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will find past issues of News and
Views.*



NEWS & VIEWS

Hampstead Garden Suburb
Free Church



NOVEMBER 2018

PLEASE TAKE

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

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

Sunday Services: 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

Organist & Choir Master **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 AND VIEWS



PRODUCTION
DISTRIBUTION
EDITORIAL PANEL
TYPESETTER
EDITOR

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

The December 2018/January 2019 double issue will be published on Sunday 9th December and articles should be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 12th November.

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.

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



NOVEMBER

- 3 10.30 am Drop in-Coffee Morning, Traidcraft Stall & Clothing Exchange in Church
- 4 **11.00am Family Communion Service**
3.00pm Annual Bereavement Service
- 11 **10.45am United Service of Remembrance at Free Church**
6.30pm Evening Praise with Communion
- 15 2.30pm Thursday Fellowship social afternoon and reflections 'Memories of the Ending of the First World War'
- 17 11.00am – 3.00pm Church Bazaar in Hall
- 18 **11.00am Family Service Preacher TBA**
- 20 7.30pm Trustee & Elders Meeting
- 25 **11.00am Family Service**
- 30 1.00pm Piano Concert by Lysianne Chen in Free Church, Lunch in support of Christian Aid at 12.15pm

DECEMBER

- 1 10.30 am Drop in-Coffee morning, Traidcraft Sale, Clothing Exchange in Church
- 2 **11.00am Family Communion Service**
6.30pm Advent Carol Service with candles
- 9 **11.00am Family Service**
6.30pm Evening Praise with Communion
- 11 8.00pm Joint Elders and Deacons Meeting
- 13 2.30-4.00pm Thursday Fellowship Christmas Party

NEWS & VIEWS

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



NO 746

NOVEMBER 2018

Dear **F**riends,

At the 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month 100 years ago, hostilities ceased and the 'war to end all wars' was ended. It would be well into 1919 before the formalities would be concluded, but for all practical purposes the war ended on 11th November 1918. So much has been written concerning the events leading up to that day it would be churlish of me to add to it; rather I share with you what has always been for me the most profound reflection on what was in essence a human tragedy of gigantic proportions. This is the last chapter of 'All Quiet on the Western Front'...

...It is autumn. There are not many of the old hands left. I am the last of the seven fellows from our class. Everyone talks of peace and armistice. All wait. If it again proves an illusion, then they will break up; hope is high, it cannot be taken away again without an upheaval. If there is not peace, then there will be revolution. I have fourteen days rest, because I have swallowed a bit of gas; in the little garden I sit the whole day long in the sun. The armistice is coming soon, I believe it now too. Then we will go home. Here my thoughts stop and will not go any farther. All that meets me, all that floods over me are but feelings - greed of life, love of home, yearning for the blood, intoxication of deliverance. But no aims. Had we returned home in 1916, out of the suffering and the strength of our experiences we might have unleashed a storm. Now if we go back we will be weary, broken, burnt out, rootless, and without hope. We will not be able to find our way anymore. And men will not understand us - for the generation that grew up before us, though it has passed these years with us already had a home and a calling; now it will return to its old occupations, and the war will be forgotten - and the generation that has grown up after us will be strange to us and push us aside. We will be

superfluous even to ourselves, we will grow older, a few will adapt themselves, some others will merely submit, and most will be bewildered - the years will pass by and in the end we shall fall into ruin. But perhaps all this that I think is mere melancholy and dismay, which will fly away as the dust, when I stand once again beneath the poplars and listen to the rustling of their leaves. It cannot be that it has gone, the yearning that made our blood unquiet, the unknown, the perplexing, the oncoming things, the thousand faces of the future, the melodies from dreams and from books, the whispers and divinations of women; it cannot be that this has vanished in bombardment, in despair, in brothels. Here the trees show gay and golden, the berries of the rowan stand red among the leaves, country roads run white out to the sky line, and the canteens hum like beehives with rumours of peace. I stand up. I am very quiet. Let the months and years come, they can take nothing from me, they can take nothing more. I am so alone, and so without hope that I can confront them without fear. The life that has borne me through these years is still in my hands and my eyes. Whether I have subdued it, I know not. But so long as it is there it will seek its own way out, heedless of the will that is within me... He fell in October 1918, on a day that was so quiet and still on the whole front, that the army report confined itself to the single sentence: All quiet on the Western Front. He had fallen forward and lay on the earth as though sleeping. Turning him over one saw that he could not have suffered long; his face had an expression of calm, as though almost glad the end had come...

...And we will remember **them**, even though we never knew **them**. 'At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember **them**.'

Ian Tutton



WORDSEARCH: TRADCRAFT CONNECTIONS

O	K	I	T	C	H	E	N	R	O	L	L	S		
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**ARTISANS ASIA BAMBOO-SHOOTS
CHILE COFFEE CHOCOLATE
COMMUNITIES CRAFTS
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FAIR-TRADE GHANA GROWERS
HEALTH-ISSUES INDIA JUSTICE
KENYA KITCHEN-ROLLS LATIN-
AMERICA NEPAL ORGANIC-
FARMING PRODUCERS RECYCLING SCARVES TEAS
TRADITIONS**



JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

COMPETITION No.13---Towns and Places

1. Location of the Lowry Museum
2. Swansea's best-known beach and headland.
3. Location of the National Archives
4. The Tramway Museum is at
5. Best known sea stacks on the Isle of Wight
6. London's second cricket ground (not Lords)
7. "Peter Rabbit's" exhibition is at.....
8. An Abbey on the Wye
9. Main resort on the "English Riviera"
10. Strong association with William Wilberforce
11. Historically, a place where heads were lost
12. A village in Scotland and a city in Italy
13. The English home of Rugby Union.



ANSWERS TO COMPETITION No 12

1. Stourhead
2. Abbotsbury
3. Abertawe
4. Swineshead Bridge
5. Symonds Yat
6. Syon Park
7. Tamworth
8. Bovington
9. Tay Bridge
10. Telford
11. Hickstead
12. The Bluebell Line
13. Dorchester



Anthem for Doomed Youth

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
— Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Wilfred Owen (Died 4th November 1918)



FROM THE ARCHIVE

NOVEMBER 11, 1918

'No one will ever forget "the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month" of the year 1918, when the "cease fire" signal on the Western front marked the true close of the war. Small wonder that we gathered in the evening to praise God that the burden which has oppressed our spirits during these four years was lifted at last, to glorify the grace that has sustained our heroic defenders, and to rededicate ourselves in view of the calls and opportunities of the coming time. We could not but rejoice, though gladness was mingled with tears, as we recalled with sorrowing pride those that under God have had their part in winning this deliverance, but will not return to share our earthly praise. Truly, it is a wonderful and solemn time. In the midst of the rush of vast events we stand amazed, unable to fully interpret them: - "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Ere long, we trust, the definite peace will be secured, and those of whom we have never ceased to think will be back among us. Shall we not give the "boys" a royal welcome? Shall they not find a warmth of comradeship equal to the splendid soldier-comradeship they have known, and feel that with us they are undertaking tasks as great and as worthy as the enterprise they have left? It is a time for heart-searching and firm resolve that each of us will do his part for the new England and for the Kingdom of God. J H Rushbrooke'



Autumn: Borth Ceredigion

Muted colours of the fall
Withered plants on soil and wall
Give meaning to this time

Winds are keener from the North
Geese and ducks migrate to Borth
And hunker on the marshes.

