

The Church of Our Lady, Stowmarket



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For Saints and Sinners

The 14th Edition: Winter 2017

Foreword

Welcome to the 14th edition of your social magazine.

Due to a sudden drop in material being forwarded to me I was concerned that your next social magazine would not be ready until the New year. But, I was surprised to receive a sudden flurry of offerings presented to me including some from new contributors, so thank you for your splendid response to my appeal and here it is!

I hope there is something for everyone and that you enjoy reading your 14th Parish Social Magazine over the festive period.

Finally, thanks for your continued help and support.

Remember, this is your magazine and its continuation is totally dependent on your contributions, so do please keep the poems, prayers, stories and recipes headed my way. If I get enough material your next magazine will be ready for distribution Spring 2018

Yvonne Hannan

Editor

yvonne.hannan@icloud.com

On Loving Christmas Carols

I trace my great love of Christmas carols to my Anglican childhood experience as a choirboy at All Saints, Clapham Park, when the “*magic*” of carols by candlelight a week before Christmas, infected my soul forever and held me safely throughout my years of rebellion against the Church. The Church was invariably packed and the atmosphere of quiet joy pervaded every person and the whole Church. Candles were placed at both ends of every pew. Here too, in Clapham Park, was my first experience of carol-singing in south London streets, an experience not repeated until many years later.

As a young man, I made a study of the origins of the Christmas carol, and so particularly of the medieval Christmas celebration, certain origins in pagan round dance, which the chorus demonstrated, its banning under Cromwell’s puritan regime, its flourishing among common folk outside the Church and its final reception, development and sanctification in the Church. My taste in carol-singing styles extended throughout the years from the contemplative Marian carol of the Nuns of Chester, to folk carols to traditional popular carols, to the Pub carols of Sheffield with their amazing harmony, joy and vitality, and as far as the “*shape-note*” carol-singing of the people of Vermont, USA. I loved the English carols, especially, “*This is the truth sent from above*”, the German “*Es ist ein rose entsprungen*” and the French, notably “*Il est né le divin enfant*”. Each of these held their own spiritual “*magic*”.

What I did not grasp, at first, was the Gospel joy of these carols inspired in me and in all children. This I discovered through carol-singing.

When I was at school I was twice asked to sing solos at Christmas, first of all “*Three Kings from Persian lands afar*”, by the German composer, Peter Cornelius, published in 1856, about the gifts the Three Kings brought from Persia to our Saviour, ending with the verse, “*Gold, incense, myrrh thou canst not bring, offer thy heart to the infant King, offer thy heart!*”, and later I was asked to sing “The Boar’s Head carol” with its Latin phrases; the version I sang

originating in Queens College, Oxford, though the carol was first published in 1521.

When I was studying at Trent Park College, it was agreed that we should go as a group of students, carol singing around Cockfosters, and several joined us. We also stopped off at the Hall of Residence in Hadley Woods, where we were offered good, strong mulled wine and mince pies. Fortified with this we continued around the area with great enthusiasm. At the end of the evening I was given a kiss by one of the girls in our group, an unexpected bonus! But at that time, despite loving the carols, I would have described myself as an atheist, having little conscious understanding of the message of those carols, though singing them boldly.

I never lost my love for Christmas carols throughout many years of unbelief, but one should never underestimate their deep power! When I returned to the Faith in 1984, I sought out first, the Anglican Church at Christmas, but was shocked that on Christmas day there were less people in the congregation than we had in our choir at All Saints!

I continued to search for a Church to attend and as soon as I entered the Catholic Church, I knew I had found my true home. And one of the first things I did was to go carol-singing with a group of young people collecting for HCPT pilgrimage to Lourdes. Once again, I discovered the magic of bejewelled frosty nights by lamplight, with streets calm and peaceful, our voices drawing children to doors and windows. And hearts all aglow with secret joy.

The most extraordinary carol-singing experience I had was when I went with Streatham Baptist Church, which I used to go to in the evening when visiting my parents in London, after I had gone to Mass at St Bede's, Clapham Park in the morning, I needed at that time of conversion to sing enthusiastic praise to God, which was what one found in Streatham Baptist Church. When we went carol-singing with them, there was not the usual dozen or score of souls, but 150 men women and children! Such as the turnout that two groups of 75 had to be formed. I found myself with many strong voices, yet I sang out

with the immense joy of the Gospel, penetrating into the hearts of children in every street. It is hard to describe the sight of young children running to windows and front doors, full of wonder and delight.

