

The Church of Our Lady, Stowmarket



 
For Saints and Sinners

The 9th Edition: Spring 2016

Foreword from your Editor

Memories of Christmas 2015 are fast fading as we anticipate longer Spring days. Our thoughts focus on the Easter story, the most important festival in the Christian calendar and the heart of Christianity. However, Christians celebrated our Lord's resurrection long before the word Easter became part of the English Language. The word used before the adoption of the word Easter was "Pascha", which is derived from and linked to the Jewish festival of Passover.

According to various sources, the word Easter has its origins with an Anglo-Saxon goddess of the dawn, called Eostre, who was worshipped in the spring by pagans in both Northern Europe and Britain. A written reference to Eostre was made by the monk and historian Bede, who at some time between the latter part of the 3rd century and the early part of the 4th century recorded the names of several goddesses worshipped by early Saxons. Eostre's festival was celebrated in *Eosturmonath*, the Anglo-Saxon word for the month we now know as April. Pascha was most often celebrated in Eostremonath, so it is reasonable to surmise that early English Christians adopted the word Eostre, for the festival we now know as "Easter".

The first article in this edition of our social magazine is about the *Spirit of Easter*. I found it uplifting and I hope you enjoy reading it, too.

Thank you for your continued help and support

Yvonne Hannan

Editor

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Living the Spirit of Easter: Be Fearless, Be Joyful, Be Renewed

The Easter Season begins on Easter Sunday and continues for 50 days. It is an opportunity for us to cultivate a spirit that defines who we are as Christians, embracing joy, living without fear and seeing the world again with fresh eyes.

Live with Joy

Joy is a deep-down gladness that cannot be taken away, even in the midst of sorrow. The Passion and Resurrection of Jesus teach us that suffering is transformed through faith in the Risen Christ. With this faith, we are able to hold on to an enduring sense of joy even in the midst of the sadness we experience from the loss of a loved one, a failure to achieve an important goal, or a setback during recovery from an illness.

Live without Fear

The Resurrection teaches us that God can overcome anything, even death. When the Risen Christ appears to the women at the tomb and later to his disciples, His first words are “Do not be afraid” (Mt 28:5,10) These words speak to our hearts, helping us cope with the fear from the loss of a job, a serious illness, or a crumbling relationship. Our faith allows us to trust that God can overcome our most serious problems.

Live with New Eyes

Easter means to live with a sense of newness. Just as the return of spring lifts our spirits and makes us feel like the whole world is new, the Resurrection of Jesus makes “all things new.” (Rev. 21:5) The Easter spirit is a spirit of renewal that enables us to show up at work with a positive attitude, to renew relationships that have been taken for granted, and to express appreciation and affection to those closest to us. It means to see the world through new eyes: God’s eyes.

Loyola Press. A Jesuit Ministry

Diocese of East Anglia website

This year is the 40th anniversary of the Diocese of East Anglia. I was seeing what I could find out about planned celebrations and logged into the very interesting, current and informative Diocesan website. I soon found outline details of a diocesan Mass on Friday 3rd June at 6.30 pm at St John's Cathedral, Norwich. The chief celebrant and preacher will be HE Cardinal Vincent Nichols. I went on the explore the website and found it really useful, current and easy to navigate. It gives access to Diocesan departments, provides a directory of churches, priests, schools, convents, prisons, hospital and hospices, information about the Bishop, latest news, a calendar of events and even links to Facebook and Twitter, The Diocesan website's home page greets the reader with this warm Welcome. Why not take a closer look for yourself? Log on to <http://rcdea.org.uk>



Welcome!

A warm welcome to the Diocese of East Anglia. I hope that you will find our website interesting and informative.

Our Diocesan mission is to respond to Christ's call to proclaim the gospel. I pray that your contact with us, through this website and if you are in East Anglia, through meeting us, will encourage you to enter more deeply into the encounter with God in Jesus Christ who is the source of out life and joy.