The Monument to war and strife
Looks seaward for a sign of life
Nothing stirs just the slopping sea

The links oldest course in Wales
When weather turns light fails
Golfers cluster in the nineteenth hole.

The tide has ebbed far out
Snapped off trunks twisted roots all about
Stranded since the forest drowned

Shops and street are quiet today
Last visitors now gone away
The village settles into Autumn light



John Birch

Revolution and the growth in real incomes since 2010 (ie scarcely any at all) the slowest since the Napoleonic Wars! With nothing achieved except a 15% reduction in the economy. Essentially, the last eight years have been a bookkeeping exercise to please those who like bookkeeping exercises - basically the finance sector and the City. And not forgetting those tame or 'courtier' economists who pushed the doctrine of 'Expansionary Fiscal Contraction' (see previous editions of News and Views) - only to show that the first attempt in history to 'cure' a recession by increasing or deepening it, - has been an abysmal failure. In this sense, the years 2010 to 2018 really have been 'lost years' as far as the economy is concerned. But sadly not for the neoliberal ideologues who pushed these notions for their own purposes and who have seen their aims of demolishing the remnants of the welfare state and reestablishing the rule of the rich and powerful make admirable progress. *John Ditchfield*

'bargain' because of the all-time historical low rates of interest at which the government could have borrowed the money!

The cost

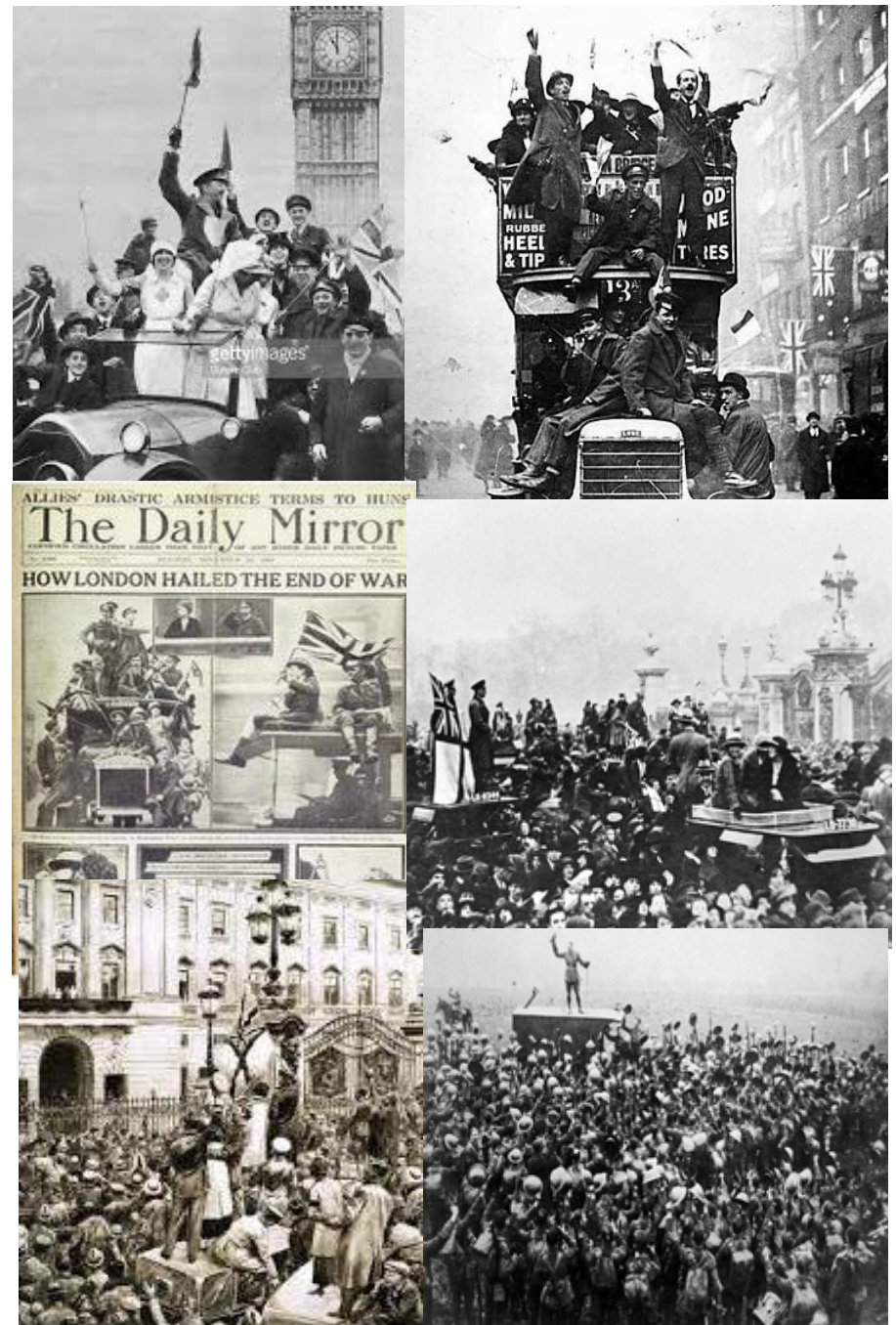
Obviously, the damage done to the economy by these cutbacks is difficult to quantify - it is probably impossible to do so anyway. But there is little doubt that it must be several orders of magnitude greater than any savings on the fiscal deficit. In other words we would have been considerably better off in real terms if the austerity programme initiated by the Coalition government in 2010 (not forgetting that it was wholeheartedly supported by New Labour) had never been implemented. Indeed, recent estimates put the economy some 15% smaller than it would have been had its pre-recession growth rate been maintained. To put this astonishing statistic in context - the 15% reduction is considerably larger than even the most pessimistic predictions of the effect of Brexit on the economy which we have heard so much about.

