

The Church of Our Lady, Stowmarket



For Saints and Sinners

The 17th Edition: April 2019

FOREWORD

Welcome to the 17th edition of: *For Saints and Sinners*

Sadly, tensions exist between peoples of different beliefs all around the world. But, it need not be like that. This magazine contains a brief account of our recent trip down-under, which included a tour of New Zealand: a young country with no indigenous people. All “Kiwis” regardless of their ethnicity or religion, are either immigrants or have an immigrant heritage and this seems to have encouraged the development of their largely tolerant society.

Soon after getting back home, there were horrific mass murders in New Zealand in two Christchurch Mosques. Prime Minister, Jacinda Ardern mirrored the country-wide shock and outrage. In the immediate aftermath, her sadness was palpable: “***They are us,***” “***The person who has perpetuated this violence against us is not (us).***” Over the next few days, Kiwis from all backgrounds joined together in a show of unity and love, determined to speak with one voice and not to be torn asunder by one cruel act of mindless targeted violence.

If we all tried harder to be “us” - brothers and sisters of the same humanity - we might have a kinder more compassionate world. We are the parish community of the Church of Our Lady. So, I think that means “***WE are US***” too, and that is really comforting.

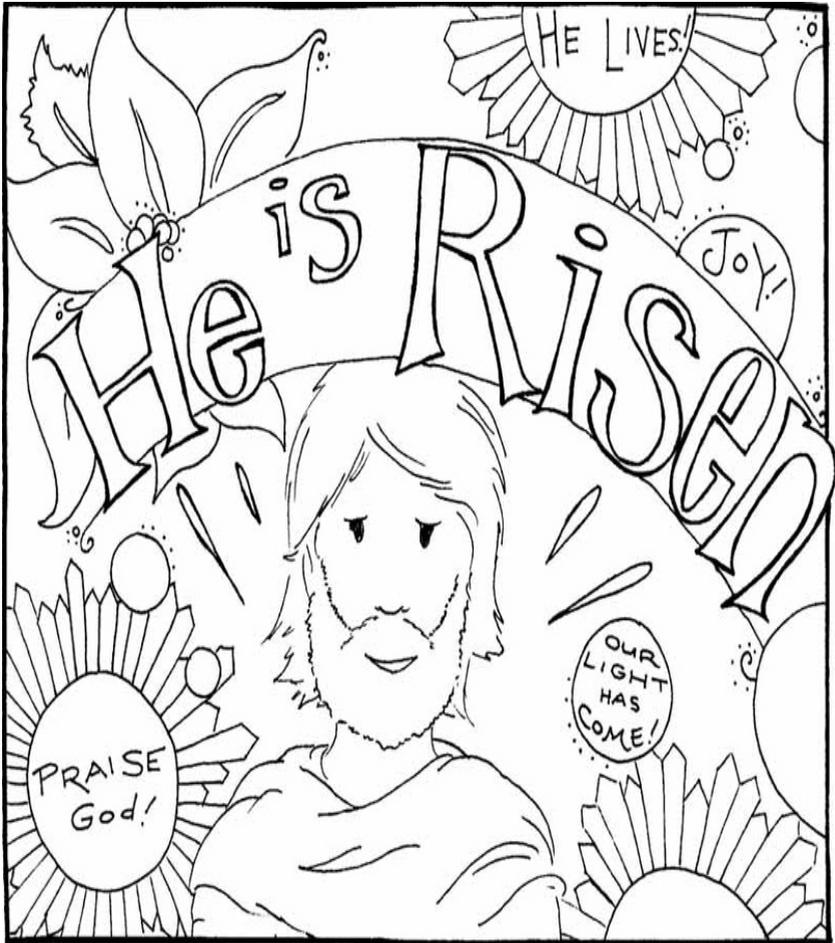
Yvonne Hannan
Editor

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P.S. As always, thanks for your continued help and support. Do consider sharing your stories and other articles with US by contributing to OUR next social magazine.

