

NEWS & VIEWS

*Hampstead Garden Suburb
Free Church*



OCTOBER 2019

PLEASE TAKE

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

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

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

Safeguarding Statement

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

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

NEWS & VIEWS

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



NO 754

OCTOBER 2019

Dear **F**riends,

I have an unfortunate sense of humour... I laugh at the strangest things. Just recently I saw reported via social media that two young boys had been let off with a caution by the Spanish police after they admitted mixing cannabis leaves into the incense burner in the local Cathedral. Asked why they had done it, one of them replied that he had wanted everyone to go home 'feeling happy'. Maybe I should suggest it to someone in St Jude's? But it does raise an interesting question. How should we feel when we leave Church after attending Sunday service? The Prophet Isaiah talks of the people 'going out with joy, being led forth with peace, the mountains and the hills bursting forth into joy before us as we go, all the trees of the field clapping their hands.' (Is. 55, 12 [Paraphrase]).

It is too easy to misunderstand all of this. There is a world of difference between happiness and joyfulness. It is worth noting that when Paul lists the 'fruits of the Spirit', whilst joy has a prominent place, there is no mention of happiness. Church doesn't exist to make us happy, although happiness may be an indirect consequence of what we do experience when we worship together. Perhaps the best way of describing what I mean is this, worshipping together should 'lift our spirits'. To do this, when we worship, we should engage together in that which seeks to stimulate us at every level.

- We should be made to think; seriously, and for ourselves. We should have called to mind that with which we are confronted from day to day and about which we are not so sure; the issues of the day. But worship reminds us that this can be done, indeed is to be done from the perspective of faith in a God who loves the world and all who live in it. Such a faith will not answer our questions, but it will enable us to ask them in the right way...

- We should be made to feel; emotionally, from deep within ourselves. Our hearts should be stirred by what we experience as we worship together. We need to be reminded that we can both laugh and cry when we worship. It is not wrong to 'feel good'. Worship is the means by which God engenders in us that 'feel good factor', persuading us that the love of which we speak is neither wishy nor washy, but rather is that which sits deep within us driving us on even when we feel daunted by what the future appears to hold for us...

- We should be made to respond; spiritually, going out from within ourselves. Our very being should be shaken up. Worship should bring with it its very own spiritual 'wake up call'; alerting us to our continuing need of a relationship with God, reminding us of the potency of prayer in this regard, reassuring us that in spite of all else God continues to reach out to us, creating within us a hunger for God's Word, opening up for each one of us new opportunities for service.

If we are honest, if I am honest, this is not always how it is for us, for me. But nevertheless, it is this that we ought to strive for. And if we want our Worship to 'lift our spirits' we should ensure that we are properly prepared. The miracle of Grace is that we will always get out more than we put in, but that should not preclude us from putting in that which is necessary to ensure that our experience in worship is what God would have it be for us...

Ian Tutton



Thanks to John LeBlanc

12-01-2006

**IF YOU CAN'T PROPHECY ANYTHING NICE,
DON'T PROPHECY ANYTHING AT ALL**

CHURCH BAZAAR AND TRAIDCRAFT SALE

Saturday 16th 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 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 (8446 9393)

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)

Thursday Fellowship – the team

Games - Caroline Andresier and family (8455 8456)

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 16th November

NEWS OF PEOPLE

On Sunday, September 8th we were delighted to share in an act of Confirmation with NATHALIE MILLHOFF. It was good to welcome family from Germany as well as a number of Nathalie's school friends. Following her confirming for herself the belief she has in God and her faith in Jesus Christ, Nathalie was welcomed into the membership of the Free Church at the Communion service. We wish her well, and look forward to her continuing to play a significant role within the life of the church.



Congratulations to DAVID OVER and his fiancée CLARE BLATHWAYT who were married on Saturday 28th September in Bath. We wish them all the very best for their life together."

Ian Tutton

THURSDAY FELLOWSHIP

Our next meeting will take place on October 17th (2.30 – 4.00pm) when Heather and Mick Tomlin will give an illustrated talk on their holiday in the Kingdom of Bhutan. Everyone is very warmly welcome to this friendly group. For further information and help with transport ring *Rosemary Birch 02084469393*



ODE TO THE TOMATO

The poem given below is by the Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda. Bear in mind that he is writing in the southern hemisphere which explains why the tomatoes are ripe in the middle of our winter! The lines of the original Spanish are very short and so a diagonal line (/) indicates a new line.



The street / drowns in tomatoes:/ noon/ summer/ the light/
splits/ into two/ tomato/ halves/ the streets / run/ with juice,/ In December/
the tomato/ cuts loose/ invades/ kitchens/ / takes over lunches,/ sits down/
and rests/ on sideboards,/ with the glasses,/ butter-dishes,/ blue salt-cellar./
It has / its own radiance,/ A goodly majesty/ Too bad we must/ murder it:/
a knife plunges into its living pulp,/ red/ viscera,/ a fresh,/ deep,/
inexhaustible/ sun / floods the salads/ of Chile,/ cheerfully weds/ the fair
onion/ and to celebrate it/ oil/ the filial essence/ of the olive tree/ envelops /
its gaping hemispheres,/ pepper/ adds/ its fragrance,/ salt its magnetism --/
we have the day's wedding:/ parsley/ flaunts/ its little flags,/potatoes/
thump to a boil,/ the barbecue/ brings down the door/ with its aromas:/ it's
time!/ let's go/ and upon/ the table,/ belted by summer,/ tomatoes,/ stars of
the earth,/stars multiplied/ and fertile/ show off/ their convolutions,/ canals/
and plenitudes/ and the abundance/ without a stone/ without a husk, or
scales or thorn,/ hand us/ the festival of fiery colour and all-embracing
freshness. From *Elemental Odes*(1954) *Contributed by Verity Smith*

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

Part of a prayer by the sixteenth century Spanish mystic St. Theresa of Avila:

'Christ has no body now but ours. No hands, no feet but ours. Ours are the eyes through which Christ looks with compassion on this world. Ours are the feet with which he walks about doing good. Ours are the hands through which he blesses all the world.

Ours are the hands. Ours are the feet. Ours are the eyes. We are his body and Christ has no body on earth but ours.....and we pray that we may indeed be Christ's body in this world.'

