

Grapevine

September, November,
October 2023

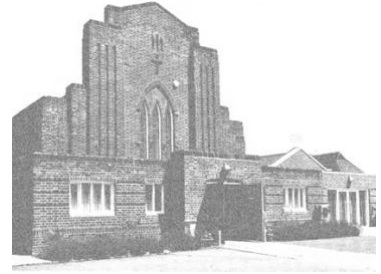


Ickenham United
Reformed Church Magazine



MINISTER

In Vacancy



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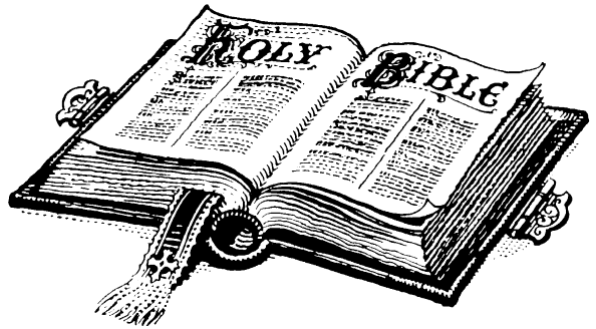
From the Elders

What is the world's bestselling book?

In the house group I belong to we recently took part in 'The Bible Course' which is developed by the Bible Society. The course, over eight sessions, helped us to see the big picture of the Bible storyline - from Genesis to Revelation.

The course involves watching a DVD, and in one film clip various people were interviewed on their thoughts as to what is the world's bestselling book.

They were all staggered to learn that it is the Bible. Over 400 million copies of the Bible are sold or distributed each year, plus millions of downloads, and it is translated in part or whole into over 3,000 languages! It was written by more than 40 human authors, over a period of 1,500 years. But God was the architect. He inspired it.



It has had a major impact on our society through things such as music and films, politics and social reform, literature and language, to mention but a few ways.

It made me think - do we take accessibility to the Bible in our country too much for granted? There are parts of the world where Bibles are in short supply and people yearn to own and study it. The last Bible-a-Month leaflet told us that China has one of the fastest growing Christian communities in the world and millions of Bibles have been printed and distributed there in the last three decades. The leaflet also told us that during the war in Ukraine the Bible Society teams have distributed more than half a million copies of the Bible across the country, including to front-line soldiers, bringing the hope of the Bible, along with basic food and medical aid to stricken communities.

When I was a child growing up in Wales, we were told the true story of '*Mary Jones and her Bible*'. You may yourself be familiar with it, but if not here is a summary.....



Mary lived about two hundred years ago on the edge of a Welsh village. Her father was a weaver and the family was very poor. Mary couldn't read or write and there was no school for her to go to. She looked forward to Sundays when they walked two miles to the service at the chapel and could meet up with friends. When the minister was reading from the big black Bible Mary tried to imagine what it would be like to read and make sense of the black squiggles on the pages. One Sunday the minister told them that a school was to be opened in the village. Mary was so excited to be able to attend school and learn to read, which she picked up very quickly from the Bible, the only book available, and loved to

read the Bible stories. Her parents were very proud when she was asked to read from the Bible in the chapel one Sunday.

Mary decided that she would save up to buy her own Bible. She saved up pennies from doing chores around the house and work for nearby farmers. Six years went by and by the age of 15 she found that she had nearly saved enough money to buy a Bible. The minister gave her money collected by the villagers to make it up to the amount that she needed.

In order to buy her Bible, Mary had to walk the twenty-five miles to Bala, to the house of a Mr Edwards and it took her a whole day to walk there. When she found where Mr Edwards lived, and he found out how far she had walked, he was amazed, and he saw that she was given a good meal and a bed for the night.

The next morning, he explained that they would have to go to the house of a Mr Charles, who had received a parcel of Welsh Bibles from London, and would be able to give one to Mary. When they reached his house Mr Charles only had one left and he passed it to Mary. She was so excited to have her own Bible at last! When she reached home, she showed it to her parents and friends, so thrilled to have a Bible to read in her own language.

Long after Mary had left for home, Mr Charles thought about her and how she had saved money and walked so far to get her Bible. Later, he attended a great meeting of important men and women in London. He told Mary's story and the response from the meeting was that more Bibles should be

printed in Welsh, and more cheaply, followed by the suggestion that there should be Bibles in every language. There and then a society was formed to make Bibles in every language for people all over the world. That society still exists today – the British and Foreign Bible Society.