LET'S CELEBRATE THE MIRACLE OF THE RISEN LORD

A picture for the young and not so young to reflect on.
(.. and to colour it in and share it, if desired)



<https://artjinni.com/free-christian-easter-coloring-pages-empty-tomb/>

A PRAYER FOR FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

Left by an anonymous contributor. Photograph added by Editor

*Good morning, Lord.
Thank You for this new day.*



<https://www.pexels.com/photo/green-leafed-trees-1076183/>

*Thank You Lord, for Your compassion,
which is bestowed on mankind every morning.
Thank You Lord, for Your great faithfulness
and for Your steadfast love for us all.
I don't know what is going to happen today,
and how much I'll get done, but You do.*

*So, I give this day to You, O Lord
Father, please fill me with the Holy Spirit,
and energize me for Your work.
You know how tired these bones are,
so awaken me to the wonder of Your salvation,
and quicken my spirit to the reality
of Your work in my life.*

*Lord, my mind is filled with creative ideas,
but they're all jumbled, so, I ask the Holy Spirit
to come and hover over my mind
and help bring order out of the chaos.*

*Lord, I know You will always be by my side
as I strive to complete the good work You've started.
So, help me to trust that You will give me
all I need to do the work You have given me today.*

*As I step out into this new day, I declare
Your sovereignty over every area of my life.*

Lord, this day is Yours

*I entrust myself to You and ask that
You use me however You see fit.
My body is Yours. My mind is Yours.
Everything I am is Yours.
May You be pleased with me today.*

Amen.

USE THE CLUES TO IDENTIFY THE COASTAL PLACES.

Answers at back of magazine

	CLUE	Your Answer
1	Mother's way into the garden	
2	Vowel is prohibited here	
3	Dark body of water	
4	Essential part of a candle	
5	Red Pol, Friesian, Jersey	
6	Compass point's boundary	
7	Cat's digit	
8	Forest crossing	
9	Doesn't speak clearly	
10	One Pole's harbour	
11	Sea haven's opening	
12	Current fortification	
13	Rodent's escape route	
14	It's a bit smoky here	
15	John Bartholomew	
16	Adams, Bader, Fairbanks	
17	Pirates' favourite place	
18	Defends the catch	
19	Dancing Stronghold	
20	Wanted by Stills, Nash and Young	

Allie Warren, friend of parishioner

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?

Q Why don't you act your age?

A. Because I've never been this age before. I'm still learning!

MANASLU 2018

As many of you will know I've trekked extensively in Nepal, but the last time was in 2009 when I went to Everest Base Camp and Kalla Pathar, 18,500 feet. I'd been hankering after doing another big trek, but work kept getting in the way, so when I finally retired from my part time job in March 2018 Jo said "go for it". I didn't need a second bidding!

Nepal has many trekking regions and after some deliberation I decided to tackle the Manaslu Circuit. Manaslu is the eighth highest mountain in the world and is located in the Annapurna region. Training for trekking is not easy in Suffolk – there are no mountains, even significant hills, and it's all mostly at sea level. However, I prepared myself as best I could and set off in mid-October. My flight to Kathmandu was via New Delhi, nine and a half hours flying in all. After one night in Kathmandu our group set off to drive to Soti Khola where we were to start the trek proper. Our group consisted of five trekkers, two female and three male, and a team of six support staff. These latter were our Sirdar, the leader, two Sherpas and three porters. The porters carry all the main baggage whilst the trekkers will only carry a small backpack containing essentials for the day's trek.

The trekking day starts around six am with "bed-tea". One of the staff, usually a porter comes knocking at the door of one's room, of which more anon, and offers tea, or in some cases weak coffee. We soon christened the wake-up tea as "knocky-knocky tea". Breakfast, porridge, omelettes or Tibetan bread comes around half an hour later and the trekking starts around seven to half past. Accommodation is in lodges, but nothing one would recognise in this country as a lodge. Nepalese lodges are wooden structures with corrugated iron roofs and the only heating is provided by means of stoves located in the main dining area and often fuelled by yak dung. Individual rooms, and we mostly shared, are unheated and as one gets higher the night

time temperature will fall below freezing. The trekking itself will normally be for about five hours in the morning, with lunch at a wayside lodge, and a further two to three hours in the afternoon so that, in general, one can put ones feet up around mid to late afternoon. Showers are sometimes available at the lodges, but they're often not more than lukewarm so the tendency is to have a quick splash!

