

# *NEWS & VIEWS*

*Hampstead Garden Suburb  
Free Church*



*MAY 2019*

**PLEASE TAKE**

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# HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

(United Reformed and Baptist)  
Central Square, London, NW11 7AG  
[www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk](http://www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk)

<b>Sunday Services:</b>	<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>
<b>Minister:</b>	<b>Revd Dr Ian Tutton</b> The Manse, Central Square, NW11 7AG 020 8457 5898 <a href="mailto:itutton@aol.com">itutton@aol.com</a>
<b>Correspondence Secretary</b>	Penny Trafford 020 8959 3405 <a href="mailto:ptrafford07@gmail.com">ptrafford07@gmail.com</a>
<b>Treasurer</b>	Derek Lindfield 07803 953483
<b>Director of Music</b>	Peter Hopkins
<b>Children's Advocates</b>	Lilian Coumbe <a href="mailto:coumbe_lilian@yahoo.com">coumbe_lilian@yahoo.com</a>  Stephan Praetorius <a href="mailto:Stephan@acceleration.biz">Stephan@acceleration.biz</a>

## **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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# NEWS & VIEWS

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



NO 750

MAY 2019

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**D**ear **F**riends,

As we 'leave behind' the Easter season we approach Ascension Day, and Pentecost. Ascension Day is always on a Thursday – this year May 30<sup>th</sup> – as it is always 40 days after Easter (5 weeks + 5 days). Pentecost, from the Greek for fiftieth, is 10 days later – this year June 9<sup>th</sup> - 50 days after Easter. It parallels the Jewish religious calendar, being known as the Festival of Weeks – Shavuot – which is to be held seven weeks and one day (50 days) after the first Sabbath of the Feast of Unleavened Bread, Passover.

For Christians, Ascension Day, and the Day of Pentecost are inextricably linked. In John's Gospel, Jesus is recorded as having told the disciples that whilst He was to go to the Father, *'He will give you another Counsellor, to be with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth.'* (John 14, 16). *'But the Counsellor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring to Your remembrance all that I have said to you.'* (John 14, 26),

God, having been actively present in the world through the incarnation of the Eternal Son in and through the life, death and resurrection of Jesus, is now actively present in the world through the Holy Spirit. Both the Son and the Spirit having proceeded directly from God the Father. What the Patristic theologian Irenaeus described as 'the two hands of God'.

Now all of this might read like 'dry as dust' theology but there is a vital point to be made. Pentecost serves to remind us that God continues to be actively present. That active presence manifests itself in three distinct ways:

**1. In the individual believer;** drawing out from each one of us what Paul refers to as the 'fruit' of the Spirit, behavioural characteristics - love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, gentleness and self-control – while



at the same time encouraging us to discover and utilise the ‘gift’ of the Spirit with which each of us is blessed – apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, healers, administrators, helpers, intercessors, speakers in tongues, interpreters of what is spoken in tongues.

**2. In the Church;** gathering together the congregation, inspiring the worship, safeguarding Gospel truth, encouraging fellowship between believers, empowering outreach, promoting good works, envisioning mission, enabling ministry.

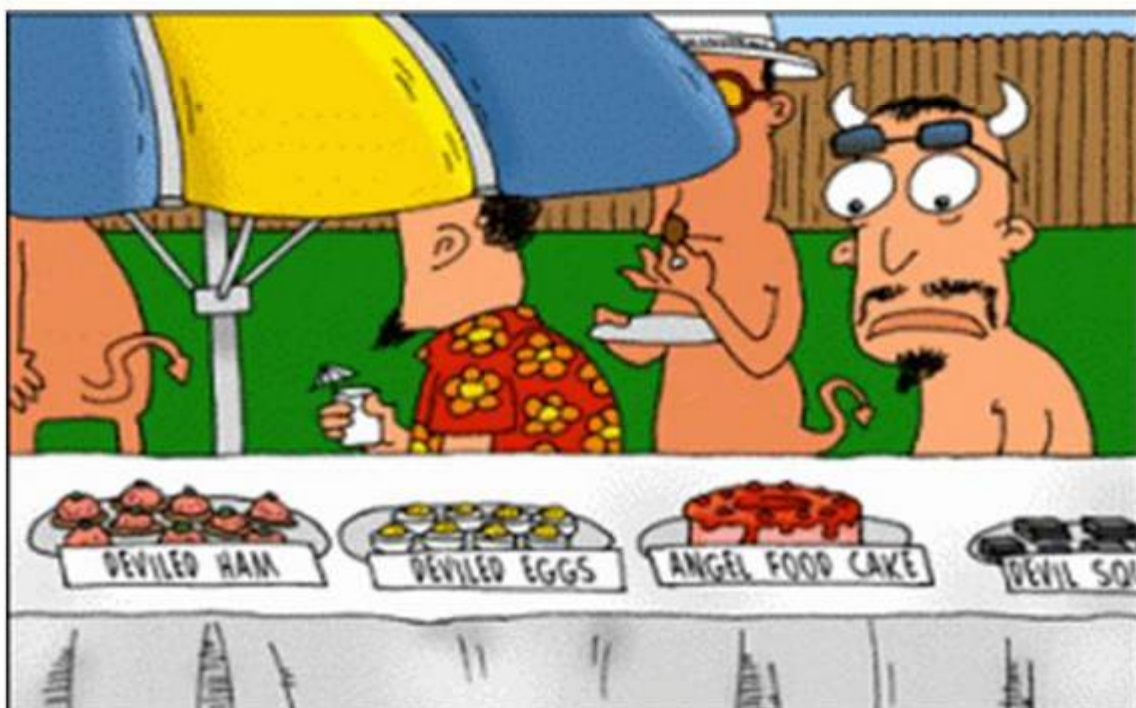
**3. In the world;** sustaining the witness of God’s people, drawing those of other faiths and none to God, performing miracles of grace, ensuring the fulfilment of God’s will and purpose, bringing life from death, replenishing the earth, evidencing the presence of the Kingdom.

These are not exhaustive lists. The work of the Holy Spirit defies description. The active presence of God is inexhaustible in every way. Pentecost challenges us in every way to acknowledge that God is actively present in the world, to ensure that there is room sufficient for God to be actively present within the life of the Church, and to be sure that each one of us is always open to the active presence of God in our lives.

‘Behold, I am making all things new’ is the clarion call of God, heralded in and through the life, death and resurrection of Jesus; epitomised in and through the risen, exalted Christ; given expression in and through the ongoing active presence of the Holy Spirit. Pentecost dares us to wonder, ‘what is the new thing that God wishes to make happen’ – in my life, in my church, in my world...