Stowmarket Food Bank

We were somewhat disheartened by the news that the ASDA powers that be have decided to withdraw all their assistance to Food Banks and other charities throughout the country.

For us it means that there will no longer be a trolley in-store into which customers can place their gifts at the end of their shopping.

It also means that, when our stocks are running low, we will no longer be able to hold large scale collections outside the store. With Morrisons closing in the town we will also be losing their support.

On a happier note we are still receiving huge support from Tesco and the Co-op and we receive goods from Lowestoft Food Bank from time to time.

As we also receive grants and cash gifts we are able to purchase some lines when we have urgent needs. Our own Parish is really supportive with goods delivered every week together with a regular flow of cash donations.

Thank you for your continued support and please continue to assist, on a short time basis, those of our neighbours in genuine need.

There are lists in the church porch of urgent needs and you can access the Food Bank Facebook page for up to date information.

Josephine Lea

An Easter Bunny to Colour.



One Liner

Q: How do Easter bunnies stay healthy?

A: They do lots of eggs-ercise

Burmese Mushy Peas

When we were growing up we would eat this on Fridays for supper and also during Lent. Mum called it "poor man's dinner", but we loved it so much it was not a sacrifice but more of a feast for us, which was just as well as she had 11 kids to feed! In Burma, this is eaten with flat breads or naan bread and is usually a breakfast dish. In Burma the dish is made with a special pulse, but we cannot get it in the UK, so mum adapted the recipe to use tinned peas!

Ingredients

1 x tin of mushy peas (or processed peas)
2 x small onions finely diced
1/2 teaspoon of turmeric
Chillies (to your taste)
Soy sauce

Method

1. Put a good glug of vegetable or sunflower oil into a frying pan, and add the onions.
2. Sprinkle onions with some salt (to stop them browning too fast) and cook slowly till the onions are soft.
3. Add turmeric and chilli (either powder or fresh) and gently fry for a minute or so.
- 4a. *If using mushy peas*, add the whole tin to the pan. **OR**
4b. *If using processed peas*, drain off some liquid and keep. Cover the pan and cook till the peas are really soft and mushy (if needed add some retained liquid from peas).
5. Mix well, and continue cooking slowly. Then sprinkle soy sauce to the mixture and fry well. This should take about 5 minutes or so. Taste, and if desired, add more soy sauce.

Christine Canon

CAFOD – Gathering together for a day in Newmarket



Photo taken on January 30 by Allan Scott.

Rosemary Muntus and Sheila Dobey are on the right of the picture. They, and Allan, were three of the CAFOD volunteers who gathered together at Newmarket for a day of recollection earlier in the year, where they learned how CAFOD is helping improve the lives of people from poorer communities.

CAFOD+ is very active in our parish in lots of different ways. For example, they encourage and enable the Live Simply Campaign, support the drive to bring clean water to remote communities and participate in a wide range of educational and prayerful initiatives.

For more information about the work of CAFOD and also local CAFOD+ activities speak to Rosemary, Sheila or Allan. Alternatively, if you send an email to Yvonne Hannan, this will be forwarded for you. (see editor's foreword)

A Prayer for Refugees

*Heavenly Father,
you are the source of all goodness,
generosity and love.*

*We thank you for opening the hearts of many
to those who are fleeing for their lives.*

*Help us now to open our arms in welcome,
and reach out our hands in support.*

*That the desperate may find new hope,
and lives torn apart be restored.*

*We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ,
Your Son, Our Lord,
who fled persecution at His birth
and at His last triumphed over death.*

Amen

Advertisement in a local paper

FOR SALE:

Complete set of Encyclopedia Britannica, 45 volumes.

Excellent condition. £300 or best offer.

No longer needed. Got married last month.

Wife knows everything.

(If you wish, you could substitute Husband on that last one!)