Our own route took us through forested paths and narrow tracks alongside steep inclines and, as this particular area had been badly affected by the earthquake of 2014, some of the trails were new and very heavy going underfoot. All the time we were going steadily up and once we got to 10,000 feet above sea level we had acclimatisation stays for two nights. Our big day was eleven hours trekking! We all had head torches and set off at 4.29am in pitch darkness. We began our severe ascent and at 9.45am we reached our goal: the Larke La Pass at 16,748 feet above sea level. There, many photographs were taken and then we began the descent! The trail was mostly loose scree and even with trekking poles it was a very slow process and all of us slipped and slithered from time to time. That day we reached our overnight stop at 3.33pm. (I always keep a detailed diary.)

Thereafter we descended steadily back down to just under 3,000 feet. The nights became warmer and the days were pleasant and the walking generally easier. There were still some hairy places where the earthquake had destroyed the original trekking paths. We reached the village of Tal and the end of our walking by mid-morning on 27th October. From there we travelled by vehicle to Besibahar along the most treacherous of narrow tracks with a driver who constantly used his mobile phone seemingly oblivious of the potential dangers of his actions. We all breathed a huge sigh of relief when we reached Besibahar!

The following day we travelled by road, different driver, to Kathmandu where we had one final night at the Shangri-La Hotel

and a chance to have a proper shower and a change of clothes. In fact I had booked an extra night in Kathmandu so I was able to go to the Thamel, in the heart of Kathmandu, and soak up some of the atmosphere there.

Thanks to all the parishioners of Our Lady's who so very generously sponsored me for the magnificent amount of £930 which will be heading to Siem Reap in Cambodia later this week. At some time in the none too distant future I intend to give an illustrated talk on this trek and say more about Nepal and Manaslu. My last big trek? Who knows!



Trek Stock Illustrations, Dreamstime.com

Frank Lea, March 2019

TRAVEL SIGN



SOME REFLECTIONS ON MY EARLY LIFE AND ON POETRY AND DANCE

When I was a young man and studying at Trent Park College, apart from carol-singing, I was obsessed with modern dance and though I had no prior dance training, I joined the Dance Society. I was also a poet, having published a sixteen-sonnet sequence in my school magazine. I was influenced by European poets who wrote sonnets, such as: Rainer Maria Rilke (German), Hugo von Hofmannstal (Austrian), and Stefan Mallarmé and Charles Baudelaire (French). As well as reading them in very good translations, I was able to catch the cadences of their poetry with my limited knowledge of German and rather better French.

Influenced by Yeat's line, "*And what rough beast its hour come round at last, slouches towards Bethlehem to be born.*" I wrote two sonnets *on incarnation*, which were read by Our English department Head, a literary critic for the Sunday Times. He put them on a notice board in the corridor, where they were seen by some girls studying *The Art of Movement*. They took a copy to use, but I was unfortunately unable to see their performance, because it was under exam conditions.

A few years later, I went with Paula and read these and other poems regularly at the Poetry Society. The South African poet Jeni Couzyn said she "*liked the internal rhyme*", and a visiting Persian poet asked me for a copy of the poems, which he later translated into Persian and published them in a magazine in Tehran. When he came to our flat in Camberwell Grove, he gave me a copy of the magazine, but because it was in Persian, I could only read my name!

There follows one of my sonnets.

Note: When this sonnet was published in the Internet Writers' Guild a few years ago, some comments were made that the movement in the poems showed how they could have been the

subject of a dance project. I imagine that it was my love of dance which had also partially inspired me.

*No not throwing ball in same
Curve not impossible imitation
But exploring new motion
Counter pulse and counter game
Offbeat to stable and still
Continuing its outwards sweep
Making one final long leap into itself, itself to fill,
It thrusts further outward, or winds its way around
Its centre, gravitates toward
Its liquid centre, or its sparks
Leap off and are distantly found
At the end of the universe in the dark*

Geoffery Johannes, 1969

OUR MODERN TECHNOLOGICAL AGE

Young Girl: Mum, What's the WiFi Password?

