

NEWS & VIEWS

The Free Church Hampstead Garden Suburb



JUNE 2020

PLEASE TAKE ONE

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

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

Sunday Services: *(When services resume) 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

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

Director of Music Peter Hopkins

Children's Advocates Lilian Coumbe
coumbe_lilian@yahoo.com

Stephan Praetorius
Stephan@acceleration.biz

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***

NEWS & VIEWS

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



NO 760

JUNE 2020

Dear Friends,

In the last edition of News & views we reminded ourselves that we were journeying from Easter to Pentecost. Now we find that Pentecost has been and gone. As best we could, we celebrated God's gift to the world of the Holy Spirit and reminded ourselves how it was that the disciples were transformed from being afraid for their lives into a group of people afraid of no one...

...How we understand the person and work of the Holy Spirit has been a source of great confusion and much conflict during the unfolding history of the Christian Church. Indeed, this may be so because the nature of the Holy Spirit is that such understanding is necessarily beyond us, there is only experience. We are the inheritors of the Enlightenment; that time during which emerged the idea that unless something could be observed, described, explained, understood and evaluated it was meaningless. No wonder those who 'merely observed' what happened on that first Pentecost reached the conclusion that 'these men were drunk'...

...When we are presented with the challenge to describe the indescribable, to explain the inexplicable, we find ourselves having to create pictures with words – 'a rushing mighty wind'; 'flames like tongues of fire' – which themselves only make sense when we are prepared to allow the Holy Spirit to be 'His' own interpreter. But there is one note of caution that has to be struck. The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit can only be properly appreciated for what 'He'/'it' is if 'He'/'it' is found to be entirely consistent with the Nature and Purpose of God as revealed in and through the Person and Work of Jesus Christ. There is nothing 'stand-alone' about the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. Hence, it is entirely appropriate that the Sunday after Pentecost is known as 'Trinity Sunday'; an occasion on which

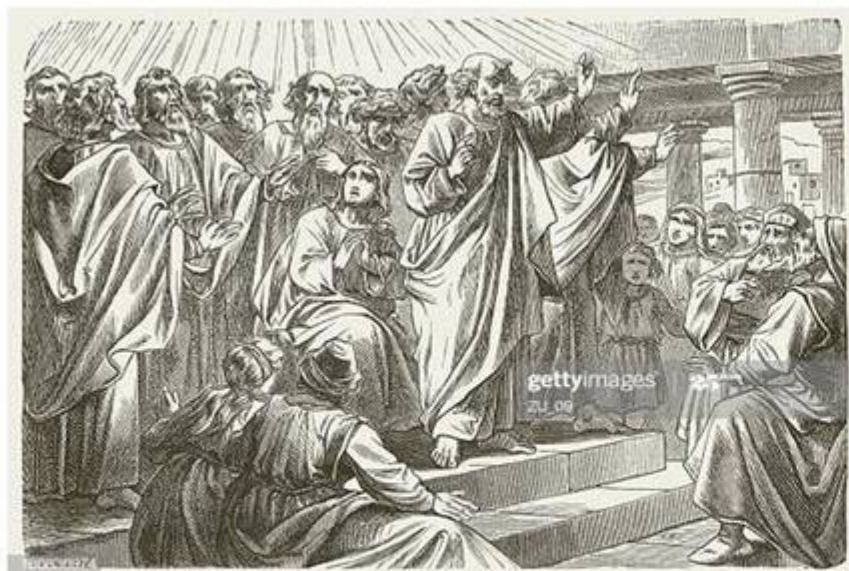
the Church celebrates the unfolding of the Divine Purpose, making known to the world the mystery which is at the heart of God – the eternal interrelatedness of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit – a mystery in which we are invited to participate through the ministry and mission of the Church...

...Over the years, I have developed my own particular way of describing the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. As with any human construct it can only ever be provisional, limited and ultimately inadequate, but nevertheless I find it useful....

...I often refer to God's 'Love-filled Power', or to God's 'Power-filled Love'. The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit is to ensure that as faithful followers of Jesus, thereby fulfilling the Father's will in Jesus' name, we will be careful to realise that excessive power can dilute the impact of love, yet at the same time acknowledging that love is only truly effective if it is used in such a way as to empower those who would otherwise be powerless. And then, I will make mention of the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit as evidence of being God 'Presently Active', or 'Actively Present' in the world; whether that be evident in the life of an individual believer, in the life of the Church, or indeed in the life of the wider world...

...It may be that right now, it is of this that we need to be most forcefully reminded. In spite of everything that is happening to us, within us, among us, beyond us, God continues to be 'Actively Present', 'Presently Active' in our midst. We may find it difficult to believe this, but believe it we can, indeed, believe it we must. And if we do believe, we will be blessed by an indwelling of the Holy Spirit – God's Power-filled Love, God's Love-filled Power – and be left in no doubt that God is indeed 'Presently Active', 'Actively Present' in this world today.

Ian Tutton



Bible Study: Joshua

The concluding section of Joshua chapter 8 is an interpolation. It is 'out of place' geographically and chronologically, interrupting the account of the initial conquest of the land. The destruction of Ai was to be followed by the campaign against the



Gibeonites which will be described in chapter 9. Yet what is described here was to have enduring theological and sacral significance for the people as they continued to establish themselves in the region. What is referred to here are the instructions given by Moses, described in Deuteronomy chapter 27...

'...Moses and the elders of Israel commanded the people: "Keep all these commands that I give you today. When you have crossed the Jordan into the land the LORD your God is giving you, set up some large stones and coat them with plaster. Write on them all the words of this law when you have crossed over to enter the land the LORD your God is giving you, a land flowing with milk and honey, just as the LORD, the God of your ancestors, promised you. And when you have crossed the Jordan, set up these stones on Mount Ebal, as I command you today, and coat them with plaster. Build there an altar to the LORD your God, an altar of stones. Do not use any iron tool on them. Build the altar of the LORD your God with fieldstones and offer burnt offerings on it to the LORD your God. Sacrifice fellowship offerings there, eating them and rejoicing in the presence of the LORD your God. And you shall write very clearly all the words of this law on these stones you have set up." (Deuteronomy 27, 1 – 8)...Hence, in fulfilment of Moses command, *'...Then Joshua built on Mount Ebal an altar to the LORD, the God of Israel, as Moses the servant of the LORD had commanded the Israelites. He built it according to what is written in the Book of the Law of Moses, an altar of uncut stones, on which no iron tool had been used. On it they offered to the LORD burnt offerings and sacrificed fellowship offerings...'* (Joshua 8, 30 - 31). But there is an underlying significance in regard to the location of what was happening. Ostensibly, it was on Mount Ebal, but more likely in the valley that ran between Mt. Ebal and Mt Gerizim. At the heart of that valley was Shechem. It was Shechem that was the site of a pivotal battle during the period of the Judges – described in Judges chapter 9, when Gideon's surviving son Jotham confronted the evil being perpetrated by Abimelech his

brother and self-proclaimed King. It was Shechem that was chosen to be the capital of the Northern Kingdom of Ephraim (Israel) following the division of the nation after Solomon's death. As time passed, it was supplanted in this firstly by Tirzah, and then by Samaria and fell into relative obscurity until after the return from exile, when following a disagreement with Nehemiah, a number of priests created an alternative centre for worship on Mt Gerizim near to Shechem,