A prayer as relevant now as when it was written. Rosemary Birch

Bible Study: The Book of Joshua

Chapter 3 of the Book of Joshua provide a detailed explanation of the preparations made by the Israelites prior to the attack on Jericho. In particular it describes how it was that the whole of the people were able to cross over the River Jordan, from East to West in order to be able to mount an attack on the City of Jericho. It begins with the breaking of the camp at Shittim and moving forward to the east bank of the river Jordan where they stayed for three days. Immediately before they began to cross the river, officers from amongst their number told the people to pay attention and to follow the Ark of the Covenant which would be carried ahead of them by the Levitical Priests. But they were to follow at a respectful distance. *'... When you see the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord your God being carried by the Levitical Priests, then you shall set out from your place and follow it...'* (Joshua 3, 3). The Ark of the Covenant, so-called, was a specially made box made to carry inside it the two stone tablets on which were inscribed the Ten Commandments. Its construction was ordered by Moses (Exodus 31, verses 1 – 11.) It was to become symbolic of God being present amongst the people. Eventually it was given a place of prominence in the Temple built by Solomon, (1 Kings 8, 6 - 9). However, following the destruction of the Temple by the invading Babylonians in 6th Century BCE, there is no mention of the Ark and it is assumed that it was looted and ultimately destroyed. There is no reference to it being including in the furnishings of the restored Temple as described in Ezra and Nehemiah. Indeed, there is a suggestion that second Temple Judaism had a different understanding as to how the Law of God was to be understood as being present to the people. *'...And it shall be that when you multiply and become fruitful in the land, in those days—the word of the LORD—they will no longer say, 'The Ark of the Covenant of the LORD' and it will not come to mind; they will not mention it, and will not recall it, and it will not be used any more...'* (Jeremiah 3, 16; see also Jer. 31, verses 31 – 34, [the 'new covenant']). But for now, as the people waited to cross the Jordan into Canaan, the Ark was a potent symbol of God going before them thereby guaranteeing them victory over any one who dared oppose them. The day before the crossing of the Jordan was to be a day during which the whole people were to purify themselves in readiness for the miracle that God was about to perform on their behalf. *'...Sanctify yourselves; for tomorrow the Lord will do wonders among you...'* (Josh. 3, 5). It was necessary that the people be ready for what was ahead of them. No doubt they had been



preparing themselves as regards the likely military campaign that they were to embark upon, but all the while it was necessary that they be reminded that whatever they might accomplish, it would not be in their own strength alone, it will be because God is with them. Hence the need to 'sanctify' themselves, to 'consecrate' themselves to God. Alongside the regular physical exercises that would be required to ensure

that they were in the best shape for what lay ahead, it was necessary for them to be attuned spiritually by attending to the rituals demanded of them by the Law of God as handed down to them via Moses to Joshua. Then the priests were commanded to take the Ark and to move forward right to the edge of the water. There they were to halt. And as they wait, Joshua encourages the people by making known to them what God is about to do, '*...Hereby you shall know that the living God is among you, and that He will without fail drive out before you the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Hivites, the Perizzites, the Girgashites, the Amorites, and the Jebusites...*' (Josh. 3, 10 – 11). The listing of the various inhabitants reminds us that the land was occupied by disparate groups, none of whom were able to confront the might of the Israelite army alone and as such made the conquest that much easier to accomplish. Regarding the future, the most significant of the names is that of the Jebusites who were regarded as the occupants of the city state of Jerusalem which would eventually



become the capital city of the Empire ruled over by David. Verse 12 of chapter 3 appears out of place, and should probably be included in the narrative of chapter 4, and so, Joshua's declaration continues, '*...And when the soles*

of the feet of the priests who bear the Ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of the Jordan, the waters of the Jordan shall be stopped from flowing, and the waters coming down from above shall

stand in one heap... ' (Josh. 3, 13). And so, the Priests do as described, and just as Joshua had 'prophesied', the river ceased flowing. The magnitude of the miracle is emphasised by the reference to the fact that, '*... the Jordan overflows all its banks throughout the time of Harvest...*' (Josh. 3, 15). The river was in flood, fast flowing, and deep. It is in this state that God uses Divine power to cause it to cease flowing. '*... The waters coming down from above stood and rose up in a heap far off at Adam, the city that is beside Zarethan, and those flowing down toward the Sea of Arabah, the salt sea, were wholly cut off...*' (Josh. 3, 16). Interestingly, what is described here has been in fact a regular phenomenon as far as the Jordan was concerned at that time. Near the city of Zarethan, north of Jericho, were limestone cliffs which routinely eroded, collapsing into the river, causing it to dam itself naturally. The miracle is not in the event itself, but in the timing. The priests, carrying the Ark, remained in the middle of the now dried up river bed, whilst the people passed over, emphasising that it was according to God's will, in fulfilment of God's purpose, and by the exercising of God's miraculous power that this should be possible. Accordingly, the people find themselves safely across the river, and located on the West Bank of the Jordan. But they were also to realise that having crossed over the river, there was to be no going back. Now they had established a toe hold in the land promised to their ancestor Abraham, the land to which Moses had led them for forty years wandering in the wilderness. That period in their history was now over. A new chapter was beginning. **Ian Tutton**



Thanks to Lloyd Vandenbrink (See Jonah 1-4) 08-25-1998

OH JONAH, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME THAT
YOU'RE GOING TO WEAR THAT T-SHIRT ALL
DAY AT THE BEACH AGAIN

UPDATE ON TRAIDCRAFT

The Autumn/Winter catalogue is out including a Christmas card range! Kitchen rolls are back and also double-choc cookies. In the insert of the catalogue Robin Roth, Chief executive says: "This year has been a time for change at Traidcraft. Whilst still pioneering the future of fair trade, we have the following three themes at the heart of every decision we make:

A Trade justice - We are painfully aware that 40 years of fair trade have not done enough to counter the incredible power imbalances in international trade.....

B Social justice. We are actively, noisily passionate about equality, gender, religion, regardless of background.....

C Environmental justice. We are increasingly concerned and worried about the killer effects climate change is having on our partners.....'