Mum: Clean your room first

.....**30 minutes later**

Young Girl: Mum I've cleaned my room. What's the WiFi Password?

Mum: It's **cleanyourroomfirst**. All lower case with no spaces.

Alf Hannan

A GAME OF SUDOKU TO EXERCISE YOUR BRAIN CELLS

Solution at back of magazine

	5		2	3				
	1					8	6	
	9			8				
			8	9				1
	4	3						5
		2	4					3
8			7		1	2		
						7	4	
6					9			

GOD OF THE TINY THINGS

Some days you can, some you just can't; today was one of the latter. I sat down, looking out at the dismal wet garden, and bluntly said to God: "**Help!**"

All of a sudden

as they say in the best stories

all of a sudden, a bushy-tailed whirlwind sprang out of a sodden thicket: a young squirrel, ker-plonk, ker-plonk, ker-plonking along by the ivy.



Pexels: public domain images

Straight up the bird-table tree, down again, tail flagged high. Then it bounded along the leaf-strewn fence and up, up, up into the leafless sycamore and away to Heaven, from where I presume it had come.

What a delight! What an enchantment! What a diversion!

I peeked around the corner, but ope, it was gone!

Well, my goodness! That had to be the fastest answer to prayer I'd ever encountered ... I found myself smiling. Only a little smile, mind you, but it was there, it was.

And the squirrel? An ANGEL in disguise

Ivona Marcellus-Boot

SMILE

*If someone doesn't have a smile
Give them one of yours*

*It brightens up a gloomy face
It's sure to open doors
To happy thoughts of better things
A clearer brighter day*

*So if a person's sad and glum
Smile and make their day*



Ivona Marcellus-Boot

ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGE

Hello, you are talking to a machine and I can receive messages. My owners do not need double glazing and have clean carpets. They give to charity through their church and have no financial concerns they want to discuss with a stranger.

...LONG PAUSE ...

If you're still with me, Dear Caller, please leave your name, number and a short message. I'm sure they'll get back to you.

DOWN-UNDER

Alf and I enjoyed the period of Advent leading up to Christmas 2018, but it felt strange: we did not decorate our home, bring the Christmas tree in from the garden or plan any family festivities. Instead, on December 21 we took a disgruntled cat to the cattery and drove to Hampshire for some precious time with our daughter and her family. We returned home to Suffolk on Christmas Eve in order to pack our bags in readiness for a 9-week trip “Down-under”.

After enjoying our usual 8.30 Mass on Christmas Day we had a quiet morning. We had plenty of time to chat to far-flung family members on the phone before walking over to our local pub for lunch and then back home again for the Queen’s Christmas broadcast. Later, it was a short trek across the road to play board games with our good neighbours, until we made our early excuses in lieu of our Boxing Day “*silly o’clock*” pick-up booking to take us to Heathrow Airport.

Our son Simon and his wife Angela have decided to make Australia their permanent home. The uneventful 28-hour journey was long and we were tired and jetlagged, but we were delighted to see Simon waiting for us in the arrivals hall in Canberra Airport. Simon and Angela have 2 boys, Adam and William, who you may recall seeing at Mass during one of their many trips to stay with us in Haughley.

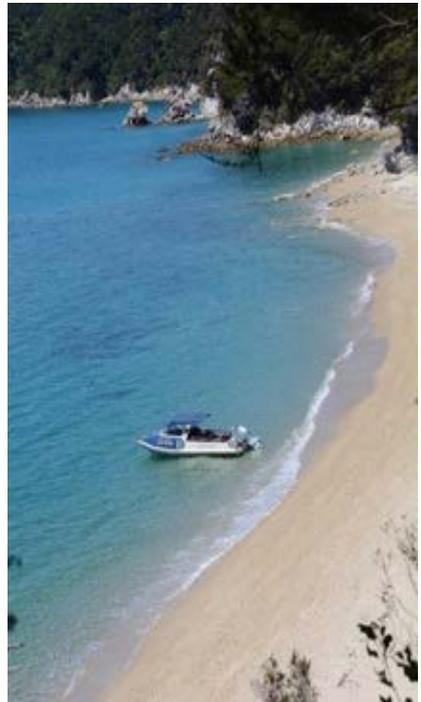
We spent a lovely week in Canberra with Simon and his family. During which time we helped them pack in readiness to move house on the day after we were due to continue our travels down under. Whilst in Canberra we had an especially memorable day when Alf, I and the two boys, spent the day in a local national park. Our sightings included: kangaroos, a platypus, a black red-bellied snake, a little potoroo and a noisy kookaburra in a tree, (honesty!). Afterwards, on the drive back to Canberra, we stopped to have a lovely riverside picnic and to give the boys time to cool down with a swim and playtime in the cool sparkling water. Our time in Canberra whizzed by and soon we were on our travels again with a promise to return to see them again on our way back to England several weeks hence.