The Year of the Bazaar

Throughout the year we collect various goods to be stored in the Church garage, but the main work for the bazaar starts in August with a panicky phone call to Marion to remind her that bag distribution will shortly start. In 2015 our extra bag week was to appeal for toiletries. I thought we would make a better job of preparing baskets of toiletries than we did making Christmas decorations last year (we are all very willing, but none of us are too artistic!) The amount of toiletries we received was overwhelming: as usual our congregation came up trumps. We soon used all our baskets, so thanks to Diane Bowden who contributed 20 baskets she had bought on e-bay. In the end we made 42 baskets of goodies that I thought looked extremely good, as did the eager bazaar visitors who snapped them up.

As well as generous donations, our band of cheerful volunteers made running the bazaar very easy. Many tasks were taken on: marking up and distributing bags each week, sending letters to local businesses and shops requesting draw prizes, printing and selling lucky programs, helping out on the day, arranging float money, counting and collecting money made on the day.

BUT, without YOU there would be NO bazaar.

The collections began with books, so a big thank you to Kevin and Pat Keating who took the mountain of books to their home, where they stored them and boxed them up by author in alphabetical order. By November 8 the garage next to the Social Centre was absolutely full:

- ***Certainly there was no room*** for Fr. David's bike!
- My husband ***Frank was tearing his hair out*** (he can't afford to lose any more), aiming for some semblance of order, and wondering how everything was going to be transported down to the URC hall.

- **Never fear!** at 7.00pm on Friday, an armada of cars representing all Masses assembled, with their boots wide open and ready for the off. The cars were filled to bursting point, but because the response for help was so generous, we needed only one journey by each vehicle to empty the garage. PHEW!

Once everything had been transported we set up the tables in the URC hall. Each stall holder, with help from family, friends and parishioners, started to get their stalls ready for the next day. Being outside the church, bric-a-brac stalls were unable to be set up until the next day. BUT, our *special* thanks go to them: NOT only were they out in the cold and wet all day, BUT they still managed to continue smiling.

Lots of scrumptious cakes came in on Saturday morning. Debbie and her team of workers arrived, started work in the kitchen and soon there was a wonderful smell of bacon wafting over and out of the hall. Despite the weather not being very kind to us there was no lack of people coming to buy, (no doubt lured in by the wafting aroma of bacon) and the good profits we made made it all worthwhile.

Finally, **a big thank you to Marion and David Ryan** who are standing down from running the bazaar with us. We will miss them. The bazaar is great fun and a great way to get to know other people in the Church, so we hope someone will come forward to replace Marion and David and help the running of the bazaar.

Perhaps it is you!

Carole Kelly.

In the end without end

Jesus has opened for us the way to heaven through His death and resurrection. He is the first-fruits of all who fall asleep in death (Corinthians 15.20) and will be the cause of our ultimate resurrection.

We are not meant to enjoy heaven simply as disembodied spirits, but rather as glorified human beings, with that glory that possessed Christ after His resurrection.

At the last day those who are still in Purgatory and those in heaven will both be glorified soul and body, like Mary who has gone before us when she was assumed to glory on her death.

Then the last word will be pronounced on our history and this world will give way to the glory of the next.

At that moment "We shall rest and we shall behold, we shall behold and we shall love and we shall praise.

This is what we shall be in the end without end.

Amen

St Augustine (354- 430)

Four brief stories about our Patron Saints

Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland: Feast Day November 30



Andrew, was son of John and a fisherman like his brother Simon Peter. He is mentioned in the New Testament and was the first apostle called by Christ to “follow Him” .

He preached along the Black Sea and as far as Kiev and Novgorod. In time, he became a patron saint of Ukraine, Romania and Russia.