*Ian Tutton*

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## Bible Study

From verse 14 of chapter 15 of his Letter to the Romans onwards, Paul makes everything very personal. It is worth reminding ourselves that the Letter is written before ever Paul went to Rome. Yet, as we shall see when we consider chapter 16, he was on 'first name terms'



with many members of the Christian community in Rome. He has no doubt heard much about them from others and this, it would appear, allows him to draw his own conclusion concerning their fidelity in the Gospel. *'...I myself am satisfied about you, my brothers and sisters, that you yourselves are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge and able to instruct one another...'* (Romans 15, 14). But at the same time, Paul wants his readers to appreciate why it is that someone who is in essence a stranger to them has assumed the right to address them in the way he has. *'...But on some points I have written to you very boldly by way of reminder, because of the grace given me by God to be a minister of Christ Jesus to the Gentiles in the priestly service of the Gospel of God, so that the offering of the Gentiles may be acceptable, sanctified by the Holy Spirit...'* (Rom. 15, 15-16). From the outset, Paul believed himself to have been commissioned by God, a commission affirmed by the Jerusalem Church, to take the Gospel directly to the Gentiles. In the discharge of which Paul takes pride. He has fulfilled that for which he was set apart. The scope of this enterprise was impressive, even in mere geographical terms – *'...From Jerusalem and as far around as Illyricum...'* (Rom. 15 19). [Illyricum was the Roman Province extending along the eastern sea board of the Adriatic; what today would be Croatia, Montenegro, Albania]. His express intention was to take the Gospel to places and to people who would not otherwise have heard of Jesus Christ. *'...Making it my ambition to preach the Gospel not where Christ has already been named, lest I build on another man's foundation...'* (Rom. 15, 20). It was because of his commitment to this particular part of the world that Paul had not as yet crossed the Adriatic to enter Italy and visit Rome. Now his work in that area was complete he was free to contemplate where he was to go next. *'...I no longer have any room for work in these regions, and since I have longed for many years to come to you, I hope to see you in passing as I go to Spain, and to be sped on my journey there by you, once I*

*have enjoyed your company for a little... ' (Rom. 15, 23-24). Paul's intention is to go as far west as possible, beyond the Adriatic, beyond the Eastern Mediterranean, to the farthest reaches of the 'Great Sea'. The Roman Empire has already become extended into Southern and Western Europe; trade routes had been established, travelling would be relatively easy, and the Pax Romana would have, at that time, guaranteed his safe passage as a Roman citizen. However, before that could happen Paul was having to return to Jerusalem. '*...At present, however, I am going to Jerusalem with aid for the saints. For Macedonia and Achaia have been pleased to make some contribution for the poor among the saints in Jerusalem... ' (Rom. 15, 26). This is the collection that is referred to in 2<sup>nd</sup> Corinthians 8, verses 1 – 5. Most likely this is the visit described in Acts 19, 21, '*...Paul resolved in the Spirit to pass through Macedonia and Achaia and go to Jerusalem, saying, "After I have been there, I must also see Rome." ... ' However, as the rest of the Book of Acts reminds us, it was after his arrival in Jerusalem that Paul's fate was taken out of his hands. He was arrested and put on trial, removed to Caesarea, and having invoked his right as a Roman citizen to plead his case before the Emperor, was taken as a prisoner to Rome. And so, Paul did indeed go to Rome but not as he envisaged when writing his Letter of 'introduction' to the Christians in that city. He imagined that all would go well in Jerusalem, he would deliver the funds and then, '*... When therefore I have completed this, and delivered to them what has been raised, I shall go on by way of you to Spain; and I know that when I come to you I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of Christ... ' (Rom. 15, 29). Yet, the ending of chapter 15 hints at a degree of foreboding on Paul's part; he was not quite certain what sort of welcome he would receive, especially from the Jews, '*...I appeal to you, brothers and sisters, by our Lord Jesus Christ and by the love of the Spirit, to strive together with me in your prayers to God on my behalf, that I may be delivered from the unbelievers in Judea, and that my service to Jerusalem may be acceptable to the saints, so that by God's will I may come to you with joy and be refreshed in your company. The God of peace be with you all... ' (Rom. 15, 30-33). There is no doubt that Paul was blessed with a spirit of single-mindedness; determined to fulfil his calling under God as a missionary to the Gentiles. Yet at the same time he never lost sight of the need to be a minister to those who were in need. He never forgot his 'friends', although it was with the leaders of the church in Jerusalem that Paul had some of his most challenging encounters. It was among the Jewish converts to Christianity, in*****



## THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

(Taken from the BBC Sunday morning service from Southwell Minster 21.4.19.) in a sermon given by the Right Rev. Paul Williams who quoted an eminent bishop, Handley Moule (1841-1920), who over a hundred years ago in another season of tension and uncertainty, wrote: ***“There is no situation so chaotic that God cannot from that create something that is surpassingly good. He did it at creation. He did it at the cross. He is doing it still today.”***



*Sourced by Rosemary Birch*

and around Judea that he met with strident opposition to his understanding as to how the Gospel might be shared with the Gentiles. Paul was all too aware that precisely because he was a Jew, it would be the Jews who would be most likely to confront him, and to seek his arrest, trial and condemnation. In spite of all of this, he never lost focus, never took ‘his eye off the prize’, never ducked the challenge. He was convinced that wherever he went, the Holy Spirit was with him; and that as long as he remained faithful to the Gospel, faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ of whom was a servant, God would see to it that his destiny, to go to Rome, would be his to realise. Not in the way he imagined as he described it in Romans 15 perhaps, but nevertheless, he would go to Rome...

*Ian Tutton*





## CHRISTIAN AID WEEK AND WALK 12<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> MAY

*(Please refer to last month's News and Views (page 17) for more details of events.) This year we're focusing our efforts to see how we can help some of the world's poorest mums with health care and better clinics. Sierra Leone is one of the most dangerous places to become a mum where ten women die from giving birth each day. Our thoughts are with Jebbeh- a young Mum who should be looking forward to giving birth for the first time, but she's full of fear as last year when her sister went into labour she had no option but to walk for three hours, under the baking sun, to the nearest hospital. She never made it and died on the side of the road never giving birth. It's stories like this which make all our efforts - whether donating into a red envelope, giving at the concert, taking part in a sponsored walk - all these donations however small can, and have, the potential to make such a difference. £20 could buy a stethoscope to check the babies' and Mum's heart-beat. £60 could help pay for a roof at a newly-built clinic.*

*Rosemary Birch*

### EVENTS

**SUNDAY 12<sup>th</sup> MAY 3PM** A concert in church with a collection. (Red envelopes will be available for people to gift-aid if they wish).

### CHRISTIAN AID WEEK 12<sup>th</sup>-18<sup>th</sup> MAY

With a few envelopes distributed to regular givers.