The stone at Shechem traditionally treated as Joshua's stone

thereby intensifying the division between the Jews and the Samaritans. Jesus met the 'woman at the well' – traditionally associated with 'Jacob's Well' (commonly associated with events described in Genesis 33, 18 – 19) - at Sychar, a village near Shechem and she makes reference to how her 'forefathers' used to worship God 'on this mountain', ie. Mt Gerizim.

But it wasn't just after the events here described that Shechem was identified to be a place of prominence. Such events were to occur up to a thousand years later. It was an important place as chosen by Moses precisely because it had already assumed an importance for the people on account of previous happenings in its vicinity. After Abraham (Abram as was then) had been called by God to leave Haran to go to a '*...country that I will show you...*' (Genesis 12, 1), we find that, '*...They departed for Canaan. When they arrived there, Abram went on as far as the sanctuary at Shechem, the terebinth tree of Moreh. (At that time the Canaanites lived in the land). When the Lord appeared to him and said, "I am giving this land to your descendants," Abram built an altar there to the Lord who had appeared to him...*' (Gen. 12, 6 – 7). It is also worth noting that in Genesis chapter 34 we have recounted one of the more unsavoury accounts found in the whole of Scripture concerning the rape of Jacob's daughter, Dinah, by a local prince and the subsequent revenge enacted upon the Shechemites by Simeon and Levi, two of Dinah's brothers.

... Anyway, back to the narrative in Joshua 8. It was here, in the presence of the Israelites, Joshua wrote on stones a copy of the law of Moses. All the Israelites, with their elders, officials and judges, were standing on both sides of the ark of the covenant of the LORD, facing the Levitical priests who carried it. Both the foreigners living among them and the native-born were there. Half of the people stood in front of Mount Gerizim and half of them in front of Mount Ebal, as Moses the servant of the LORD had formerly commanded when he gave

NEWS OF PEOPLE

We were very sorry to learn of the death of *Nancy Gilks* - our oldest member, just a few weeks after she had celebrated her 100th birthday. Her funeral was held on 9th May at Golders Green and even though the present restriction on numbers attending applied, it was good that her son Charles was able to travel from Australia for the service, and to have other family members there as well. We thank God for a life that was well-lived and we will all treasure the memories we have of her.



We were also saddened to hear of the death of *William (Bill) Cleary* - husband of the late Sylvia Cleary, and father to Nicola and Tania. Bill had been struggling with ill-health for a number of years, but nevertheless has left to his family and friends many fond and happy memories. We are grateful for having known him and trust that now he is at peace.

Ian Tutton

instructions to bless the people of Israel. Afterward, Joshua read all the words of the law - the blessings and the curses - just as it is written in the Book of the Law. There was not a word of all that Moses had commanded that Joshua did not read to the whole assembly of Israel, including the women and children, and the foreigners who lived among them.

...What causes scholars to question the way this passage has been inserted, seemingly out of place, is the fact that when we consider chapter 24, the end of the book of Joshua we find that, '*...Joshua assembled all the tribes of Israel at Shechem...*' (Joshua 24, 1). He gave what was to be his valedictory address to the people before enacting a ritual that is remarkably similar to that described in chapter 8. After his death and burial, we are told that, '*...The bones of Joseph, which the Israelites had brought up from Egypt were buried in Shechem...*' (Joshua 24, 32)...

...So, this short passage in Joshua chapter 8 is rich in interest and intrigue. Given that the whole of the history of the settlement in Canaan right through to the fall of Jerusalem some 500 or so years later was probably compiled afterwards, and was most likely redacted according to considerations other than the straightforwardly chronological, it is likely that from time to time, examples of interpolation and repetition were bound to occur. This does not in any way negate the veracity or the meaningfulness of the events described, but it does remind us that when we read Scripture we need to do so carefully and critically, and not just devotionally...

Ian Tutton

SEEDS ----- WE HAD HOPED.....!

I'm sure all of you will agree with me, this long period of isolation has shown us many things in a completely new and different way. We've had more time to think - the distractions aren't there; more time to see what things are really important; more time to do that job we've been putting off because we haven't had time: more time to come to terms with the fact that we don't just need our own company - however self-reliant we think we are - we need the company of others; now. We realize how many things we've never really thought about: they've always been there but we've seen things from a completely different angle. We've had more spare time and I wonder how you've filled yours? Perhaps you've been able to read more books or those old favourites collecting dust on the shelf; perhaps taken up again a past hobby? With a definite prompt from Nicholas, one of our sons, some seeds were sent through the post. It was a quandary as to whether some would lie flat enough to go through the small envelope 'thickness' test - but I took the hint and planted some inside, as too cold outside at that stage. It brought back a wonderful childhood memory of being given my own patch of garden - planting seeds and the joy of seeing bright orange-red California poppies and blue cornflowers coming up - 'all my own work!' I had hoped to be able to tell our son that we could still do it - but I'd forgotten a number of things; the right conditions - for example, everyone knows that plants (or seeds) need moisture, light and warmth. I watered them. For light - a brightly-lit window-sill would have been best - but with no appropriate window-sill in the flat, the trays were placed on the floor (and were covered up in case mistaken for cat-litter trays)! Warmth was also a problem and very soon bits of mould were showing. As to length of time, I had forgotten that they all take different lengths of time to germinate. On looking at the dates on the packets, I found that some were long past the 'best-before-date' but I was undeterred as the expert Monty Don had said it didn't matter how old they were as long as the packets had been kept in good conditions. (One lot of unsold Fair Trade seeds from South Africa dated 2007 were grown by Nicholas and germinated very quickly). In spite of all my hiccups six sweet peas were tall enough to plant outside with a wigwam of canes. I had hoped for all the seeds to sprout, grow tall and flower and to be able to boast that I hadn't lost all my skills at growing things!

