

NEWS & VIEWS

*Hampstead Garden Suburb
Free Church*



SEPTEMBER 2019

PLEASE TAKE

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

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

Sunday Services:	<i>11 a.m. (and 6.30 p.m. when announced) Holy Communion is celebrated at Morning Worship on the first Sunday of every month. The Junior Church meets at 11am every Sunday</i>
Minister:	Revd Dr Ian Tutton The Manse, Central Square, NW11 7AG 020 8457 5898 itutton@aol.com
Correspondence Secretary	Penny Trafford 020 8959 3405 ptrafford07@gmail.com
Treasurer	Derek Lindfield 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***

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



NO 753

SEPTEMBER 2019

Dear **F**riends,

This summer – if you can call it summer! – two of England’s Cathedrals have created quite a storm. One has cleared away the chairs and replaced them with a mini golf course whilst the other has installed a helter-skelter. Some have greeted the initiatives with glee while others regard them as nothing short of sacrilege. Making the best use of sacred spaces has long been a sensitive issue for those responsible for them. Too often the general public complain that the ‘doors are always locked’, saying that they’d always wondered ‘what it was like on the inside’. As a Church we are presently confronting this issue. I am grateful to those who have made themselves available on Saturdays and Sundays throughout August so that we can be open to anyone who might drop by. We were not overrun but there was a steady trickle of people and everyone was made to feel very welcome. No gimmicks; just good old ‘churchy’ type attractions; tea, coffee, cake and biscuits. Hopefully, with the help of each other we will be able to extend this welcome into the autumn and winter months...

...For some of us this will require a rethink as far as the church building itself is concerned. Traditionally it has been a place of worship. Indeed, I am sure that those who envisaged a church building on this site just over a century ago thought of it as just that. And I would want to emphasise that Sunday worship is the foundation upon which our work and witness, ministry and mission is built. Sunday worship is that which underpins everything else that we do. That is how it has to be...

...But other things happen in the building. It is a space that is unlike any other in the vicinity and we are pleased that other local groups and organisations are able to make good use of it. It has become home for the London International Orchestra, and more recently Garden Suburb Theatre

have found it to be an ideal rehearsal space for large cast productions. We host the North London Music Festival; the Youth Music Centre, Finchley Children's Music Group, and others make regular use of our facilities...
...Gorsley Baptist Church, near Ross on Wye, had an inscription just inside the front door of the building which read thus...

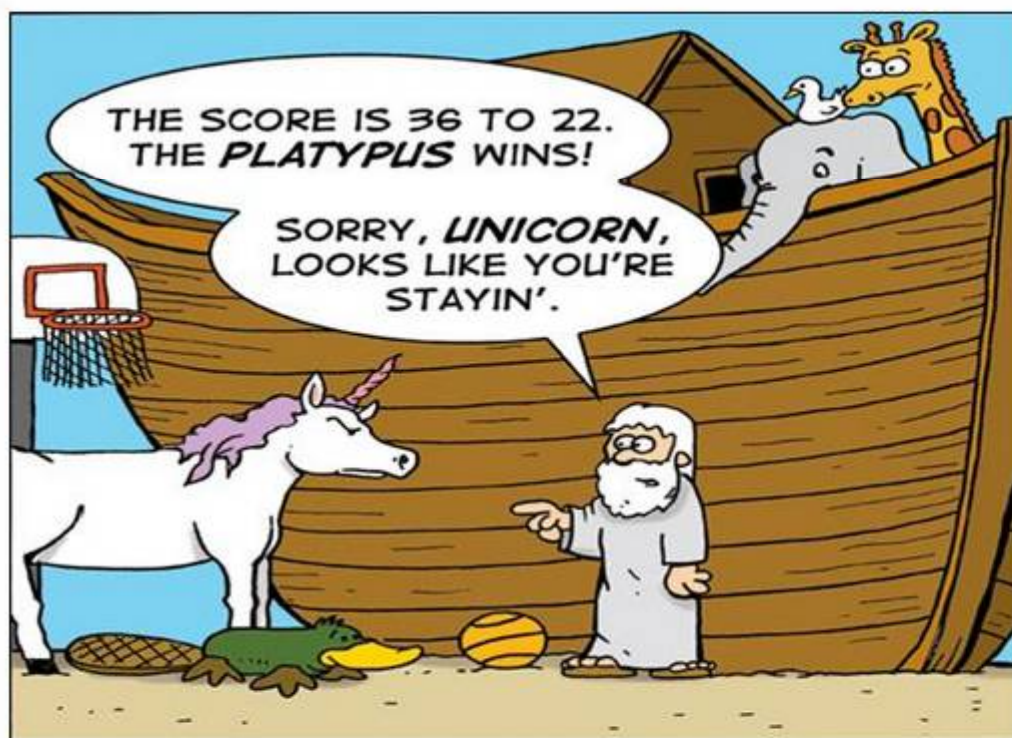
This is not the House of God
This is where the people of God meet

...I have always been struck by that. This is truly a Sacred Space, but not necessarily Holy Ground. The presence of God pervades this place in a way that is a mystery to us all. Anyone who enters, for whatever reason, will in some way or another have an encounter with God, simply by virtue of what we as the Community of Faith have made this place to be. That is to our credit, and we must continue to work hard to maintain the high standards we have set for ourselves in this regard...

...We owe it to God, to ourselves, and to others to ensure that as far as possible this building is open 365 days a year, rather than just one or two days each week. It is a daunting challenge for us all, but one to which we must all respond as best as we are able...

'This is where the people of God meet'
'This is where the people meet God'
'This is where God would meet the people.'

Ian Tutton.



THURSDAY FELLOWSHIP

The next meeting will be on September 19th in the Church rooms, 2.30 - 4pm, when Lester Hillman will give a talk on 'Oranges and Lemons.' And then on 17th October, Mike and Heather Tomlin will give an illustrated talk on the high-lights of their trip to the Kingdom of Bhutan.

Everyone is warmly welcome to this friendly group. Further info./help with transport please phone *Rosemary Birch 0208 446 9393*



ELDERS & DEACONS ELECTIONS

The three yearly election of Elders and Deacons is due this autumn. This means all the Elders & Deacons will stand down and they, along with any other church member, may stand for election.

Nominations will be accepted by me from Sunday October 20th to Sunday November 3rd. Nominations must be submitted in writing (on the forms which I will make widely available), with the consent of the nominee and two supporting church member's signatures.