**SUNDAY 19<sup>th</sup> MAY. CIRCLE THE CITY SPONSORED WALK.** A family-friendly, fun-raising event seeing the City's hidden places of worship, taking part in activities, musical performances, guided tours along the way. Two routes (3 miles or 6 miles) - both starting at St. Mary-le-Bow Church EC2V6AU (nearest tube St. Pauls or Mansion House). Pre-walk service at 1pm, Walk 1.20 - 5.30 pm. Registration pack needed (available from Rosemary).

Christian Aid is around when earthquakes, famines and major disasters strike, claiming many hundreds or even thousands of lives. Through its network of local partner organisations it can generate the funds to respond rapidly to these emergencies - *with your help!*

A recent United Nations report found there are more crises affecting more people and lasting longer than a decade ago. This year, over 130 million people will need humanitarian assistance to help them keep alive.

**SO PLEASE SUPPORT CHRISTIAN AID IN WHATEVER WAY YOU CAN- HOWEVER SMALL YOUR GIFT IS DESPERATELY NEEDED.**

## ODE TO A HERON

Here you stand, stock still among the plashy reeds,  
Still watching, waiting, no muscle moves,  
Feet firmly planted in the shallow water.  
I watch undisturbed, hidden in the darkling trees.  
Can you see me? You make no show of seeing me -  
I do not disturb you.

Suddenly a movement: you've seen a fish - you raise  
a gentle leg,

Neck stretched, eyes poised. You pounce - you miss - the fish swims  
away.

Again you poise, wait, patient. I stay still.

Will you be lucky a second time? Yes - another tiny movement  
breaks the surface of the little pond. Again you pounce - a bite -  
a tiny fish in your mouth. You swallow with gusto and with speed.  
The sun strikes on your feathers - a lot of grey, some colour flecked,  
your neck long-stretched, at rest a lighter grey-white.

Something disturbs you - a noise I do not hear, a breath of wind?

You raise yourself gently, you spread wide, graceful wings, green and  
blue, green-blue,

wings nearly as wide as the pond itself;

you rise quietly and fly away, not hurried, graceful.

You own the skies here - there is no-one to bother you.

I wait still concealed, and you return, quite soon,  
the beat of your wings heralding your arrival.

You take up your stance again - feet spread, tall legs, head bowed,  
watching, waiting.

I move on - I'm getting stiff, chilly, the action is over. *Joan Holton*





## JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

*Thursday 18<sup>th</sup> March*

*Generation X*

I wrote last issue about the crises in funding in early years education. It gets worse as you go into secondary schools. A 1400 pupil academy, rated 'outstanding' by Ofsted, in Surbiton, south-west London, a suburban area, has to self-fund – which means parental financial help and carrying out work themselves which would normally be out-sourced. The Headmistress, who has been there 14 years, has cleaned the loos, vacuumed, dusted and served in the canteen. Pupils have to buy their own paper and pay to use the copiers. Those with special needs are the hardest hit. The brightest can't do the subjects which would help them both to further their education and assist them as they move out of school. IT, design technology and music are not on offer. An appeal to the Education Secretary Damien Hinds, to come and see for himself, was met with a response from a junior minister saying he was "too busy". No government should be "too busy" to give time – in a third world situation which exists in our capital city. There are even more important matters than Brexit and that certainly includes Generation X – which to me are those young people in Surbiton being side-lined, not getting the education they need and deserve ! -----

*Friday 19<sup>th</sup> March*

*Send it like Beckham*

Not for the first time David Beckham is involved in a 'good cause'. He had recorded the 'voice over' for a short film about the dangers and realities of malaria-not just in English but in eight other languages including Arabic, Hindu, Mandarin and Yoruba. Thanks to the use of AI, Artificial Intelligence, a computer magic which is finding more and more uses, it's only the English which is actually Beckham. The others just sound like him-including the Yoruba, spoken by a Nigerian London-based NHS Doctor, Elvis Eze (yes, they did meet).

*Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> March*

*Technology to the rescue (again)*

A mother and her young daughter were in a car, driving down a narrow and isolated Somerset lane when she became disorientated. The car went at speed through a hedge, leaving the vehicle and passengers in a field. Shocked but physically, only superficially, injured, the mother called 999 on her smart phone but was unable to say their exact location. Police searched the general area but didn't find them. Call handlers were able to use an app named "what 3 words" designed by a UK company but now coming into use world-wide. It works on the basis of the world being divided into a grid of 57 trillion squares each measuring 3m by 3m (roughly for me 3 yards by 3 yards). Each square is identified by a unique



combination of three different words. By opening a link which was texted to her by the operator she was able to see that her code was “weekend. foggy. earphones”. It worked. “Absolutely brilliant. I could have been in that field all day if it hadn’t been for the three word location”. Doesn’t need much imagination to see, thanks to GPS, which we now more or less take for granted, how important this break-through is.

**Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> March**      **BT sends the wrong message.**

At one time the BT Tower in central London was the tallest building. It is now the 13<sup>th</sup> - which maybe the reason why something unexpected happened. The building is 581 feet high and was opened in 1965 by local resident and Prime Minister Harold Wilson. The so-called “information band” at the top of the Tower normally flashes news and greetings. A fault however has meant that the most recent message was one familiar to all computer users: “Choose operating system to start or press TAB to select a tool” (etc etc). Ever helpful, Londoners contacted BT with advice: “Have you tried turning it off and on?” and comments “Is this our national Brexit distress signal?” Normal service was quickly resumed.



**Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> March** A worrying headline caught my eye “Home Office cites Bible to deny asylum.” Our congregation is particularly aware of the processes through which refugees have to go and which ends up with the Home Office making the final decision. In this instance, the person’s main ground was that he wished to embrace a “peaceful religion.” The official concerned rejected the application saying that Christianity could not be so described, and quoting passages from the Book of Revelation, filled with imagery of “revenge, destruction, death and violence” and from Leviticus (“you will pursue your enemies and they will fall by the sword before you”) plus Matthew 10 “I came not to send peace but a sword”. There was no mention of “the peace that passes all under-standing” or “My peace, I bring to you”. A Christian immigration case-worker Nathan Stevens, who is heading the asylum seeker’s appeal said: “How can a government official arbitrarily pick bits out of a holy book and then use them to trash someone’s heartfelt reason for coming to a personal decision to follow another faith ?”

**Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> April**

**Getting smaller.**

Surveyors are scaling Everest with instruments to make certain it hasn’t shrunk. I can’t see how it could have done: at school we were told it was part of one of the youngest mountain ranges, and was always getting higher. It was originally (mid C19) calculated at 29,002 feet – which is what





I remember from the 1950's. The latest official figure is 29029 feet, maybe some of the extra height came from more accurate measuring. In the 1980's the grandson of my close friend Neville was the youngest person from this country to climb the mountain. His grandfather said he was somewhat displeased. The Union Jack

taken to the summit was held upside down. I assume that the suggestion for a re-climb was a joke.