I was reminded of those words "we had hoped" in a radio broadcast by the Revd. Jennifer Strawberry of Mansfield College Oxford and the Revd. Dr Steve Nolan, Chaplain at Princess Alice Hospice, leading a reflection on the words of two of Jesus' disciples on the road to Emmaus, "But we had

hoped.” He said: “The road to Emmaus is short. Luke tells us its only seven miles. The two disciples who left Jerusalem that first Easter Sunday morning had probably walked that way several times, they knew well how long the journey would take them, but they had no idea how far they were to travel spiritually before the day was over.”

Jennifer Strawberry continues the theme of ‘But we had hoped.’ “The two disciples were discussing, perhaps like many of us this past month, their lives and hopes, and how they have been changed and crushed in the events that have taken place. For these disciples, Jesus, who they thought was Lord, was crucified and with his death, their hope for redemption and restoration has died as well.....They are sad, confused, and hope-less and they have no idea that the stranger to whom they pour out their story - the only one who seems to be unaware of this great drama, is their risen Lord. This isn’t the most upbeat account of the resurrection. There is no mention of joy, no alleluias, no cries of ‘my Lord and my God’ as they recognise the Lord. Only the words ‘but we had hoped’, linger in the air. But so much is contained in those four words which speak of a future that is now irrelevant and pain stems not only from the tragedy of what has happened, but the empty space of all that could have happened but won’t. ‘But we had hoped’ are words that speak to each of us still. Not because we enjoy wallowing in dark and sentimental emotions, but because they are true. But we had hoped to celebrate Easter with our communities in person. But we had hoped not to get ill. But we had hoped to be so productive in our isolation. But we had hoped not to feel lonely. But we had hoped to do more to help. But we had hoped to have one final hug. But we had hoped infuses our days and our lives in ways big and small. And yet, because we are human and like to be in control, we do our best to gloss over the moments of disappointment or failure. Even with this story on the road to Emmaus, more often than not we jump over these first bits to the recognition of resurrection and the burning hearts in the disciples, without recognising that the same hearts that are burning within them have also been broken.....And without grasping that throughout their fear and despair, whether those disciples recognised it or not, they were not alone. This gospel makes it clear that we will never know when and where we will encounter God in our lives”. She concludes: “If you go to the Holy Land and try to find the road to Emmaus today, you might lose hope, not least because there are four roads to Emmaus due mostly to the fact that there are five contested locations for the ancient village of Emmaus. And of the four possible roads to Emmaus, one is completely overgrown and you have to search in thick brush just off a

busy highway into Jerusalem to find it; one only exists on an ancient map and is now thought to be under a paved road; the remains of one is mostly contained within a convent; and the remains of another may lead to an encounter with the Risen Lord without expecting it, as along its over-grown stones are scattered signs warning of landmines. Perhaps the roads to Emmaus, overgrown, missing, surrounded by prayer, and dotted with landmines are the best descriptions of our hope, our faith, and our lives as we continue on our journeys at this moment of our world..... And yet, there is more. For the phrase, 'But we had hoped' and the uncertainty attached to it only describes the whole of our lives if we think we have to go at this alone. We don't.....The story of Emmaus gives us courage and reminds us wherever we are on our journey, and however isolated we might feel, we are never alone".

Finally back to my seeds. I realize now that they need water and warmth (and that's what our Lord will give us if we ask and are willing to receive); light (however dark it seems God is always showing us that light is stronger than the dark and that love is stronger than hate); timing to get any results or growth is all in God's Hands not ours, and although we can't visibly see any growth, underground or in the molecules in any solid object, there is movement - we just have to be patient... 'We had hoped' - we are not hopeless - but 'Our hope is in the Lord who made Heaven and Earth.'

Rosemary Birch



FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD !

During the last War, food became more and more scarce as the months and years went by. We older people face the restrictions now in place through Covid 19 and we have to rely on getting supplies through the good offices of neighbours or on-line shopping and gratefully accept what comes. Even if it not exactly what we wanted, we are reminded of those war years when the nation pulled together, not only to defeat the enemy but to keep healthy.

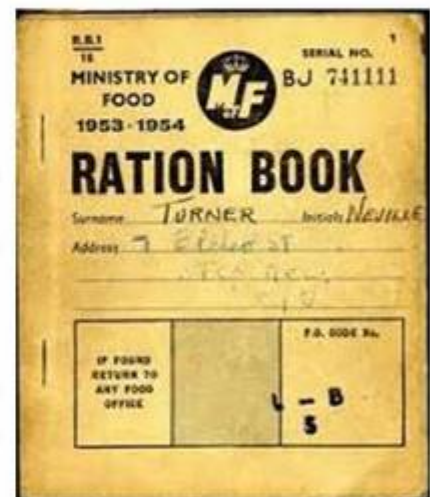
Nobody was obese! We all “dug for victory”, turning flower beds into vegetable patches, saving all scraps of left-overs for the pig bins and praying for the Merchant Navy which brought grain and other foodstuffs from across the seas.

There were slogans published on advertisement hoardings: “Coughs and sneezes spread diseases; trap the germs by using your handkerchief.” “Go easy on bread; eat potatoes instead.” “Careless talk costs lives: be like Dad, keep Mum.”

Rationing started slowly and progressed as the months and years went by. Sweets were rationed; that hardly affected us as children because Mother had always been strict about the amount we ate and because the ration, (I think 4ozs a week), was more than we had been allowed. Mother decreed that we should have our full ration as we needed the sugar. Tea was enough for us too, as our younger brother only drank milk until he went into the Army. A baby in the family was good too, because she had a full ration book even before she was on solid food. As a toddler she had bottles of cod liver oil and concentrated orange juice. She lapped up the cod liver oil! (ugh!).

I think Mother often went hungry to give us children enough to eat. During term time we had school dinners, quite often with whale meat instead of beef. At my school we sat at tables of ten and the food came in dishes. It was doled out by whoever was sitting at the top of the table (and we moved round a place every day). When there were peas, everybody helped themselves to so many spoonfuls and then the rest of the peas were counted and we each had so many more.

In the holidays, we children used to walk to the nearest “British Restaurant” where anyone could go to get a meal of meat and two veg. followed by steamed pudding, all for half a crown.