Traidcraft's entire range has been chosen carefully, always fair but also sustainable and organic wherever possible. We have been supporting farmers and artisans for 40 years now and many of them have known they might have to get a different income by planting a different stock. For example the ATC (Alter Trade Company) in the Philippines, which provides the organic and unrefined brown sugar which goes into our white muscovado chocolate; Traidcraft has been supporting them in a tree planting programme to help strengthen their soil, improve rain water capture and encourage more bio-diversity. Thoughtful help like this really makes a tremendous difference to the lives of those living there.

Fair Palm (Fair trade palm oil): The ginger, chocolate and chewy fruit biscuits contain a splash of the world's only, sustainable, organic fair trade palm oil - Fair Palm, which protects the environment whilst supporting smallholder growers. Making way for non-sustainable palm oil, huge areas of the rain forest are being burnt to the ground or taken down by machinery. Together with Serendipalm and Naturals Habitats, Traidcraft has defied industry norms in creating the ultimate sustainable sourced palm oil, as organic methods are used which encourage palm fruits to grow in the most natural of ways!

In Bolivia, El Ceibo which was one of the very first fair trade suppliers of cocoa used in Traidcraft's first chocolate bars, represents almost 50 small co-operatives of cocoa producers who have thrived through fair trade, managing to add value to their cocoa beans through processing themselves rather than selling to bigger traders.

They are trying to help themselves, so let us do our bit too by supporting them by buying their products from our TRAIDCRAFT STALL.

Rosemary Birch

From the Archives

October 1919

'The Advertiser'. IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD

Memorial Panel Unveiled at the Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church

A Beautiful Composition

The Garden Suburb Free Church is now being considerably beautified by memorial panels and on Wednesday evening one of these panels, representing the Ascension, in memory of the members of the church who had been killed, designed and executed by Mr Ivor Beaumont FSA, was unveiled in the presence of a large congregation.

In the picture of the Ascension is a dove, representing the Holy Spirit of Peace, seen at the top of the composition, where rays of light are piercing through dark clouds. There is a group of 11 Apostles and the background is formed by a view of the ideal City on the left, and on the right is a park prospect from the Mount of Olives. The composition is framed in an architectural setting in which an arch has received coffered treatment, the perspective being so arranged as to be correct from practically any position in the church. The whole is surrounded by a border of white lilies and white briar roses, in masses and tied with purple ribbon. This is shown against an indigo background. This border is framed with white, purple and gold bands. At the foot is a tablet bearing the inscription: "And a cloud received Him out of their sight" (Acts 1, 9). The tablet is, however, obscured by a cenotaph (erected from designs by Sir Edward Lutyens) 20ft by 14ft. Mr Beaumont, who is a member of the church, has done the work free of cost; otherwise according to the Reverend Rushbrooke's remarks, it would have cost the church hundreds of pounds. Not content to pay tribute to the dead only, Mr Beaumont has promised to fill in the corresponding panel on the right hand side commemorating those members of the church who have survived the war.

(The long newspaper cutting goes on to describe the service. The scheme was never fulfilled as Mr Beaumont moved to be Principal of Belfast School



of Art. Over the years the church was uneasy about this huge panel which was eventually taken down and returned to him. The cenotaph had a longer life and was removed later).

October 1939

From 1939 to 1948 the Reverend Frank Ballard wrote a newsletter monthly to all Church members at home and abroad, keeping them in touch with each other and the Church family, whether they were serving in the armed forces or civilians evacuated from London. During the war the Suburb suffered much bomb damage; it is hard to believe now, but the Heath Extension, just along Hampstead Way, had a military unit based there with a barrage balloon and anti-aircraft guns.

Newsletter October 1939 The Manse

My Dear People,

I must begin by thanking many of our friends who have written telling me of their whereabouts and their doings. Letters have come from almost all over the country. Some tell me how beautiful the autumn is and how peaceful the conditions are where they are staying. Others, especially teachers, tell of strange experiences in new surroundings and with new duties. One writes: "Here we are with 98 children under five years of age. Unlike the ordinary teacher, we are with our children by night as well as by day. The house and grounds are beautiful, so that the children are benefiting in every way. But it is a strain for the staff. However, already I have become more or less hardened to it, and am settled down to the new routine. We are receiving letters from the parents of our children, which are most pathetic"

The Suburb in these days is a strange place. In some respects I am reminded of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village'. Very often I look out from my study window across the North and Central Squares and there is not a person in sight. It is especially strange and quiet at night, for most people seem to keep indoors. I am wondering if one of the minor blessings of the war will be that people will rediscover the joys of their own firesides and their own families. But the people who are about are in wonderfully good spirits.

So many people have enquired about my own family that I may be permitted to say that John has returned to his boarding school, and Martin and Elizabeth have gone to friends at Ilfracombe and will enter school there, for the present at any rate. My wife and I will be here at the Manse to welcome all who care to call. We hope especially that those who come on leave will find time to come and shake us by the hand.

Greetings from all in the Suburb to all who are of the dispersion,

Yours very sincerely, Frank H Ballard

Anne Lowe

JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

Friday 23rd August: Snots the way to do itin the last Diary I mentioned the dolphin son Robin and myself had seen enjoying an evening swim, just off the beach opposite our Welsh cottage. How do you keep a check on the health of pod members? In Cardigan Bay this is done by scientists from Swansea University. Dolphins are naturally sociable creatures who will swim alongside a boat – and when they excrete through their blowhole the contents can be caught in a Petri dish and analysed. This will hopefully allow for infections to be quickly identified and dealt



with. Meanwhile, beneath the surface of the Bay an underwater meadow is being sown of seagrass, a flowering plant once common in British waters. The grass can capture carbon from the atmosphere up to 35 times faster than rainforest vegetation. An area of 10,000 square metres can support 80,000 fish and millions of invertebrates. Again, Swansea University are involved in this, preparing the seeds for planting. The meadow could also protect the coast from erosion by absorbing wave energy. Nature is wonderful but can always benefit from thought – through human help.