I must say that I truly miss this experience, and the little I have written here is only a fragment of the joy in singing and hearing Christmas carols, I am certain that my return to Faith had contained within it all these memories from my early life

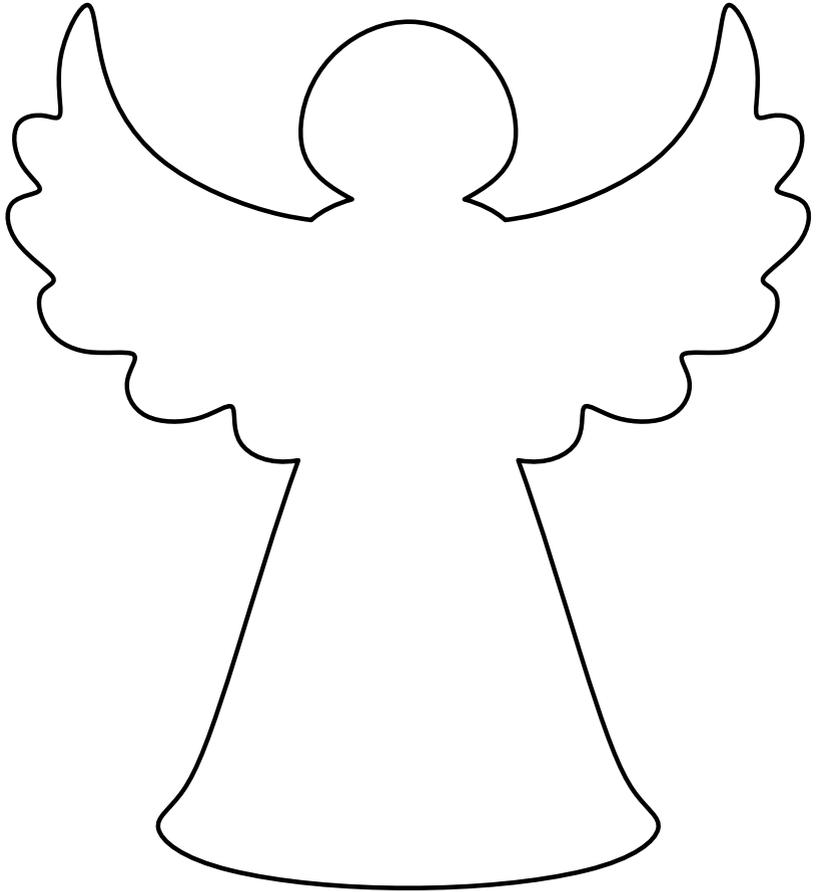
Geoffrey Johannes

Just a thought

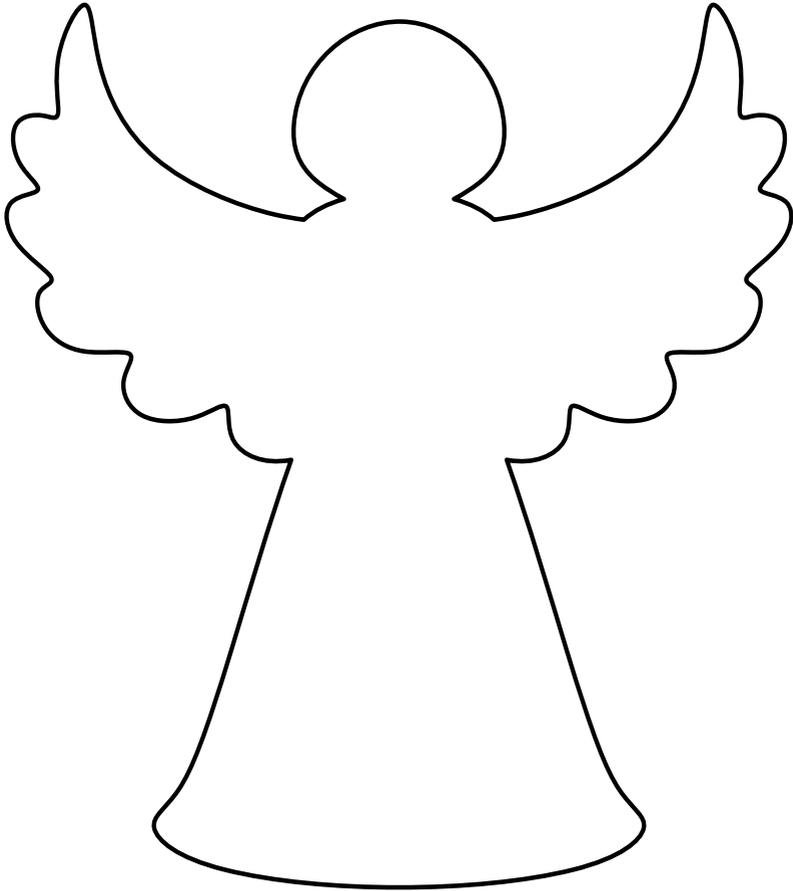
Life is not about learning how to survive the storm it's about learning how to dance in the rain