**Coughs and sneezes
spread diseases**



**Use your head
Stop the spread!**

When my brother David was called up, he went into the Navy and was astonished at the amount of food they were given. Even after the War, food for civilians was rationed for a long time. When I was at College we had our one pound of jam or marmalade to last a month, so between friends one or two would choose marmalade and the others jam which we all shared. One day we went into the dining room for lunch and the Domestic Bursar said the meat she had ordered had not come so all we had were boiled onions.

My roommate's father was a grocer in the Isle of Man and he sent her food parcels every so often

containing, among other things, two Manx kippers. We would boil these in a frying pan on our gas ring and eat them at 5 o'clock, then go into College dinner at 7pm and eat a full meal with no discomfort. Bread was also rationed for the first time *after* the war. We were given five slices a day but that did not satisfy us, so mother sent us bread coupons which we used at the baker's in the village.

What we suffered was as nothing compared to people on the continent. The Dutch were reduced to digging up their tulip bulbs to eat. Many of them had severe stomach problems later through having been near starvation.

Mother made a birthday cake for me in 1945. She had no icing sugar so she made the icing with granulated sugar. It set so hard that we had to turn the cake upside down and scoop the cake out! Rationing gradually eased off. Meat was one of the last items to come off, but that was in 1952 when I began housekeeping.

Now food is not rationed but those of us who are stop-at-homes have to be content with what neighbours bring us, or what we can get from shops on line. But there is starvation in many parts of the world so we pray for those in such situations. We learnt to be thankful during the war, even when Mother tried to get us to drink goats' milk!! So we are thankful now. Saying grace before a meal is a good old-fashioned thing to do.

(I could go on and on about clothes rationing and books printed on grey paper and small type and newspapers reduced in size, and soap rationing... lucky if you lived in a soft water area...but that's enough for now!)

Kay Hassell



JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

As I write this, I'm just starting week eight of WFH (working from home). We will soon have the Government's strategy for the lockdown – it will be phased out, over some time. I was last in the office on Tuesday 24th. March. Even then many shops were closed including the local Timpsons. The message on its window read "Please do not clean our windows until further notice, Thanks." The Northern line tube train home had a lady driver who, at each station, delivered over the intercom the same message: "Passengers are reminded that these trains are for people travelling from and to work. If you've been shopping you should be ashamed of yourselves." Rosemary and I have never - over the last 53 years - spent so much time together, with no visitors and any close contact, with neighbours at a distance. It seems that everyone has realized the seriousness of the coronavirus epidemic and are sticking to the self-isolating rules. However, it became clear early on that self-isolation didn't mean no contact at all and no help but being sensible and reasonable. We have met with more neighbours, all with offers of assistance, than in our first three years in this flat. The lady in one of the other flats, a senior medic, working long and sometimes over-lapping shifts at a local hospital, has phoned when doing her own shopping, and asked what she can get for us. We not only have food delivered but medicine plus hay and oats for our animals (there are four human legs and twenty-eight animal legs, not forgetting the numerous legs of each of our population of stick-insects.)

We had our first walk, outside of the flat and its garden, yesterday and used it to replenish the privet, which is the only accessible food for stick-insects. E-mails and on-line contact are playing an essential part. With regard to our large family, we were able to share in their on-line get-together. Unfortunately it was not organised enough for one section to talk at one time and another at a another time — food might have helped as when they were all young the only time there was quiet in the house was during a meal! We also have frequent phone contact. Additionally, just as our church is accessible on-line, we can 'take part' live with services in Wales and Somerset. It was a particular joy to tune in one Sunday morning to the church where Nicholas and Richard's families attend, especially when a grandson was leading the prayer. The opening line of "The Tale of Two Cities" has come into my mind – "It was the best of times and the worst of times." This could well be applied to our present situation. We have to accept what comes to us but some happenings need to be absorbed, thought through, pondered on and accepted. There is a particular ambivalence towards a death. Since I last wrote, two people closely involved with the church have died, both well-known to Rosemary, myself and

our wider family. All of us had known Donal Broomhall and in the case of the children, grown up together. Donal was a contemporary of our son Richard. He came on holiday with us. I have a mind's eye recollection of his climbing the numerous and steep steps at the Devil's Bridge near our holiday cottage. He, and his parents also came to the Spring Harvest Celebrations at Minehead, along with a large group from St.Judes and the Free Church. Anyone dying young is particularly missed; our fond rememberings of Donal will continue. Very recently, the death also occurred of Nancy Gilks. Nancy was a vibrant centenarian celebrating her 100th birthday a few months ago. She had lived at No 50 Temple Fortune Lane for many years with our family being at No 10, up to a few years ago, for 30 plus years. Her interest in everyone, and what they were up to, was genuine and not intrusive. It was only in the past few years that she asked for a lift to church each Sunday. She always wanted news of our children and their families. Both Donal and Nancy will continue to be missed - but remembered.

The 75th anniversary of VE Day has just passed. I was a war baby and at the time, my father was a comedian appearing at the Bootle Empire. Liverpool Docks were being extensively bombed. My home (Shrewsbury) was on the home flight path (go south and keep the Welsh mountains on your right). We lived close to the gas works – a very visible target for any remaining bombs. I was evacuated on several occasions across the River Severn to my Auntie Cissy who lived away from the town centre. By VE day I was approaching my 5th birthday. My earliest memory is of seeing my Dad marching by in Shrewsbury's own victory parade, in the ranks of the Home Guard. The Anniversary this year, although of necessity more muted than expected, was a fitting tribute.

John Birch



*A street party in
Cartine Fields,
Shrewsbury, VE
Day*

From the Archives

June 1935

The Free Church magazine for June 1935 gives us a compelling picture of carefree days and happiness. Only a few years on to another world war. Mr Ballard's World War Two News Letter kept all his people, the world over, in touch as much as censorship would allow. His account of VE Day and some of the celebrations are relevant as our church had been planning a display to commemorate the 75th anniversary of VE Day this coming June - who would have envisaged the pandemic and lockdown and all the bad news?

Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church Magazine: Choir Notes

The outing on June 13th would require a separate essay to do justice to its many joys and interests. All foregathered at Richmond Pier around 3pm. The liner weighed anchor unpunctually at 3.15, and, under grey skies and in driving rain, we ploughed the billows westward. However, it takes more than water to damp the spirits of the Free Church Choir, and besides, there were sunshades and other devices by which the Choir and the rain were kept apart. In any case there were most attractive sights to be seen, both close at hand and in the further distance, and by the time Hampton Court landing stage was reached the sun was actually shining. Tea was the next cry, and we were led thither by such a circuitous and contradictory route that on arrival at the appointed tearoom at least two members of the Choir made gallant but unsuccessful attempts to walk through mirrors. Food and drink were provided in plenty, but so voracious are the appetites of singers there was a serious outbreak of cake-snatching before the end of the meal. The next hour and a half was spent exploring the Palace of Hampton Court. The maze was a particular attraction and some seemed to find it so attractive, or so difficult to solve, that they nearly lost the boat home. On the homeward voyage our vessel exuded sweet music (which perchance other mariners may have thought was the singing of Syrens). We were certainly overcome by their singing, and came to earth with a bump at Richmond landing-stage. A most successful outing, and we were delighted to have Mr Ballard with us.

KOOTIE! KOOTIE! Do you remember yelling yourself hoarse at the Games evening held some time ago? The Amusements Committee, in answer to numerous requests, is organising a KOOTIE DRIVE on July 17 at 8pm. Admission to play will be 1/- (5p) or to watch 6d (2 1/2p) per head. Please be early.

(Does anybody know - or remember - what this game consisted of? - Ed)

Missions and Mines in Central Africa: Part of Missionary report from the Free Church Magazine

Many of us were curious to see the wonder worker of Mbereshi, the authoress of "God's Candlelights", a woman missionary who has discovered a means of presenting the Gospel message in terms of the African mentality. The boys and girls of the Sunday School were the first, on Friday, June 21, to give Miss Mabel Shaw a rousing welcome in the Manse garden. They met her at tea and afterwards listened to her tales of ordinary and extraordinary occurrences in the jungles of Central Africa. If you were cycling on a narrow track through the long grass and, on rounding a corner, came face to face with two lions stretched across the path, what would you do? Miss Shaw admitted she wobbled and nearly fell off her machine, but, realizing that such a proceeding was asking for an unusual and probably final experience, she decided to ride round the lion which had not departed on catching sight of her. She did so and, after passing him, did not look round to see what he did. It is supposed that he had an objection to foreign meat!

June 1945

From the HGS Free Church News Letter

Rev Frank Ballard writes: 'If I had my way we would return to the pre-war Magazine - which many of you have never seen. I would ask representative writers to give us articles on "How the Peace came to the Suburb." Unfortunately peace does not mean freedom and a good many people would shake their heads if I were to appeal for more paper or printing. I must be content, therefore to give some personal impressions, mainly for the benefit of people who are overseas.

We had done our best to make plans for any eventualities, but as so often happens, the one thing happened that no-one had foreseen. An announcement was made on the BBC that an official announcement would be made the next day. This immediately raised the question: would our Thanksgiving Service be in the morning, or in the evening? The telephone began ringing and people appeared at the Manse door seeking information. I said at once "Both". On the spur of the moment I thought we might get a handful of people at one and a goodly company at the other. I did not expect what was actually seen; the central blocks of the Church filled on both occasions. This was partly due to the promptness of a few thoughtful people who placed effective notices in strategic positions. It was due primarily to a common desire to join in a united act of Thanksgiving to God. I wish you who are overseas could have had private television sets enabling

you in some measure to share our praise. You would have found us thinking together of all those who made the great sacrifice, of those who are bereaved, and all of you whose faces are turned towards a still undefeated enemy. And you would have found us concerned about the gigantic tasks



that await us here and in every land. That night, and again on Wednesday evening, graver thoughts were set aside. Our own young people had a bonfire at the bottom of Brookland Rise. Another and older crowd had another bonfire on the other side of the road, and with a spontaneity that would have pleased you, they made merry. The same kind of thing was happening all over the country, but by all accounts the crowds were good-tempered and the celebrations marked by proper restraint.

(On 7 May, General Eisenhower accepted the unconditional surrender of all German forces in Europe. However, the document of surrender was only intended to come into effect the following day - the 8th. As a result, many people in Britain - including many in the Suburb - didn't wait for the official day of celebration and began the festivities as soon as they heard the news on 7 May. Flags soon lined the streets of towns and cities across Britain. As in the Suburb, bonfires were lit and people made merry). **Anne Lowe**



April Nature Notes

Coming to the “sticks” from HG Suburb and experiencing lockdown, as most of us are, makes one sensitive to different things. Before the great imprisonment, exploration here was for bus routes, post offices, shops, cafes etc; now our daily exercise slots are very much about exploring the local countryside. In the Suburb of course, one is spoilt for nature, particularly at this time of year - blossom trees, lilacs, bulbs, even mimosa, all with a wealth of blooms both in public places and in private gardens. Here there are fewer cultivated signs of Spring, but the daily walks have highlighted a wilder side of nature in the acres of open spaces, meadows and woodland at the back of us. Helped of course by the unusually warm and sunny April we have all enjoyed this year. Individual trees are coming into leaf, along with blossoms - at present, a riot of white hawthorn. Searching more closely I have seen a number of wild flowers in the grass not seen (or noticed) since a Devon childhood long ago - Red Campion (which is in fact pink), Germander Speedwell (blue), Birdsfoot Trefoil (yellow) - overshadowed by the usual wealth of daisies, buttercups and dandelions. We found several patches of English bluebells (ie not the ubiquitous Spanish - the English being a much more vivid blue and more delicate looking) along the way - but the highlight was a trip to the Bluebell Woods - carpets of English bluebells! In the old days of course we would not have expected bluebells to be around much before May, but climate change and the record sunny April seem to have telescoped the traditional English Spring into just a few (very short) weeks. Bird life also gets a look in on these walks but is much more problematic - the basic problem being that they will fly so fast across the sky when you are trying to identify them - or shoot to the nearest cover if you try to surreptitiously approach them. However we have managed to see a peregrine falcon and a mistle thrush. We are also on the look-out for skylarks which nest in a nearby field. Local people often feed the birds and there is at least one flock of noisy sparrows in a tree near our local pub. We too have a bird feeder in the garden but so far the birds seem to be entirely lacking in initiative and have failed to find it!