Tuesday 27th August: The suggested site for Boudicca's (Oxford Dictionary spelling) "last stand" on what is now part of Hampstead Heath has become safe grazing ground for sheep - not for the first time as the whole area was extensively used in the Second World War. This, for the moment, is a re-introduction limited in both numbers and duration. The sheep - all ewes - are visiting from the Mudchute City Farm in Docklands. They are



rare breeds, three Norfolk Horns and two Oxford Downs. Fittingly they are being guarded by a squad of 40 volunteer shepherds, three on duty at all times.

Monday 2nd September: Greta Thunberg has just arrived in New York having crossed the Atlantic in a zero-carbon yacht and will be attending the UN Climate Action Summit. She will be meeting with ex-President Obama but has expressed the opinion that there is no point seeing the present incumbent. It was several years ago that doctors diagnosed Asperger Syndrome – obsessive compulsive disorder and selective mutism, meaning she speaks only when she thinks it necessary – which is about climate

change. Before that started “I had no energy, no friends and I didn’t speak to anyone.” Again, as with the first entry this month, let us all be thankful for teams and individuals who “take things further”. It is something which many of us could do, should do and should want to do, with the right spur.



Thursday 5th September: The UK after the 31st October (or whenever). One thing appears to be certain for us, at present, is that the future, even the near future, is substantially unknown. It used to be said that we, a small island, “punch above our weight”. That has diminished – and quite probably, not just temporarily. As well as political and economic power there is also “soft” power, where the UK’s values continue to be upheld by leaders, who still respect what they learnt in the UK. Hepi (High Education Policy Institute) found that 58 World leaders had been educated in the UK (compared to 57 in America, which the report sagely confirms is a much larger country). The 58 include Prime Ministers of Cameroon, Hungary, Pakistan and Serbia plus the President of Iran, the Emperor of Japan and the King of Tonga. A wide spread of influence.

23rd September: And so married life started 23rd September, 1967 – 52 years ago. It was a Sunday. We arrived back in London from Scotland and moved into our flat at 32 Finchley Road,

St John’s Wood. On the Sunday morning we came ‘back to earth with a bump’ realizing an important shirt needed to be ironed. An iron yes - but no table - only a very small kitchen shelf! It became obvious we needed an ironing board. We took the tube to the Elephant and Castle and found our way to East Street Market. The board and us made it back to the flat where we lived happily in our two rooms, kitchen and bathroom. The latter two rooms were so narrow that one person had to come out before the other one could pass, particularly difficult when Peter John arrived and Sally was on the way. So we moved to Brookland Rise and began our long association with the Suburb and Brookland School - where there was always a Birch in one year or another for 25 years !



32 Finchley Road as it is today

our way to East Street Market. The board and us made it back to the flat where we lived happily in our two rooms, kitchen and bathroom. The latter two rooms were so narrow that one person had to come out before the other one could pass, particularly difficult when Peter John arrived and Sally was on the way. So we moved to Brookland Rise and began our long association with the Suburb and Brookland School - where there was always a Birch in one year or another for 25 years !

John Birch

Marjorie Bridges 1923-2019

This tribute to Marjorie Bridges was given by Susan Pfitzmann, Margaret Pfitzmann's daughter, at Marjorie's Thanksgiving Service in the Free Church on 12th September.

Marjorie was born in 1923, in Gillingham, Kent. the only child of Arthur and Doris Bridges. Her parents had moved from Nottingham to Kent because her father was a naval engineer and the ports in Kent meant there was plenty of work for him there. However, moving to Kent meant that Marjorie was far away from any of her extended family which left her feeling quite isolated.

I think it is true to say that Marjorie's upbringing had a profound effect on the person she was to become. She made it no secret that life at home was not easy as her parents would tend to bicker behind closed doors and this put tremendous pressure on her. She ended up being referee but also learnt how to calm things down and smooth things over

Having said that, she would also tell me about some very fond childhood memories. For example, her father, Arthur, was so mechanically minded that they were quite modern for the day and had a motorbike with a sidecar for transport, and when Marjorie was born, he had bought a special sidecar which would take both mother and baby. When needed, a tiny flap could open and baby could be slotted in. The Bridges were the first people in their street to have a motorcar; in those days a car was just used for special occasions and Sunday drives to Kent coastal resorts. Weekly dips in the sea determined Marjorie's love of water and swimming.

When World War Two came along, Marjorie was already working at the Heinz (as in baked beans) depot; she was excellent at maths and had a job which dealt with all orders and payments across Kent. She would always tell me that the timing of the war was particularly bad for her because she was just turning 16, into a young woman; she would say: "All the young men just suddenly disappeared off to war." This left her with little choice but to just knuckle down at work.

At this time she also found her mother a job in the bunkers as a war telephonist. While her parents were both working during the wartime, including nights, Marjorie often found herself at home with just Blackie, her dog, for company, which made all the difference when she had to go to the bomb shelter at the bottom of the garden.

Not so long after this, Marjorie branched out and secured herself a job at the Air Ministry in London where she would commute daily by train. It was here that she continued to use her maths skills and methodical approach. At some point while working at the Scientific Department in the Air Ministry, she and her colleagues were joined by a man named Oliver Philpot. He was one of only

three prisoners of war who succeeded in escaping from a German prisoner of war camp. This escape plot was later made into the movie 'The Wooden Horse'; many of you will remember that a wooden vaulting horse was used to disguise the fact that a tunnel was being dug for escape use. Well, Marjorie and her colleagues had to look after Oliver Philpot because he had been deeply affected by this ordeal and was visibly shaky and very nervous. Here we have an example of her taking someone under her wing and supporting them.

On one of her holidays when she took her mother, she met Cyril - her future husband. They were married in 1947 and they first lived in Hampstead Garden Suburb in a lovely flat in Holmesfield, just off Erskine Hill.

Marjorie then joined Cyril at his work place, at the Central Mining Company in London. It was through this work that they had what I think Marjorie would consider her greatest adventure. In 1950, they went on a three month trip to East Africa. I would say the most exciting part of this journey was the flying boat; as you can imagine, in those days just getting to East Africa was an adventure on its own.

The flying boat was very luxurious. They were in first class, were given silver service and sat in flamboyant arm chairs. However, it was terribly unreliable. Just a month before they left, another flying boat, the same model, had sunk on takeoff in Southampton, losing all onboard, so you can imagine it made them both very anxious.