An Angel to cut out, make and decorate



– drawn by a Parishioner’s Friend



A Silly Little Town

*This is a story about a silly little town
It sits near the coast, not too far down.
To even get there is silly it must be said
For the road itself is just signposted "Fred"*

*A silly name for a road don't you think? "Fred".
But sillier still is where this road Fred led!
To a town called Whogiflips
Who gives what? no Whogiflips!
Or at least that's what it says
On the sign posts ahead.*

*Sillier still is who lives in this town
Which I must say, looks a tad rundown.
There was a Mr Gobbly, who married a Ms Gook
And all their children are Gobbly-Gooks
Then there was Mr Jumbo, who married Ms Mumbo
Yes they joined their names, yes to Mumbo-Jumbo.*

*Sillier still there was a dancer Mr Pokey
Of course of all people he married Ms Hokey
And yes they do dance and turn themselves around
"And that's what its all about "*

*You see what I am getting at, it's silly as can be
This town called Whogiflips that sits near the sea*

*Ms Dilly married a Dally, well it was destined to be
It only makes sense I'm sure you agree
That they move sooooo slowly
Mr..... and MrsDilly-Dally.*

*Next it gets complicated, but please bear with
For what I am saying isn't mere myth.
Ms Doppie wed Mr Ganger
and what's even stranger
they joined their names through
and the Doppie-Gangers are two.
And its hard to conceive
and quite hard to believe
They look just the same (save one has long hair)
It's as if seeing double and hard not to stare.*

*Whojiflips is silly it can't get much more
and the place is more than just local folklore.
For any newcomer to this silly little place
can meet them all here and be face to face.*

*I am a recent arrival you may want to know
My name is Ms Lovely and I have a new beau
His name, well....Mr Dovey, no surprise there
I think we'd make quite a compatible pair.
If we do tie the knot
don't waste a thought
for its easy to see
The Lovely-Doveys will be.*

Rick Keating-Fedders

Overheard at dinner time

A 5-year old boy was asked by his Mum to say grace before eating his dinner.

He replied: "But, Mum I don't have to. Don't you remember? We prayed over this yesterday."

Clearly, he was not impressed by the left-overs!

Two easy recipes

Lemon Tart

Buy a 10" sweet pastry flan – most supermarkets sell these

Filling

3 eggs

1 egg yolk

475 ml double cream

100g caster sugar

150 ml lemon juice

+ **sieved icing sugar to dust**

Method

1. Beat all the filling ingredients together
2. Pour filling mixture into the pastry case
3. Bake in preheated oven (150°C; 300°F; Gas Mark 2), for 20-25 minutes or until filling is set
4. When cold dust with the icing sugar and serve

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### Dark Chocolate Tart

Buy a 10" sweet pastry flan – plain/chocolate as available/preferred

#### **Filling**

3 eggs

1 egg yolk

450ml double cream

50g caster sugar

150g dark chocolate

¼ tea spoon ground cinnamon

+ **sieved cocoa powder to dust**

1. Make chocolate cream: Gently heat cream in saucepan, with chocolate. Stir continuously until the chocolate has melted
2. Whisk eggs, egg yolk and sugar and cinnamon together
3. Gradually whisk in the chocolate cream
4. Bake as for lemon tart.
5. When cold dust with the cocoa powder and serve

*Yvonne Hannan*

*The Heavens declare the glory of God  
AND WE HIS CHILDREN ENJOY EARTH'S SEASONS*  
A series of donated short poems, which I've illustrated for you