**Friday 5<sup>th</sup> April**

When our children were growing up, Blue Peter competitions and suggestions for charity fund-raising were at their height — we all joined in. There has always been a Blue Peter pet, and the tenth, just arrived, is Henry, a beagle-basset-hound cross. The best remembered by us is Shep (1971-78) a Border collie, inseparable from the presenter John Noakes. Our daughter Sally – along with thousands of others - sent in a garden design and was in the final 20 which meant an invitation to a garden festival in Liverpool - and she got one of the coveted Blue Peter badges as well.

**Henry X**



**Monday 8<sup>th</sup> April**

**Where are we?**

I remember a popular play Boeing Boeing, years ago, the script of which contained the line “If it’s Wednesday, this must be Brussels”. This was brought to mind by the recent British Airways flight to Dusseldorf which landed up, literally, in Edinburgh. Not the crew’s fault apparently, but the result of the wrong flight plan being handed over. Worryingly, as the route to the continent is over the North Sea and Edinburgh is straight up the spine of Britain (the Pennines) nobody noticed until well into the flight. Eventually, the plane was re-routed and ended up in

the right place - three and a half hours late. Even when the pilots realised the error they felt they should check and asked the passengers to raise their hands if they wanted to go to Dusseldorf. Everyone did.

**Monday 15<sup>th</sup> April**

**No weather in the South-West?**

A storm of concern has erupted, from the tourist chiefs of Cornwall and Devon, when the TV weather reader obscures their counties with an arm or upper body, in delivering the forecast. A plea has been made to “stand back





## THURSDAY FELLOWSHIP

Our next meeting will be at 2.30 pm on Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> May in the Church Rooms when we shall have a representative from Medecins sans Frontieres (Doctors without borders) telling us about their very challenging, but vital work. Everyone is warmly welcome. As usual we shall start with tea and refreshments. Further info/help with transport *Rosemary Birch* (0208 446 9393)



a bit". I have recently watched closely and from time to time a hand has shut out Borth (and Aberystwyth.) To me, that doesn't matter much as the weather there is unpredictable and can change every hour or so.

*Friday 19<sup>th</sup> April* After the Good Friday's Preaching Service Rosemary and I set out for home, got as far as the Suburb side of Henley's Corner when there was a loud bang from under the bonnet, the car slowed to a stop and wouldn't move. We were relatively safely tucked in, past the first traffic lights but about five yards from the yellow-box with its never-



ending flow of traffic. Once the RAC established our position I made it clear that we were dangerously placed – their van and operative Danny, who lives in Barnet, arrived in less than 10 minutes. Our other concern was that some of the family were coming for supper and the food had been left cooking in the oven. Luckily we contacted Nicholas who came and collected house keys from us and rescued supper. Quickly Danny established the cause (major), got the car attached to his truck and us into his passenger seats. Another few yards and if we had still been around we might well have been in hospital! Danny got us and the car back safely. I told him that in the 1980's my father worked as a RAC motor cycle combination patrolman, on the A49 from Shrewsbury South. Rather different from what we have today.

*John Birch*



## VERITY SMITH'S DESERT ISLAND DISCS

*At a recent Thursday Fellowship meeting, Verity Smith presented her choice of the eight discs she would take with her. This (and following articles) reproduce the biographical commentary which she gave with them. It begins with her childhood and background in Argentina.*

### ARGENTINA

Before describing my childhood I should like to give you first a little historical information and then some details of my family background and upbringing in Buenos Aires.

Being British, any account of our relations with Argentina must start with the Malvinas. The British first landed on a Falkland island in 1777 and, possibly showing good taste, departed very quickly. Some fifty years later they decided they wanted a naval base near Montevideo, a town that faces Buenos Aires across the estuary of the Rio de la Plata. However, the region around Montevideo was in a state of political turmoil at the time and so a light went on inside someone's head in either Whitehall or an admiral's cabin in the South Atlantic, prompting the British to return to the Falklands where they established a permanent base. The Argentine government protested immediately. The rest is history and the Malvinas will figure at a later point in my talk.

Certain aspects of my childhood are a particular version of the normal: I was brought up in a residential suburb of a large city. However, the city in question was Buenos Aires and I was born in January of 1939. Ninety percent of the world's population lives in the northern hemisphere so, inevitably, most of the world's major conflicts take place there. The war was distant thunder for us. We had very nice immediate German neighbours but further down our street there was a German who draped the swastika over the first-floor balcony of his home to celebrate the Fuhrer's birthday. My upbringing was bi-cultural with Winnie the Pooh and Alice in Wonderland in the home but Mediterranean culture as soon as one stepped outdoors.

My maternal grandfather arrived in Argentina in 1908 when the country was at its zenith. At the time it was the richest country in South America and the British made such a shed-load of money in Argentina that there was a movement here to make Argentina an honorary member of the British Empire. Granted the importance of this unofficial pearl in the Imperial Crown, the then Prince of Wales (the future Edward VIII) made two visits

to Argentina, the first in 1925 and the second in 1930. On the second occasion he shocked my mother, Valerie (then 17), by swearing on the Hurlingham golf course, using language my mother had not previously associated with British royalty.

My maternal grandfather, Thomas Watson, had been a car salesman in England in the early 1900s and so he was equipped to make a profitable living by importing cars from the U.S. He landed the Dodge and Chevrolet concessions and so was able to provide very well for his family of four children. However, by the time that my Scottish father left Glasgow in 1933 to work as an accountant on the railways in Argentina, the fortunes of the British were beginning to wane. The British had a monopoly of the Argentine railway system and, if you consider the shape of the country (wedge-shaped and very long), such a monopoly entailed control of the country's economic arteries. My father was salaried and not an entrepreneur like his father-in-law, Tom, and so our circumstances were not so affluent. Tom bought a house in Belgrano, whose equivalent would be Kensington, whereas we lived in the equivalent of Southgate. I showed no sign of early diplomatic skills by being born in the German Hospital in Buenos Aires in January of 1939. Why there? Because although the British had their own hospital, at the time of my birth it lacked maternity facilities. I was reared, I said, bi-cultural with English and Spanish, but there are differences in the quality of my two languages. For a start, anyone brought up in Buenos Aires (who is known as a porteno or portena) has a strong and rough accent which is instantly recognizable anywhere in the Spanish-speaking world. Think Geordie or Glaswegian, so the first thing you do on leaving the country is to drop it. Aside from this Liza Doolittle end, Spanish is also the language of scholarship for me as my first degree was in Spanish and French, followed by a doctorate on a Spanish writer. It was sad for me that when I was at university here, starting in the late fifties, there were no degrees yet available in Latin American Studies. It follows from this that Spanish is the language of extremes for me and I am grateful for having a regional accent, even if it's not pretty, in at least one of the languages I acquired early in life because accent and dialect considerably enrich a language.