Voting, by church members, will take place at a Special Church Meeting held after the morning service on Sunday November 24th. I will arrange a postal vote for any church member who requests this.

Please consider prayerfully those who you might seek to nominate for these positions, and if you are approached whether this is something that you are able to do. We are an enlarging community and supporting our Minister with the spiritual direction of the church and some of the practical tasks is a rewarding use of our time.

If anyone has any questions, I will be happy to discuss the election process. *Penny Trafford Church Secretary*

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

I have been driven to my knees many times by the over-whelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seem insufficient for the day.

(Abraham Lincoln 1808—1866 American Statesman and Lawyer who served as the 16th President of the United States)

TWO HARVEST POEMS

As we prepare to celebrate Harvest, we continue to do so in a traditional way, marking as we do the season of in-gathering, that time of year when we pause to acknowledge how grateful we are for the goodness, the richness, the providence of the earth; believing all of this is due, ultimately to the grace of God, the One to whom our thanks are due, as this poem illustrates...

When on a glorious day – one such as this –
you're overcome with awe and wonder, praise,
and part-formed gratitude... which seeks someone
to thank for this, by laying at their feet
all that the world has brought us unannounced
as seed corn turned to golden harvest wheat –

Then who would hesitate, to draw in light
a greater One as whom to kneel before,
to make of our humility, a 'One'
as if we were some grateful 'other'; we,
less worthy, painting pure duality..

..Don't hesitate: praise is beyond a 'two';
what now we praise, becomes our very self;
in praise, name radiates as kingdom, come;
and kingdom hallows all, as all its own;
so, glory in that sound of praise so fine;
for when you shine with praise – then all things shine.

Harvest Festival: Michael Shepherd

But we also realise that for many 'harvest' now serves as a metaphor to describe the 'gathering in' of that which would otherwise be left... This second poem uses such imagery to describe the aftermath of the Battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863... The bloodiest of the battles of the American Civil War, the outcome of which marked a turning point in the conflict... Such a metaphor is timeless and no doubt reflects the experiences of many left to 'pick up the pieces' when the battle has ended; the experience of many even in our world today...

Slowly, the mist of morning rose on the silent fields

The sodden dead of armies lay drenched in the rain
Stripped of their shoes which marched away with the living...
Some bodies were dumped in the nooks of Devil's Den.
Wounded lay groaning, too many to count or be cared for...
Orchards and woods were raw from the cannons' firestorm
The roots of the trees, drank blood that drained and spilled
From bodies smashed to rubble, by fences burning...
In the Trostles' farm, dinner left untouched on the table
Belongings looted or trashed... collateral damage...
Sixteen dead battery horses stinking out the yard
And over a hundred more across the fields...
Acres of wheat and corn, flattened, destroyed
Cows, pigs and chickens carried away as spoils
And 15 barrels of flour unpaid, gone AWOL...
The farmer himself, insane in a world gone mad
And over all, the terrible clusters of flies.

Harvest of Death: Gettysburg: Sheena Blackhall

And so we will gather to celebrate the Harvest, on Sunday October 6th at 11am followed by lunch in the hall for everyone... Join us if you can.



WHAT DO YOU FEEL LIKE WHEN YOU LEAVE CHURCH?

We all come to church for a variety of different reasons. Some come to worship; some come as part of a regular routine; some come to find answers; some to join up with members of a family; some come to hear a good sermon; some to meet with brothers and sisters in Christ; some bringing food for the food bank or coins for Water Aid or to buy from the Traidcraft Stall; some because they enjoy singing; some because it's what they're always done; some because they want to draw aside from the busy, unpredictable, upside-down world outside - just to step aside, to have time to think and reflect, to feel the silence, the encompassing peace but for whatever reason you've come we must remember that the church is not just a building - as the chorus says 'the church is a people' and it's equally important how we go out. What do we take out with us? Are we strengthened to be God's hands, eyes and feet in this needy world? Can we see the face of Christ in all the people we meet? But one thing we can be sure of (as in the blessing we sing at the end of our service in St. David's Church Aberystwyth):

'May God's blessing surround you each day,
As you trust him and walk in His way,
May His presence within guard and keep you from sin,
Go in peace, go in joy, go in love.'

Rosemary Birch



Bible Study: Joshua

Joshua, Chapter 2 is devoted to a particular episode; the sending out of two spies to reconnoitre Jericho and the surrounding countryside prior to the Israelites crossing the Jordan, invading the land of Canaan, the 'promised land' from the East, the gateway to which being the city of Jericho. *'And Joshua son of Nun sent two men secretly from Shittim as spies...'* (Joshua 2, 1). The name 'Shittim' is a transliteration of the Hebrew for 'Acacia Trees', also referred to as Abel-Shittim – the Meadow of the Acacias'. The Israelites had been camped there for quite a while and it was the scene of a number of significant events...

Numbers, Chapters 22 – 24 tells the story of Balaam and his donkey, a man hired by Balak, king of Moab, to curse the Israelites but who instead was inspired by YHWH to give the Israelites his blessing...

However, whilst at Shittim, The Israelites *'began to play the harlot with the daughters of Moab...'* (Numbers 25, 1), and invoked the god of the Moabites... 'Ba'al of Peor' which in turn invoked the anger of YHWH who visited a plague on the Israelite men, killing some twenty four thousand before YHWH's wrath was appeased. (Numbers 25, 2 – 18).

Following which, a census was taken of the people, (Numbers 26)...

And it was in the plains of Moab that Moses addressed the people for the last time, (Deuteronomy, Chapters 31 – 33), during which time Joshua was set apart as his successor...

In short, it is likely that it was here that the Israelites prepared themselves for their final 'push', the crossing of the Jordan and the entering of the land of Canaan...

And so, Joshua sends the two spies. They made their way to *'the house of a harlot whose name was Rahab, and they lodged there.'* (Josh. 2, 2). More likely to have been a brothel, hence the presence of two strangers would be thought unlikely to attract attention. Indeed, it has been suggested that 'Rahab' was not a person as such, and that the Hebrew, 'bet rahab' may be translated as 'house of harlots'. The suggestion being that an otherwise anonymous individual – 'a harlot' – over time became known as Rahab the harlot, literally, Harlot the harlot...

...Yet, being a 'border' town there were no doubt spies looking out for insurgents and so the King soon gets to hear of what is happening... (Josh. 2, 3). Rahab, rather than hand the men over as commanded, chooses to hide them on the roof of her house. (Josh. 2, 4 – 7). Why? It appears that Rahab has heard of what YHWH has done and has realised that her future and that of her

family is to be best secured by allying herself with the Israelites...