So...think on and remember the story of Mary Jones.
Treasure your Bible, and read it! Remember how precious the word of God is within it to so many people around the world.

Celia Miller

If you wish to read the whole story let me know and I can lend you a book

Family News

Birthdays



September	
9 th	Sheila Mills
12 th	Richard Piper
15 th	Diana Holland

October	
17 th	Patricia Potter
27 th	Pat Smith



November	
8 th	Janice Osborne
15 th	James Murray
24 th	Emma Charlton

Diary Dates

Late Summer Forecourt Sale

Saturday 9th September 10.00am till 12 noon

Elders

Meeting Tuesday 12th September 2.30pm in Oasis

Prayer Meeting

Meeting in Hardwick Room - Wednesday 20th September 2.00pm

Church Gathering in Oasis - Sunday 24th September, after service.
A response to questions from church members by Reverend George Watt
(Thames North Synod Moderator)

Mother's Union Meetings

Meet at 1.45pm in the Church Hall of St Giles's Church

Thursday 14th September – Speaker Chris Hill President of European School Heads (ESHA) - *Trying to do better – a career in Education.*

Thursday 12th October (with raffle)

Speaker Liz Wadland – *Christians who are different from us*

Thursday 9th November – Speaker Rosemary Bennett, Hillingdon Friends Of the Earth – *Our Changing Climate.*

Sunday 3rd September at 11.00am - led by Jeremy Day

Sunday 10th September at 11.00am - led by Peter Williams

Sunday 17th September at 11.00am - led by John Miller
Holy Communion will be served

Sunday 24th September at 11.00am - led by John Mackerness

Sunday 1st October at 11.00am - led by Anne Dove –
followed by bring and share Harvest Festival Lunch in Church Hall

Sunday, 8th October at 11.00am - led by Sue Clifford

Sunday, 15th October at 11.00am

led by Revd George Watt, Thames North Synod Moderator
Church Annual Anniversary and Gift Day Service.

Holy Communion will be served,

After the service the Revd George will hold a question and answer session in The Oasis.

Sunday 22nd October at 11.00am - led by Geoff Easton

Sunday 29th October at 11.00am - led by Sue McCoan

Sunday 5th November at 11.00am - led by Jeremy Day

Sunday 12th November at 11.00am - led by Peter Williams
Remembrance Day Service – Uniformed Groups welcome

Sunday 19th November at 11.00am - led by John Mackerness
Holy Communion will be served.

Sunday 26th November at 11.00am - led by TBA

Passing into God's Service

We have recently experienced the sad passing of two of our church membership. On 7th July Sheila Evelyn Dell passed away and her funeral took place at Breakspear Crematorium on Friday 28th July.

On 3rd July Margaret Eiry Jenkins Jaggar passed away and her funeral was at St. Giles' Church on Thursday 3rd August.

At Eiry's funeral the reading from the bible was 1 Corinthians 13:1-13 and followed by an address by Reverend Navina Thompson, which she based on this bible reading. I just felt that the reading and the address personified the personalities of both Sheila and Eiry and was a true reflection of their great dedication and commitment, skill and energy that both gave during their lives, not only to our community, but to those who came into contact with them throughout their lifetimes.

1. If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal.
2. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing.
3. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.
4. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud.
5. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.
6. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth.
7. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.
8. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away.
9. For we know in part and we prophesy in part,
10. but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.
11. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put the ways of childhood behind me.
12. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.
13. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

Address given by Navina

Address given at the funeral service of Margaret Eiry Jenkins Jaggar by Rev Navina Thompson based on: 1 Corinthians 13:1-13.

I didn't know Eiry personally. Everything I know about her were the stories and memories that were shared with me by her children, Rhys and Sian. You have already heard many of those stories in the tributes given today. We have heard how Eiry's life was filled with love, purpose and generosity. Her love empowered others, it saw the potential in people and encouraged those potentials to bear fruit. Not everyone who is a parent, teacher or carer of any kind possesses this kind of love. This kind of love is special and it's a choice we make. It's a choice we make everyday to live this life of love.

Love always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres, LOVE NEVER FAILS.

Love in this passage is used as a noun as the essence of one's being. God exhibits this kind of love, but Christians also believe that God is LOVE itself. Love is the essence of God's being. Love is a noun, but love is also a verb. Love is a being and a doing. Eiry lived this kind of love.