I was sent to Michael Ham, a Catholic girls' school with a very good reputation. The OGA is still in touch with me via the internet and I gather from their website that they can muster 90 volunteers to work in the children's centre they run in a deprived area of Buenos Aires. There we learnt lots of Scottish dances and this brings me to my first disc (1). My Scottish father used to break spontaneously into song, accompanying





*Harry Lauder*

himself on the chanter, an instrument like a recorder which is the tube for the bagpipes. Children merely accept the apparent oddities of grown-up behaviour and so at the time I thought nothing about the nature of these songs. Later on, I speculated that they might have been Scottish folk songs. It was only much later that I discovered that the songs my father sang were the musical hall songs of a famous Scottish entertainer called Harry

Lauder. So here is one of his

more famous songs, "I love a lassie, a bonny hieland lassie."

Scottish songs are all very well but they are completely overshadowed by the mighty tango, surely the most popular of all dance forms, now practised by groups from Okinawa to Winnipeg, not to forget Buenos Aires! The tango's origins are very humble. It was first danced by indigent young immigrants in the bordellos and low dives of the Boca – the port area of Buenos Aires in the 1880s.

The couples were male because, leaving aside any homoerotic impulse, these people were too poor to be able to afford female company. By the 1900s the very aspirational tango had risen from the docks to working-class dance halls. This was the tango's one moment of respectability because the young women who danced there were always accompanied by a female relative who made sure that the couples danced "con luz" – literally "with light" and never cheek to cheek. The "senoritos," the sons of wealthy Argentines, frequented these dance halls and took the tango up to the salons of the cattle barons. From there the tango leapt across the Atlantic, first into the Parisian homes of the Argentine elite and then out into Europe and the world. However, the tango had one more aspiration: it wanted to be heard in concert halls and on Radio 3. Along came Astor Piazzola to oblige. He had started his career by playing the piano accordion in a tango band, but by the 1950s he was bored and started to play around with the tango, adding elements of both jazz and classical music. The result is a melodious and sophisticated musical expression which reached concert halls some decades ago and is there to stay. However, Piazzola's fancy version of the tango was not around in my childhood and so I offer you instead, the king of the



*Carlos Gardel*



tango, Carlos Gardel. He dominated the tango in the 1920s and 1930s until his untimely death in an air crash over Colombia when he was fortyfour. By this time his fame was continental in scope and he had made several films, including one for Paramount. Gardel's funeral was not to be surpassed until the death of Eva Peron in 1952. When I was a child every bus driver had a kind of shrine to Gardel under the driver's mirror, consisting of a photo of the star with his trademark fedora hat and toothpaste smile, a small posy of dried flowers and a rosary. Gardel had an excellent lyricist, Alfredo la Pera, and so it is always worth considering not only the music of his tangos but also the accompanying words. The tango is plaintive and rather adolescent in tone and the one I have chosen, "Por una cabeza" (By a Head) is no exception; here the singer complains firstly that the pony on which he placed a bet let him down and then, of course, he turns his attention to fickle women.

*Verity Smith*

### **Verity's eight choices:**

Harry Lauder: "I love a lassie, a bonnie  
hieland lassie"

Tango "Por una cabeza" sung by Carlos  
Gardel (original).

"America" from West Side Story (1961)

Theme music from "Jaws" directed by  
Steven Spielberg

Gerard M. Hopkins, "Binsey Poplars" (felled 1879)

Orquesta Aragon de Cuba: "Son de la loma"

Tchaikovsky: Letter scene/ Tatiana's letter, from Eugene Onegin.  
Sung by Krassimira Stoyanova.

Beethoven: "Ode to Joy" from his 9<sup>th</sup> symphony in a sung version.



## Three benches

I try, during the week-days mornings, to take a few minutes off from all the other numerous jobs and listen to the Morning Service on the radio—a very special few minutes when I really feel I'm taking part with other God seekers, even singing aloud with an old battered hymn book. Recently, with the theme 'Good Neighbours' I was really moved by a talk by Canon Steve Williams who told the following story of three different benches.



The first - years ago when he had been studying in the library all morning and needing some fresh air and a place to eat his sandwiches, he went into the busy outside world and looked for a place to be alone. There was a bench a few steps away and he sat down with a sigh of relief. Before long a tall man in a slightly ill-fitting suit and great-coat, sat down at the other end of the bench. He wondered whether he should start a conversation but thought better of it and carried on eating. After a short time the stranger stood up and looked at him and said in a gruff voice "You know what you are, don't you?" The Cannon looked puzzled and wondered whether he was being addressed. At the time of this incident he was just a raw student, but the other man then let fly with a few words of Anglo-Saxon English.. Words that expressed exactly how he felt and left nothing to the imagination, ending up with the statement: "I'm strong, I'll get by - you are not a real person." Having no idea what combination of circumstances had led to this out-burst he had clearly felt ignored. The strength of the anger left our friend feeling shell-shocked as it was so personal and if he had been about to pass him by 'on the other side' then he wasn't going to keep quiet. He left.

Our friend returned to the library and completed his work. When he had finished, and not feeling like returning home yet, he walked to a nearby church and sat on another bench and went over the events of the day. Before long he was joined by a homeless man he used to see in the neighbourhood from time to time and called Roger. Often in the past he would buy him a sandwich and Roger in turn would tell him stories of his life. The days were getting colder and he offered him a coat he no longer needed to stop him sleeping in another wheelie bin. He looked a bit fed up as well. He said something that cut to my friend's heart and caused him to break down in tears. In his own words: "Then I felt a rough calloused hand on my cheek, a bit like prickly sand-paper. I couldn't see what was happening but this hand was trying to wipe the tears away and he was reminded of an old saying

‘You can’t wipe away the tears from someone else’s face without getting your hands wet.’”

The third bench is up in Manchester, outside St. Ann’s church in the city centre. On this bench is a figure spread along it, covered with a blanket, wearing no shoes and there’s room for one person to sit alongside. Our friend looks more closely at the feet protruding from the blanket and sees they’re wounded, in fact there’s the mark of nails. It’s a large bronze statue of a homeless man, bearing the marks of Jesus. It’s one of a number of statues made by the Canadian sculptor, Timothy Schmatz, a devout Catholic, presenting Jesus as a homeless man asleep on an outside bench, inspired by Jesus’ words: “What you did to the least of one of these sisters or brothers, you did unto me.” These statues of the homeless Jesus have appeared in Dublin, Rome and in the USA.