... 'I know that the Lord has given you this land, and that the fear of you has fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land melt away before you. For we have heard how the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea before you when you came out of Egypt, and what you did to the two kings of the Amorites that were beyond the Jordan to Sihon and to Og, whom you utterly destroyed - [as described in Numbers 21, verses 21 - 35] - And as soon as we heard it, our hearts melted, and there was no courage left in any man, because

of you; for the Lord your God is He who is God in Heaven above and on earth beneath...' (Josh. 2, 9 - 11). Of itself a quite remarkable declaration, describing YHWH in monotheistic language, even though such an understanding of God would not evidence itself amongst the Jews for many centuries. More prosaically, this may be a poetic hyperbole sufficient to imply that already any potential resistance on behalf of the people of Jericho was already dissipating, and that the Israelites would have little difficulty in capturing the city; even the gods have departed. Rahab then proceeds to make it possible for the men to escape the city, in return for which she has gotten them to promise that when the Israelites do capture the city that all of her family and household would be kept safe. '...Our life for yours. If you do not tell this business of ours, then we will deal kindly and faithfully with you when the Lord gives us the Land.' (Josh. 2, 14). It was agreed that the sign that her house was not to be destroyed and that her family was to be spared was that Rahab would fix a scarlet cord in the window. And in the account of the actual conquest of Jericho reference is made to the sparing of Rahab and her family. (Josh. 6, 25). Her faith and courage obviously lived long in the memory of the people of Israel, hence in the Letter to the Hebrews, she is given a place amongst the faithful of every generation... 'By faith, Rahab the harlot did not perish with those who had been disobedient because she had given friendly welcome to the spies...' (Hebrews 11, 31). James too invokes her legacy when arguing for genuine faith to be evidenced by works, '... Was not also Rahab the harlot justified by works when she received the messengers and sent them out another way...' (James 2, 25). And most 'startlingly' a reference to



NEWS OF PEOPLE

Congratulations to Carole & Derek Lindfield who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in August... We also congratulate Derek who this month will celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the Christian Ministry and we are delighted that to mark this significant event in his life, Derek will lead the worship in the Free Church on Sunday, September 15th at 11am. We are mindful too of the support Carole has given to Derek during his ministry.

We were sorry to learn of the death of Marjorie Bridges. She had been 'holidaying' in Spain with Margaret Pfitzmann and family when she fell ill, and died after being in hospital for a week or so. It is hoped that a thanksgiving service for Marjorie's life will be held in the Free Church sometime in September.

We were also sad to hear that Liese Van der Watt's father passed away during the summer at home in South Africa. It is some comfort that Liese and the family were able to be with him, and our sympathies are with her and the rest of the family. We have fond memories of her father visiting us at the Free Church some years ago. He was a minister in the Church in South Africa and as such we can say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant...enter now into your rest.'

Congratulations to Charlotte Croft on her success in her A-Levels and we wish her well as she goes to university to study Geography.

'Rahab' in the genealogy of Jesus as given by Matthew, '*...Salmon [Salma?] the father of Boaz by Rahab...*' (Matthew 1, 5). Luke omits the reference to Rahab, (Luke 3, 31), as does the most immediate record of this particular portion of Jesus' family tree as found in the Book of Ruth, (Ruth 4, 18 – 22)...

... Accordingly, the spies make their escape, and after three days hiding out to make sure they were neither captured, nor followed back to the Israelite camp, they returned to make their report. '*...And they said to Joshua, "Truly the Lord has given all the land into our hands; and moreover, all the inhabitants of the land are fainthearted because of us."*' ... (Josh. 2, 24)

... Anyway, taken most straightforwardly; on account of the report of the spies, the way is clear for Joshua to lead the people across the Jordan and on to Jericho. Beyond this lies the long-promised land of Canaan and it is to this that attention now turns in Chapter 3...

Ian Tutton

JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY

Friday 19th July: "The labourer is worthy of his hire" came to me when reading details of pay rises for public sector workers. The figures quoted were for a police sergeant, a teacher and an army corporal. The % rise for each category was similar 2.5 %, 2.75 % and 2.9 %. The interest lies in the "pay after rise" for each of these categories" £41,500: £27,652 and £33,764. Who gets what? The answer is in the same order as the three jobs. All are undertaking professional work, making specific contributions to the successful functioning of the country. Is it just me thinking that there is something intrinsically wrong in these values?

Saturday 27th July: Our café 'shift' in the church was from 2pm to 5 pm. Little early activity but then we had a flurry - in rapid succession - five adults, three children and two dogs - both black Labradors. One of the dogs and his owner came in by error: the dog bounded in on the square-side (at least half the visitors came that way) and his owner had no choice but to follow! Everyone was interested and wanted more information about the church and its building. From our experience definitely worthwhile opening.



Tuesday 30th July: Do Men of Harlech have short legs? The Guinness book of World Records contains some bizarre records (I recall the length of time spent in a bath full of cold baked beans) but most are factual and interesting. Harlech, a small Welsh town, up to now most famous for its castle (and its song) now officially has the steepest street in the world! The street name is Ffordd Penhech - Welsh translation, 'Way to the top of the rock'. It's gradient is 37 - 45%, which means it rises more than one foot in every three feet: the surveyor said: "It's so steep I almost lost my balance walking down it." The ulterior motive - a good one - was that the previous record holder, Baldwin Street in Dunedin, New Zealand, had, through the fame of the steep street, increased the number of visitors to the town exponentially - legs mean money!



Wednesday 21st July: "Don't forget the fish sauce." These days, letter writing has largely lost out to emails or texts but it has been around for a long time. The earliest letter written by a Christian, on a scrap of papyrus,

has been dated to about 230 AD. It was from Arrianus, a Roman living in Egypt to his brother Paulus, sent from Theadelphia in central Egypt to Alexandria, a distance of 170 miles. It refers to a local sports and cultural centre and what is apparently another brother Heracleides, who has recently been appointed to the city council. He concludes: "I pray that you fare well in the Lord" - having just written: "send me the fish liver sauce, whichever you think is good." Such everyday matters turn history into something individual and alive, spanning the centuries.

Thursday 1st August: President Trump is apparently still cogitating as to whether or not the wall between the USA and Mexico will be built.