In 1962 Cyril and Marjorie moved to 30 Erskine Hill, and up until 6 months ago this was still Marjorie's home.

Life carried on now with both Marjorie and Cyril retired - up until Cyril passed away in 1994 - leaving Marjorie alone. As ever she would resolve any difficult times by thinking about it. And so she distracted herself with world travel, and why not?

About ten years ago my mum, Margaret, and Marjorie became friends. Marjorie and Mum had much in common. Both had lost their husbands, they had both passed through the same difficult illness, they both hated being stuck indoors and both loved being out and about on a daily basis. They would go to galleries and exhibitions or even just keep up with hospital appointments. Having lunch out was always a priority. They would also try to keep things interesting by having three to four holidays per year together. This continued for years. Sometimes Marjorie would tell me of her adventures - from how she used to go surfing in Cornwall (yes, she really did surf!) to how she met Grace Kelly and Mrs Simpson both in Cannes in the South of France.

However, what we should really try to remember is what she was about. She was very shy on the outside but on the inside she was decisive, shrewd and methodical. She managed to overcome loneliness by reaching out to the people she liked and by not hiding away. Marjorie, we will miss you.

Susan Pfitzmann

Gratitude

Last month we congratulated Derek Lindfield on the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the Christian Ministry. This event was marked by Derek leading the worship in the Free Church on Sunday, September 15th and below is an edited version of the sermon he preached.

I read the other day of a man who went into a flower shop and selected a few flowers. He told the young lady assistant that these were his wife's favourites. The assistant told the man that she was sorry that his wife was ill. 'Ill', exclaimed the man. 'I'm glad to say that my wife is as well as you are!' The assistant apologised. 'I am so sorry,' she said, 'but in my experience it isn't usual for husbands to buy flowers for their wives unless they are ill or dead!' Gratitude, like love, needs to be expressed frequently. Interestingly we need to express our thanks but also receive the thanks of other people. There are times in our lives, for example, when kindness is shown to us and we feel impelled to express thanks. During my ministry I have been so impressed when I have encountered people who have been through times of great difficulty and who have told me that they have so appreciated the help and support of family and friends through their experience. The thanks are so obviously genuine, so obviously meant. Such people have experienced an emotional imperative to express thanks. Our emotions not only drive us to give thanks, they also give us a need to receive thanks. We all liked to be thanked. Mind you we do try to make light of it. A little girl was going to a party and her mother told her to be a good girl and to remember, when she was leaving, to thank her hostess. When she got home the mother asked her if she had thanked her hostess and the little girl replied: 'No, the girl in front of me did and the lady said, "Don't mention it" – so I didn't!'

We do like to be thanked! There aren't many things that I remember from my time at Primary School during the nineteen fifties but to this day I have an abiding memory of one of my teachers, Mrs Reilly. She was a stickler for what she called 'good manners' and was almost tyrannical in her quest that boys and girls should say 'please' and 'thank you' properly. I also remember travelling on a bus with my mother. Mrs Reilly got on the same bus. I gave up my seat for her. And do you know what? She did not say 'thank you'! I remember bitterly complaining to my mother about this, although spared her blushes by waiting to do so until we got off the bus!

'Thank you' – there's no doubt in my mind that all of us have a lot to be thankful about. Dietrich Bonhoeffer suggested that, 'in ordinary life we



hardly realise that we receive a great deal more than we give, and that it is only with gratitude that life becomes rich. It is very easy to over-estimate the importance of our own achievements.'

I suspect that there are many people who pride themselves on being wholly responsible for their success in life and are blissfully unaware of the debt they owe to others. The American writer Wilfred A. Peterson wisely commented: "When we become more fully aware that our success is due in large measure to the loyalty, helpfulness, and encouragement we have

received from others, our desire grows to pass on similar gifts. Gratitude spurs us on to prove ourselves worthy of what others have done for us. The spirit of gratitude is a powerful energizer."

Christian people, in particular, should be grateful people. An ungrateful Christian is a contradiction in terms. Those who moan and complain about their lot in life essentially are turning their backs on God and miss out on one of essentials of Christian living. Christians should be people who understand and practice the sentiment expressed in the ancient Hebrew proverb – 'A glad heart is excellent medicine, a spirit depressed wastes the bones away' (Proverbs 17:22); this goes to the heart of the matter. People can be victims of their own negativity and self-pity. When this is nursed and dwelt on it can grow into an attitude of dissatisfaction with life in general and engender feelings of annoyance, anger and despair. It seems to me that we should concentrate on finding whatever is good in every situation we encounter, and in so doing we will discover that our lives will be filled with gratitude, and that will nurture our sense of well-being.

Someone wisely once said, 'God has two dwellings – one in heaven and the other in a thankful heart.' When we concentrate on how badly we feel life has treated us rather than on all the good things in life we push God away from us. When we appreciate the many good things in our lives and are grateful for them then God is very close to us. He dwells in our hearts! Doris Day, who died earlier this year, summed this all up in a pithy and succinct way she said, "Gratitude is riches. Complaint is poverty."

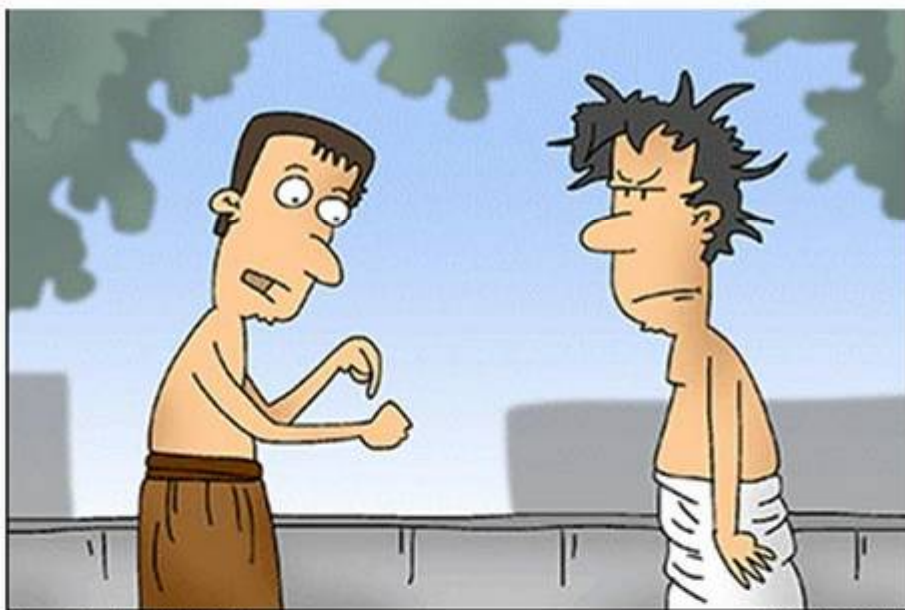
A Scottish minister of a previous generation, Alexander Whyte, was well known for his uplifting prayers in the pulpit. He always found something for which to be grateful. One Sunday morning the weather was so gloomy