AD 38 Andrew founded the See of Byzantium (Constantinople and Istanbul) and he is recognised as patron saint of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Andrew was martyred for his faith by crucifixion on a saltire (an X-shaped cross) in Patras in Greece. Legend has it that a Greek monk known as St Regulus, or St Rule, had a vision telling him to take a few relics of Andrew to the “end of the earth” for safe keeping. His subsequent sea journey ended on the coast of Fife at a settlement, which has evolved into the modern town of St Andrews. It is said that when Oengus II led an army of Picts and Scots into battle in 832 against the Angles he vowed that if granted victory Andrew would be named Patron Saint of Scotland. On the day of the battle a cloud in the shape of a X appeared in the sky above. Oengus was victorious, interpreted the cloud phenomenon as representing the saltire upon which Andrew was martyred and honoured his pre-battle pledge. Saint Andrew thus became the Patron Saint of Scotland, even though evidence suggests that he was venerated in Scotland long before this time.

David, Patron Saint of Wales: Feast Day March 1



David, a native of Wales was born in the 6th century, the son of the King of Ceredigion. The site of David's birth is marked by the ruins of a tiny ancient chapel close to a holy well. David became a priest under the tutelage of Paulinus. Several miracles were attributed to David, including the restoration of Paulinus' sight .

Reportedly a vegetarian who drank only water, David became known as "Dewi", or the water drinker. The most famous story about Saint David tells how when he was preaching to a huge crowd the ground rose up, so that he was standing on a hill and everyone had a better chance of hearing him. History tells us that he became a missionary, travelling throughout Wales and Britain and he even made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem where he was consecrated bishop. The 12 monasteries he founded included Glastonbury and he was named archbishop of Wales in 550. He died in 589 and was buried in the grounds of his own monastery. His last words were said to have been: *"Be joyful and keep your faith and your creed. Do the little things that you have seen me do and heard about."* After his death, David's influence spread far and wide. In 1120 Pope Callactus II canonised David as saint and following this he was declared Patron Saint of Wales. His relics remain in St David's Cathedral in Wales, which is on the site of the old monastery and in 1996 human bones were found in St David's Cathedral. Some believe that the bones may be those of St David. Perhaps there is still more to find out and discover about the Welsh "Dewi".

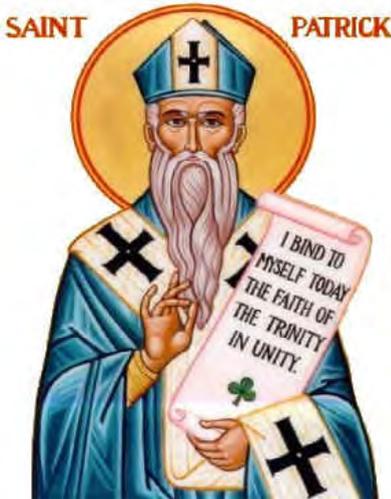
George, Patron Saint of England: Feast Day April 23



George was born into a Christian noble family in Lydda (Lod), in modern day Syria and he grew up to become a soldier. In 303 an Emperor's edict caused the arrest of Christian soldiers, with other soldiers being required to offer a sacrifice to the Roman Gods. George declared himself a Christian and repeatedly refused to recognise the Roman gods.

On April 23rd 303, because he would not relinquish Christianity and succumb to the edict George was executed by decapitation. Pope Gelasius I canonised him in 494. George's tomb is in Lydda and he is an exception amongst Christian saints, in that he is also known and revered by Islam. St George's emblem of a red cross on a white background was adopted by Richard the Lion Heart and brought to England in the 12th century. The king's soldiers wore the emblem on their tunics in battle to be recognised and avoid confusion. Later, even though St George never set foot in England, he usurped St Edmund and was declared patron Saint of England. At a church council in 1415, the establishment of George as a popular and protective saint was codified by the official elevation of his feast day to a "*festum duplex*" to be held on the anniversary of his martyrdom. When the many Saints days were severely curtailed during the English Reformation, St George's day continued to be observed. The St George and the dragon legend is a later gloss on his story, but it is worth noting that in the middle ages it was common practice to use dragons in stories to represent the Devil.