*Winter*



*Skeletal tree in a desolate landscape,  
trapped by the Frost in the still of the night,  
Stripped of her leaves by chill winds of autumn,  
Lonely she stands amid acres of white.  
Only the stars saw the silent encounter,  
Saw her transfused by a glacial breath;  
Dawn wrapped its mists like a mantle around her,  
Light gave the lie to her semblance of death.  
Glittering now like a fabulous jewel,  
Gladly she welcomes the sun's warming gold.  
Eloquent symbol of Beauties renewal  
after the darkness, the fear and the cold*

*Spring*



*New Spring in rainbow robes  
arrayed paints all the hills with green  
And in the waking woodland glade,  
her masterpiece is seen.*

*Tall saplings rise through pearly mist, of iridescent blue,  
The work of an impressionist too vibrant to be true.  
The artist from her palette fair has chosen lapits bright,  
And ground it to a pigment rare  
and blended it with light*

## Summer



*On dusty Summer days,  
how sweet to leave behind the city street  
and wander where blue islands lie like gems  
beneath the western sky.  
Where waters cool caress the shore  
and shadow-painted mountains soar.  
No dust, no noise a place apart  
to ease the mind and lift the heart.  
And when the tourists are all gone  
For local folk life still goes on  
and follows succeeding days*

*a pattern of time honoured ways.  
Of homely tasks, of smiles of tears  
sustained by faith throughout the years  
Each season, with its joys or ills,  
watched over by the timeless hills,*

## *Autumn*



*Now the year is slowing down,  
nature seems to take a breath  
Woodlands turn to russet brown,  
mists enfold the purple heath.  
Ripened fruits lie under eaves,  
Roses' velvet petals spill  
Bonfires burb the fallen leaves,  
sheep are gathered from the hills  
Mountain peaks wear caps of white.  
Icy winds come all too soon.  
Stubble fields are ghostly bright  
under an enormous moon  
Southward now the swallow flies  
squirrels hoard against the cold  
Fires are lit as summer dies  
in a blaze of red and gold.*

## Winter



*The snow bound forest lies wrapped in silence  
under arctic skies  
The hills are all asleep;  
no golden eagle flies.  
Nor fluting note is heard from moorland bird.  
Even the fox has sought his lonely lair  
No breath of wind disturbs the frosty air  
No lilted stream awakens  
the woodland from its wintry dream.  
Yet in this frozen land,  
the hungry deer comes tamely to the hand,  
and sleepless pine trees stand,  
watchful amid the silent wilderness  
(as if they know) that in a while  
the sunlight will return to warm the hills  
and every melting burn.  
Then joyous song will sing,  
While all the woods awake to loveliness  
And snowdrops nod their bonnets in the snow,  
To welcome radiant Spring*

## The Bee

I'm sitting at my computer in the Conservatory and there's a large, black bee trying to get out through the window glass. It's trapped, likely can't even remember how it got in that state elsewise it would have sensibly backtracked, but now here and without help, it's unlikely to escape.



Hammering against the pane, it is. Violently flinging itself against the unyielding problem, valiantly determined not to give up, give in, its strong, vigorous body a ball of muscular intent. "Must get out!! Must get THROUGH!!!" As it buzzes I can almost hear its thoughts. I go quickly to collect the see-through beaker and strong piece of card kept expressly for the purpose of removing straying, struggling, panicking insects from various parts of our house, to release it outside but, too late.

Up it's risen. Flown to the inner top of the Conservatory. "Don't rise higher, Little One", I plead, a silent prayer, "you'll get behind the awnings. You'll never get out." The bee drops down. Which way, which WAY??? It dips and loops and lands and flies off again ... in circles ... I give up. I put the beaker and cardboard down, just in case, and go about my work.

Silence ... More silence ... Good, it's gone out into the garden ... now, where was I? "Bzzz", "Bzzz", "BZZZZZZ". I look up: the awning, there it is, teetering on the edge between the outside world and the capturing, inner plastic surface of death. I sigh. It's too high. If I even tried the stepladder, if it buzzed back out at me, into my face I could topple over. I just can't. If only, if ONLY it would have the sense to drop down, drop away from the danger I could shoo it gently out but no, it's determined to do its own thing. I pray for it to be still, tired out. I pray for it to be too weak to continue to fight and then I could help. I

pray for it to have the HUMILITY to give up and simply rest in Providence but its instincts are so strong and I just have to wait ..and hope.