The Reduction

So what actually has been achieved? The deficit has been reduced. A bit - not much! And the deficit was never a problem anyway! (See previous editions of News and Views ad nauseum). Between 2010 and 2017 the fiscal deficit (or 'General Government Net Borrowing') fell by some £111 billion. Assuming a UK population of some 66 million people, this represents an average drop (or 'saving') in government expenditure of some £1,000 per four- person family per year (or £7,000 over the course of the 7 years). Of course, this £1,000 never went directly to the families concerned - it simply represents the value of all the publicly provided goods, services, benefits etc that were cut from the economy and which affected them either directly or indirectly. The problem is that this 'saving' has to be set against the real terms loss experienced by the same families and individuals which as we have seen must have been several orders of magnitude greater than any reduction in the deficit.

Conclusion

We also have to take into account the time taken to get to this point - some eight to nine years. That being so, the 'recovery' (if it can be called that) has been the slowest recovery from a recession since the Industrial



THURSDAY FELLOWSHIP

The next meeting will be on 15th.November when Ian, and others, will lead thoughts around the centenary of the ending of the First World War. Everyone is very welcome to these meetings starting at 2.30pm in the church rooms.

***For further information or help with transport please phone
Rosemary Birch 0208 446 9393***



Figurines representing the 19,000 soldiers who fell on one day in the Battle of the Somme



Shell production First World War

reasonable repair. In the absence of such maintenance, the repair cost of potholes over the same stretch of road increases over time until repair costs become significantly larger than the previous routine maintenance costs. And every time a needed hospital operation is cut, cancelled or postponed then the money 'saved' is almost inevitably eclipsed by the cost of necessary interventions 'down the road'.

It is probably the case, that a large proportion of the damage done by 'austerity' policies is now effectively beyond repair. Some of the lost libraries, parks, schools, bus services, law courts, legal aid, policemen, police stations, prison staff, parole officers, hospitals, hospital staff, playgrounds, child care facilities, Sure Start programmes, youth clubs, local welfare schemes, working parents' benefits, care homes, care staff, civil servants and local authority staff, may eventually be restored. But it is unlikely - not least because to do so is very expensive - once lost, gone forever, as they say.

The externality costs

And none of this takes into account the 'externality' costs of these cutbacks - ie the additional expenditures imposed on individuals and families that such cutbacks impose. For example, a remedial class in a school is cut and its pupils decanted into other classes with resulting problems for other pupils and teachers - all of which have an economic cost. Or in some cases the parents are forced to pay for individual remedial treatment. Which is extremely costly - even if it is available (unlikely). And can only be afforded by the well-to-do - obviously unfair. More mundanely, the school's budget is cut (yet again) and parents and pupils begin to find themselves paying for text books, whiteboards, computers and other equipment, school trips and other out-of-school activities. And teachers begin to find themselves doing more and more out-of-hours voluntary, ie unpaid, work, to make up the shortfalls. And this knocks on to teacher fatigue and dissatisfaction, leading to rapid exit from the profession.

The 'future generations' argument

The foregoing shows why the claim that it is unfair to burden future generations with debt incurred by the present generation is entirely specious; they are inevitably burdened - by all the lost output, services and damaged infrastructure that will have to be rectified in the years ahead. And this will cost far more in real terms than would have been the case if they had been dealt with in the 'normal' way in a recession ie by actually increasing the deficit rather than by trying to reduce it - bearing in mind that the real cost of doing so would have been an all-time historical

The 'Horrors' of the Fiscal Deficit Revisited A Personal View

Introduction

Recently there have been reports that, after nine years of austerity, the nation's fiscal deficit (ie the gap between what the government spends and what it gets in income, mainly from taxes) has been reduced such that the Chancellor (or the government) has hinted that there might be a bit of money to give away in the next budget or possibly help cushion any shock following Brexit. The amount hasn't been specified but the government and the press have been treating it as some kind of triumph or vindication of the years of austerity policies pursued by the UK since 2010 - policies introduced, let us remember, as a response to the severe recession caused by the 2008 global financial crisis and the need to bail out the banks. So what sort of triumph or vindication are we talking about?

The 'fiscal deficit' illusion

In the first instance, someone should point out to the Chancellor that, in the absence of a growing economy, there is no such thing as 'reducing the fiscal deficit'. Unless an economy is growing at a reasonable rate, a fiscal deficit can only be transferred from one part of the economy to another - in this case from the government's accounts to the real economy, in particular to those least able to afford it. And by the real economy is meant the real economy - ie the day to day reality that affects you and me. A trivial example - a local authority cuts back on road repairs - then every time your car hits a pothole the resulting damage to the car and the road is part of the deficit. As is the time spent in taking the car to the garage, and any adjustment to your insurance etc. More seriously, every time a company or local authority sacks a member of its social care staff that sacked person and the care they delivered becomes part of the deficit. And every time an operation is cancelled or a hospital appointment postponed, the deterioration in the health and well-being of the person involved becomes part of the deficit. And every time a teacher is cut from a school's staff or the school's budget is cut, the reduced life chances of the children affected becomes part of the deficit. And so it goes on and on. Moreover, the point about such damage is that it is enormously expensive to repair - even assuming a government wants to repair it. Those potholes again - a certain annual outlay can keep a given stretch of road in

CHURCH BAZAAR AND TRADCRAFT SALE

*Saturday 17th November 11.00am to 3.00pm in the
Church Hall, Northway*



Suang Eng Croft (8455 1004) is co-ordinating this combined event. We need people to help with the stalls (contact numbers given below) and to get the tables out on Friday evening from 7.45pm and put away tables on Saturday from 3.00pm. If you can help please contact Suang Eng.

Stalls

Traidcraft eg Fair-traded Christmas cards, wrapping paper, presents - Rosemary Birch (8343 2746)

Books - Thorsten Millhoff (8458 1922), Simon Croft (8455 1004)

Bric a Brac – Karen Alton

Home-made cakes, preserves and produce – Suang Eng Croft, Claudia Millhoff

Jams, marmalades and chutneys – Carole Lindfield (8815 9623)

Children's toys, books, games - Honor Orme (8458 2144)

Crafts - Diana Darrer (8455 7385)

Games - Noah Tutton and family (8457 5898)

Guess the weight of the cake - Katharine Cheng

Refreshments and lunches - Lorna Page (8455 2785)

***Do come and enjoy our locally renowned delicious
Soups ~ Eats ~ Coffee and remember:
Saturday 17th November***

Bible Study

Chapter 13 of the Letter to the Romans contains much that is controversial. In it, Paul addresses the question of the nature of the relationship that ought to exist between the Christian community in Rome, and the governing authority within the city. It is worth remembering that the Rome with which Paul was familiar, be it the city itself, or the wider Roman Empire, the Rome of c57/58AD when it is likely the letter was written, Rome was fairly benign as far as the emerging Christian community was concerned. The protection of the so-called Pax Romana – the Roman Peace – had allowed the Gospel to spread virtually unhindered throughout Asia Minor, Greece, and into Italy. Indeed, Paul was so certain of its protection that he was already planning to travel the length of the Mediterranean to Spain (Romans 15, 24). Some years later Paul would write Letters from prison, but even then, that was due to his altercation with the Jews with which the Romans would have nothing to do; until Paul demanded the right as a Roman citizen to be tried by the Emperor. The Book of Acts concludes with him under what appears to be no more than ‘house arrest’ (Acts 28, 30 – 31). Tradition has it that Paul was martyred for his faith, possibly during the Neronian persecution, 64 – 68AD, but the New Testament has no record of it. We tend to rely more on Henryk Sienkiewicz’s ‘Quo Vadis’. This is the background against which Paul constructs his argument in the first half of Romans 13...