In Manchester where homelessness is becoming quite a reality. 3500 plus, the Mayor Andy Burnham has pledged to end rough sleeping by 2020. In our friend’s words: “The most important part of this latest bench to me is the space where I’m sitting, next to the figure lying down and I’m about to discover that when I think I am offering help to someone they may actually be offering help to me, and together we will learn what it is to be a neighbour to one another, and I may just find that this Jesus gets his hands wet by wiping away my tears.”

As a church, I’m so glad that at long last we can start playing a very small part in helping homeless people. One has only to go shopping in Waitrose, or Sainsbury or drive across Henly’s Corner, to see a homeless person. Even in Toddlers’ Group a few days ago, I was asked by a grand-mother, how did I react or what did I do when faced with an appeal from a homeless person. There’s no easy answer - it all depends on your viewpoint, your conscience and everyone’s individual circumstances as to how you react, but one thing I’m certain of (which costs nothing) – the simple act of making eye-contact. I once heard it said that the most damaging hurt to a homeless person is when a someone looks straight through them as if they don’t exist, they have no worth, they are in fact nothing. We must care - we cannot walk by ‘on the other side.’

I’ll finish in the words of the Canon: “I came to St Ann’s church to pray that I might recognize the needs of the person next to me and have the wisdom to learn to see your eyes in the face of the stranger and offer the hand of friendship.”

In the words of John Donne, the English poet in 1624: ‘No man is an island entire of itself: every man is part of the continent, a part of the main.’

Which bench are YOU sitting on?

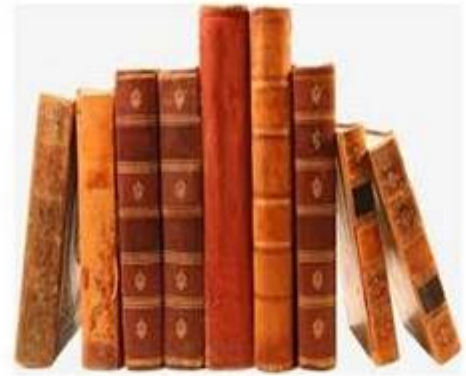
*Rosemary Birch*



## From the Archives

### May 1919

More news of the Choir's activities from the *Choir Minute Book*: 'At a conference between the Elders and the committee of the Choir on May 30<sup>th</sup>, Mr Rushbrooke read a letter from Mr Davies of Gold Hill, in which he asked our Choir's assistance in raising funds for a War Memorial. June 28<sup>th</sup> was arranged, and about 35 members and friends journeyed to Gold Hill by motor char-a-banc. Tea was provided by the friends of Gold Hill and at 7 o'clock a secular concert was given, collection being taken for the Memorial Fund.'



From *Work and Worship*: 'The Good Friday service is not all we could wish though this year it was more largely attended than usual. On Easter Day the note of praise was as usual dominant, and the services well attended. We rejoice in the growing tendency on the part of the Free Church men to observe the great festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsun-tide, which means as much to us as any other community of Christians. Is it not inconsistent, however, to recognise Easter Day and ignore Good Friday, as so many do? We hope that in future years this inconsistency may disappear.'

(Gold Hill was the rural Buckinghamshire church linked with the HGS Free Church).

### May 1949

From *News and Views, No 7, May 1949. Price One Penny*: 'The International Party. During his address to the Church on Missionary Sunday, Mr Davidson Nicol, our visitor from West Africa, spoke of the great good we could all do by inviting overseas students into our homes and by giving them hospitality in other ways. It was a happy coincidence that our annual International Party should have followed on the succeeding Saturday.

It was, if possible, an even greater success than usual, despite it being a wet evening, and the Youth Club are to be thanked and congratulated for all the preliminary work of preparation that went to create so excellent a programme. Mrs Ball and all her good ladies must not be forgotten either, certain folk seem to be able to put away quite large quantities of jelly, a very real tribute to the quality of the catering.

Among the visitors were representatives from Gold Coast, Nigeria, Kenya,



Ceylon, Trinidad, Australia and New Zealand’.

‘WANTED. Is there anyone who would help generally in the home 9-12. Mon. Wed. Thurs. or would like to live in 32 Litchfield Way.’

Still advertising in News and Views after 70 years: ‘Leverton and Sons Ltd. Funeral and Cremation Directors. 624, Finchley Road, Golders Green, NW11. SPEeedwell 4992. Head Office EUSton 1810. Established in the reign of King William the Fourth.’

## ‘Around the World in 63 Days’

*(Concluding the article by Eric Gudridge, Assistant Free Church Treasurer, the first part of which appeared in the February/March issue of News and Views.)*

From *Focus, The Lively Paper for February 1959*

Unlike Australia, New Zealand is built on a scale which the visitor from Britain can comprehend - distances are measured in hundreds of miles rather than thousands. We flew to Auckland and moved south to Wellington and Christchurch whence we re-crossed the Tasman sea to Sydney. The stay of 11 days was far too short a time to spend in so delightful a country. Of all the places I visited, Wellington was, perhaps, that which appealed to me most. Clinging to the steep hillsides surrounding the magnificent harbour of Port Nicholson it is a lovely sight by day and entrancing at dusk as the lights begin to appear along the hills and the darkness gradually falls to make it hard to distinguish the lights of Wellington from the brilliant stars. Our visit coincided with the full springtime glory of the gorse and broom. Introduced by homesick settlers, these are now as big a nuisance as the rabbits were in Australia. Christchurch, with its lawn-bordered River Avon, faintly reminiscent of Cambridge, is said to be the most English city outside England. Not itself

on the sea, it possesses a fine harbour a few miles away at Port Lyttleton. Looking down on the harbour from the Cashmere Hills one can imagine oneself back in the



*Wellington Harbour*

Northwest Highlands. It is easy to understand why there are so many people



of Scottish descent in the South Island. The journey home by the Pacific route can only be briefly mentioned. The stops were few but they included a notable one at Honolulu whose



famous Waikiki beach seemed hardly to warrant its reputation. Incidentally we left Fiji 12.20 am Friday and arrived in Honolulu at 2.30pm Thursday - a kind of Alice through the Looking Glass method of progression. It is sad to have to record that the “sack” - in the form of a colourful but shapeless garment called a mou-mou - has ousted the grass skirt. So dies another cherished illusion. Brief glimpses were obtained of the Golden Gate, of the snow-covered Rockies and of the majestic Missouri and Mississippi before we reached “the cloud-capped towers, the (more or less) gorgeous palaces” of New York.