In the meanwhile, a different use for planks had been found - as sea-saws shoved through the existing fence with Mexican children on one end and American children on the other - it may have been just the young ones, enjoying the ups and downs but their parents were talking as well. The "Teetertotter" Wall Project connects Sunland Park in New Mexico with Ciudad Juarez.

Saturday 3rd August - Saturday 17th August: Rosemary and I are off for our two week break at the cottage in Borth, mid-Wales. We have two routes, one via the M4 and the other starting with the M1/M6. They are both the same length 225 miles, with the first two-thirds taking the same time as the last third, which on both routes is through the winding roads and hills of Wales. We chose the M1/M6 mainly because the M1 is just a few minutes drive from our home. This route takes us through Shrewsbury, home for both of us years ago before we met, where we stopped for a brief halt. I realised as we parked that Shrewsbury Town were playing their first match of the season at home. As we relaxed, two men walked past, one wearing a Town shirt. I jumped out, observing they looked happy (and leaving a totally bewildered Rosemary in the car): "What's the score please?" Town had won 1.0. (Very happy for the rest of journey!) Grandson Thomas had already arrived at Pant-Gwyn, which in English means 'white water' referring to the 'white horses' of the breaking waves which roll in across Cardigan Bay. The nearest land to the west is Ireland, 90 miles distant. From the cottage landing you can look over the sea and east over Borth Bog - of international scientific importance - to Plynlimon, the source of the Rivers Severn and Wye. Borth is a vibrant community in the summer, although rather sleepy in the winter, with three pubs, two fish-

and-chips shops, two general stores, a boutique cinema (sofas, not just tip-up chairs and showing current films), a football team and over three miles of sandy beach. Family members came and went: good to be able to offer breaks to family and friends. As usual, the weather varied - quickly and dramatically - from hot sunshine to heavy rain, and tremendous winds - which didn't just effect Borth. Saturday, the 10th, was worst with storm force gusts. Rosemary, myself and son Peter had difficulty keeping on our feet, even with Rosemary's walker. The local paper headline read: 'Three rescued from car on breakwater and jetty damaged as high winds wreak havoc.' It didn't stop Borth United playing their first match for this season against Knighton Town - winning 6:1: perhaps the wind assisted. Rosemary was able to work in the inner garden, comparatively sheltered. We all -numbers varied over the two weeks - had afternoon tea (and cake and inexpensive misshapen biscuits) in the summer-house in the big garden, which is more or less a field, a safe place for grand-children to play. Each Sunday, we went to St. David's church in Aberystwyth which is our Welsh substitute for the Free Church. A highlight of the holiday was when one evening son Robin and myself saw a dolphin swimming and leaping out of the sea, just off the beach. We came home by the other route and called on Sally and family in Caerphilly.



Sunday 18th August: Life Support.

Scientists now have confirmation that trees survive by mutual life support - like young people looking after older people. Root systems fuse and water is available to old trees often from what are in fact their off-spring. This was particularly observed in old tree stumps which had lost branches and leaves, but were still alive. There is, thankfully, no suggestions that trees "think" but the roots do mean that the young and active can help the old and senile (just like human families!)

Tuesday 20th August: Versailles in its hay-day was known for its excesses. Marie Antoinette, when told that the poor had no bread, responded: "Let them eat cake." No doubt it wasn't just cake available but jewels and gold. When a cache of gold coins was discovered in the grounds the first thought was that these were centuries old, but investigation showed they were gold-coloured, not precious and had been scooped up from fountains and other places by - magpies - who always find and take anything shiny. The birds had been very busy - 1,131 coins!

John Birch

Book Review

Brother of the More Famous Jack, by Barbara Trapido



As Libby Brooks writes in the Guardian: 'Although Barbara Trapido regularly enjoys glowing reviews from the most demanding of literary assessors, she is the kind of author one is more likely to have discovered following a recommendation by a friend. Her readers hold her in desperate affection and her fiction inspires an almost compulsive desire to share'. It is certainly true in my case as this book was recommended by a friend. Probably it is a woman's book as it is a woman's 'coming of age' story. It follows the heroine Katherine going to London University for interview and being snapped up by her interviewer, the Professor of Philosophy, Jake Goldman, though it had been her intention to read English. He claims that she is too intelligent and too original to be frog-marched and stereotyped into Anglo-Saxon and the Jacobean tragedies. Through Jake, she meets his eccentric family and friends and so begins her opening up to new experiences, attitudes and ideas. For the reader, the only immediately likeable character is Jake's wife Jane, who Katherine finds unwaveringly affectionate, loyal and encouraging. Jane runs a scruffy home in the country on principle and escapes from her numerous children to pick vegetables in her garden. Being a musician, she is constantly hassling the children to practice their various instruments, but with mixed results.

Jake and his children are harder to like, but each is interesting and eccentric in different ways. Katherine falls passionately in love with good-looking Roger, the eldest son, but then is devastated when he drops her for a newer student. The intensity of her teenage passion and the extreme pain of rejection is well portrayed. The novel takes us through Katherine's varied experiences in her 20's including a long-term relationship with a rich Italian in Rome with whom she has a baby girl but this episode ends in the tragic death of the baby. I found her return to England after this episode more difficult to believe in as we find Jake and Jane have come into various inheritances and are living prosperously in Hampstead. Gone is the scruffiness in favour of fashionable smartness!

What does make the novel appealing is that events happen in places local to 'our area' - Katherine's hidebound and 'boring' mother lives in Hendon/Finchley (her father had been a greengrocer there). She has to refind Jake

by going from Hampstead tube, past the Everyman Cinema, then going 'left and left again'. Also appealing to our age group are the mention of products from the 1960's - for example, Roger who has gone on VSO to Africa writes amusingly that he cannot stop his 'house boy' from scrubbing his jeans to death with bar soap instead of the usual 'Square Deal Surf.'



One critic has called Barbara Trapido's style 'knowing' and 'clever' and another 'arch'. I have to admit to knowing little about W B Yeats' 'More Famous Brother.' However, Wikipedia informs us that Jack Butler Yeats was a noted artist and Olympic medallist and the inference is that for a time he was more well-known than his brother poet. Who knows? - but it all seems rather 'arch'.