... ‘Let everyone be subject to the governing authorities, for there is no authority except that which God has established. The authorities that exist have been established by God. Consequently, whoever rebels against the authority is rebelling against what God has instituted, and those who do so will bring judgment on themselves. For rulers hold no terror for those who do right, but for those who do wrong. Do you want to be free from fear of the one in authority? Then do what is right and you will be commended. For the one in authority is God’s servant for your good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for rulers do not bear the sword for no reason. They are God’s servants, agents of wrath to bring punishment on the wrongdoer. Therefore, it is necessary to submit to the authorities, not only because of possible punishment but also as a matter of conscience...’ (Romans 13, 1 – 5).

...Paul’s Jewish background would have informed him about ‘Sacral Kingship’, that it was God who chose who was to be King, and that the



toe the line and edit out a paragraph of Chekhov (implying that Russian bread is less tasty than German bread) he is sent for re-education and returns a broken man with no hope of work. Nina herself, after becoming a dedicated Young Pioneer who is sent to help with Collectivisation falls foul of the regime in some way, visits him hurriedly one night and leaves him her small daughter Sophie to bring up. Nina is never heard of again.



Dining Room in the Metropol

Reality also impinges when the Count and his lady-love, a famous actress, are forced by circumstances to take more menial work - she to less dazzling roles outside Moscow and he to be head waiter in one of the hotel’s restaurants. But it is this that enables the Count to be so useful to the regime. For the members of the new regime are as status conscious as the members of the old regime. And the Count is there to help; he is an expert at social precedence who can make sure that the right people are seated together at the right tables and that the senior apparatchiki of the regime are spared any embarrassing encounters. In the same way he becomes a close friend of a senior member of the Party - Osip:

‘The two men shook hands and then resumed eating. After a moment the Count ventured:

“If I may be so bold, Osip Ivanovich: What is it exactly that you do as an officer of the Party?”

“Let’s just say that I am charged with keeping track of certain men of interest.”

“Ah. Well, I imagine that becomes rather easier to achieve when you place them under house arrest.”

“Actually,” corrected Glebnikov, “it is easier to achieve when you place them in the ground ...”

The Count conceded the point.’

Osip relies on the Count for information about the customs and mores of foreign nationalities. He is particularly fascinated by the Americans and the pair spend many evenings watching westerns and - in particular - Humphrey Bogart films. What is it that makes Americans Americans and Russians Russians is a question they discuss at length.

There is no easy answer to this question and a strength of the book is that it makes no attempt to give easy answers or to moralise about human behaviour. It simply explores these questions and leaves it to the readers to draw their own conclusions about what is important in life and what their underlying values might be.

Marion Ditchfield

II A Gentleman in Moscow by Amor Towles

Have you ever finished a book and then, for sheer pleasure, started to read it a second time? I did with this novel. Straightaway it has to be confessed that this is an enormously difficult book to review or summarise as it works on so many levels. However, it is beautifully written, is extremely original and has received many accolades from the general reading public.

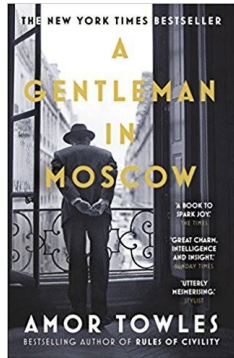
On 21st June, 1922, Count Alexander Rostov, recipient of the Order of Saint Andrew, member of the Jockey Club, Master of the Hunt - is escorted out of the Kremlin, across Red Square and through the elegant revolving doors of the Hotel Metropol. But instead of being taken to his usual suite, he is led to an attic room with a window the size of a chess board. Deemed an unrepentant aristocrat by a Bolshevik Tribunal, the Count has been sentenced to house arrest indefinitely as a 'Person of Interest'. He only escapes a worse fate by virtue of a poem he wrote in pre-revolutionary times which became popular with the regime.

While Russia undergoes decades of tumultuous upheaval, the Count, stripped of the trappings that defined his life, is forced to question what makes us who we are. And with the assistance of a range of characters he meets along the way, Rostov unexpectedly discovers a new understanding of both pleasure and purpose and that human (dare we say Christian?) values, unlike ideologies, are for all time.

Count Rostov (whose name is even a reference to *War and Peace*) has been brought up, as the title suggests, as a gentleman - not just in superficialities of manners - but as a cheerful man with a strong moral code. He treats everyone as equal and is polite to all - even the one-eyed cat that adopts him. He concedes that the communists have brought a long-overdue measure of equality for the previously oppressed serfs and workers but realises that they too, will fall into many of the old and corrupt ways of the pre-revolutionary aristocracy.

Bored in his tiny attic room, Rostov first finds a way to enlarge it and then with the help of nine-year-old Nina - who also lives in the hotel - he explores the labyrinthine basements and backstairs corridors of the hotel. They discover the hotel's stored china and silver and the Count explains to Nina the purpose of some instruments - the asparagus tongs and the summoning bell used by the hostess to signal the change of courses.