Eiry lived a full, good and purposeful life. She was surrounded by loving family who cared for her till the end. As her health failed her, her family surrounded her with their love. I was told her favourite flowers were Daffodils. Daffodils are a symbol of creativity, energy, resilience and vitality. I think these words describe Eiry to a T. Daffodils announce the beginning of Spring. They are bright and cheerful they signal the end of the dark days of winter.

In Eiry her family and friends found a friend who shone bright with encouragement and support during their difficult times. Her children Rhys and Sian described her as diplomatic and loyal. They said she loved being a teacher and helping people achieve their dreams. They said she was generous and hospitable, providing tea and donuts to many kids who would drop in after school. Not just kids but the staff of the school also dropped in and enjoyed her hospitality. To be honest I too am partial to tea and donuts or cakes! Eiry was everyone's confidante.

She was proud to be Welsh. Eiry modelled for her family, colleagues, students and friends a life of love, generosity and hospitality. She had a deep faith and attended St Giles for many years but as her health deteriorated, she found it more accessible to attend the URC coffee mornings and did so regularly.

Love always hopes. Love always perseveres, LOVE NEVER FAILS.
The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, they are new every morning...

God is love. It is God's essence. Jesus chose to live a life of love and compassion towards the vulnerable. He was a Rabbi- a teacher who taught us to love our neighbour as ourselves. He demonstrated how to love God and how to love each other. A selfless love. The same love that Eiry experienced and lived out. This love is also available to us. This love is here today in the face of all who are gathered here to remember and honour Eiry. When all else has been done, when we have lived our life and we are gone, only Faith, Hope and Love remain. BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE. May each one of us also choose to live a life of love and purpose just like Eiry who was inspired by her deep Faith. Choose Love.



Sheila Evelyn Dell 1933-2023

Sheila was born in Barking on 3rd July 1933, and she lived in Barking until she married Fred in 1956. She attended Dagenham County High school where she was very keen to tell everyone that Dudley Moore also attended there. When she was head girl in the sixth form, Dudley would play the piano for her assemblies. While she was at school, she found her love of cooking.

After leaving school Sheila went to the Northern Polytechnic in Holloway North London to undertake a course in Institutional Management and Catering. While she was there, she met Fred via some mutual friends. At this time Fred was doing National Service in the RAF so it took him 2 years to ask her out.

When Sheila qualified, she took a job in the School Meals Service in the East End, hoping to become the first Jamie Oliver and change school meals for the better.

Sheila and Fred got engaged in 1955 on Fred's birthday and married on 22nd December 1956. Once married they moved to Kenton, Harrow where Sheila became an Assistant School Meals Organiser – this was a prestigious job at the time.

In 1960 they planned a three-week holiday driving around Europe. Sheila's boss wouldn't give her the time off, so she quit. While on holiday she found

out she was pregnant with Corinne who was born in 1961, Susan followed in 1965 which meant a move a year later to a bigger house – this was to be in Ashbury Drive, Ickenham. It was in this house that Sheila remained until 2013. Keith was born in 1969 and Jennie in 1972. All the children attended Breakspear and Vyners Schools with Sheila staying home to bring up the family. Many will be aware that Corinne died in 1975 and Keith in 1987 through different heart defects. To lose one child is a terrible and difficult situation to be in but to then lose a second child, it is impossible for us to comprehend. Sheila became stronger because of it. Fred then died in 1998 from cancer.

In 1980 Sheila went back to work, this time as a Home Economics Technician at Vyners School. Those who have known Sheila well will appreciate when I say that she was not only a Home Economics Technician. She became involved in providing special catering for events including preparing food for the teachers' training days and end of term celebrations. Her culinary expertise was seen in different ways. She will be remembered for example, making birthday cakes in the shape of a McDonald's burger in a bun and I will remember her spicing up an apple crumble by added small pieces of marzipan – certainly a crumble with a twist. For a time, she became a Non-Teaching Staff member of the School Governing Body. She also enjoyed going on trips and tours with Perry Parsons and the Vyners Swing Band. During this time, she became involved with Guides becoming District Commissioner. She would support Guiding where she could, including helping with Brownie Camps.

When Hillingdon Choral Society started in 1980 Sheila offered to help with the refreshments at their concerts. This was something she did for very many years. She also enjoyed some European Concert Tours with the choir. Sheila was also an active member of St Giles Church and then later at the URC – where she became a member almost 25 years ago in November 1998 during the ministry of Alan Cassingham. She would get involved with anything and everything particular to do with catering.