Patrick, Patron Saint of Ireland: Feast Day March 17



Patrick was born in Britain into a Romanised family. At the age of 16 he was taken by Irish raiders and sold into slavery in Ireland. After 6 years he heard in a dream that the ship, in which he was to escape his captivity, was ready. So, he fled his master and found passage back to Britain, where after a second brief spell in captivity, he was re-united with his family.

The best known passage in Patrick's autobiography, *the "Confessio"*, is called "*the Voice of the Irish*". The passage tells of a dream Patrick had after his escape from captivity and his return to his homeland. In the dream he was beseeched to return to Ireland and to walk once more amongst the Irish people. Patrick was reluctant for a long time to respond to the call and it was said that even on the eve of his re-embarkation for Ireland he was beset by doubts of his fitness for the task ahead. There are a number of pointers to Patrick's missionary career being in the 2nd half of the 5th century. He was careful to deal fairly with non-Christian Irish, nevertheless, Patrick lived in constant danger of martyrdom for his faith. Before the end of the 7th century Patrick had become a legendary figure. One story describes how he drove the snakes of Ireland off the land and into the sea to their destruction. Another famous tale, is that of the shamrock, which Patrick is said to have used to explain the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Patrick is presumed buried at Down Cathedral, in Downpatrick in County Down, alongside Saint Brigid and Saint Columba.

Oliver's Dinosaur Story

Once upon a time, there was a professor called Professor Joshua and, one day, he went back in time.

Professor Joshua landed in the world of the dinosaurs. Suddenly, he heard a roar! It was a T-rex so he ran away.

Then he climbed up a tree and then tried to steal one pterodactyl egg. Suddenly, a pterodactyl tried to eat Professor Joshua so he ran away again.

On the way home, Professor Joshua thought of something. He said "I am never going to go there again."

Oliver age 6 (a parishioner's grandson)

Cockney Rhyming Slang

Cockney rhyming slang probably originated in London's East End, in the mid-19th century. It may have been a linguistic accident, or developed to confuse non-locals, or used to maintain a sense of community. Do you know any of these examples? **Take these 4 steps to work out the answers.**

Example A, is completed. Hints are given for the rest.

Example A

1. Note the **highlighted** word in the sentence: I'm off for a **ball**.
2. The **highlighted** word links to another word: see the word in italics. You now have the phrase **Ball** of *Chalk*.
3. The *italicized* word rhymes with another word: see the word in CAPITAL LETTERS. *Chalk* rhymes with WALK
4. The CAPITALISED word now replaces the original highlighted word. Heh presto the original phrase makes sense: I'm off for a **ball**, means I'm off for a **WALK**

Simple isn't it ?! - Answers on back page

	STEP 1	STEP 2	STEP 3	STEP4
A	I'm off for a ball	ball OF <i>Chalk</i>	<i>Chalk</i> rhymes with WALK	I'm off for a WALK
B	He went down the apples	Apples AND rhymes with ...	He went down the ...
C	Would you Adam it?	Adam AND rhymes with ...	
D	My new artful just moved in	THE Artful rhymes with ...	
E	Her red Barnet is lovely	Barnet rhymes with ...	
F	He was my best china at school	A china rhymes with ...	
G	Answer the dog , will you?	The dog AND rhymes with ...	
H	My plates are killing me!	Plates OF rhymes with ...	
I	Fancy a cup of Rosy ?	Rosy rhymes with ...	
J	I do enjoy a nice hot spicy Ruby	Ruby rhymes with ...	
K	His new whistle was really smart	Whistle AND rhymes with ...	
L	The Sweeney pursued the robbers in an unmarked car	Sweeney rhymes with ...	

Just stop and think for a while

Yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery.

But just stop and think for a moment.

Today is God's gift to you:

that it is why we call it the present.