Because the Grand Union Canal and River Brent are within metres of our back garden, we should be able to see the swans nesting and being aggressive, but because of social distancing (not to mention the cyclists and joggers), we have found it best to avoid the narrow towpaths and content ourselves with quickly crossing one of the lock gates to access the fields and woodland the other side. Rabbit holes (warrens?) abound but we have yet to

catch sight of them. Similarly mole hills and moles. Coming closer to home there is the urban wild-life - just as in the Suburb. Foxes in broad daylight and of course the cats - one of whom insists on sleeping on top of the car! We remember that when we arrived a supposed gas leak in fact turned out to be the front flower bed being used as a cat's toilet. Cat-scaring bushes have now been planted: they may fulfil their purpose some time in the future but so far the cats just seem to find our efforts amusing and continue their exasperating ways.

Marion Ditchfield

(For the weather nerds amongst us we enclose a photo of our barometer taken earlier this year when the UK was at the centre of a record breaking anticyclone - approx 1050 millibars. The pressure was one of the highest ever recorded in the UK and evidence yet again, of climate change).



Experts recommend keeping your daily rituals even while working from home



Who ever thought C Diff would be considered the good ole days?



CROWHURST HOME OF HEALING

I come from a broken home and was not always as together as I am now. My mother left the family home after I had started at Highgate Primary School, and my elder half brother David and I stayed behind. Some time



later the housekeeper told us that we were to see our mother, and we started visiting her in East Finchley. Eventually David moved in with our mother. My father remarried and he, my stepmother and I moved to Petts Wood, near Orpington, when I was eight.

In my youth I sometimes stayed in St Leonards on Sea with my father's Anglican sister, my Aunt Gwen, who introduced me to the Crowhurst Home of Healing in East Sussex. On one occasion she booked me into a weekend there. Either then or on another visit I spent a happy hour in the art room. At school I had normally finished 34th or 35th in my class of 35 at art. When one year I finished 27th equal, my art teacher had written in my report, "He has found his true position."

This was of no concern to the art teacher at Crowhurst. She explained that anyone can make pictures, then provided the materials and went away to let me get on with it. The experience was therapeutic. I came away with a painting of a beach scene from a camping holiday with the Venture Scouts in Normandy aged 19.

At the end of the weekend there was a closing service in the chapel, which I think was conducted by Canon Peter Ball. During the service we were all invited to go to the front and receive the laying on of hands. I had a cold but thought that if I didn't mind, why would God? I went up anyway, and was prayed over as we all were.

At the end of the service Canon Ball announced, "I have had a word of knowledge, and it's for you and you", pointing to a pair in the front row. We were all agog to learn of this manifestation of the gifts of the Spirit. He went on, "All these people are thirsty. Can you go to the kitchen and ask them to put on an urn of tea?"

Not long after I was standing by the radiogram in the front room in Petts Wood when I heard a voice in my head telling me, "Now you can love." I was amazed, and resolved to start loving within the family. *Joe Fryer*

Book Review

Svetlana Alexievich, *Boys in Zinc* (Penguin Classics, 2017)



To my shame, I had not heard of Svetlana Alexievich's work until I chanced on a copy of *Boys in Zinc* as I was browsing in a bookshop. Yet Alexievich has an impressive body of work behind her, as was underlined in 2015 when she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. She works in the area of what is called "testimonial literature," that is, she brings together the voices of many people who have witnessed a particular tragic or cataclysmic event. These include the Chernobyl disaster; the experiences of Soviet women during the Great Patriotic War and how Russians reacted to the end of the Soviet era.

Boys in Zinc brings together the voices of those who were involved in the ten-year Soviet War in Afghanistan (1979-89). We hear the stories of the young soldiers, their officers, women in clerical posts, medics and – most movingly – of Soviet mothers who have lost a son. Of these, perhaps the most heart-wrenching is that of a single mother whose only child, a son, was dispatched to Afghanistan despite it being state policy not to involve the only child of a single mother.

Inevitably the comparison that comes to mind is with Vietnam, and it is no surprise that veterans of both wars socialized together and got drunk. The soldiers in both wars were from a superpower that invaded a third-world country. The troops in both armies used drugs to numb their guilt; both wars were overlong, wasteful of life and utterly futile; both were increasingly unpopular at home, to the extent that veterans felt either overlooked or positively disliked and shunned when they returned. But there are also very marked differences. The Soviet soldiers did not feel superior to the Afghan people they encountered and who increasingly came to hate them. The soldiers had been duped into thinking that they were there to improve the conditions of the civilian population by building schools and hospitals and that they were combating terrorists. They quickly realized that their task was one of destruction and that the "terrorists" looked like thin, haggard peasants with calloused palms. There is virtually no testimony that does not mention burned-out Afghan villages that would burden their consciences for the rest of their lives. The Soviet soldiers are also sensitive to the loss of animal life: the camels and the donkeys they kill, thus rendering those who have next to nothing with nothing at all. They are also aware – perhaps because most come from flat lands, - of the

enchancing beauty of the mountains, invariably described as “purple mountains.”

Alexievich herself suffered over a decade of exile from her native Belarus owing to her criticism of both the Soviet and Belorussian governments. Earlier, she was also taken to court in Minsk, when two of those who bore witness to their experiences in Afghanistan accused her of giving a false account of what they had said.

If there is a shortcoming in this Penguin classic it is the lack of an introduction. For example, it would be useful to know just how much the war in Afghanistan contributed to Gorbachev’s unpopularity in the USSR. In addition, a few words about the development of the testimonial form in Russia would have been of interest. Since there is no introduction, a word of clarification about the title: the bodies of the soldiers who died in Afghanistan were transported back to their homeland in zinc coffins.

Verity Smith

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

“Christ has no body but yours, no hands, no feet on earth but yours. Yours are the eyes through which he looks with compassion on the world; Yours are the hands through which he blesses all the world; Yours are the feet with which He walks to do good; You are the hands; You are the eyes; you are his body. Christ has no body on earth but yours.” (St. Teresa of Avila)



God doesn’t need our help but by His sheer grace He allows us to become his partners and co-workers in His work of building His kingdom. This was the thought expressed by Andrew Graystone (a familiar voice on Radio 2 , 4 and 5 Live) in a talk on BBC 4 Daily Service when he was thinking about Jesus feeding the 5000. Andrew explained that he had had a peculiar dream finding himself in a studio with Vincent van Gogh where he was finishing a masterpiece. Vincent invited Andrew to make a mark in the corner and Andrew explained that his hand was shaking so much that Vincent had to guide his hand and then the great painter finished the corner of the picture with a few expert strokes. Vincent then signed on the left-hand side of the finished work - -Vincent van Gogh and Andrew Graystone. Andrew explained that the master didn’t need his help to finish the picture, anymore than Jesus needed the boy and his bread and fishes but He invited - He allowed - them and us to be his co-workers. His hands, His eyes-are needed so much more now in this strange unusual time, when a kind hand, a friendly and caring voice on the phone, getting some shopping, can mean more than we shall ever know. What I call those fingers of God moments.