This is not a historical or social study of the Revolution but Bolshevism and later Stalinism do break into the narrative. For example, the Count's great friend Mishka is first lauded for his poetry of the people and then when he refuses to



King would be anointed by the Priest of God. He would have been aware of the claim that God had caused Cyrus the Great to become ruler over Persia in order that the Babylonians might be defeated and the Jewish people released from exile, as recorded by Isaiah:

...This is what the LORD says to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I take hold of to subdue nations before him and to strip kings of their armour, to open doors before him so that gates will not be shut: I will go before you and will level the mountains; I will break down gates of bronze and cut through bars of iron. I will give you hidden treasures, riches stored in secret places, so that you may know that I am the LORD, the God of Israel, who summons you by name. For the sake of Jacob my servant, of Israel my chosen, I summon you by name and bestow on you a title of honour, though you do not acknowledge me. I am the LORD, and there is no other; apart from me there is no God. I will strengthen you, though you have not acknowledged me, so that from the rising of the sun to the place of its setting people may know there is none besides me. I am the LORD, and there is no other. I form the light and create darkness, I bring prosperity and create disaster; I the LORD, do all these things... (Isaiah 45, 1 – 7),

But one senses that for Paul it is for far more pragmatic reasons, as determined by the situation at the time of writing, that caused him to write in the way he did. However, this has not stopped future generations extrapolating from the particular point a more general principle; what came to be known in this country as the 'Divine Right of Kings', invoked by such as Charles 1st in the 17th Century and which of course contributed to his eventual removal and execution. In Germany in the 1930s it was the cause of division within the Lutheran church as regards their response to Nazism. Even today, in this country, the Coronation of the Monarch takes place in a religious building, is administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and includes an act of anointing. In the USA, where separation of Church and State is imagined to be a reality, a newly inaugurated President takes the oath of office whilst his hand is on a Bible. Many Evangelical Christians believe Donald Trump to be God's anointed, having been elected to office, *'for such a time as this'* (Esther 4, 14)...

...As for the practical outworking of this injunction, *'For the same reason you also pay taxes, for the authorities are ministers of God, attending to this very thing. Pay all of them their dues, taxes to whom taxes are due, revenue to whom revenue is due, respect to whom respect is due, honour to whom honour is due.'* (Rom. 13, 6 – 7). No one likes to pay tax. Indeed, tax avoidance schemes are rife, even tax evasion. The mantra seems to be, pay as little as you can rather than pay what you should. Paul appears to be

suggesting that for society to function at any level, citizens have a responsibility to honour their obligation to see to it that it is able to operate in an orderly manner according to principles established according to justice and fairness for all. It may have been that the Christian community in Rome was seeking to disentangle itself from the apparatus of the state to the extent of withdrawing its financial contribution, refusing to pay for the services provided which they themselves were choosing not to make use of; more than that failing to have a proper appreciation of those who were the decision makers as far as the City of Rome was concerned. Implicit in Paul's exhortation is an appeal to the Christians to realise that if they wished to enjoy the freedom necessary to propagate the message of the Gospel they should not do anything that would give the State any reason to curtail their activities. More recently, certain church groups and others have argued for the withholding of the proportion of their tax that is spent on activities to which they are opposed – usually in matters to do with defence spending – but to be able to 'pick and choose' in that way merely risks the undermining of the system of public finances as a whole. One has to trust the law makers that they are acting in what they perceive to be the best interests of all of its citizens, and if not, to argue for their removal from office by due process. We have come along way from 1st Century Rome: the political landscape is very different. The Church now operates in a very different way from how the Christian community which met then operated. But what hasn't changed, doesn't change, and shouldn't change is the need to ensure that the dignity of each and everyone is maintained and that can only be so if each and everyone is given equal respect by each and everyone else, be they Christian or otherwise...

Ian Tutton

**THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH
THE IMPORTANCE OF LOVE**

The most terrible poverty is loneliness and the feeling of being unloved. The hunger for love is much more difficult to remove than the hunger for bread.

Let us always meet each other with a smile, for a smile is the beginning of love.

(Three quotes by Mother Teresa whose whole life was a service of love and care for all those she met. She believed 'Spread love everywhere you go. Let no one come to you without leaving happier')

Sourced by Rosemary Birch

the Slade and to cause him no trouble.

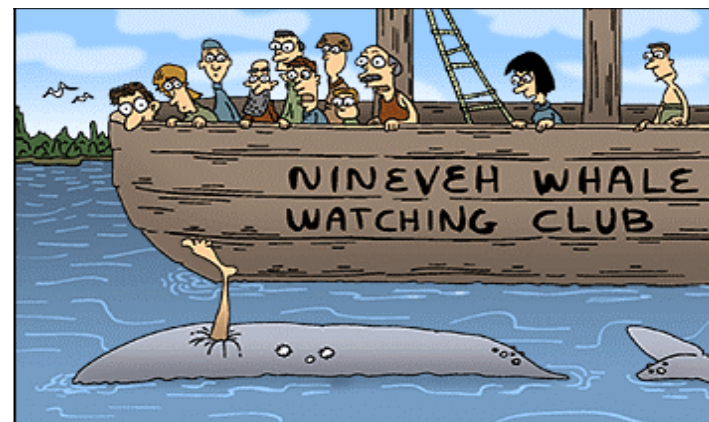
What happens instead is that Barbary and Raoul take to the ruined streets in the area around St Paul's where they meet up with young people living outside the law, such as army deserters and petty criminals who specialize in shop-lifting. They then hide the goods in the caverns, canyons and craters that were formerly orderly and busy streets. They steal bicycles when they need them, sell postcards to tourists of the ruins which Barbary paints, and store food and drink so as to live an alternative life away, in Barbary's case, from her father's well-run home in the Adelphi.

Crisis point is reached when Barbary and Raoul are caught by the police, but not before she is injured as the result of a fall as she seeks to escape from them. The novel ends with Barbary returning with her mother to Collioure where the plan is for her to study art in Paris.

The strength of this novel does not lie in character since both Sir Gulliver and his first wife come into the category of "arguments on legs": he stiff-backed, sarcastic and morally strict; she presented in terms of contrasts to him. Where it becomes interesting is in its evocation of ruins and how once respectable streets are now filled with low-life and a flourishing, striking flora. Such evocations are made poignant when you know that Rose Macaulay's flat and the cherished library it contained were utterly destroyed in the Blitz.

Here is an example of what the ruins signify to the author: "Still the ghosts of the centuries-old merchant-cunning crept and murmured among weeds and broken stones, flitted like bats about dust-heaped, gaping rooms. But their companion ghosts, ghosts of an ancient probity [...] that had lived side by side with cunning in the stone ways [...] had deserted and fled without trace, leaving their broken dwellings to the creeping jungle and the crafty shades."

Verity Smith



BOOK REVIEWS

I Rose Macaulay, *The World my Wilderness*

If you are fortunate enough to still have a well-stocked library to visit, then one of the most obvious pleasures it has to offer is a space in which to browse. Browsing is good for the soul; it allows you to “take a flutter,” so to speak, on what you read - as opposed to simply ordering a book online. It was by browsing that I came across this novel by Rose Macaulay, published in 1950. Have you heard of this interesting author and woman? In my case

her name was on the edge of my memory but without a single accompanying fact. I discovered that she was born in 1881 and was privileged for a female member of her generation by being educated at Somerville College, Oxford. She then worked for the British Propaganda Department in the First World War and later as a civil servant in the War Office. Also, up to her death in 1942, Macaulay had a long affair with a former Jesuit priest. It follows that she was neither a conventional nor a timid woman and boldness is among the characteristics of the young protagonist of Macaulay’s novel, *The World is my Wilderness*. This is not an outstanding novel but its subject-matter is historically fascinating because it explores the dark underbelly of society in the period of the Second World War and its immediate aftermath.