It was in 2013 that Sheila decided to move to smaller accommodation in Sherley Court in Ruislip. After a while she moved to Clare House so that she could be further supported as she had limited mobility.

For those who knew Sheila will tell you she had a 'wicked' sense of humour, often seeing the funny side of things when others didn't. Sheila was always very generous with her time, sharing her talents and in her giving.

Five days before Sheila died, she had just celebrated her 90th birthday. Jennie and her two boys Ben and Charlie had come over from Canada for the event and mum's last week was spent with her family around her.



Margaret Eiry Jenkins Jaggar 1934-2023

Tribute to Mum by Rhys Jaggar

Mum was born, the third of three children, into a Welsh-speaking family with ancestry in South West Wales. Although war characterised her primary school years, living in rural Wales was probably a safer place to be than many experienced here in London.

Her father, like her future brother-in-law, was a primary school headmaster. Wales being Wales, Mum was known in the village of Cwmdru as 'Eiry ysgol' or 'Eiry the school'. When she spotted a vehicle of 'Williams the garage' far from Wales in NW London, a Welsh reunion quickly took place, thirty years after she had left rural Breconshire. That's Welsh village folks for you!

Travel to secondary school would have made modern parents horrified: firstly, a bus to Crickhowell; then another on to Brecon. After seven years of such daily travel, a State Scholarship to Bristol University was earned. And three years later, much to her father's chagrin, his second daughter had ALSO married an Englishman! It was left to her brother Vernon to finally find a Welsh spouse.....



Mum's generation was the first to benefit from career planning, linked to the contraceptive pill, which allowed her to start a family as she turned 30. She had originally planned to have three children, but as the size of emerging babies increased in size from under 6lb when Sian arrived prematurely, to over 8lb when I arrived on time to the day, she decided that risking her life attempting to deliver an 11lb monster was probably best avoided.

As all mothers know, sooner or later you will face a time when children resist the food put in front of them.

Mum's sardonic response to 'Don't like that!' was to say: 'I don't want you to like it, I want you to eat it!' Soon enough, her response to 'What's for dinner?' became 'FOOD!'

We never seemed to starve....

Our Welsh links as a family primarily related to Aberystwyth, where her parents retired in 1966 and where for many years, mum ran the 6th form biology field trips. We drove the A44 so many times that I still knew every bend when I took mum back to stay at the Marine Hotel after dad's death, the hotel at which she and dad had enjoyed so many short mid-week breaks during retirement. Constitution Hill was still the same, the ice cream stall had expanded, the donkeys were gone. But the promenade was the same, but sixth formers now seemed to stay in hotels for field trips,

not the student accommodation mum religiously booked at the University during the Easter vacation.

Mum's interest in experimentation extended to cookery, despite that not being her favourite subject. Once in the 1970s, mum experimented by cooking a curry, the only time I heard my father swear at the dinner table. Mistaking a teaspoon of curry powder for a tablespoon does have consequences. Mercifully, divorce proceedings were not initiated.

Whilst the family kitchen did become a ersatz late-afternoon staff room for some Vyners colleagues, one long-term relationship which started at Vyners in the 1960s turned into a decades-long set of joint trips to the opera with Norman and Olive Lane. We're delighted to see Norman and Olive's daughter Alison and her husband Peter return today to the church in which they were married a few decades ago.

Mum and dad were lucky enough to share 65 years of marriage, including 25 years of happy, busy and productive retirement. They lived here in Ickenham for 50 years. Many times in the latter years, people she had clearly taught at Vyners said hello on the street, even when neither of us had a clue who they were. It shows the impact her teaching must have had on others....

And so we say goodbye today to mum, her journey complete, a life well lived, not nearly enough time for me today to distil all that was rich in her life.

A tribute by Peter Williams

It was a privilege and honour to be asked by Rhys to give this tribute. I have known Eiry for about 45 years – some of the time as a colleague. I am sure what I say will resonate with many here.

When Eiry joined the staff at Vyners School in 1971 (after her husband Trevor had left and Derek Best was Head) she came with a wealth of experience.

That started in 1956 in Wales where she was a biology teacher at the John Bright School in Llandudno, North Wales. After three years she moved to Harrow and joined the staff at Harrow County School for Girls. Then to Dr Challoner's High School where she stayed for two years before moving to Exeter in 1967 where she taught at The Maynard School. (Trevor at this time was lecturing physics Teachers at Exeter University.)