Despite some misgivings (it is, for example, very much a woman's book) I would recommend this novel because Barbara Trapido is a seductive writer. One is drawn in by the wish for Katherine to find happiness, but even at the end, when at last she is in a genuinely loving relationship with the second brother Jonathan in Ireland, one feels (as in life) that the idyll cannot last. *Marion Ditchfield*

News of People

Following last June's From the Archives which contained an article about Maude Royden, who was invited to preach at the Free Church in June 1919, we received the following letter from Andrew Tucker, Golders Green Unitarians



Thank you for sending us the Free Church magazine.

I was particularly interested in the item in the June edition about Maude Royden.

My parents knew her well. My father, A N Tucker, was active in the Peace Pledge Union and thy used to go to her services.

In 1931 she married them. This was very unusual at the time and resulted in their photo appearing in the Sunday Pictorial under the heading "Married by a Woman!".

In later years she baptized all their children, ending up with me in 1948.

Andrew Tucker, Golders Green Unitarians

THE PICTURES AND ME

In the suburbs of Buenos Aires in the late 1940s, there was a sure-fire way of getting rid of rowdy kids in the humid months of high summer: you gave them a few centavos and they went to the pictures. And there they stayed for hours and hours much to the relief of their parents. There was there, as just about everywhere else at the time, a whole network of suburban cinemas. If there was a difference between, say, England and Argentina at the time it was that in Argentina there weren't powerful companies such as Rank and Gaumont that owned the cinemas and controlled film distribution. Thus everything was more idiosyncratic and unpredictable, although what was guaranteed was an abundance of film. You could expect to see news, cartoons, trailers (of course) and then three feature films. The first would be silent; the second from the 1930s, - possibly a mushy musical with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald - and finally the new feature film from the 1940s. The last of these was sometimes in a crude pre-technicolour type of colour which meant that a Western star like Randolph Scott had a perpetual orange face and the badlands behind him were a lurid green. The very bright blue sky was a tad more convincing. These matinees were riotous affairs with catcalls, crying babies and much stamping of feet when a technical hitch caused the film to stop abruptly. The children returned home, their minds filled with superheroes, villains and alluring female stars and importantly for the parents, they were quite ready for supper and bed. Looking back on that period of my life, my favourite cinema was the Stella Maris and so when I returned to Argentina many years later I had to see if it had survived. Great was my pleasure on discovering that it was still there, having become a community theatre.

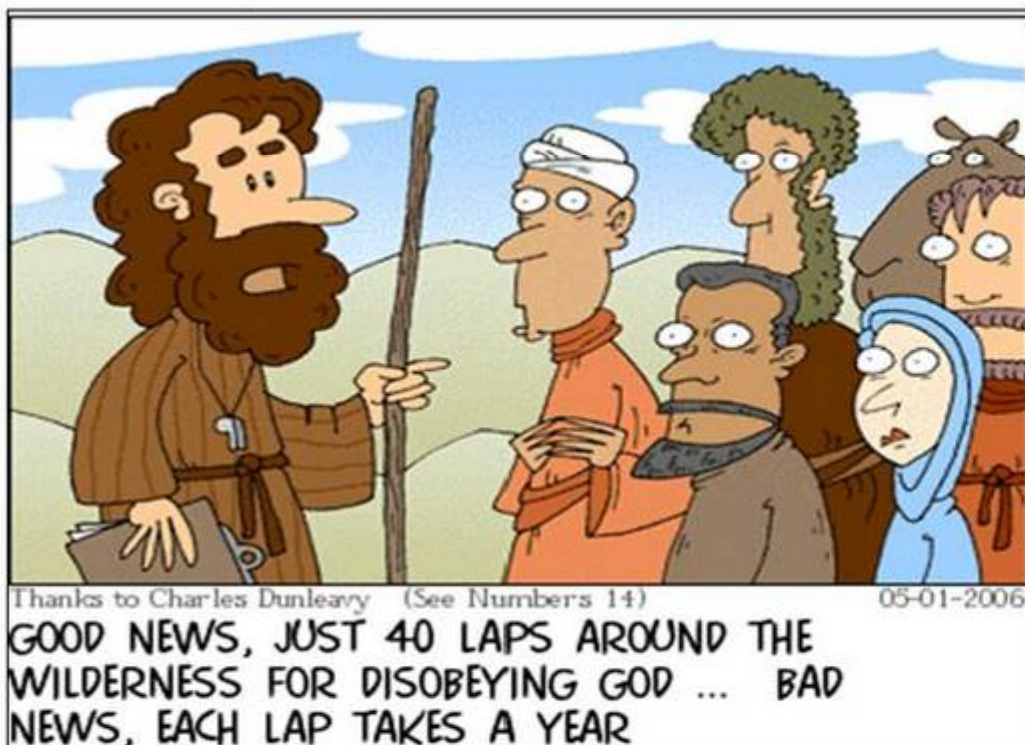
By the time I was sent to school in England at the age of thirteen, I had in my head a pretty solid archive of Hollywood films. And I was fortunate in that at this time there were still European countries such as the UK, France and Italy with a flourishing film culture of their own.



So I learned to love the stars of the day: Stewart Grainger, Anthony Steele and the magnetic James Mason in Gainsborough melodramas such as *The Wicked Lady* in which he co-starred with Margaret Lockwood. With hindsight this is a rather feminist film since it's about a feisty woman who rebels against domesticity and turns to highway robbery for necessary kicks. The Italians gave us fine neo-realist films of which rightly the best-known is De Sica's *Bicycle Thieves*. For their part, the French produced Jacques Tati's priceless *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*. Quite unforgettable is the first scene with the hapless holiday-makers trying to decode the garbled language coming through the loudspeakers. This said, the film that made most impact on our generation of students was without doubt Ingmar Bergman's extremely powerful film, *The Seventh Seal*.

My generation began with rowdy and - here at least - smoke-filled cinemas selling really poor quality post-war ice cream and soft drinks of a chemical orange. Going to the pictures was a regular and enjoyable part of life whether you were a courting couple or a bored housewife looking for escape through "women's weepies." Importantly, it was also a shared experience. You sat in the dark and collectively sighed and gasped and laughed at what you were shown. We still go to the cinema, of course, but are perhaps more likely to watch a DVD or streamed material at home and often we will do so alone. Does this shed any light on how our societies have evolved since this time?

Verity Smith



From the Archive

September 1919

From Work and Worship

'September 17th was a great day. We rejoiced in the visit of our dear and honoured friend, Mr Herbert Markham, President of the Baptist Union, to unveil the beautiful panel which Mr Beaumont has completed in the north-east corner of the Church: and Brigadier-General Bateson's sermon on I.Cor.xv 57-58, will live in the memory of all present.