The novel opens in Collioure, a village close to the French frontier with Catalonia. There Barbary lives with her mother a “bohemian” lady of easy morals who deserts her husband, a distinguished KC. When the Germans invade France, she divorces Sir Gulliver Deniston and becomes the wife of a French collaborator. Her daughter Barbary grows up there with her half-brother, Raoul, and as their mother is distracted by a small son from her second marriage and is also casual in her attitude to the older children, they run wild. This means running errands for the Maquis and learning to hate authority embodied in the Gestapo, accepting stealing as a fact of life and being aware that their “collabo” father/step-father has been drowned by members of the local Resistance at war’s end. At this point, Barbary and Raoul are dispatched to London to be “civilized.” Again, there is a distinct lack of parental care and attention because Sir “Gully” has married again, has a busy professional life and expects his seventeen-year old daughter to adapt automatically to London life in an upper-middle class family, to study art at



TRADCRAFT

One of the headlines in the Daily Mail (11th October 2018) reads “Stalwart organisation Traidcraft which plays a central role in community life with volunteer stalls at church bazaars and school fairs faces extinction”. It is now in a period of consultation, with the blame being three-fold - declining church attendances, eight years of austerity and the Brexit vote which led to a fall in the value of the pound and put up the price of the goods sold. Robin Roth, chief executive says, ‘closing the commercial side of Traidcraft will be devastating for many of the thousands of impoverished workers in developing countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America’.

One of the groups we have been helping is Noah’s Ark and by reading the following article you will realize just how important Traidcraft’s support has been, and we hope and pray, will continue to be.

Noah’s Ark has been supporting and empowering talented artisans in India since 2000. They work with a multi-talented crowd of paper-crafters, wood carvers, metal workers, skilled and dextrous painters and are constantly looking for new craft techniques to develop.

Moradabad is a city in which half of its population (700,000) are in the metal - working handicraft trade, and yet the industry is plagued with injustice. Artisans are poorly paid, forced to pay commission, and must pay for the raw materials they need to complete their orders themselves. As the cost of metal has risen, many artisans end up in terrible debt or have to close down. Skills passed from one generation to the next start to disappear. After witnessing the struggles of artisans at first hand, Samuel Masih established Noah’s Ark International Export to change the relationship from one of fear to one of trust.

Since then Noah’s Ark has ensured that wages are 10-15% higher than the local wages, and work comes with health and educational initiatives. They liken their work to the biblical story of Noah’s Ark; just as Noah’s Ark saved mankind so they are saving traditional hand-crafting. Robin Roth also said the “CLOSURE IS NOT A FOREGONE CONCLUSION and a lot will depend on sales in the autumn and up to



Tray made from soldered keys

Christmas.” ***STRONG SALES COULD GIVE THE FINANCIAL BREATHING SPACE NEEDED TO RESTRUCTURE THE ORGANISATION.***

So it’s going to be UP TO YOU if you continue to have the stall in church. We shall keep on going as long as we can get stock. Christmas cards, wrapping paper, calendars will be on display shortly. (Sorry no separate Christmas catalogues but I have some photocopied sheets if anyone wants to have a preview.)

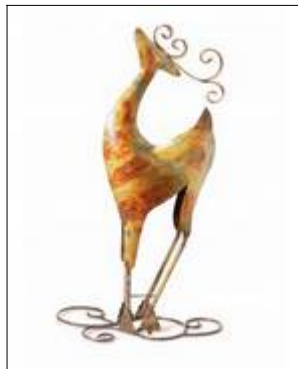
PLEASE SUPPORT YOUR STALL AND HELP OTHERS WHO DESPERATELY RELY ON OUR HELP.



Antiqued Gold Sunburst Mirror



Hammered Copper Tablemat



Antiqued Copper Deer Sculpture



Punched Metal Shimmer Votives

These and many other Craft Works can be bought online by searching at Traidcraft Noah’s Ark.

Rosemary Birch

Hungary until, in the 13th century, Mongol hordes destroyed it, and Buda became the capital. Nevertheless Estergom was a proud city and built the enormous basilica, the largest church in Hungary, the seat of the Archbishop. The church has had a chequered history, being destroyed and rebuilt several times over the centuries. The present impressive building, which rises majestically over the river, is topped with a magnificent dome standing on 24 tall pillars. It was consecrated in 1856 and Franz Liszt composed his Missa Solemnis for the occasion. We were treated to a concert on the mighty organ which ended wonderfully and incongruously with the “Westminster Chimes”, and we wondered if it was in our honour! After enjoying a lunch of goulash and chips we embarked again, cruising to Budapest. As we entered the city the river took us beside the famous buildings in this city: the most famous being the Houses of Parliament. This, which I consider the most beautiful building I’ve ever seen, is best viewed from across the river, where its delicate spires and its symmetry, its white stone with contrasting red roofs, and its elegant red dome can be seen to perfection.

Budapest is really two separate cities divided by the river. Buda occupies the left bank and includes the Parliament building and many others on the riverbank. Pest is the hilly area on the other side, dominated by the Hungarian National Gallery. Buda has the Opera House, where we were treated to a short concert of operatic arias sung by a soprano and an alto from the opera company; and the famous covered market, which reminded me of a similar market in the Huddersfield of my youth, where I spent many a happy Saturday morning shopping.



Also in Budapest is the famous Gellert Baths, a complex of cold, lukewarm and hot bathing places, where I had enjoyed splashing about in the changing temperatures on a previous visit to Budapest.

And so, back on board ship for our last dinner, after which a gypsy troupe came on board to regale us with folk tales and gypsy music. The band played on some hitherto unknown instruments (at least, unknown to me!): amazing stringed fiddles and never-before-seen percussion instruments (home-made?) We bade a reluctant farewell the following morning to the boat which had been our comfortable home for a week, and our sextet parted company after a happy week together.

Joan Holton

Our Danube cruise began in Passau, where we were treated to a concert on board on the theme 'The Danube from Schubert to Strauss'. Our group soon settled into our new surroundings, and sought out our respective cabins, which all received a vote of confidence! Meanwhile the boat was sailing downriver to Melk where we visited the ancient Benedictine abbey which seemed to cling to the cliff above the river. The abbey's riches include a library with priceless books and manuscripts. In the abbey church is a lavish gold altar – not to everyone's taste perhaps, but quite splendid!