Malapropisms

The word malapropism comes from Mrs Malaprop a character in the 1775 Richard Sheridan play: *The Rivals*. Malapropism occurs when suddenly, or so it seems, our brains cannot cope with putting our words in the right order or by using the correct word in the correct place. Here are some examples:

- *Behold this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow.* Mrs Malaprop.
- *He is the very pineapple of politeness.* Mrs Malaprop.
- *Marie Scott ... has really plummeted to the top!* Alan Weeks, sports commentator
- *"My Nan, God bless 'er, gets things a bit messed up. She said to me the other day, "I've bought one of those new George Formby grills."* Peter Kay, comedian
- *"If Gower had stopped that [cricket ball] he would have decapitated his hand."*, Farokh Engineer, former cricketer

Malapropism can happen to us all, at any time. Thankfully, usually with amusing, rather than serious, consequences!

Bishop Alan's visit to Stowmarket, January 2016



**Bishop Alan meets some of our younger parishioners.
Photograph taken by Allan Scott.**

Bishop Alan visited our parish during the weekend 16th/17th of January 2016 and he stayed in the Presbytery, where the heating system is not very modern and Father David “lives simply”. Bishop Alan, feels the cold and we understand that it was quite a challenge to achieve a satisfactory ambient temperature in the guest room. However, on a more positive note and independent of the Bishop’s visit, we were glad to hear that the long overdue threadbare carpet replacement had taken place! Bishop Alan celebrated the vigil Mass at Woolpit on Saturday evening where the very warm welcome from parishioners compensated for the somewhat chilly church. On Sunday he celebrated the Masses at our Lady’s in Stowmarket, after which tried to meet as many parishioners as possible both in the church and in the social centre. During his visit Bishop Alan met representatives of the various groups who support Father David in his work throughout our diverse and widespread community. The Bishop answered our many questions and in turn he shared his vision for the Diocese and his hopes for the 2016 Year of Mercy. This visit was enjoyed and will be remembered by everyone present.

Facebook for the Senior Generation

For those of my generation who do not and cannot comprehend why Facebook exists, I am trying to make friends outside of Facebook while applying the same principles.

Therefore, every day I walk down the street and tell passersby what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I have done the night before, what I will do later, and with whom. I give them pictures of my family, my dog, and of me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch, and doing what anybody and everybody does every day.

I also listen to their conversations, give them the "thumbs up" and tell them I like them.



I do this a lot.

And it works just like Facebook.

I already have four people following me: *two police officers, a private investigator, and a psychiatrist.....*

A famous 20th century quote

“He occasionally stumbled over the truth, but he hastily picked himself up and hurried on as if nothing had happened.”

Said by Winston Churchill when talking about Stanley Baldwin

Why you should join us at the SSG Summer School

Every year for the last 15 years Rosemary Muntus and I have taken a week out to go to the Summer School run by the SSG – the Society of St Gregory. So who are the SSG, why do they run a Summer School, and why do we think that *everyone* should have a chance to go – most especially if you're a lot younger than we are? In a word? Because it's fun. You'll love it. You'll want to go back. But that's not a proper answer. So let's take those questions one at a time...

Who are the SSG – The Society of Saint Gregory?

The SSG was originally founded to encourage the faithful to participate more closely 'in the most holy mysteries (of the liturgy) and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church'. In those days much of its focus was on Gregorian Chant. These days – 50 years on from Vatican II – the Society's work covers every aspect of the liturgy and music, in particular. And that includes pretty much every musical style you can think of – anything, in fact, that will help and encourage 'full, active and conscious participation' of the people in the liturgy, as called for by Vatican II. To learn more, take a look at the SSG website on www.ssg.org.uk

Why does the SSG run a Summer School?

Because all over the country there are ordinary people like you and me who are ready and willing to give any talents they have to their parish. They're just not sure what to do, or how to do it! They may want to be welcomers, readers, lay ministers of the Eucharist, or musicians – but whatever they're doing, they are often doing it without training, without support, and without much idea of where they could get it. That's not the fault of their (usually) overburdened parish priest – it's simply that resources for that kind of training are very few and far between. The SSG fills the gap. Beautifully. And their Summer School is the perfect

place to learn the skills you will need, and to find resources to help you develop and refine those skills.