We refer our readers for detailed descriptions of Mr Beaumont's remarkable work to the "Advertiser" of Sept. 19th. It suffices here to report that what he has already done has given unqualified delight, and everyone looks forward with the liveliest anticipation to the completion of the fine scheme of decoration which has taken shape in his mind, and which Mr Rushbrooke outlined in a statement at the unveiling. Our Church is uniquely privileged in having among its members an artist of such rare powers as Mr Beaumont, prepared without any stipulation of fee or reward to place those powers at its disposal. From our hearts we thank our friend; and we trust that the fulfilment of his plans may bring to him as deep a satisfaction as it assuredly will to all who worship in the noble sanctuary which his artistic gifts, technical skill and generous expenditure of time and labour, have thus enriched and beautified.'

Ivor Beaumont never completed the vast task he envisaged for the memorial. He was appointed Principal of Belfast School of Art. He and his family moved away but he assured the Church he intended completing the unfinished work. This never happened; only the WW1 Roll of Honour remains on the North wall. The flamboyant panel 'Ascension' (on canvas) remained in position for many years before being taken down - I wonder if it survives somewhere? Anne Lowe



Ivor Beaumont in later life

September 1939

Exactly 20 years from the unveiling of the WW1 memorial the Second World War was beginning. This moving letter was sent to all Free Church members by the minister Rev Frank Ballard who wrote a monthly News

Letter to all members at home or serving abroad until 1948. He welcomed all servicemen returning on leave and kept their photographs on his study wall. The Free Church suffered the loss of two whole civilian families in air raids, as well as servicemen and a prominent Civil Servant.

‘The Manse, Central Square, NW11. 11th September, 1939.

My Dear People,

In view of the emergency it has been decided to close the Church for the present and to hold services in the Church Halls. After Sunday, the 10th September, the evening service will be held at 5.15pm until further notice. We shall attempt to maintain the Sunday School as long as there are any children available. The military are occupying part of our premises, but the main buildings are still at our disposal and excellent refuge space has been prepared (thanks largely to the labours of the Scouts, Rovers and other willing helpers). The Little Chapel will be kept open for prayer and meditation.

We are taking steps to curtail expenditure, but work will be maintained as far as circumstances will permit.

The Church Magazine will be discontinued but I hope to send out a letter each month. A great many people have left the neighbourhood. Some will probably return; others will decide to stay away. I shall be glad to receive addresses so that I may keep in touch with you, and keep members informed of what others are doing.

My chief concern at the moment is with young men and women who have critical decisions to make. Since my return from Scotland (the Minister’s summer holiday) much of my time has been spent in personal interviews and for the present this seems to be my chief duty. I want every person in any way connected with us to feel at liberty to come and talk with me. I hope that no one will leave the neighbourhood without acquainting me with his or her movements. In future I shall be less of a preacher and more of a pastor. As time goes on men and women will probably scatter over many lands but I hope the Free Church will always be a centre to which they can turn their minds and find the assurance of spiritual fellowship deeper and stronger than national or party loyalties.

There will be calls for national service and I trust that even though our members are seriously reduced we shall be able to make corporate as well as individual response. But the main duty of the Church is to maintain moral and spiritual standards to proclaim Christian principles, to set forth more clearly than ever before the beauty of the Christian life.

Let us re-dedicate ourselves in this solemn hour to Jesus Christ our Lord.
Your friend and minister
Frank H Ballard

PS. Please do not forget to let me have your address if you are away from home and the addresses of any others you may know.'

Anne Lowe

"SAVE THE EARTH"

"The greatest challenge in the history of humanity"

A great challenge, social and ecological, is facing humanity now, says Aurelien Barrau, in his book of the same name. Aurelien Barrau is an astrophysicist and professor at the University of the Alps, Grenoble. He accompanied Juliette Binoche when, in September 2018, they launched the appeal to save the planet, which was signed by 200 famous names: people in the cinema, the theatre, the musical world and others.



Barrau wrote the book, making the stinging comment: " The fight must be started. The struggle will be lost unless someone takes the lead".

The first chapter paints a picture without mercy of the situation as we find it on Earth: pollution in the air and water, faster extinction of more and more animal species, warming up of the Earth proving impossible to control, resulting in some areas of Earth no longer being fit for human habitation. Faced with these challenges we have little time left, he says, to act to protect our planet.

In the second chapter Barrau proposes simple solutions which could be put in place quickly. These would be on 2 levels: 20 measures which individuals could take, and 21 actions to be taken by governments. The writer thinks that if no action is taken - speedy responses by governments and by scientists - no solution will be possible. There must be no doubt, no disbelief that the quality of life and the progress of medicine will decline. He questions whether politicians are capable of protecting life. "Our welfare is protected by the law; should it be accepted that life itself is also protected ?" He asks other questions touching on the economically absurd system we now have, such as how we react to natural disasters like

hurricanes or how we take care of those who suffer from all forms of pollution.

The following chapter is entitled "The far-reaching evolution". Barrau suggests that a breakdown is taking place between our actions now and the arrogance which could arise from thoughtless responses. He calls for less belief in the material world, practically and financially, and wants no reduction in intellectual output, creativity or mutual love. But he knows that human beings are weak and have a tendency not to behave sensibly, and also expect a minimum of regulation. We seem to have invented politics precisely to face up to this weakness. It all depends on whether you believe in the primacy of life: how guilty you feel about a famine which is killing 25,000 people a day when we are throwing away 3.5m tons of food a day; when human beings are dying for want of food and we in the West are uncaring because we are well fed. We must also consider less emotive issues - financial fraud, pollution.....which may seem to us no more hateful than a broken window.

People love symbols, and if the symbols change attitudes will change accordingly. To drive a 4x4 at speed is an everyday matter, just as it is to smoke in a public place, and so we cling on to well known responses. To conclude: Do not fear the revolution: nothing is more irrational or more suicidal than the blind pursuit of the same old habits.

The last chapter considers the author's responses to these questions, and the reviewer suggests that to find the answers we may have to read the book for ourselves!