We continued to the small port of Durnstein where the temperature reached 90°F, and beat one or two of our party, but an intrepid trio (including me!) ventured into the village, looked at some of the shops selling embroidered shirts, quilts and linens, admired the pottery, and then collapsed into a coffee shop to enjoy reviving glasses of iced tea. That evening our musicians came aboard to regale us with a concert of Viennese music – Schubert, Brahms, Schumann and, of course, Johann Strauss again, sung beautifully by the young soprano and baritone.

During our journey the levels of the river kept changing and locks were needed to make it navigable. We went through no fewer than eleven locks on our journey downriver – always a fascinating manoeuvre to watch. The locks were only big enough for two boats of our size, so we were always at close quarters with the passengers and crew of the boat alongside.

And so we arrived in Vienna and had a day to explore the city. The morning was spent in the Schonbrunn Palace, much loved by the Empress Maria Theresa who redesigned it after she came to the throne in 1740. She added a new edifice and installed rococo decorations in the rooms, some of them panelled in rosewood. We also visited one of the many houses in Vienna where Beethoven lived and composed: in Heiligenstadt, a short way out of the city centre. There were many mementoes of Beethoven and some of his original scores.

Another highlight of Vienna was the Kunsthistorisches (Art History) Museum – a beautiful palace in its own right with an enormously rich collection of art. We admired the Klimt stairway beautified by his paintings. A tour of old Vienna took us into the narrow streets with markets and cafes spilling out on to the pavements and the smell of cream cakes. (We indulged!)

So, back to the boat and an evening cruise in the direction of Hungary. Early next day we arrived in Estergom, which was the first capital of



About People; Agnes and Francois Crompton Roberts

At the end of September we welcomed former Free Church members and Suburb residents, **Agnes & Francois Crompton-Roberts** from Montmartin-Sur-Mer to our home in South Wales. They travelled as foot passengers on a very stormy ferry from Caen to Portsmouth and then got the three hour direct train from Portsmouth to Cardiff. Together we explored Cardiff and the



industrial heritage of the South Wales valleys. We had a glorious day with clear blue skies at **Blaenavon World Heritage Site**. The mighty iron foundry once formed the cutting edge of technology and was one of the biggest ironworks in the world. It operated from 1789 to 1902 and was steam powered, with three blast furnaces. The ironworks were at the heart of the industrial landscape of South Wales – without them, none of the quarries, mines, spoilheaps, tramroads, railways, canals, workers' houses or civic buildings would have come to exist. The works developed and grew over time and we explored the remains of the blast furnaces, the casting house and the water balance tower, a hydraulic lift. The refurbished workers' cottages and the reconstructed company shop also provided a vivid window onto what conditions were like for the people who worked there.

A visit to the National Trust property of **Dyffryn Gardens** which was the home of the Cory Family continued our exploration of the importance of industrial South Wales. John Cory established a highly lucrative shipping and coal exporting enterprise from Cardiff and Barry Docks. This business included a network of refuelling stations across the British Empire which functioned as service stations for coal-powered steam ships.

On another day we visited **Caerphilly** where Jenny lived till the age of three when her father, Peter Barraclough, was minister of Van Road Congregational now United Reformed Church. After exploring the magnificent thirteenth century moated concentric castle (the largest in Wales) which dominates the centre of the town, we called in to see Sally Mitchell (daughter of John and Rosemary Birch).

Agnes and Francois spent a day exploring the centre of **Cardiff** including

the shopping centre. As well as a visit to M&S for Agnes to replenish her wardrobe she visited a kitchen shop to buy containers for Christmas Puddings which she will make for the Church Christmas Bazaar. Agnes and Francois are members of the English Anglican Church, **Christ Church in the Manche**, which has services in the Catholic Church building in Gratot. This is an ecumenical church and includes members from many Christian denominations. Agnes is the Church Secretary and uses her knowledge of British and French Law and bi-lingual skills to benefit the Church. One evening we skyped their son, **Vincent**, who grew up in the Free Church and was a youth leader. He now lives in Quebec with his Canadian wife, Marie-Pierre and her daughter, Sophie. It was lovely to talk to Vincent and see their four year old daughter, Lilly and two year old son, Philip. Vincent works in a media company where he uses his expertise in French and English.

Agnes & Francois, having brought us French Cheeses, returned home safely to Normandy with a selection of Welsh Cheeses including Caerphilly, Y Fenni and Snowdon Black Bomber Cheddar. It was lovely to renew our friendship and reminisce about HGS and the Free Church.

Jenny and Brian Stonhold



(See Daniel 6)

10-17-2011

REMEMBER THAT TIME WHEN YOU GOT THROWN
IN OUR DEN AND EVERYBODY THOUGHT WE WERE
GOING TO EAT YOU ... THAT WAS AWESOME!

Six ladies in a boat – a musical tour in the footsteps of Mozart and Strauss

When my sister Judith and I embarked on this musical journey we didn't expect that it would become a "six ladies in a boat" experience. But, as well as meeting with Mozart and the composers who followed in his footsteps, we joined forces with



four ladies who were also on the cruise. We shared a table for meals, enjoyed each other's company on trips ashore, and spent a lot of time talking and laughing together. Our friends were Pat, Dorothy, Sakina and (another!) Joan. The boat was most comfortable, with 48 cabins, all with picture windows, and comfortable lounging chairs on deck from which we could watch the world go by.

The cruise, organised by the Jules Verne Company, began in Passau, Germany and travelled down the River Danube through Austria to Budapest in Hungary where we disembarked a week later. But, before joining the boat, MS "Victor Hugo", we spent two days in Salzburg and met Dr Josef Wallnig, a professor of opera interpretation in the city. He arranged several concerts during our trip, comprising music by composers who lived and worked in Germany and Austria. The concerts took place either on board ship or in famous venues like the Palace Frohnburg in Salzburg and the Trinkhalle in Bad Ischl.

Salzburg was delightful: a small town, with lovely Baroque architecture, where Mozart was born. We visited his birthplace, a beautiful old house where the Mozarts occupied two floors. Mozart was born in 1756, one of seven children, of whom five died in infancy. He began composing when very young, and at the age of only six he travelled to Munich and Vienna to perform his music (including a concert for the Empress Maria Theresa in the Schonbrunn Palace in Vienna, which we later visited).

En route to our boat we called at Bad Ischl, a spa town on a small lake, with buildings in attractive pale stone. The town's claim to fame is that it was here in 1914 that the Emperor Franz Joseph signed the declaration of war with Serbia which triggered the First World War. On a lighter note, Franz Lehar lived (and later died) here in a spacious villa which we visited. We later went to a concert of music by Lehar and Johann Strauss by Dr Wallnig and two excellent singers in the Trinkhalle, a bijou concert hall in the town.