Returning to West London, Eiry taught for one year at Elliot's Green School in Northolt before arriving at Vyners remaining there till her retirement 26

years later. She held the position of Head of Biology and coupled that with working with the Sixth Form. Later she became Head of Science.

The overall comments that I have gathered from former colleagues and pupils were of her kind, compassionate and caring nature not only for her pupils but also her staff. She came across as a maternal, if not a grandmotherly figure to her pupils and a motherly figure to her staff.

She was a little lady in statue, but she made up for that with her big personality. When the older boys began to tower over her, it didn't faze her, and she shouted at the ones misbehaving all the same! The most memorable thing about Eiry was her passion for Biology. She would get frustrated at times when some pupils did not appreciate the subject and she was most in her element teaching the 'A' Level group, where she could impart her expertise to those who were the most interested and shared her passion.

She shared her experience with new Heads of Departments and gave one of them some words of wisdom – 'the most important point about managing a departmental team' she said, 'was to NEVER LET THEM have the photocopying number!'

Another colleague said - Eiry was a very kind, thoughtful and interesting person to work with and she was definitely one of a kind! As head of department, she set a wonderful example to both staff and pupils although it wasn't always easy to decipher her handwriting for lesson plans and worksheets. Her enthusiasm extended to taking three members of the department to Birmingham university for a weekend ASE (Association for Science Education) conference to broaden their horizons. It was a full-on weekend and very worthwhile.

Eiry was very focused on the science department and biology in particular. There was always a new (and probably expensive!) piece of tech that she would like the department to acquire, and she was often making representations to Friends of Vyners for the funds. She made a good case each time and was often successful - to the benefit of both staff and pupils.

Eiry was always encouraging her young members of the department to get married and once that had been achieved, she exhorted them to have children – "so that there would be the next generation for me to teach' Eiry would say. One member of staff commented that once we had our families, she always showed a keen and genuine interest in our children and the progress they were making.

My thanks to Brian Houghton for sharing his memories of Eiry. He comments on her passion for biology and the very positive impact she had on pupils with an interest in biology and ability to take the subject forward. She was an offbeat character, and everyone had their favourite Eiry story, and this added to the rich mix of characters that made up the staffing. However, this aspect if taken in isolation seriously underplays the impact that she made and the qualities that she had. Eiry always took a keen interest in all school matters, always contributed to debate and discussion about forward policy, often offering views that were thought provoking and different. Her loyalty and commitment to the school were absolute.

Eiry was very clever and with that came a kind of eccentricity but in a lovable way. Eiry had a strong belief in God. She attended this church and for a time the URC where she was comfortable with her 'chapel' links. Both Trevor and Eiry were regular customers at coffee mornings at the URC and particularly when the Oasis Café came into existence.

With Trevor she retained their links with Vyners throughout their retirements and sponsored a leaving prize for any pupils going on to university to study science.

Both Eiry and Trevor have made a huge contribution not just to Vyners but also have had a strong influence on the community of Ickenham.



From the Fundraising and Social Group

As I write this the rain is pouring down the window and it looks more like October than August, but thankfully the sun shone on the Summer Forecourt Sale and we had another good crowd and great atmosphere. Takings of £742 were respectable albeit 20% down on 2022, which was part of the

Festival and benefited from the attendant publicity, and we were short of quality bric-a-brac and also good books. To try to address the former issue I have been in touch with Ridley Partridge at Partridges, have already picked up some stuff from them and hopefully will get some more the day before our next event. The books are always pot luck and we appreciate what we are given, but I am as ever on the lookout for ones for which we can charge more than the 50p/£1 level so please don't be shy of offering any that you have gathering dust, along with any toys, games or bric-a-brac. I am happy to pick things up from you if that makes it easier. Plants did a wonderful £327, a shade up on last year and we're still looking for more. Coffee and cakes were down at £104 but the Oasis seemed busy and this area is of course vitally important to our contribution to village life. In that context, we provided a table for Neighbourhood Watch and they were pleased with the attention and interest that they generated, so that was a win all round. Our last major event before the Christmas season is the Late Summer Forecourt Sale on Saturday 9th September so please support it in any way you can.

Richard Piper

God and Mammon



What I am trying to do today is give you some snapshots from my working life in marketing, advertising and market research, leading to some questions about the extent to which our capitalist, or at least mixed, economy aligns with the message of the Bible.