I wonder if God ever feels like me? The bee is still buzzing. It is still fighting even as I write. I can't force it. If I tried to do that I could harm it, kill it even by flapping a cloth or waving a stick or pointing a hairdryer at it (*what a suggestion!*), to encourage it to go the way I want. It has to be "Free Will", same with us yet how often do we flatly ignore God and determinedly fling ourselves with every dreg of strength we have at a problem when so often ALL that is needed is to come away, drop down, drop low, sink, kneel and admit "I just can't ... any more".

The bee doesn't know God has sent help in the form of me and my beaker and my little piece of card. I would place the beaker so gently over its little furry body, edge the strong, supportive card so gingerly yet firmly under its little legs till I had it safe, so safe in my care and then I'd carefully walk out into the garden and release the small, weary soldier back into "Life".

Oh, how often God longs to do this with us. So often, watching and waiting for just the right moment. So often when we are feeling at our wits end, down, out, exhausted with no fight left then, Oh, JOY, God can come right in ... AND HELP!!!

"Oh, God, give me the Humility to drop down sooner in my Spirit. To stop struggling and fighting and let your light come in. To take "it" to prayer, check Scripture or just stop clamouring for answers, for escape and instead let You, let YOU rescue me,

### **My Lord and My God."**

... and the bee? The buzzing is less now, weaker and more infrequent but the beaker and card are still on the table. I wait in hope.

*Ivona Marcellus-Boot*

Here is a picture for you to examine - what do you see?



Most people see a frog – did you? Now take a closer look and see if you can see a horse. If you can't see the horse take a look at the back page.

*Alicia Benton*

**The lovely poem on the next page was given to me by Margaret Cutting. It was composed by Margaret (Madge) Senior. When I was given Madge's poem, there was a prayer to Jesus with it, so I thought I would share this with you, too. It follows on from Madge's poem.**

## *Our Lady - a Poem*



*Take my hand, O Blessed Mother,  
Hold me firmly lest I fall,  
I am nervous when I am walking,  
And to thee I humbly call.  
Guide me over every crossing,  
watch me when I'm on the stairs,  
Let me know you are beside me,  
Listen to my fervent prayer.  
Bring me to my destination,  
With you safely - every day,  
Help me with each undertaking,  
As the hours they pass away.  
And when evening falls upon me,  
And I fear to be alone,  
Take my hand, O Blessed Mother,  
Please stay with me in my home*

## *Prayer in Time of Suffering*



*Behold me, my beloved Jesus,  
weighed down under the burden of  
my trials and sufferings.*

*I cast myself at Your feet,  
that you may renew my strength and my courage,  
while I rest here in Your presence.*

*Permit me to lay down my cross  
in Your Sacred Heart,  
for only Your infinite goodness can sustain me;  
only Your love can help me bear my cross;  
only Your powerful hand can lighten its weight.*

*O Divine King, Jesus,  
whose heart is so compassionate to the afflicted,  
I wish to live in you;  
suffer and die in You.*

*During my life,  
be to me my model and my support.*

*At the hour of my death,  
be my hope and my refuge.*

*Amen*

## You and Your Church

**A Parishioner asked me to copy this article from our 2017 Diary for everyone to share:**

Being a member of the Church means a life shared with others, so that you can be a real community, which in turn can become the nucleus of the wider society of people around you.

Of course, you can say "Our Church is a community!" But other folk may not be as readily convinced by words. They want to see community *in fact*. They want to see the fruits of the gospel we believe and preach.

Worship is the point at which you show you accept the responsibilities of being a community. It means making a worthy response to God *together*. It is not only the sign, it is the foundation of the continuing community of your church.