Rosemary Birch

TRADCRAFT, TRADCRAFT EXCHANGE, TEARFUND AND CHRISTIAN AID

All the charities have been struggling hard to provide the help and care needed by those struggling around the world. We, in the UK, may complain about the effects of the lockdown, shortages of a few products, the irritations of social distancing and hand-washing but just think of the effects of those living in extreme poverty - the impact must be unthinkable. In Cox's



Bazaar, Bangladesh's largest refugee camp in the world, social distancing isn't possible and there aren't enough hand-washing facilities. Local church partners working for *Tearfund* have been distributing leaflets about the importance of hand-washing and the reporting of viral symptoms but as a spokesman says 'getting access will be even harder'..... In Tanzania, *Traidcraft Exchange* have been running a programme course on farming techniques as they have discovered that when people become self-sufficient they can stand strong through difficult times.Traidcraft has noted that the most vulnerable face extreme difficulties. The impact on livelihoods is already being felt in many countries where markets are being closed which means small-scale farmers have nowhere to sell their harvest.. In the countries where we work, health care systems are already fragile and stretched beyond their capacities'. Coronavirus has the potential to endanger huge swathes of the population. Many places are starkly under-prepared for what's to come. There were almost no cases of the virus across Africa only a few weeks ago - now the numbers are growing daily. Of course, currently it is not even close to the biggest killers in Africa, with preventable diseases like malaria still causing far greater loss of life. *Christian Aid* was not able to add their wonderful contribution of financial help through the special week in May - although the sponsored walk might be scheduled into the Autumn.

Traidcraft. I am still able to order goods on line apart from the elusive toilet rolls – so now we've got wheels we could deliver at an appropriate social distance. We must hold all these groups and indeed all those in extreme poverty in our prayers.

Rosemary Birch

GROWING OLD: LIFE'S LESSONS

HOW WRONG CAN YOU BE? A PERSONAL VIEW

Following the extraordinary interest and enthusiasm with which the grandsons listened to my memories I decided to try and build on this by tackling the theme of 'lessons I have learnt in life'. Straightway their faces lit up, they dropped their ipads, unplugged their PS4s, and pausing only to pick up notebooks, began to listen avidly to what I had to say - keeping of course a careful two metre space between us.

To begin with I was tempted to say that the first lesson in life is "Never give a sucker an even break", but I feared the allusion to W C Fields would pass them by, so I temporised a bit and then said the first lesson in life is having to face the fact that you can be wrong - very wrong about things - both in personal terms and in more general terms. And one of the chief reasons for this is, as Harold MacMillan put it "events, dear boy, events," ie no matter how hard you try to settle on a particular course in life, some event will come along to knock you off course. One moment we are happily plodding along our well worn paths confident that tomorrow, the day after tomorrow and the day after that we will still be plodding happily along, when suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, comes the bolt from the blue that completely blows you off course - sometimes so much so that life can never be the same again!

Harold MacMillan and the Coronavirus

And of course we have all been subject to a superb demonstration of this 'iron law of events'. There we were, completely immersed in our Brexit debate with all its political shenanigans and deceptions, oblivious of the fact of that a particular virus ridden bat (in faraway China) was just about to bite a particular exotic mammal that would supply a necessary piece of DNA to the virus and that this mammal would then be sold on an illegal Chinese market in Wuhan city and then be eaten by an unsuspecting citizen - and the rest is history as they say. The shenanigans and deceptions of Brexit were forgotten (if only temporarily) and a government elected to shrink the role of the state suddenly found itself overseeing the biggest expansion of the state since the Second World War. And its citizens required to self-isolate at home and keep a two metre distance from other people - something not even required in wartime! And all because of a careless bat!

Of course in general the impact of unexpected events is rarely as clear as a



viral pandemic. Troubles tend to come in packs or as Shakespeare put it: "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." A wonderful example of this was the end of the social democratic consensus in the UK in the 1970s and 1980s.

Long, long ago, sometime between the Jurassic and the Cretaceous periods, ie the dear, dead 1960s, I remember a tutorial at university where everyone (including myself) agreed that the outstanding international political feature of the time was 'convergence', ie the idea that the Soviet Union was gradually liberalising itself and that western states were becoming more and more interventionist in order to pursue their aims of greater economic and racial equality. It was soon after Khrushchev's 1959 visit to the US to have a look at US agriculture and when Kennedy (and more particularly Johnson) were trying to push ahead on the civil rights front. It seemed a sensible assumption at the time, it was centrist and one assumed that any rational person would want to go forward on this basis. I also remember arguing the exact same point with parents and they too seemed willing to concede the logic of the situation. But, looking back, I can see that their agreement was reluctant rather than wholehearted, a reflection perhaps of the uncertain times experienced in the 1930s. There was even a warning along the lines of 'be careful, things can always change'. At the time it seemed unlikely so I was happy to ignore the tiny red flag being waved at me from the margins.

How wrong can you be?

All of which illustrates the point of 'just how wrong can you be?' The answer is, of course, completely wrong. Wrong on so many counts. Wrong about the world and wrong about people.

Error 1: First of all, it forgot MacMillan's 'events dear boy, events'. In particular, it forgot the 1973 energy crisis when, as a response to US support of Israel in the Yom Kippur war, Saudi Arabia declared an oil embargo against the United States, later joined by other oil producers. The effect was immediate - a four fold increase in the price of oil that had all kinds of short- and long-term effects on global politics and the global economy. Suffice to say that it marked the end of cheap oil and the cheap manufacturing world that went with it. It led to a period of global inflation and the emergence of the 'oil weapon' And it led to the end of the convergence era - the United States had supported Israel, the Soviet Union had supported Egypt and Syria. Whatever the short term reasons for these alignments, both sides found it impossible to extricate themselves from their commitments, the cold war line-up reasserted itself which, even today (ie twenty years after the fall of the Soviet Union) still dominates Middle East politics and world politics.