that one church member thought to himself, 'Certainly the preacher won't think of anything for which to thank the Lord on a wretched day like this.' Much to his surprise, however, Whyte began by praying, "We thank you, O God, that it is not always like this."

Paganini, the great violinist, came out before his audience one day and made a dreadful discovery, just as they ended their applause. There was something wrong with his violin. He looked at it for a second time and saw that it was not his famous and valuable one. He felt paralysed for a moment. But then he turned to his audience and told them that there had been some mistake and that he did not have his own violin. He stepped back behind the curtain thinking that it was still where he left it. He discovered that someone had stolen his and left this second hand one in its place. He remained behind the curtain for a moment, then came out before his audience and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I will show you that music is not in the instrument but in the soul.' And he played as he had never played before, and out of that second hand instrument the music poured forth until the audience was enraptured with enthusiasm and the applause almost lifted the roof of the building. The man had revealed to them that the music was not in the machine but in his soul.

The music of life is not in conditions, not in things, not in externals, but the music of life is in your soul. And for us as Christians that means a soul that is grateful, one that is positive. As Paul said, "Give thanks in all circumstances" today and every day.

Derek Lindfield



(See John 11:1-45)

09-29-2014

WELCOME BACK, LAZARUS, AND THANKS FOR
THINKING OF ME IN YOUR WILL ... OH
LOOK AT THE TIME I HAVE TO RUN

Isobel Redmond; my life thus far

I was a privileged child, not because I was born with a silver or gold spoon go in my mouth, but for truly important reasons. I spent my childhood in Alyth, a really lovely Perthshire village and was the youngest of five surviving children. I was the “autumn crocus,” being nine years younger than the next in age and so grew up with the equivalent of aunts and uncles in the home. There was a strong sense of community, a good education was provided, a kirk assisted in my spiritual development and I sang in the church choir. The war years were stimulating in the sense that there were Polish officers billeted in our village and they provided one of several concerts, dances and film-screenings in our village hall which were regular features of our life. My secondary education was at a high school in a larger village and its standards were high. Thus I passed both Chemistry and Physics in Highers and so was equipped for nursing.

How did I acquire an interest in nursing? Well, as a child I got to know a couple of single ladies, of the generation cruelly labelled “surplus women,” who were farmers. One of them, Jessie, had been a VAD in World War One, and it was probably to her that I owe an early interest in nursing. Then when I was still at school, my father, a police sergeant, had to have a leg amputated because he suffered from diabetes which had remained undiagnosed for so long that this drastic form of action had to be taken. I learned to give him insulin and then to assist him in walking with his prosthetic limb. So, armed with my Highers and a little relevant experience I went off to Edinburgh, to become a student nurse at the Royal Infirmary. The students there were supervised by the redoubtable Miss Marshall and if you withstood the rigours of her petty tyranny you became a proud Pelican Nurse, one of the “crème de la crème” of the Scottish nursing profession. The Pelican badge was to prove useful to me because if it was spotted by a fellow-nurse anywhere else in the world, you were instantly acknowledged as a surviving member of the same club.

Briefly I then trained as a midwife, but as I didn't take to it I made my way south of the border to a hospital for T.B. sufferers in Leeds with the amazing name of Killingbeck. And what did I make of these northern Sassenachs? Well, to be honest, I didn't take to being called “luv” but now I'm so habituated that I regularly use the endearment myself. I became a Sister at the age of 24, sharing the responsibility of a ward for 49 female patients with a fellow-Sister. After a couple of years I wanted a change and so joined the staff of St James General Hospital in Leeds as a junior Sister. At this point, having got to the stage of being in charge of a ward, perhaps I should say something about the relations between senior nursing staff and

consultants at the time. Some of the latter could have stepped out of the pages of the “Doctor.” series of the 1960s because they could be pompous and childishly authoritarian. You had to learn to deal with this kind of consultant in a firm but quiet way and this, you can imagine, took tact and time. But, of course, there were also some consultants I really liked and respected.

Restless again, I qualified as a Health Visitor in 1964, working first at the University and then visiting families in both rough and middle class districts. I realize my naivete at this time in sometimes admonishing some burly lorry driver or the like for not using the by then easily acquired methods of birth-control. But here I am alive to tell the tale! I then returned to Killingbeck Hospital and, among my other duties, taught students on the ward. I was then encouraged by Joe (Redmond), my future husband, to begin classroom teaching. We married in 1969 and Joe got a job in Farnborough Hospital in Kent. Nigel was a honeymoon baby and so I did not look for occupation outside the home at first. However, the move south, after several happy years in Leeds, left me feeling lonely and without friends outside the home. One thing I missed, having been used to it both in Scotland and Leeds was dialect, that rich and homely dimension of language was missing in the south. So I began to work a couple of nights in intensive care at a hospital in Orpington until Nigel was three when he informed me that he was more important than the patients and would I please stop? I attended the church of St John in Orpington where, after some years, Derek (Lindfield) became the minister and so I formed a friendship with him and Carole. Once I moved to north London to be closer to Nigel, his wife and my two lovely granddaughters, Alice (10) and Julia (7), it was the Lindfields who recommended the Free Church since – perhaps not alone in this – I couldn’t find the right church for me in Muswell Hill.

But back briefly to Farnborough where I was actively involved in the changes that took place in how nurses were trained from, in effect, serving an apprenticeship on wards to a more academic degree-structure. The syllabus I devised was implemented with the collaboration of King’s College Hospital, associated with London University which validated the new degree. Something of great importance to me and which may be overlooked in degrees for nurses is that nursing isn’t just academic, it is hands on; an art as well as a science.