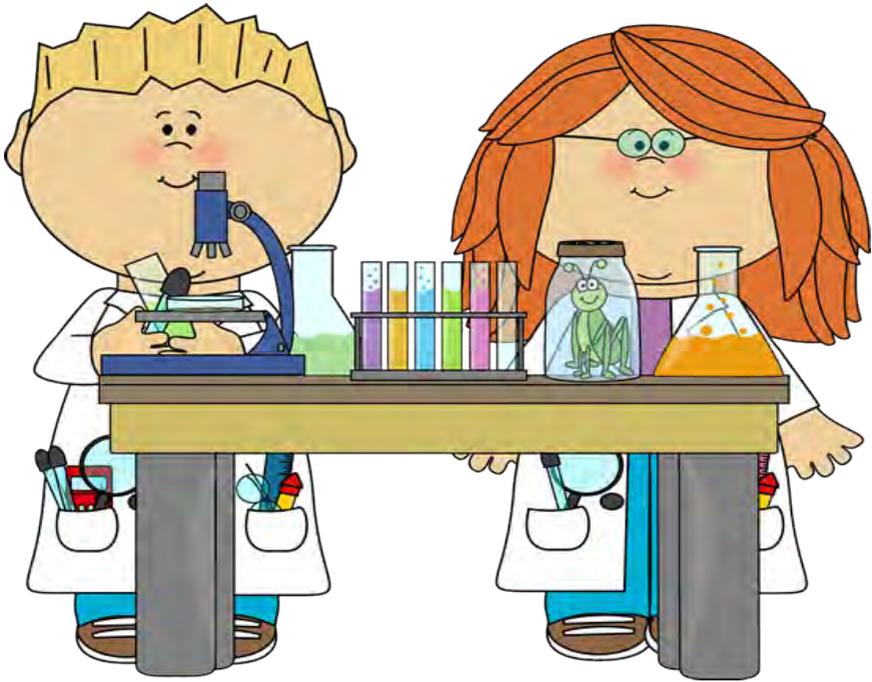
Look at your Bible, or take up a history of the early Church, and you will find that from the beginning Christians have always come regularly together. Above all, they have met for what Jesus told us to do, the giving of thanks and the sharing of Bread and Cup in the Holy Eucharist.

If you want to make a new beginning of fellowship in your church start in this way. Make up your mind always to be with your priest and all the others at this gathering point given by Christ to be a sign and foundation of fellowship. Remember that in it you celebrate God's love. Jesus has said "I give you a new commandment – that you love one another!"

But a church is not a closed circle. Love can live only by flowing out. The fruit of your joining in the worshipping fellowship must be a deepening love for your neighbor whoever he or she may be. If you can accept all this, the neighbour will wake on day and say:

**"WE'VE GOT A NEW CHURCH."**

# A Science Quiz



Consider the following statements

**Are they true or false? - answers on back page**

|                                                               | TRUE<br>or<br>FALSE? |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Electrons are larger than molecules.                       |                      |
| 2. The Atlantic Ocean is the biggest ocean on Earth.          |                      |
| 3. The chemical make-up of food often changes when its cooked |                      |
| 4. Sharks are mammals.                                        |                      |

|                                                                   |  |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 5. The human body has four lungs.                                 |  |
| 6. Atoms are most stable when their outer shells are full.        |  |
| 7. Filtration separates mixtures based upon their particle size.  |  |
| 8. Venus is the closest planet to the Sun.                        |  |
| 9. Conductors have low resistance.                                |  |
| 10. Molecules can have atoms from more than one chemical element. |  |
| 11. Water is an example of a chemical element.                    |  |
| 12. The study of plants is known as botany.                       |  |
| 13. Mount Kilimanjaro is the world's tallest mountain             |  |
| 14. Flootation separates mixtures based on density.               |  |
| 15. Herbivores eat meat.                                          |  |
| 16. Atomic bombs work by atomic fission.                          |  |
| 17. Molecules are chemically bonded.                              |  |
| 18. Spiders have six legs.                                        |  |
| 19. Kelvin is a measure of temperature.                           |  |
| 20. The human skeleton has less than 100 bones.                   |  |

## The Leak

We've just sprung a leak!! An old house this; ancient beams. Been around a long time. And what caused the leak? A tiny thing, an old plastic washer, "Worth about a ha'penny," said the plumber.



But the "tiny thing" caused a lot of damage. Unchecked over the years, it just kept wearing down, wearing out, wearing thin until, one fine day, for no "reason" at all, it just gave way. And did it!! Water marks spreading, great brown blotches all over the freshly painted ceiling; drip, drip, pitter ... pitter ..... s.t.r.e.a...m.....m ..... No-one could have known. "Such a "tiny thing", so hidden in the dark recesses of the house, the soul.

And isn't that what happens to us at times? A small misgrievance , a hurried act, a harsh word: "They won't know.", "They won't notice.", "It doesn't matter." But it does matter, even if "they" don't know, "it" changes something in us, we warp and bend and our integrity, like the tiny plastic washer, fritters away. Maybe you've never sinned and this is the first dent in the plastic. But, maybe it is just one more bit of fabric almost incomprehensibly breaking down, breaking away, compromising the ability of the soul to work at its best, act, shine, be the wonderful thing it was meant to be, pure, whole and complete.