How did it all begin? Towards the end of three enjoyable but idle years at Oxford I realised that I needed to find some paid work, even a career, and marketing seemed like a good idea [very 1960s!]. I applied to Unilever, which was and is a major force in packaged groceries, and despite forgetting about and missing my first planned interview session I was perhaps surprisingly offered a place as a marketing trainee and was assigned to Lever Brothers, the original flagship member of the group, established by William Hesketh Lever who is generally accepted as the father of modern branding, having started stamping bars of soap with the

name “Sunlight” as a guarantee of product quality. He was also an enlightened employer who built quality housing for his workers at Port Sunlight on the Wirral, similar to what the Cadburys did at Bournville, but better because he wasn’t a Quaker and included a pub! It also includes an art gallery containing some major Pre Raphaelite works, for those who like that sort of thing. Which I do! In fact, rewriting and updating the official history of Port Sunlight was one of my tasks during an attachment to the public relations department, with another attachment being to the sales force for three months at about the time of the launch of Radiant, which you probably won’t remember but was a biological washing powder intended to compete with Ariel, from arch-rivals Procter & Gamble. We were told that we could nominate the sales office that we preferred, without any guarantee of getting it, and because the cricket season was starting and I’m a Sussex supporter I chose Brighton. They gave me Newcastle, where, as with Glasgow, the natives are mostly friendly once you can understand a word they’re saying. I also



A sulphonation plant

had an attachment at the factory, where I spent much of the time chatting about football and cricket in a little office behind the sulphonation plant, whatever that was, and also went on an under-cover mission in the Ebbw Vale area, when the pits and steel works were still in operation and it was all very “How Green Was My Valley?”.

However, the main attachment as you would expect was in the marketing department, in my case the washing-up liquids group, working on brands like Squezy and Quix. Where are they now?! My main claim to fame was putting 24 economy size bottles of Squezy down the 8th floor lavatory [as directed, to be fair] and flooding two floors and the basement of a 16 floored building. Did I ever find out what marketing is? Well, there are various definitions, with one of them being “Marketing is the management process responsible for identifying, anticipating and satisfying customer requirements profitably”. It embraces other disciplines including sales, advertising and market research, and it was in the latter two that I spent most of the rest of my working life.

Somebody once described advertising as “the most fun you can have with your clothes on”, and certainly there was never a dull moment particularly in the 1970s, now known to some as the “Mad Men” era. The agency I worked for was Foote, Cone and Belding, often referred to as Footsore and Bleeding. It wasn’t a creative hot shop but did pride itself on the fact that the viewer or reader knew which product was being advertised. This may seem obvious but there were well known and popular commercials at the time such as one for vermouth featuring Leonard Rossiter and Joan Collins. They were well made and funny, but were they for Martini or Cinzano? Similarly, there was a jingle for a sliced bread that included the line “Nice one, Cyril” which they even sung at White Hart Lane in honour of Cyril Knowles, one of their players. But which bread was it for? FCB’s ads included brand-specific images such as the Sure antiperspirant tick, still going strong today, and the Dulux dog, the first account I worked on. The Dulux dog had actually been introduced by the previous agency, but research showed that its presence indicated that the family were nice people and also that the paint was hard wearing! The creative treatments lurched about a bit, including one involving Morecambe and Wise, who I had the pleasure of meeting, but the dog meant that nobody confused the commercial with one for Crown or another competitor. During my time there were various external challenges such as the three-day week and sporadic bomb scares because the office was close to the then head office of M&S, which was a target for various Arab terrorist groups. The tendency on such occasions was to take refuge in the neighbouring pub, wonderfully named the Barley Mow, a reminder of the fact that Baker St was on the edge of open fields when it was built in the 18thC. It could get a bit lively in there and on one occasion the Creative Director, a burly American with a big black moustache like a baddy from a Spaghetti Western, punched one of his copywriters and laid him out on the floor of the bar. However, in my view advertising was and is a largely respectable activity which plays an important role in a mixed economy, as I pointed out to a young barrister who I met at a party. When he heard that I was an adman he adopted a tone that was a mixture of patronising and hostile while he expounded his view that advertising was a dirty business. I pointed out that we were bound to observe a code that ads must be legal, decent, honest and truthful, unlike barristers who would lie through their teeth in court so that murderers and rapists could walk the streets in



freedom. It emerged that this was not how he saw his role, but I still believe that advertising is important in making us aware of the products and services that are available and help us to choose between them.