There followed five days of Atlantic drizzle and then in an unmistakably English fog we finally steamed up Southampton Water. *Anne Lowe*



I WAS JUST MESSING WITH YOU ON THAT LAST ONE ...  
CHOCOLATE AND PIZZA ARE STILL OK

## The Citroens Tale.

With April comes soft showers more daylight hours  
A season when people carriers like me want to be out and free  
To go to the country to go to the town and to go to the sea

Now its Easter time when sun or rain or shine  
There are many new things to do –a “one-off” time  
I strongly through my metal sense Spring is here

This tale is true it’s my story of what occurred  
Just over the last few days, but strangely also years ago  
And in a time and place where life was much more slow

Maundy Thursday was the day of a last supper  
When long ago friends and their leader met in an upper room  
To sit and eat and drink and talk and pray together

Good Friday is what we call the next day  
The time when crucifixion ends His earthly stay  
In sudden violent excruciating death

Last Friday my life came close to grief  
As crossing over Henlys Corner on a major road  
A vital metal strut within my engine broke

I’d come to rest six feet off the busy road  
Within minutes a rescue man and truck towed  
Me with two wheels off the ground to home

Parked outside my home alone I felt dead  
Holiday time no movement major work new part they said  
Repairs seemed very distant no part no heart

Resurrection day must be far away  
Easter Sunday came and I heard the mechanic say:  
”That’s something! Just off its moorings! No new part!”

Life leapt into me again sweet sound of engine  
He moves me back to my parking space  
My life goes on like Him I think survived through Grace.

*John Birch*





## Brexit or (Pig's) Breakfast? Personal reflections on the Brexit Debate

*It's curious that the one issue that has caused by far the most controversy in recent times has been Brexit. In previous issues of N and V it was pointed out that the economic impact on ordinary people of the government's austerity policies since 2010 had been far greater than even the most pessimistic assessments of the likely impact that Brexit will have! Yet despite damning UN, OECD and academic reports the UK media could hardly stifle their yawns whenever the austerity problem was mentioned. After all, it wasn't really a problem for the Westminster bubble and it never lent itself to the personality politics beloved of the media - poor old (I) Daniel Blake could never compete with the likes of Boris Johnson or Jacob Rees-Mogg. And the daily grind of the food banks and benefit offices was nowhere in comparison with the Byzantine antics of the London v Brussels negotiations.*

### Clapham Junction

Part of the answer may have been that, with Brexit, so many strands of British history suddenly came together, some recent, some ancient. It was a bit like the railway system - different lines from different places suddenly meeting at Clapham Junction and the



passengers getting out and trying to sort themselves out - unable to agree where they should go from there. A country which had always prided itself (rather smugly) on its basic unity, suddenly found itself to be deeply divided and, what is more, had been deeply divided for a long, long time. Divided for all kinds of reasons - far too many to be analysed here - political, social, economic, cultural reasons, some of recent making and some going back over generations - even to the Civil War itself. English history with its fetish for compromise and fear of confrontation is so full of unfinished business and unresolved issues!

Thus when it came to making one reasonably straightforward decision, the passengers at Clapham Junction suddenly found themselves divided straight down the middle, one half wanting to go one way and the other half the other way. And instead of being based on a sober assessment of the pros

and cons of membership of a particular institution, their decision was based on a myriad of feelings, values, beliefs and attitudes - all of which had little or nothing to do with the EU itself, but which all met at Clapham Junction. Beliefs and attitudes to which one has to plead guilty. For example, in the 2016 referendum I voted for Remain but danced with joy when Leave won the vote. I voted Remain with my head but voted Leave with my heart. Remaining in Europe seemed the only viable option for a small country like the UK in the modern world. The joy derived from the fact that - just for once - ordinary people were able to deliver a well-deserved kick up the backside to the appalling establishment class that had come to run the poor old UK for the last 40 years or so. It was so thoroughly deserved and long overdue. And had nothing whatsoever to do with the EU - although many people may have believed that the EU was responsible for their predicament!

### *Personal reflections*

My luke-warm feelings for Remain reminded me how far my own attitudes to the EU had changed over the years. Like many of my generation I had been an idealistic supporter of the idea of European unity and in the 1960s had attended gatherings of idealistic young people concerned to encourage European cooperation and make sure the old nationalisms never resurfaced. Consequently, I was glad when in 1973 the France of George Pompidou finally reversed General de Gaulle's famous 'Non' and said 'Oui' to UK membership and allowed us to join the Club.

Significantly, de Gaulle had never made a secret of his conviction that 'les Anglo-Saxons' could never be trusted and should never be allowed in. In his view, the English would always be a Trojan horse for the Americans and eventually they would undermine the whole project.

In many ways de Gaulle's assessment has been vindicated. Having joined the 'Club' the UK was always a rather reluctant member who devoted more energy to limiting its influence than helping to develop its institutions and ideology - a policy that meant, for example, the UK was always in favour of enlarging the community, not for any idealistic reasons but because it knew that agreement on any issue would always be more difficult the larger the number of its members.

In turn, this reflected the age-old British foreign policy of always ensuring that no alliance of European powers could ever be in a position to threaten British interests - basically a policy of divide and rule whereby the UK would first throw its influence on one side of the scales and then on the other. And there is no doubt that there were many in the political and diplomatic establishment who saw British membership as a means of continuing this policy, in particular as a means of limiting - from the inside



- the Franco/German rapprochement at the heart of the European enterprise.

The problem with all these attitudes and assessments were that they were already hopelessly outdated and unrealistic right from the start. Indeed, it can be argued that even during those idealistic student conferences of the 1960s, the pass had already been sold. Britain had been offered the leadership of Europe soon after the war but, (sympathetic noises notwithstanding), had made it clear that it wasn't really interested. Until it was too late of course!

The strand here (the line coming into Clapham Junction that deeply concerns the Brexit debate) was a completely unrealistic assessment of British power. Britain had been successful in two world wars - but only as a partner in a complex system of alliances. In WW1 it took massive losses by UK, French, Russian and Empire forces - and finally (and crucially) US forces - to persuade Germany to seek an armistice. Like the battle of Waterloo, it had been a damn close run thing! In the Second World War it was much the same story - it needed the alliance of free European forces (French and Polish for example), the British Empire, the United States and the Soviet Union (on a massive scale), to finally destroy the Nazi regime. The role of the UK in both conflicts had been vital of course and truly heroic in the Second World War when the country had 'stood alone' against Fascism. But it had been 'lucky' and this luck tended to disguise the uncomfortable fact that by 1945 Britain was, at best, a first class, second class power. The mistake was to remain trapped in the mindset of an earlier age and try and rebuild a great power status.

### ***The Atlanticist Ideal***

For Churchill, (though a sympathetic European) the path back to major power status was in terms of the UK's war time alliance with US of which he had been the major architect of course. This alliance had given rise to his idea of there being some kind of special historic role of the 'English speaking peoples' in the world and his concept of a 'special relationship' between the US and the UK. The fatal flaw in this thinking was, of course, that any special relationship only really pertained to wartime conditions. After the war, the increasing imbalance of power between the US and the UK meant that the latter could only ever be very much the junior partner in any relationship. In brief, a satellite state. And so it remains to this day - the first action of any Prime Minister when a new President is elected is to make sure that they are the first foreign statesman to be invited to the US to



*Leider alle Hände voll . . .*

***Britain cold-shoulders a Europe asking for help (1950 German cartoon)***



pay obeisance and be reassured about the 'special relationship'. (It is all rather embarrassing, especially when the new President has little idea about the UK except that it is somewhere in Europe and has some rather good golf courses)!