"It's not worth it"

Here is an old story from the Cevennes region of France. An old shepherd is tending his sheep, which he has done for dozens of years, and looks around him at the mountains and fields. He has always marvelled at God's creation and the wonders of nature, and he contemplates them with humility and serenity. One day he comes across a walker, up from staying in the village, and they start to talk, of the weather, of everything, and of nothing, as they pass the time together. The stranger suggests they smoke a cigarette. The shepherd prefers to roll his own with his strong tobacco. Then the visitor brings out a wonderful lighter for his cigarette. Our shepherd is fascinated with it: it is elegant, luxurious, easy to use. He can't stop looking at it. "Please," he says, "Put it away. It's not worth the trouble".

From "Allo-Montrouge", July/August 2019.

Translated by Joan Holton

IRÈNE LAURE FRENCH RESISTANCE LEADER

Madame Irène Laure lived in the south of France in Marseilles. Her father was a businessman and she used to steal her father's socks to give them to poor workers. She became a nurse and married Victor, a seaman and pupil of the French Communist leader, Marcel Cachin.



Irène Laure in 1945

When World War II broke out she joined the Resistance in Marseilles and took many risks in

making life difficult for the Germans. Food was in very short supply and she often went to bed hungry because she had given her children what little they had. One day her son was caught by the Gestapo and was tortured. Irène was forced to watch this and her hatred of all Germans knew no bounds. She wanted every German dead and their country wiped off the face of the earth.

After that she knew she was the next target; one night they came looking for her with dogs. She got her pepper pot and sprinkled pepper liberally round her doorstep. The dogs snarled and refused to go any further. She was safe!

At the end of the war she was elected a Member of Parliament and Secretary General of the Socialist Women of France. As such, she was invited to Caux, in Switzerland, to a world conference of Moral Re-Armament, where delegates from around Europe and beyond had gathered to discuss how to heal the hatred and divisions between nations, to build a better world for their children and grandchildren.

Irène was horrified when she learnt that a delegation of Germans had arrived. She packed her bags to leave. As she was departing, she met Dr. Frank Buchman, who had initiated the idea that underpinned all that was happening at Caux. He challenged her. "How do you think we can rebuild Europe without Germany?" he said. Irène went back to her room and for three days, alone, she wrestled with her conscience.

Then a friend knocked on her door and invited her to come downstairs to breakfast to meet a German lady. Irène accepted. The lady was Clarita von Trott whose husband had been one of the conspirators in the plot to kill Hitler. All those involved were caught and hanged. But Clarita had overcome her anguish and despair at his death and was actively working to bring reconciliation and new thinking to help create a new Germany. Irène was deeply affected by all she heard and a miracle of change took place in

her own heart.

Irène went up to the big meeting hall and asked to be allowed to speak. She stunned the audience by apologizing to all the Germans present for her hatred and her desire for their total destruction. She declared that she would do all in her power to bring about healing to that broken nation.

Her husband, Victor, joined her as they went to Germany and saw for themselves the ruined

cities where women worked to clear the rubble with their bare hands. She addressed ten of the eleven provincial parliaments and spoke to hundreds of thousands in meetings and on the radio. Because of her, prominent Germans went to France where they apologized to the French people. She began to find a faith in God, and she and Victor actually got married in church.

Later, the German Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, with his French counterpart, Robert Schuman, met at Caux. They talked together about the need for European unity. It was Schuman who founded the European Coal and Steel Community which later grew into the EU, carrying into effect the vision of that elder statesman, Jean Monnet, who was determined that France should not repeat the mistake of 1919 in making a vindictive peace settlement. (It seems so strange to me that for years Sir Edward Heath fought to get us into the EEC against General de Gaulle's wishes to keep us out and now we are striving to leave!)

Madame Laure travelled across Europe telling her story and bringing healing to our war-torn continent. During the Sixties she came to North Wales when I was teaching in Colwyn Bay. A large meeting was planned; I offered to give her, her translator and a group of people travelling with her, some supper at school beforehand. (It was a boarding school, and half-term, so I had the place to myself.) It was a real privilege to entertain this extraordinary lady. I think only the Good Lord could have planned for such a rebel-turned-revolutionary fighter to become this courageous advocate for peace.

Kay Hassell

(Kay Hassell grew up in Brim Hill from 1933. She was Head of a girls' boarding school in North Wales and on retirement came to live with her brother, David in Temple Fortune Hill. Kay was an Elder and organised social events in the Free Church Hall for foreign students studying at the Institute. David was a member of the Free Church Choir and Deacon. They now live in Winchester and are active in their local Anglican Church).



Jean Monnet

2001 and all that

Long, long ago, the Golders Green area boasted at least three cinemas - the (huge) Odeon at Temple Fortune (which hosted the occasional visit of the Bolshoi Ballet and the Red Army Choir), the Ionic at Golders Green (now the home of Sainsbury's) and the ABC on Golders Green Road (not far from the Library). It was this last cinema where, soon after moving to London, we queued to see Stanley Kubrick's 2001. It was 1968 and the queues were long. In fact, it was reported that it was sometimes difficult to get inside the cinema - people often stayed on at the end because they wanted to see the iconic opening of the film again - the famous sunrise in space sequence to the sound of Richard Strauss' 'Also Sprach Zarathustra.' Looking back, it was an iconic moment in all senses of the word as it somehow represented - or occurred at the same time - as the high point of the sixties and the post-war period of optimism. The story line was always a bit obscure - the appearance at key moments in human history of the famous plinth or monolith that propelled mankind forward in a kind of quantum leap from one stage of evolution to the next - from ape to human to begin with and then (after a reappearance on the moon) by sending a signal to 'Jupiter space' where the future of mankind would be determined. As far as one could judge this future would involve being reborn as 'star children' with super-human powers. It was never clear what all this amounted to and even Kubrick was rather vague on the subject. It didn't really matter because everyone enjoyed the marvellous abstract patterns and colours and landscapes that filled the screen when the hero made his final journey to be reborn. Rumour had it that hippies and other sixties' ne'er do wells would take LSD beforehand to enhance the experience - but who knows? On the way to Jupiter of course there was the



famous struggle with 'HAL' the onboard computer who tried to take control of the space ship and how it had to be disabled by the surviving member of the crew.

The film was famous for, among other things, its surprisingly up-to-date and very convincing space technology. We now know, of course, that Kubrick (a fanatic

for realistic detail) had been working very closely with NASA during the development and filming of 2001 - so the realism of the hardware was far from being 'accidental' or simply the product of Kubrick's imagination. We know this because of all the programmes this year to celebrate the July 16th 1969 landing on the moon 50 years ago and the interviews with many of those involved.