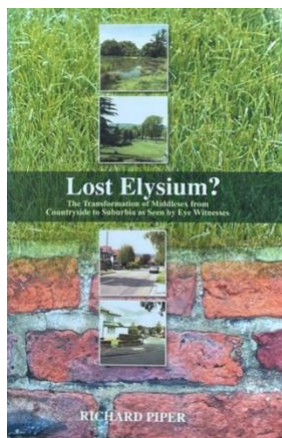
All good things come to an end, and in due course I moved on to market research, in this case large-scale continuous monitoring of packaged grocery markets from a panel of consumers, designed to represent the population as a whole and with the objective of giving manufacturers insights into the success or otherwise of their marketing activities. Sales data can be, and are, obtained via the retailer, with 100% accuracy on what is purchased in that store. If you have a Tesco Clubcard they know exactly what you buy there [apparently in our case Schweppes Tonic is tops!] but with the limitation of no information on what you buy in Waitrose or John the Butcher in the village. Consumer panels can provide that information, as well as for instance early feedback on the likely success of a new product by showing how many people tried it and the percentage of them who bought it again. They can also be used to look at sales through the various retailers and are the source of the market share information that you hear quoted in the media, usually from Kantar, a successor company to AGB, for whom I worked and who were the market leaders at the time. For my sins, I was put in charge of the Retail Services Division at one point and visiting [say] Tesco was quite an experience.

One of the major changes during my working life, a process still continuing today, was the transfer of negotiating power from the big manufacturers like Cadbury and Heinz to the retailers, and you could almost smell the fear of the account managers and sales reps in the scruffy waiting room to the scruffy offices in the scruffy little town called Cheshunt where Tesco are based. Before one meeting with Terry Leahy, a notorious workaholic and bully who was to become Chairman, I had been told that he was getting married on the Saturday so, when leaving after a meeting that had been difficult but left me with all my fingers and other body parts, I offered him my congratulations and best wishes. As he looked a bit blank I explained that I was referring to his approaching nuptials and asked him if he was taking the whole day off for it or just the afternoon. After that I made my excuses and left. These days of course, even Tesco aren't quite as cocky, because of the growth of the German Discounters Aldi and Lidl, aided by a poor economic situation and massive price inflation. Our biggest retail client was the Co-op and one day I took a call from someone fairly senior there asking if we could provide a speaker for a conference of co-ops from across Europe. On finding that it wasn't going to be in Manchester but San Francisco I said that I could fit it into my own diary.

You might think that the world of grocery market research was a bit dull after advertising, but it had its moments. On one occasion the early part of the day was enlivened by a raid by six coppers seeking to arrest one of our executives on a charge of murder, for which he was subsequently tried, found guilty and jailed. I'm pleased to say that he didn't work in *my* division because we'd turned him down. The company was also taken over at one point by Robert Maxwell and he and some [not all] of his family were as close to pure evil as one is ever likely to encounter in this world. And he stole my pension! One idea for generating publicity to help us recover the money was to put up a candidate in a bye-election in Bath, which was going to have the eyes of the country on it, and mine was the name in the frame! However, the money was recovered without that, through pressure applied by the John Major government on the various institutions, such as NatWest Bank, that had aided and abetted Maxwell's crimes. Not many people have good memories of that administration, but I do! I also met Heather through the company, but I don't think that they can be blamed for that.

I had a variety of roles but evolved towards the European side, at a time when international co-operation or even integration were becoming fashionable. This involved quite a lot of early morning taxis to Heathrow and wasn't as exciting as it maybe sounds, as quite a lot of the meetings were in rooms that looked much the same whatever the country and often didn't even involve leaving the particular airport. On one occasion I was asked where I was flying to and had to check my ticket to remind myself! However, to be honest I did also get some evenings in Nuremberg bierkellers and conferences in places like Stockholm, Marbella and New York, which made a change from crawling to Hanger Lane along the Western Avenue. Being in Nuremberg, which was where our office was, drinking beer and eating sausages with my local colleagues, made me think how lucky I was that I hadn't, like my dad and both grandpas, had to put on a uniform and go off to *fight* Germans.