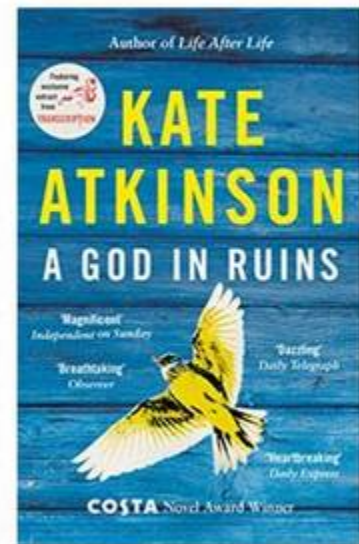
So here I am now, happily ensconced in London after such a varied and demanding career and Verity has asked me one more question: How do I feel about Scotland now and the prospect of its independence? Well, I’m a firm believer in being British and so I trust that Scotland with its small population will choose to remain a part of the present, if troubled, whole.

Facilitated by Verity Smith

Book Review

A God in Ruins by Kate Atkinson

Kate Atkinson's extraordinary 2013 novel, *Life After Life*, introduced readers to the Todd family in their home at Fox Corner, and achieved both popular appeal and literary recognition. That novel's heroine Ursula Todd is given the chance to live her life again and again in many variations over the first half of the 20th century, the differing outcomes - usually the difference between life and death - contingent on the



smallest insignificant choices. Personally I found this flitting between different lives extremely irritating but, on persevering, the power of the writing and one's involvement with the protagonist carried one along.

A God in Ruins is not a sequel to the earlier novel but is described by the author 'as a companion volume'. It deals with the same Todd family, particularly Teddy, brother of Ursula - everyone's favourite. He had been portrayed in the earlier novel as an impossibly gentle and loving child. Here we follow him as a bomber pilot in World War Two, surviving more than seventy bombing runs over Nazi Germany and Italy. The book is split between chapters recounting Teddy's heroic and harrowing wartime exploits, and those that map out his placid, uneventful post-war existence, which he never expected to have and which he doesn't quite know what to do with.

Kate Atkinson's descriptions of the aerial battle scenes are so vivid that there was no question of me trying to skip such scenes as is my usual custom. They are also hugely well researched, opening up all kinds of obscure facts which I was previously ignorant of - like the role played by the silver foil in fooling enemy radar and interceptions - saving many lives. (Some of us played with this foil after the war and used it as Christmas decorations as well - nothing has ever come really close to its strange attractiveness!)

Given his years of harrowing battle experiences, it is perfectly understandable that after the war Teddy has not the confidence to follow his own desires, to live in France for example, but wants a safe humdrum life. He is not even sure that he wants to marry his 'childhood sweetheart' Nancy; it is as if he has had the stuffing knocked out of him. On the other hand, his experiences have led him to highly value the ordinary life - he has had enough of adventure!

Other members of the family are also well portrayed; even his one-dimensional and unsympathetic wife Nancy becomes worthy of our compassion as she faces cancer and death - which she feels she wants to deal with on her own in spite of the support of Teddy and her sisters. Notably, she refuses to even tell her young daughter Viola, with whom she is totally besotted, that her illness is terminal. Ostensibly all this is to save other people from suffering but one suspects that the real motivation is her own selfishness. She doesn't want to share her experience and fears having to deal with the upset feelings of her daughter and others!

The daughter Viola truly is the daughter/mother from hell - but again, her inner workings, along with those of her long-suffering children, Sunny and Bertie, are absolutely fascinating. In particular, she has no time or sympathy for her father Teddy either as a child or as an adult placing him in a care home, as she feels (wrongly) that he was responsible in some way for her beloved mother's death.

Kate Atkinson has achieved a wide-sweeping novel encompassing ordinary people in Britain in World War Two and after, which gives a picture that we feel is more realistic than many of the portrayals of the period. As she herself has pointed out, one of the purposes of fiction is to make sense of our collective past and in this respect she has made a great contribution.

Marion Ditchfield



(See Genesis 1:1-2:3)

03-08-2013

LET'S GO WITH JUST LIGHT AND DARK FOR
NOW AND WE CAN ITERATE LATER AS NEEDED

Thoughts on Moving House

A previous minister of the Free Church used to make a point of telling us all that we must be ready to 'up pegs' and move our tents on. We should not get too anchored to a place as we may be required at any moment - for whatever reason - to move on elsewhere: "Go and tell My servant David that this is what the LORD says: Are you the one to build for Me a house to dwell in? For I have not dwelt in a house from the day I brought the Israelites out of Egypt until this day, but I have moved about with a tent as My dwelling. In all My journeys with all the Israelites, have I ever asked any of the leaders, whom I commanded to shepherd My people Israel, 'Why have you not built Me a house of cedar?' (2 Samuel 7:6)

All one can say is that it is a sight easier to move a tent than to move one's house - whether or not it is made of cedar. Fifty-one years anchored in the same house makes it doubly difficult. It certainly doesn't help when - as happened to us at a family wedding a day or two after we moved - various relatives queued up to express their surprise that we should do anything so unexpected - which was a bit hypocritical of some of them who had been in the same place nearly as long as we had! Typecasting!

From the outset we were clear that moving would be a 'no-win' situation - if we didn't move when we had the opportunity we would regret it (particularly at our age when this might be the last opportunity), if we did move then we would miss and pine for the old house and Suburb. Which is a fair summary of the situation.

And yes, we found that moving house is the most stressful situation a person can experience except getting divorced (not having been divorced we can't fully verify this but we can well believe that it frequently leads to divorce)! First off, we discovered that moving involves a great deal of downsizing: at some point, we had converted our loft into a large storage space with bookcases, hobby areas, suitcases, redundant furniture and anything else we hadn't room for downstairs. There is no loft space at the new residence and so a huge amount of downsizing has been necessary. This is always an emotive experience - books, dvds, hobbies etc are part of who we are. They contain our memories and in saying goodbye to them we say goodbye to a lot of ourselves, a lot of our past life. Sadly, we also learnt that getting rid of stuff is much more difficult than we had supposed: with limited resources, charity shops and organisations often find it difficult to timetable and organize collections, the donor finds it difficult to load and deliver (or park) and all too often one falls back on paying (rather dubious firms) to have things taken away and dumped! The upside is that our

children and grandchildren have a lot less 'stuff' to get rid of when we finally do the decent thing and make our final move! Curiously, much remains the same. For example, the North Circular/Falldon Way has become the (slightly more distant) M4, so I can still continue to lie awake in bed and wonder where on earth everybody is going at 3 o'clock in the morning and why.