The moon landing a year later was, of course, another epoch-making moment - one of those moments where everyone remembers where they were. More importantly it was a universal moment - one of those very, very rare moments where everyone on the planet seemed to come together and celebrate an achievement for mankind as a whole and not just a country or corporation. After all, it 'was one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind' and, despite the flag planting stuff and President Nixon getting in on the act, it was a moment singularly free from nationalistic boasting - and, of course, communication between NASA and the astronauts relied on input from tracking stations all over the world, a truly international effort.

Taken together, it is possible to think of the 1968 film and the 1969 moon landing as the high point of post-war optimism, the one representing the optimism of the creative imagination and the other the optimism of collective achievement. For a brief moment, it was possible to believe that nothing could not be achieved if the collective will was there to achieve it.

But it was a brief moment - not to be repeated. The reasons are many and complex but by the end of the 1970s the optimism of the 1960s had well and truly gone. The next really iconic science fiction film was Ridley Scott's 'Alien'. You have only to compare the two films to realise how dismal the outlook had become in the intervening ten years. This time the space ship - the Nostromo - is a commercial cargo affair - which is diverted on its trip home to investigate an alien ship. The crew do so and become unwitting hosts for a terrifyingly malevolent creature hell-bent on killing them and taking over the ship. It is then discovered that the company or corporation or organization in charge wants the creature brought back to them as its killing potential - unhindered by conscience or morality - will give them unlimited commercial possibilities. To this end, the company has planted a humanoid robot among the crew to make sure that no one gets in the way of its aim. The crew are duly killed off one by one but one member manages to kill the creature and escape - for the time being at least (there are many sequels!)



'Alien' was certainly prophetic in that the space ship was a commercial vehicle working for an obscure mega-corporation. During the sixties it became

increasingly apparent that the future of manned space flight as a governmental or collective enterprise was untenable. Apparently, it was too much of a burden for the hard-pressed American taxpayer to go on paying, that other social priorities needed funding, and that people were getting bored with the programme anyway. The programme was curtailed although the subsequent Skylab programme continued to make use of Apollo technology. By 1975 it was more or less over. Since then - 40/50 years on - we have not returned to the moon and more and more it looks as though the future of space exploration belongs to the private sector. The 'mankind' moment is now a distant memory. If you want to walk on the moon - or Mars or even circle the globe - you are going to have to pay an awful lot of money to the likes of Virgin's Branson or Tesla's Elon Musk. It will be a rich man (or woman's) privilege. Given all the other problems facing mankind, does any of this really matter? There are two considerations: firstly, as always, the private sector is making use of all the knowledge and technology that (over decades) has been built up by the public sector and public money. But more importantly if there is one endeavour that should be a collective human endeavour it is surely the manned exploration of the universe. Somebody putting their foot on the Moon or Mars needs to be there as a representative of mankind as a whole and not just as a protagonist of a particular corporation or individual - however sophisticated the PR might be. Or is that asking for the moon?

John Ditchfield



JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

Competition No.20 - Places of interest in the U.K

Part 1.

1. Historic working farm (Shropshire).
2. Grand National.
3. Castle in the North-east with Harry Potter connections.
4. Stately home with Princess Diana connections.
5. 'A view of Heaven' outside Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
6. A castle in Sussex with Norfolk connections.
7. A short walk for Shakespeare.
8. A wall North of Hadrian's.
9. Furthest west on British mainland.
10. A monarch among race courses.
11. Oxford's best known museum.
12. The Queen's Scottish home.
13. 1066.



Answers to competition No.19 - Significant Events

1. Man walking with flag in front of vehicle no longer needed.
2. Radio transmission across the Atlantic.
3. Red buses.
4. 1903.
5. Six hours duration.
6. Bleriot.
7. The Butler.
8. Selfridges.
9. Emily Pankhurst.
10. Suffragette who threw herself under the King's racehorse.
11. 1910.
12. Lithuanian agitators.
13. Assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife.



A prize each this month for Joan Holton and Anne Lowe - collect a bar of chocolate from the Traidcraft stall.

WORDSEARCH: WILD PLANTS - MANY AROUND IN JESUS' TIME

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ALOES BASIL CALAMUS CAROB CASTOR-
 OIL-PLANT CREEPING-THISTLE CROCUS
 DWARF-THISTLE HEDGE-MUSTARD HYSSOP
 LARGE-LEAVED-NETTLE LILY MANDRAKE
 MARTAGON-LILY MYRTLE NETTLES OR-
 ANGE-LILY POPPIES ROSE-OF-SHARON
 REED RUSHES SHEPHERD'S-PURSE THISTLE
 THORNS TREE-MALLOW TUMBLE-WEED
 VINE-OF-SODOM WILD-THYME



DIARY

All services taken by Revd Dr Ian Tutton unless indicated

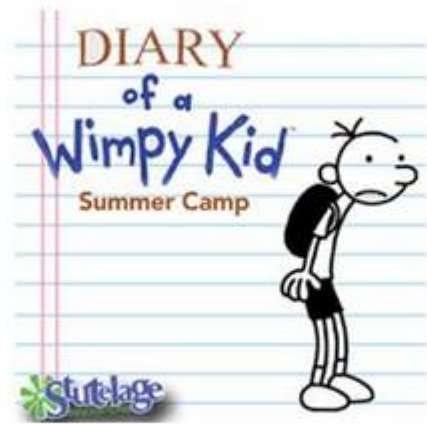
Mondays 10am to 12 noon Studying together, Elders' Vestry

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 gmrutton@aol.com



SEPTEMBER

- 1 11.00 am Family Service with christening**
- 3 8.00am – 4.00pm Church open, welcoming parents from Henrietta Barnett School
- 7 10.00 am-12.00 Church Cleaning, Traidcraft Sale, Clothing Exchange and Coffee morning
- 8 11.00 am Family Communion Service with confirmation**
6.30 pm Evening Praise
- 10 8.00 pm Elders Court
- 11 1.00 pm Deacons Court
- 15 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Derek Lindfield**
- 19 2.30 pm Thursday Fellowship, tea and talk by Lester Hillman on “Oranges & Lemons”
- 21 10.00 am to 6.00 pm Open House
- 22 11.00 am Family Service**
1.00 pm – 6.00pm Open House
- 27 1.00 pm Piano Recital by Asagi Nakata in Free Church, Lunch in support of Christian Aid from 12.15
- 29 11.00 am Family Service with christening**

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



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 October and will be published on Sunday 6th October 2019. Articles should be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 22nd September.

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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