The boys having a dip in a local river.

We flew from Canberra via Melbourne to the Australian island state of Tasmania with its beautiful national parks, coast-line, mountain ranges, rivers, lakes and rainforests. We did a lot of walking and it was a great treat to see wildlife in their natural habitats. On land: grazing wombats, sleepy echidnas and gentle wallabies. At sea: noisy fur seal colonies, playful dolphins and a huge albatross on the wing.

Opposite is one of the many beautiful Tasmanian beaches, seen from the vantage point of a hill-side walk.

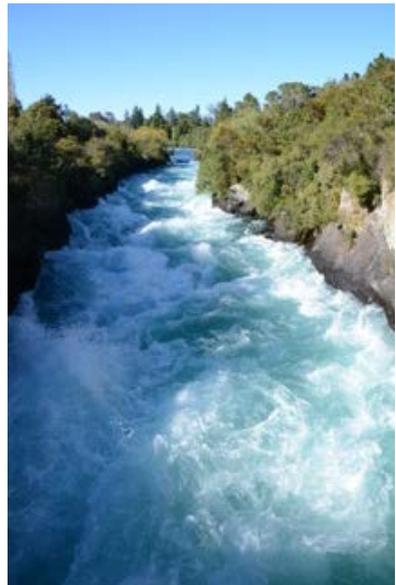


In the first week of our stay in Tasmania we attended Mass in the City of Hobart. However, outside the city small Catholic communities are scattered far and wide and often priests have vast distances to travel. So, on our second week, as is commonplace practice, we joined a congregation in a remote coastal community as they, very competently, lead their own readings of the liturgy. The last two days of our two-week Tasmanian tour were spent on a farm overlooking a river, where we relaxed, enjoyed the solitude and had time to reflect on just how lucky we are.

Then it was a flight from Hobart, via Melbourne to Christchurch in the South Island of New Zealand, where all around there are amazing landscapes, friendly people, open roads and also the free national parks to visit. New Zealand is home to fewer than 5 million people. It has no indigenous mammals (including humans): it's wildlife is bird-based, has evolved without predators and is defenseless against man and other introduced predator species, such as the fox from Europe and herbivore possums from Australia, who after being introduced to New Zealand, developed a taste for bird eggs and chicks and eliminated some bird populations.

Native New Zealand trees are all evergreen and with no snakes or other dangerous critters, it's safe to walk barefoot in the bush, with only the risk of getting scratched by the undergrowth or stubbing your toe. The South Island is jaw-droppingly beautiful with ice-capped mountain ranges, open plains, vast forests and many blue, ice-melt fed lakes, rivers and waterfalls caused by the minerals in suspension.

Opposite a bubbling blue river near Lake Taupo Sth Island.



The South Island is home to about 1/5th of the total New Zealand population and it is easy to get around via the well-surfaced, often empty roads. It's east coast has many white sandy beaches and enjoys relatively mild weather, whereas it's west coast is wild and rugged with more changeable weather. It's hard to select our favourite part of the South Island, but an overnight cruise in Doubtful Sound fiord was very special. This deep and large fiord is inaccessible by land, and the land around it is a largely unexplored wild-life bird sanctuary. As dawn broke the boat engines and generators were cut, we all put our cameras to one side and no-one (not even the children) spoke for 10 minutes. All we could hear was the sound of the wind, the waterfalls and the birds. It was magical.



View from our boat on Doubtful Sound, South Island.