FROM THE ARCHIVE

November 1948

‘The Free Church News Letter, 1939-1948

This is the last issue of the “News Letter” in the form that has become familiar during the past nine years. As this chapter closes I want to record our appreciation of the value of Mr Ballard’s (the Minister) work as the author of this “Letter”. For nine years, month by month, he has written this gracious, comforting, chastening, heartening pastoral epistle. It has gone out during the dark war years to our people at home, in the other parts of the country and to the ends of the earth. Since the war it has continued to link us and our members in may distant places, in one family. One cannot over-estimate the influence which Mr Ballard has exerted by this means, and we pray that through the new publication, which will succeed the News Letter, he will exert an even greater and more widespread influence upon all who will listen.’

‘NEWS AND VIEWS, 1948 -

‘The successor to the News Letter will be a Newspaper and will be called “News and Views.” It is no secret that Mr Ballard has cherished the idea of a Church Newspaper for a long time. Not only is it now a possibility to produce one, but Mr Ballard believes that the time is ripe for a change ..’



JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

Sunday 30th September. Harvest Festival and Church lunch. Junior Church's contribution, as part of the story of Joseph, included the song 'Seven Fat Cows' (which Ian had been trailing for weeks, but no volunteers). Instead, we had to rely on the Elvis version, in backing with lots of hand-waving and dancing. As often, Junior Church leads the way: a Student's Union (Manchester) has just voted through a ban on clapping which the motion said "could pose sensory issues." Instead, they approved "British Sign Language clapping" otherwise known as "jazz hands", which is what we did. The lunch as always was not only a great get-together occasion but with a variety of excellent foods, including a good selection of cheeses - and concluding with our usual traditional cake.

Wednesday 3rd October. 'A jump ahead'. To misquote Mark Twain: "News of my extinction is greatly exaggerated". It had been thought that the tree kangaroo, a species found only in Papua New Guinea, had ceased to exist. The last sightings were in the 1920's. But 7000 feet up in dense bamboo forest there is a thriving population. They were discovered by an amateur botanist Michael Smith from Farnham Surrey, who was on holiday. He took photos which were confirmed by Tim Flannery, the leading expert on tree kangaroos, who is no doubt pleased to find himself back in a job. The local tribesmen were puzzled because this was an animal with which they were very familiar, to them the 'wondiwoi', named after the local mountain habitat.



Friday 5th October. One of the most regrettable public utterances that ever came from the then US Vice President, Dicky Cheney, when describing soldiers killed by what is referred to, again disturbingly, as "friendly fire", soldiers shot by accident by their own comrades. He said "stuff happens". It's been suggested that this might be the way to deal with a new situation which has arisen from advances in military technology - the targeting of specific individual human targets using drones sent thousands of miles with deadly accuracy. The RAF crews are based both in the USA and in Lincolnshire. To the operators, this is warfare but without the immediacy or personal dangers of the battlefield. It is having a profound psychological effect on many, who cannot rationalize what they personally are responsible for - although they are military and acting on orders - and the disconnection because of the huge distance between them

So Happy 70th Birthday News and Views - long may you continue!

Anne Lowe

and the targets. This may lead to high levels of post-traumatic stress disorder. The authorities, thankfully, are treating this as a serious, and on-going matter. Selected forces chaplains - padres - will spend a year on a specific Masters course at Cardiff University. Whilst this is happening, counselling is being co-ordinated through the chaplain-general, the Rev David Coulter.



Monday 8th October. SHS (Social Health Services). This could logically and helpfully become an extension to the NHS. GP's in Somerset say that a 14% decrease in emergency hospital admissions has come about when directing patients to community groups who introduce them, as appropriate, to befriending classes, coffee mornings, gym classes and walking clubs. It also can - and has - saved money. In one town alone (Frome) where there are 25,000 registered patients, the costs of unplanned admissions dropped from £5.7 million in 2013-14 to £4.5 million in 2016-2017, a 20% saving.

Tuesday 9th October. Ew zen yowza qapik: these are not words from a foreign language but some of the latest additions approved for 'The Official Scrabble Players Dictionary.' The big break-through however is OK - literally - which has now been accepted as a word because it contains both a vowel and a consonant. Phew, that's in as well.

Wednesday 10th October. A plague of plaques. Mike Read, the former Radio 1 DJ and now Chairman of the British Plaque Trust, has drawn attention to the spread of these blue memorials. There are now, he said, more than 45,000 throughout the country. Dickens has around 50. Some houses have two or more, including in Queen Anne's Gate, just by my offices, commemorating Prime Ministers and other worthies from the nearby Houses of Parliament. Some years ago, in the Suburb, there were protests when it was learnt that a plaque to Elizabeth Taylor, who was born in Ingram Avenue, would have to wait - following plaque procedure - for seven years after her death. Those protesting said that at least some of them would not be around to see it erected. A hotel in Birmingham has a plaque to JRR Tolkien which says "Stayed here in 1916." His visit was for two days.



Thursday 11th October. One-liners, once the purview of stand-up

comedians and Christmas crackers, are now alive and well on social media with two dedicated forums, one on Reddit and the other on Facebook with each having more than a million subscribers. The following will either make you want to scream or want to join:

"Why is a bungalow called a bungalow? Because they ran out of bricks and thought we'll bung a low roof on".

"At work we have a printer we've nick-named Bob Marley. It's always Jammin"

"You can tell an ant's gender by putting it in water. If it sinks, girl ant. If it floats buoyant"

"I've just burnt my Hawaiian pizza. I should have put it on aloha temperature"

"I'll never date another apostrophe. The last one was too possessive"

Saturday 13th October. "Food waste bin?" Rosemary and I have two cats. One, with us since a kitten, now elderly, and the other just one year old. They are very different; the older likes home comforts and doesn't stay out long. The younger, who was born on a farm (an arranged swap by our daughter Sally - some 'difficult to look after hens' in exchange for some 'easier to look after' kittens) likes the outdoors and often stays out at night - at least she can get back in through the cat-flap. They play well together and sometimes have mad moments when they, and



everything, fly in all directions. The youngster ventured out for the first time when she came up to London and brought back a mouse. There have been many since. The older has no idea what mice are (in fact when she laid a 'present' in front of him he hadn't the foggiest what to do!!) Today we found, tucked neatly against a table-leg, a very dead mouse, chewed but abandoned.

"Shall I put it in the food waste bin?" I asked. I got a very definite response "General waste!"

John Birch



Bible Study 101