This is why Confession is so valuable. God is the best Plumber in the world. Why? Because not only can He replaces broken parts, he can repair the Original, bring it back to its original working glory, a perfect thing, just as fresh and new as the day He placed it in it's original casing, Soul into Body ... or was I just talking about pipe-washers? You tell me.

*Ivona Marcellus-Boot*

## *Spots and Dots*

*This is the story of some spots  
and some dots.*

*The spots liked being spots  
"we're bigger than dots!"  
They thought they were better  
and surely more clever.  
They thought the dots  
were a tad awful lot.  
and played with them rarely  
and never quite fairly.*

*Now the dots were quite happy  
though at times a bit wacky  
they would jump and play  
to the end of each day.*

*In terms of the spots  
Well, spots were not dots.  
In fact, a peculiar lot  
they thought of the spots  
Though we are small  
and not at all tall  
Clever we be  
You just wait and see.*

*One day the spots  
while out on a trot  
Looking around  
guess what they found?  
**A New Creature !!!!***

*This creature was not a spot  
and much more than a dot?  
What are you ? they said to the creature.  
"You are certainly not a usual feature".*

*I'm a line, said the line,  
and quite well defined.  
and quite talented too  
in all I can do.  
I can go up and down  
give a smile or a frown  
I can go left or right  
and be heavy or light.*

*MMh said the Spots  
we should go tell the dots  
We have something new  
of which they can view  
They hurried and ran  
because of this plan  
but there were no dots  
To where have they got?*

*The page was all blank  
and their hearts kind of sank  
there were no dots to tell  
and they then felt unwell  
Where did they go?  
No one did know.  
Those darn dots on the page  
did they die of old age?  
We will return to the line  
that is so well defined*

*and tell them "No Dots",  
what's left are just Spots.  
They explained to the line  
of dots....no sign  
they must have all fled  
or they're possibly dead.*

*What did you think of the dots  
who weren't spots?  
spoke thus the line  
at just the right time  
The dots ...well... were wacky  
and their manner...a bit tacky.  
they were friends of a sort  
but we may have fell short.*

*We probably weren't fair  
and not always did share  
We may have been rude  
but didn't mean to exclude  
If they were here now  
we would give them a bow  
Our hearts a bit empty  
we miss them... well plenty.*

*MMM said the line  
now is the time  
we'll show you what's new  
to put to your view  
You won't then believe  
what the line did achieve  
It broke into two  
believe it, its true*

*then it broke into threes and then fours  
and there's more  
this was the start  
it broke all apart  
and then it was gone  
and there sit thereupon  
the dots, oh the dots  
they were back being lots.*

*The spots were amazed  
and in truth very dazed  
All was as before  
and they could only outpour  
their surprise and delight,  
for within their own sight  
the darn dots were all back  
no longer jam packed*

*The spots they all grinned  
no longer chagrined  
These dots were quite clever  
compared to us much better.*

*The spots and the dots  
moved together their plots  
they became best of friends  
and the story now ends.*

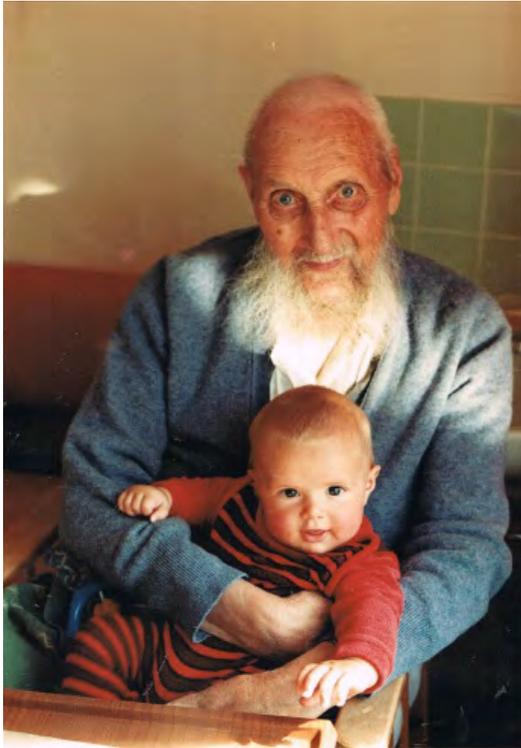
Rick Keating-Fedders

**One Liner**

"You don't have a soul, you ARE a soul; you HAVE a body."  
CS Lewis

## The Power of Prayer of the Elderly and Infirm.

The lovely photograph below is Philip Haggren aged 98 and his six month old grandson Luke aged 5 months. Nearly 100 years between them!