Yet for many English politicians the American connection retains a deep - almost mystical - attraction. This is particularly true of many on the extreme Brexit side. For them the future is with America, with its free-marketism, its neoliberalism, its English language, the belief in its exceptionalism - the sheer joy of it not being European. It is all an



illusion of course. The US and the UK are completely different countries - after all the American constitution and American political institutions were deliberately drawn up to be as different from those in Britain as possible. They are based on the greatest possible devolution and separation of powers - district, county, state, federal governments all have their own embedded powers. In Britain power flows downwards from a central monarchy/state and has always done so since the Norman invasion. Parishes, counties, regions etc have no embedded powers and can still be abolished, reorganised, starved of money etc at will by the central government. We are all subject to this central power which means of course that (legally) we are 'subjects' of the 'crown' however much we would like to be 'citizens' of a state instead.

### ***Conclusion***

All these considerations may seem largely academic in the context of the Brexit debate. But in fact they go to the heart of the debate, to the heart of how we see ourselves. For given that Britain cannot realistically position itself as an independent or 'neutral' state (this has always been a non-starter), the choice has to be between a close association with Europe or a close association with the US. Are we essentially a European people or are we, first and foremost, an Anglo-Saxon people with relatives all over the world? Europeans or 'Atlanticists'? The problem is that given the laziness of the media debate, its concentration on the economic dimensions of the problem, its preference for personality politics, etc, this much more important political dimension has got completely lost. It has become yet another victim - and example - of all those unresolved issues and unfinished business beloved of English history that finish up at Clapham Junction. Yet again, any outcome will be purely accidental, the result of a thousand and one contingencies, happening, like the referendum itself, by default and by drift, undebated and undiscussed.

***John Ditchfield***



## JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

### New competition –No 17

What happened when - fascinating and a bit surprising. Starting in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century this might become a series. Choose one of the three dates.

1. Battle of Waterloo 1805 / 1815 / 1821.
2. First railway (Stockton/Darlington) 1818 / 1825 / 1830.
3. Horse drawn buses in London 1820 / 1825 / 1829.
4. First adhesive postage stamps 1830 / 1840 / 1845
5. Thomas Cook commences trips. 1835 / 1839 / 1841
6. WH Smith opens first book stall 1838 / 1848 / 1860
7. Fry's chocolate cream bar 1853 / 1858 / 1865
8. First tube Paddington –King's Cross 1855 / 1860 / 1863
9. Captain Webb swims the Channel 1860 / 1870 / 1875
10. Victoria becomes Empress of India 1865 / 1876 / 1881
11. Bissell carpet sweeper 1876 / 1885 / 1897
12. The start of the telephone network 1878 / 1888 / 1898
13. "Daily Mail" first published 1881 / 1896 / 1899

Entries by e-mail [jbirch1821@gmail.com](mailto:jbirch1821@gmail.com) or post John Birch 26 Holden Road London N12 8HT

### Answers to Competition no 16

1.Dover 2.Dublin 3.Eton 4.Glasgow 5.Harlech 6.Ilkley 7.Lambeth  
8.Loch Lomond 9.Penny Lane. 10.Skye 12.The Strand 13.Tralee.

*The winner is Nicola Clarke (nee Cleary). Our first Scottish winner. Collect a large bar of chocolate next time you're in London.*



## WORDSEARCH: FOODS CONNECTED WITH DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE UK

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

BAKEWELL-TART BANOFFEE-PIE  
 BARABRITH BRAMLEY-APPLE-PIE  
 CHAMP CHELSEA-BUN CLANGER  
 CORNISH-PASTIES COVENTRY-CUP-  
 CAKE COXS-ORANGE-PIPPIN DEVON-  
 CREAM-TEA ECCLES-CAKES FISH-AND-  
 CHIPS HAGGIS LANCASHIRE-HOT-POT  
 MAID-OF-HONOUR-TARTS MELTON-MOWBRAY-PIE  
 OATCAKE PARKIN SCOTCH-PANCAKES SODA-BREAD  
 SOMERSET-BRIE STILTON YORKSHIRE-PUDDING





## DIARY

*All services taken by Revd Dr Ian Tutton unless indicated*

**Mondays** 10am to 12 noon Studying together, Elders' Vestry

**Wednesdays** 10am to 12 noon Toddler and Parent/Carer group, Church Rooms

**Thursdays** 8pm Choir practice alternate Thursdays

**Sundays** 10.20am Choir Practice

**Christian Meditation** - Meditators meet alternate weeks to meditate together. For further information, contact Georgia at [gmrtutton@aol.com](mailto:gmrtutton@aol.com)



## MAY

4 10.30am Drop in-Coffee Morning, Traidcraft Stall & Clothing Exchange in Church

5 **11.00am Family Communion Service**

12 **11.00am Junior Church Festival Service**

**3.00pm Christian Aid Concert**

**6.30pm Evening Praise with Communion**

**12-18 Christian Aid Week**

16 2.30pm Thursday Fellowship; social afternoon with a speaker from Medicins sans Frontieres (Doctors without borders) coming to tell about their work, in Free Church Rooms

19 **11.00am Family Service**

19 Circle the City Christian Aid sponsored walk 1-5.30 pm. Meet at St.Mary-le-Bow Church EC2V 6AU to visit some of the City's beautiful Churches (two routes -3 miles or 6 miles) Further info. Rosemary Birch 0208 446 9393.

21 7.30pm Elders Court

26 **11.00am Family Service**

31 1.00pm Piano Recital by Asagi Nakata in the Free Church, Lunch in support of Christian Aid served from 12.15

# JUNE

- 1 10.30 am Traidcraft Sale, Clothing Exchange and Coffee morning in Free Church
- 2 **11.00am Family Communion Service and Gift Day**



## NEWS AND VIEWS



PRODUCTION

DISTRIBUTION

EDITORIAL PANEL

TYPESETTER

EDITOR

John Ditchfield

Jill Purdie and others

Joan Holton and Marion Ditchfield

John Ditchfield

Marion Ditchfield

The June 2019 issue will be published on Sunday 9th June 2019 and articles should be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, ([john\\_ditchfield@hotmail.com](mailto:john_ditchfield@hotmail.com)) by Sunday 19th May. *We welcome articles, as well as reviews of books, films, plays etc. from members and friends. These will not always represent the views of the editorial panel or of the Church. Publication is at the discretion of the Editors.*

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Views.*