A lockkeeper's cottage

Costa has become the Clocktower Café. It is a favourite meeting place for mums after the morning school drop off so we also know it as the 'shouting mums' café. Come to think of it, Costa also had its share of shouting mums - so not so different after all!

The Brook has become the Grand Union Canal complete with swans and narrowboats and Hanwell's famous flight of seven locks. Our house is only 11 metres away from the canal and close to where the River Brent feeds into it, so flood insurance was a non-starter. However, there is no record of the river or canal ever flooding so the risk is about the same as with the Brook. As a bonus, we are only a hundred yards or so from the famous Fox pub - a favourite for canal walkers and users and locals. Family friendly and recently refurbished, it offers excellent food and extensive outside seating.

And just up the road, or rather the canal, is the famous Three Bridges Junction (I had never heard of it either!). This is where Brunel carried out his last major

project by putting the canal in a trough and carrying it over a railway line and then letting a road go over both. It is a fascinating edifice.



Brunel's Three Bridges

The Heath Extension and Kenwood have become Osterley Park, a surprisingly extensive National Trust area just the other side of the canal with golf courses, sports centres, farms and Osterley Park House itself - all of which will take quite a bit of exploring.

M and S has become Lidl's - a real change this. Its range is limited and it is crowded at whatever time one goes. But in exchange for the lengthy queues (and the strange weekly bargains - lobsters one week, lawnmowers the next!) a weekly shop works out at roughly one half the cost of Waitrose or M and S! But if one misses the upmarket shopping experience of Temple Fortune then, a short drive away, is a truly huge Waitrose

with a vast carpark and even a coffee shop and 'facilities'.

The main difference is the people. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Suburb has a rather mature population - people "d'un certain age"! Hanwell, on the other hand, has a much younger population characterised - in our area at least - by young professionals with children who are immensely busy trying to make a go of it. Not that there are no



Osterley Park House

old people - we have come across several greybeards like ourselves. But they are not so much in evidence. But then, come to think of it, several younger people with children have moved into Hogarth Hill in recent years (often foreign and renting) - so, once again, not so very different after all.

Finally, every move has its mysteries. Firstly, we were unable to locate the box containing our computer (so no N and V then!). But the removal man knew exactly where the relevant box had been put; then we were missing the attachments to the vacuum cleaner (very necessary when you are moving) but we eventually found them in a box containing gardening equipment. However, there is still a mystery about where our bathroom scales have been put. All the boxes are empty now and we have searched high and low. There is no sign of them. It may be that we will have to go weightless into the future! *John Ditchfield*



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

JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

Competition No.21 - Places of interest in the UK

Part 2

(All the answers begin with B or C)

1. A big cliff drop close to Eastbourne
2. A South coast stately home with extra interest for car enthusiasts
3. A model village within easy reach from London off the A41
4. Nature reserve close to Loch Tay- great place for Alpine flora
5. Westminster chimes
6. An East coast bird reserve, avocets in their hundreds
7. Palace close to Oxford with Churchill connections
8. Car racing circuit in Kent.
9. Far reaching views from the Cotswolds to Evesham and beyond
10. Scottish island castle with views to Goatfell
11. Site of the first Scout camps
12. Brunel's iron clad ship in its home port
13. The highest Welsh mountain outside Snowdonia National Park



Answers to competition no 20. Places of Interest Part 1

1. Acton Scott
2. Aintree
3. Alnwick Castle
4. Althorpe
5. Angel of the North
6. Arundel
7. Anne Hathaway's Cottage
8. Antonine
9. Ardnamurchan Point
10. Ascot
11. Ashmolean
12. Balmoral
13. Battle

Anne Lowe is this month's winner –choice of a chocolate bar at the Traidcraft stall.



WORDSEARCH: OCCUPATIONS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE

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ARTISAN BAKER BLACKSMITH CARPENTER
 CIVIL-SERVANT COOK CUP-BEARER
 DOCTOR EMBROIDERER FARMER
 GARDENER GOVERNOR LAUNDERER
 LINEN-WORKER MASON METAL-WORKER
 MUSICIAN POTTER PRIEST SAILOR
 SHEPHERD SECRETARY SILVERSMITH
 TANNER TAX-COLLECTOR TENT-MAKER
 TREASURER WATCHMAN



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



OCTOBER

- 5 10.30 am Coffee morning, Traidcraft Sale, & Clothing Exchange in Free Church
- 6 **11.00 am Harvest & Family Communion Service** followed by lunch in Church Hall
- 13 **11.00 am Family Service**
6.30 pm Evening Praise
- 15 8.00 pm Elders Court
- 17 2.30 pm Thursday Fellowship, tea and talk by Mick & Heather Tomlin 'Our Holiday in Bhutan'
- 19 10.00 am – 12.00 noon Church Meeting
- 20 **11.00 am Family Service**
- 25 1.00 pm Wind Quintet, Celia Bangham & friends, Lunch in support of Christian Aid from 12.15
- 26 10.00 am – 12.00 noon Church & Hall Garden Working Party
- 27 **11.00 am Family Service**

NOVEMBER

- 2 10.30 am Coffee morning, Traidcraft Sale, & Clothing Exchange in Free Church
7.30pm Fundraising Concert for the Roof with the Haywood Trio

- 3 **11.00 am Family Communion Service led by Rev Derek Lindfield**
 3.00 pm Annual Bereavement Service
- 10 **10.30 Remembrance Sunday United Service, St Jude's**
 6.30 pm Evening Communion
- 16 11 am – 3pm Bazaar in Church Hall



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 next issue will be for November and will be published on Sunday 3rd November 2019. Articles should be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 20th October.

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

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

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