Error 2: It forgot people

But it was the impact on the UK that concerns us here. Large sections of the population had never accepted the status quo (the post war settlement) and were simply biding their time for the right moment (the inevitable 'events') that would enable them to come back. Endless pieces in News and Views have traced the influence of particular individuals, groups, think-tanks (both in the UK and America) in tirelessly promoting the opposing ideology of Neoliberalism. Well financed, well organised, they worked tirelessly in the post war world (usually behind the scenes) to influence politicians, business and the media to their point of view. And the oil crisis provided one of the earliest opportunities to start the process. The inflationary spiral greatly exacerbated the domestic wage/prices inflation that the UK was experiencing at the time and right on cue the right-wing press began a relentless campaign against the unions - who (as usual) were 'holding the nation to ransom'. Judged by the standards of the 2008 Global Financial Crisis or the present pandemic, it was all pretty small beer (GDP was hardly affected for example) - but it was enough. It's difficult to believe the hysteria now - at one point there were even rumours of private armies being formed (lampooned in the TV series Reggie Perrin) and of plots inside MI5 to bring down the government. Significantly, this was also the moment when a campaign was launched against taxation and, in particular, levels of income tax. Very quickly, taxation ceased to be a way of financing necessary public services and became a burden that was purportedly holding back the enterprise of the people. It has taken some 50 years to fully roll back the gains of the post war settlement to reach where we are now. From the point of view of the social historian it has been a rare privilege to live through such an age. There have been few opportunities to trace the long, long journey of a country from a moderately efficient social democracy to a moderately corrupt and inefficient plutocracy. But, from a personal point of view, it has been a colossal disappointment.

Conclusion

All of which leads to some rather gloomy conclusions concerning the present crisis. At the moment, NHS personnel and those working in home and social care are being treated with a new respect. There is a feeling that, in future, the least we can do is to improve and reward the status of people working in these sectors. Much the same is being said about all those who have made life possible during the crisis - delivery drivers, postmen, transport workers, shelf-stackers, checkout staff, the vast numbers of the 'precariat' working in the gig economy vital to our day-to-day existence. In addition, the pandemic has highlighted the huge economic and social disparities between different sections of the population and, again, there is a sentiment that these disparities will need

to be tackled in future. In short, things should not be allowed to go back to the way they were before the pandemic.

These are noble sentiments which any normal person would find it hard to disagree with. But, once again, this would be to make the elementary mistake of forgetting our history. In this respect, the 2008 Global Financial Crisis should sound the grimmest of warnings. During



and just after the crisis, the overwhelming consensus was that the financial and banking sector could never be allowed to go back to their bad old ways. After such a dangerous and irresponsible display of greed and corruption, there had to be root and branch reform. And, for nearly two years, it seemed just possible that things might change. Then, due to the dictum of 'never waste a good crisis' (or, as Dominic Cummings put it 'you have to be in charge of change if you don't want to be a victim of change') the elites launched their counter-attack

In the UK it took the form of re-presenting the inevitable recession caused by the crisis as the fault of a spendthrift public sector instead of the banking sector - an operation christened (by some American economists at least) as the 'Great Bait and Switch' operation. The way was thus open for the massive and pointless austerity policies of the next ten years - the real aim of which was simply to roll back the public sector - while 'the going was good' so to speak, ie 'never waste a good crisis'.

Will it be any different this time? The signs are not good. Brexit remains firmly on the table and there is every sign that the government will use the EU's reluctance to negotiate while the pandemic lasts as an excuse for its (much wanted) 'no deal' Brexit. Trade talks have started with the US and the NHS and UK agriculture remain in front of the 200 or so US negotiators and lobbyists who definitely want 'progress' on these fronts. At the same time, outsourcing PPE procurement and testing has proved to be an effective way of continuing to privatise NHS services while no one is looking. Amazon has made a fortune. Big tech and the surveillance industry (via apps) will emerge even more powerful than before. And there remains a question mark over how the government wants businesses and the public to pay back the loans that have been made available during the crisis. It is highly unlikely that the government would do the really sensible thing and simply write the debt off (after all, it's simply money we owe ourselves having lent it to ourselves in the first place). Will they be able to resist the temptation of using this debt as a way of inflicting even more austerity in the future. For once, one actually wants to be catastrophically wrong!!

John Ditchfield

JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

Competition no.26 Places of interest UK Part 8

(The answers to Questions 1 and 2 begin with M, 3, 4 and 5 begin with N, 6 with H, 7 with O, 8 and 9 begin with P, 10 with C, 11 with H, 12 with W and finally 13 with R)

- A Cornish village (or a rodent's entrance).
- 2 A London Museum where we can all be young.
3. East Anglia's No.1 racecourse.
4. Get aboard at Pickering for travel on.....
5. Robin exits the Forest and goes to this castle.
6. Palace (Edinburgh)
7. Victoria's island retreat.
8. A castle where the last invasion of the UK occurred.
9. A stately home in West Sussex.
10. RAF Museum (West Midlands).
11. RAF Museum (London).
12. RHS gardens in Surrey.
13. A narrow gauge railway on the Kent coast



The answers to Competition No 25 (Places of Interest in the UK, Part 7)

1. Legoland. 2. Lincoln 3. Llangollen 4. Loch Lomond.
5. Lundy 6. Madam Tussauds 7. Mary Rose .8. Menai
9. Needles 10. New Forest. 11. Offas Dyke 12. Paignton
13. Pistyll Rhyader.

All entries to johnbirch1821@gmail.com or to 26 Holden Road N12 8HT.



WORDSEARCH: WONDERFUL TREES

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

ALMOND APPLE BALSAM CEDAR-OF-LEBANON CHERRY COMMON-SILVER-FIR COPPER-BEECH ELM HAZEL HOLLY HOLMOAK HORNBEAM HORSE-CHESTNUT LABURNUM LEYLAND-CYPRESS LOMBARDY-POPLAR MONKEY-PUZZLE MYRTLE OLIVE PALM PLANE SCOTS-PINE SLIVER-BIRCH SYCAMORE TURKISH-OAK WEEPING-WILLOW WELLINGTONIA WHITEBEAM
(When you have found all the words, use the remaining 14 letters to find a tree whose distinctive leaves are notched and fan-shaped)



DIARY: *Once again, this edition of News and Views carries no Diary. Instead, to cheer us up, a few more cartoons culled from social media:*

People normally



People during quarantine





NEWS AND VIEWS



PRODUCTION
DISTRIBUTION
EDITORIAL PANEL
TYPESETTER
EDITOR

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

We are intending that there will be a July edition of News and Views, whether web or both web and print (as usual). Publication will be on Sunday 5th July. Articles should therefore be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 21st June.

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.

Remember - we are on line at www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk where you will find past issues of News and Views.

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