Why should you go to the Summer School

To answer that, imagine a Mass that's so memorable you *want* to remember every detail. As you come in you are warmly welcomed. People nod and smile at you as you take your place. The space is beautifully decorated, with an eye-catching display in the middle that is already beginning to give you an idea of the theme for the day. When the first music begins, pretty much everyone sings – enthusiastically and well. Instrumentalists support the singing, and a choir adds harmonies that turn a well-chosen piece into an experience. Every part of the Mass which needs to be sung, *is* sung – with good music that is known to everyone in the room. Responses are spoken clearly, confidently, and together.

Hymns have been carefully and skilfully chosen to support and amplify the themes in that day's readings. And those readings are delivered beautifully – with love, care and understanding, and so that every word can be clearly heard. As you listen, you begin to understand the symbolism of the decoration you saw when you came in – and appreciate the thought and care that went into creating it. And afterwards you find yourself surrounded by friendly, supportive people who are genuinely interested in you, what you do, and what you *want* to do. And that's just the Mass.

My first SSG Summer School was described as 'a retreat on speed' – with good reason. Mass every morning, seminars, talks and workshops all day, choir and music practices in any 'spare time', a longer, more 'studied' liturgy in the afternoon and a 'big sing' every evening (except the Thursday evening, reserved for a concert given by the braver people attending!)

It's got a bit quieter since then (but not much) and is still a heady mixture of serious classes, good music, fun, and excellent company. You don't *have* to do everything, but it's very tempting to try. In the last couple of years the Society has worked hard to attract younger people to Summer School – and those who *have* come have enjoyed themselves hugely.

It's partly the company. You'll meet some seriously knowledgeable liturgists, and some of the best composers of church music in the world, and discover they're very nice people who are quite happy to talk to you. You'll also meet other people who – like us – are working at the 'coalface' in their parish and are delighted to find other people doing the same.

But – most importantly – you'll have a terrific time.

As it happens, this year's SSG Summer School is in Norfolk – so you could even just give it a try for one day, or 'commute'. (Though you might miss out on the good stuff that happens before and after the main business of the day.)

So if you're interested in giving it a try, why not give me or Rosemary a ring on 01449 741747 to find out more,

Allan Scott and Rosemary Muntus

One liner

- Knock Knock Who's there?
 - Rabbit! Rabbit who?
- Rabbit up carefully, it's fragile

An Easter Prayer

*Heavenly Father, thank you for sending your Son
to earth as a baby so many years ago.*

*Thank you that He paid the punishment for my sins
by dying on the cross.*

*And thank you that He rose again to prove that
death was truly defeated.*

I place my trust in You to be my Savior.

*Guide me through the dark times of my life and
give me courage to live for You.*

Amen

Max Lucado

Word Ladders

Change one letter on each rung to make a new word. Move up or down the ladder – the choice is yours. Note: there may be more than one solution!

1. Hate to Love

Hate

2. Hand to Foot

Hand

3. Wool to Silk

Wool

The hidden dangers of socks

Socks feel soft and warm to the touch, but don't be fooled.

We have all been victims of the strange disappearance of odd socks (never pairs). It is a well-known fact that random socks often disappear somewhere on their hazardous journey from the laundry basket, via the washing machine, to the sock drawer. We don't know how the Sock Monster "does it", we only know that "it does".

But things begin to get even more sinister as we get older. When we reach our golden years our once cosy and comforting socks begin to silently and unmercifully taunt us every day during our heroic attempts to put a pair of the little blighters on our awaiting feet. Perspiration beads begin to form on our brows as we grapple with an activity that rapidly requires a similar level of effort akin to an Olympic sport. We soon find that our untoward well-behaved feet start to wave aimlessly in the air, totally incapable of hitting the narrow opening of the suspended sock. Those fortunate enough to live with families or carers have the option to call out for help, but the struggle continues unabated for those living independently, until they finally make the grade or succumb to exhaustion.