Later, when we were on a walk to the base of Fox Glacier our guide explained that the glacier is receding year-on year probably as a direct result of global warming – a sobering thought. Finally, (and of course!), we had to visit and sample produce from the Marlborough wine region. As they say it would have been rude not to! We reluctantly left the South Island via the inter-islander ferry from Picton and landed in Wellington in the North Island, where the remaining 4/5th of the population lives, half of whom live in Auckland, itself.

In the North we enjoyed a very different and gentler landscape. Whilst there, we visited the Waitangi Treaty grounds: the birthplace of the New Zealand nation, which was born after the signing of the historic Treaty by certain Maori tribal Chiefs and representatives of the European settlers.



Some friendly locals in Waitangi, North Island.

The Maori language was verbal until a 15-character written language was created by two Maori scholars who visited England not long before the Waitangi Treaty was signed. The new Maori written language was used to translate the treaty from English, but the Maori translation contains some anomalies, notably about land rights and these are still being slowly addressed by later generations. Other North Island highlights included the beautiful Coromandel Peninsula, the Art Deco town Napier, the thermo-geological area around Rotorua, whale watching and of course more wine tasting – this time in Hawkes Bay. Of course, we continued to attend Mass in lots of different places. I think the most noticeable and widespread thing was the informality, for example in one church, just before Mass began, the visiting priest stood at the front of the congregation, introduced himself and said: *“who wants to do the readings, then?”*

I should add that two smiling “volunteers” came forward, immediately!”

So, to round up our story. New Zealand is only 150 years old and is home to lots of different ethnic groups, all of whom are either immigrants or descended from immigrants. In the main, this immigrant mix has produced a tolerant and open society, proud of its differences, even prouder to call New Zealand their home and to be collectively known throughout the world as “KIWIS”. The Maori word for New Zealand is Aotearoa, which means Land of the Long White Cloud and everywhere you see and hear “*Kia-ora*”: Maori for “be well or healthy” and now used as a widespread greeting. When our New Zealand adventures ended we *popped in* to see our son and his family for a splendid long weekend on the way home. The homeward journey took us about 32 hours and when we landed back in Heathrow it all too soon began to feel like a distant dream. But, there are always compensations: It was lovely to see our daughter Michelle, her husband Daniel and to hug our three Hampshire grandchildren again after such a long time away. The cat had got very fat in the cattery, but soon forgave us by bestowing on us the gift of a mouse and finally *thank goodness for Skype* we can see our Aussie relatives even if we can't hug them

Yvonne and Alf Hannan

FINALLY: SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SMILE!



VectorStock.com/405828

I would like to thank:

- *my arms* for always being by my side,
- *my legs* for always supporting me, and
- *my fingers*, because I can always count on them.

<http://coolfunnyquotes.com>

SOLUTION TO QUIZZES

COSTAL PLACES

CLUE	ANSWER	CLUE	ANSWER
1	Margate	11	Portsmouth
2	Oban	12	Newcastle
3	Blackpool	13	Mousehole
4	Wick	14	Arbroath
5	Cowes	15	Morecombe
6	Southend	16	Douglas
7	Felixstowe	17	Penzance
8	Woodbridge	18	Fishguard
9	Mumbles	19	Ballycastle
10	Southport	20	Crosby

SUDOKU - Answers in bold type

4	5	8	2	3	6	1	9	7
3	1	7	9	5	4	8	6	2
2	9	6	1	8	7	5	3	4
7	6	5	8	9	3	4	2	1
1	4	3	6	7	2	9	8	5
9	8	2	4	1	5	6	7	3
8	3	9	7	4	1	2	5	6
5	2	1	3	6	8	7	4	9
6	7	4	5	2	9	3	1	8

Dear Parishioner

The notice below has been designed to help ensure that your priest and other significant persons may be contacted if needed.

The completed card may be cut out and put in a prominent place where it can be easily seen.



I attend Our Lady's Catholic Church,
Stricklands Road, Stowmarket,
IP14 1AW
Parish Office: 01449 612946
Email: pp@ourladystowmarket.org.uk



In an emergency, please contact as appropriate:

My parish priest _____ details as above

A close friend _____ on

_____ or

A relative or next of kin _____ on