So many older people feel that the world is too fast, too changed for them to have an active part in family life, in parish life, or in politics. Yet these elderly and often housebound members of our parishes are our most amazing asset and are a powerhouse of prayer that can literally change the headlines!

So many people feel lonesome, worry about their children and grandchildren, thinking that there is nothing that they can do to guide and support them.

We have many such calls, letters and pleas for prayer.

Our response is always this: 'Your greatest work is to pray for the younger generations. Your prayer each day for your grandchildren, your priest, our parish communities, is simply the most wonderful gift that any grandchild, family, priest or parish could receive. You are the people who can change the world, support our clergy, and invest a piggy bank of prayer which your grandchildren's guardian angels will call upon in times of need! Not saving a penny a day, but a prayer a day. A gift that is truly priceless!'

Each and every parish has this prayer resource. Empowering the older generation to take this active participation in parish life supports our children, our families, our priests and our parishes and also brings joy and purpose to the elderly.

The perfect tool for this prayer is the Holy Rosary, with its simplicity of prayers and meditations. The 'Our Father', the 'Hail Mary', the 'Glory be'. Then the addition of the 'Prayer to St. Michael Archangel', a most powerful tool for deliverance from evil, and a short prayer to the guardian Angels of the children of the parish. The use of scriptural texts also, is ideal. By using a rota of people in the parish for different decades, all can feel included.

We are always delighted to hear from parishes keen to promote this initiative. With Bishop Richard asking for diocesan prayer of the Rosary for new vocations to the priesthood, there can be absolute certainty that the prayer of the elderly and housebound is to be cherished with an importance and value than could never ever be put into words! A main part of our work at Crown of Thorns is in the support of prayer initiatives. Scriptural texts for the rosary are available, so do get in touch.

We can be contacted at:

'Crown of Thorns' P.O.Box 49, Lingfield, Surrey, RH7 6YQ

Email [office@crownofthorns.org.uk](mailto:office@crownofthorns.org.uk) phone: 01342 870472

Visit our website: [www.crownofthorns.org.uk](http://www.crownofthorns.org.uk)

**Miracles still happen and they start with you!**

*Lisa de Quay*

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## **Just a thought**

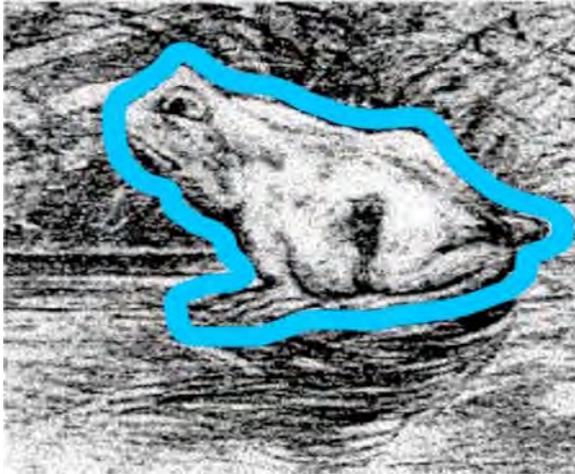
"God doesn't mind if you don't succeed, He just wants you to try!"

I don't know where I heard this one but, Oh, it's been so helpful.

*Ivona Marcellus- Boot*

## ANSWERS

**FROG Picture** – rotate the picture gently in an anti-clockwise direction and the HORSE is revealed.



## True or False Science Quiz Answers

|                                   |                                  |           |                            |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|
| 1. False                          | 2. False<br><b>Pacific Ocean</b> | 3. True   | 4. False<br><b>Fish</b>    |
| 5. False - <b>2</b>               | 6. True                          | 7. True   | 8. False<br><b>Mercury</b> |
| 9. True                           | 10. True                         | 11. False | 12. True                   |
| 13. False<br><b>Mount Everest</b> | 14. True                         | 15. False | 16. True                   |
| 17. True                          | 18. False - <b>8</b>             | 19. True  | 20. False - <b>206</b>     |