The whole situation is somehow simultaneously humiliating and comical. It is clear that no other item of clothing is more troublesome to the senior citizen than the sock. However, there is no room for complacency in the young or the middle aged. They should be wary: they are on borrowed time. Socks may look pretty innocuous, but there is little doubt that they are simply gaining our trust during our early years and patiently biding their time until they can strike us down!

Based on an article by John Mortimer, The Summer of a Dormouse.

185 Empty Chairs

We were in Christchurch, coming to the end of our Trip of a Lifetime to New Zealand. After a light lunch in a riverside café on the banks of the meandering Avon river, we set off in the early afternoon sunshine to explore the city centre. We headed off towards Cathedral Square, where we were greeted by the sight of the badly damaged old Cathedral looked very forlorn and unloved. Cathedral Square and its beautiful little cathedral Cathedral had been at the epicentre of the 2010 earthquake.



Christchurch cathedral pictured soon after the earthquake

When we visited Christchurch, all we could see was a boarded up ruin, propped up by scaffolding poles. The structure and its soon overgrown grounds were dangerous and off limits to the public, so we paused a while in the somewhat incongruous flower-bedecked archway, erected to record the events of 2010. To add to the heartbreak, the site's rapid decline continues unabated during the on-going legal wrangle. One side wants to demolish and replace the cathedral, whilst the other is campaigning for a rescue and rebuild programme.

In the meantime and until this issue is resolved the Anglican congregation is being served by the transitional “*Cardboard Cathedral*” in Latimer Square: a short walk away and our next port of call. The so-called cardboard cathedral was designed by Japanese architect Shigerun Ban who used his trademark innovative techniques and lightweight materials, replicating his previous world-wide work in disaster areas.



The interior of Christchurch’s transitional cathedral

On the way to Latimer Square there were lots of open spaces, where buildings had once stood, busy building sites and vast colourful murals painted on the exposed sides of the buildings, which had stood firm during the disaster. One open space is the site of the demolished building where the majority of the earthquake fatalities occurred and diagonally opposite this is a memorial artwork called the 185 Empty Chairs, by artist Pete Majendie. The artwork sits on 185 square metres of *ready-*

lawn on the site of a Baptist church also destroyed in the earthquake. The artwork comprises 185 white painted chairs, which are being allowed to degrade slowly and naturally. The chairs symbolise the lives lost during the immediate aftermath of the earthquake: most victims were young adults, but babies, children and old folk died too, so there was every type of chair imaginable. Majendie uses the individuality of the chairs to pay tribute to the uniqueness of the victims represented.

Site visitors are invited to select and sit on any chair(s) and to pause a while in silent reflection. We sat with our own silent thoughts and for myself this was a poignant reminder of the fragility of our existence and the gift of life.



185 chairs by Pete Majendie

Yvonne Hannan

Post script: this moving tribute has now been moved to the site of St Paul's Trinity Pacific Presbyterian Church to make way for reconstruction work on its original site.

Answers to quizzes

Cockney Rhyming slang:

what did the original phrases really mean?

- A. I'm off for a **walk**
- B. He went down the **stairs**
- C. Would you **believe** it?
- D. My new **lodger** just moved in
- E. Her red **hair** is lovely
- F. He was my **mate** at school
- G. Answer the **phone**, will you?
- H. My **feet** are killing me!
- I. Fancy a cup of **tea**?
- J. I like a hot, spicy **curry**
- K. His new **suit** was smart
- L. The **flying squad** pursued the robbers in an unmarked car

Word Ladder: but not necessarily the only solutions!

1. **HATE** – Date – Dote – Dope – Dove – LOVE
2. **HAND** – Band – Bond – Fond – Font – FOOT
3. **WOOL** – Tool – Toll – Till – Sill - SILK

