position of ‘enlightened self-interest’. Neoliberalism provided the ideological cloak of respectability to what was, in effect, the age-old pursuit of greed. The Realist model was back – this time with a vengeance, determined as never before to do away with any alternative view of human nature.

The Role of the Church

Clearly, the church has a role in all this – but it has to be borne in mind that, in the past, its attitude to the Idealist/Realist divide has been somewhat ambiguous. On the one hand, there has always been a strong radical section of the Methodist church favouring the Idealist view of human nature. (It was a joke of my parents that in their youth the Young Methodists, the Fabians and the Young Socialists had more or less the same membership). On the other hand, there has also been a strong radical tradition in the Church of a much more ‘self-help’ variety that believes in individual self-betterment, ambition and generally making a success of oneself. Margaret Thatcher was a well known exponent of this wing of Methodism. Her father was a Wesleyan lay preacher and contained within his sermons, one finds the theological basis of what would later become the cornerstones of Thatcherism: an individualistic interpretation of the Bible, a nod to the spiritual dangers of avarice, praise of the Protestant work ethic, admiration for the virtues of thrift and self-reliance, and finally, a divine justification for individual liberty and the free market.

At the same time, for the powers that be, the Church is a collectivist organisation and it can be argued that it has received much the same neoliberal distrust as have other collectivist organisations such as trade

unions and the family which espouse alternative value systems. Obviously it has not been a question of any legislative action against it, rather it has been left to wither on the vine of an individualised secularism helped on by the general neoliberal preference for identity politics as opposed to collectivist politics. For example, a great deal of time and energy has had to be devoted to issues such as gender equality, racial issues, gay rights and same sex marriage and dealing with past histories of sexual abuse among laity and clergy etc. For a long time, failure to deal with any of these issues has brought with it considerable criticism of the Church – more so than any failures there may have been to condemn economic and social inequalities.

Conclusion

As already noted, the single greatest achievement of Neoliberalism has been its success in persuading people that it is inevitable - that ‘there is no alternative’. What began as a rather catchy acronym in the 1980s - TINA - went on to become part of the nation’s DNA. Allied to this belief were all sorts of related notions – for example, that taxes are bad and should be as low as possible, that private is better than public, that deficits must be punished with austerity, that the powers of the state must be as limited as possible, that inequality is inevitable, and so on. Reviewing the past 30 years it is astonishing how all these value judgements have remained unexamined and become accepted as self-evident truths.

Indeed, it is now almost impossible to imagine any other kind of existence. The very words, concepts and ideas, necessary to imagine an alternative, let alone the necessary forums of discussion and debate, are hardly there. In addition, the wartime and post-war generations are now dying out and soon there will be few left who actually witnessed a different kind of world. The problem thus becomes one of how to keep alive the very idea of an alternative, that a different way of life is possible, that the whole of life does not have to be organised around monetary principles,

But as Christians we believe that nothing is inevitable, that we have all been given the power to choose and think for ourselves - indeed, that we all have a moral duty to do so. In short, we believe that nothing is ‘God given’ except our Free Will and that unquestioning obedience is a sin. And that applies to all ideological systems of thought that claim some sort of universal truth or certainty, to all ‘isms’, whether communism, fascism, or, as in our day the ideology of Neoliberalism. Instead, our Free Will means that, for better or worse, we have been enabled to make of the world what we will. and for us this can only mean striving to ensure that it reflects our Christian values as much as possible.

John Ditchfield

John Birch's Competitions

Three entries in the first of the UK Towns and Places competition scored 12 out of 13: Traidcraft chocolate bars for Anne Lowe, John Marshall and Arthur and Pat Over.

Here is the second competition. Usual rules apply.

1. Swans protected here since 1393
2. Mouth of the Ystwyth
3. Grand National
4. East Anglian music mecca
5. 1960's marching point
6. Channel Island nearest to France
7. Princess Diana's ancestral seat
8. Second highest tidal range world-wide
9. Queen's Scottish home
10. Enjoy a glass of - - -
11. Site of Swallow Falls
12. 'Home' for many of the Few
13. One end of the Mersey tunnel



Illustrations of.com #1113270



A helpful hint: all the answers this time start with an A or B

Swallow Falls

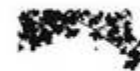


WORDSEARCH: SUMMERTIME

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

BAKE BATHE BATS BREAK

**BROWN BURN CARNIVAL COOL-
DRINKS HAPPINESS HOLIDAYS HOT
HOT-WEATHER LIGHT-EVENINGS RAYS
REST SALAD SANDLE SEA-SIDE SKIN-
PEELING SUMMER-DRESS
SUMMER-HOUSE SUMMER-
PUDDING SUNCREAM SUNSHINE THIN-
CLOTHES TIME-OFF TRAVELLING
VACATION WARMEST-SEASON**



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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 (1st and 3rd Thursdays)



Sundays 10.00am Choir Practice (young singers and adults)

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



JULY

- 1 11.00am – 7.00pm Flower Festival in Free Church
10.30 am Traidcraft Sale, Clothing Exchange and Coffee morning in Free Church
- 2 **11.00am Family Communion Service**
1.00 pm – 7.00pm Flower Festival in Free Church
- 8 7-9pm Youth Group
- 9 **11.00am Family Worship** and Church Meeting after the service
6.30pm Evening Praise with Communion
- 16 **11.00am Family Service**
- 18 7.30pm Elders Court
- 20 2.30pm Thursday Fellowship Summer Party; food, quiz and communal singing
- 22 7-9pm Youth Group
- 23 **11.00am Family Service**
6.30 pm Evening Praise
- 28 1.00pm Violin Recital by Makoto Nakata in Free Church, Lunch in support of Christian Aid served from 12.15
- 30 **11.00am Family Service** Service taken by Reverend Dr Andrew Prasad, Moderator of North Thames URC

| | | |
|--|-------------------------|---|
|  | <h3>NEWS AND VIEWS</h3> |  |
| PRODUCTION | | John Ditchfield |
| DISTRIBUTION | | Jill Purdie and others |
| EDITORIAL PANEL | | Joan Holton and Marion Ditchfield |
| TYPESETTER | | John Ditchfield |
| EDITOR | | Marion Ditchfield |
| <p>The August/September double issue will be published on Sunday 6th August and articles should be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 16th July. <i>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.</i></p> | | |

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