When I reached 55 the company decided that I was too expensive for what I was contributing and surplus to requirements. I knew, which they apparently didn't, that my contract gave me a year's notice and I used that time to, amongst other things, write my book "Lost Elysium?" about the 20thC development of Ickenham and other parts of NW Middlesex, copies still available at the knockdown price of £5 towards URC



funds and our chosen charities! After a not very successful period as a consultant I got my last job, working for a company founded and owned by an old friend. This was selling to big manufacturers data generated from the scanning checkouts of convenience stores and petrol forecourts with, I'm afraid, an emphasis on so-called "sin" products like tobacco, alcohol, savoury snacks and confectionary. One chain in Northern Ireland, not one that I dealt with, had a Bible for visitors to read in reception instead of the usual tatty copies of the "Grocer" magazine and refused to sell alcohol as a matter of principle. This was a major sacrifice for a convenience store but its position on the moral high ground was rather compromised by its claims to the highest sales per square foot of tobacco products in Ulster, or the Universe or something! My salary was considerably reduced compared with what I had earned previously but the work was mostly a doddle, including a lot of visits to trade shows and a gentle sales spiel to potential clients over a coffee or drink, often supplied free of charge from one of the stands. I even got to one in Las Vegas via Dallas [more cawfee, Miss Ellie?] and would have got to New Orleans the following year if they hadn't had a problem with flooding. I was receiving reassuring messages from the tour organisers that all would be well, but got home to TV pictures of the conference centre full of desperate people robbing and murdering each other, so it was back to Vegas. Finally, my friend sold the company and that was my last paid employment, as it happened at the age of 60.

I did say that I would end this ramble [gallop?] through my rather chequered career by considering briefly whether work in these blatantly commercial areas is compatible with the message of the Bible. Jesus, of course, in the section of his adult life for which we have a record, travelled around teaching, preaching and healing, accepting hospitality from his friends, and told his followers [Matthew 6:34] "Take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself". This whole section from the Sermon on the Mount gives a powerful message of God's love and concern for us, but I don't suppose that many of us took it literally when doing our own financial planning or advising our children about supporting their families or preparing for retirement. Similarly, Acts 2 vs 44 and 45 tells us that the early Christians "... had all things in common and they sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need". Sadly, where such a system has been tried on a large scale it has tended to lead to dictatorship, the brutal suppression of human rights and economic inefficiency, as occurred with the Soviet Union, a process effectively satirised in George Orwell's "Animal Farm", and it seems to me that our sort of mixed economy, though far from perfect, is more effective

in providing a decent standard of living and quality of life across the board. The brand manager or advertising executive is never going to have the love and respect of the community in the way that a nurse does [when not on strike!] but I would argue plays a vital role in producing an economy that can pay the nurses and pay for them. In that sense they are doing God's work, even if it does tend to illustrate the fact that He "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"!

Richard Piper

The Story of the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior



This issue covers the weekend when we are having our Remembrance Service to acknowledge the sacrifice people of our world made for the freedom of our societies. I came across the following article about the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior which I would like to share with you all.

At the west end of the Nave of Westminster Abbey is the grave of the Unknown Warrior, whose body was brought from France to be buried here on 11th November 1920.

The grave, which contains soil from France, is covered by a slab of black Belgian marble from a quarry near Namur. On it is the inscription, composed by Herbert Ryle, Dean of Westminster. Around the main inscription are four texts:

(top) THE LORD KNOWETH THEM THAT ARE HIS,

(sides) GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS

UNKNOWN AND YET WELL KNOWN, DYING AND BEHOLD WE LIVE,

(base) IN CHRIST SHALL ALL BE MADE ALIVE.

Selecting the Unknown Warrior

The idea of such a burial seems first to have come to a chaplain at the Front, the Reverend David Railton (1884-1955), when he noticed in 1916 in a back garden at Armentières, a grave with a rough cross on which were penciled the words "*An Unknown British Soldier*". In August 1920 he wrote to the Dean of Westminster, Herbert Ryle, through whose energies this memorial was carried into effect. The body was chosen from unknown British servicemen exhumed from four battle areas, the Aisne, the Somme, Arras and Ypres. (some sources say six bodies but confirmed accounts say four).

The remains were brought to the chapel at St. Pol on the night of 7th November 1920. The General Officer in charge of troops in France and Flanders, Brigadier General L.J. Wyatt, with Colonel Gell, went into the chapel alone, where the bodies on stretchers were covered by Union Flags. They had no idea from which area the bodies had come. Brigadier Wyatt selected one and the two officers placed it in a plain coffin and sealed it. The other three bodies were reburied. Wyatt said they were re-buried at the St Pol cemetery but Lt. (later Major General Sir) Cecil Smith says they were buried beside the Albert-Baupaume road to be discovered there by parties searching for bodies in the area.

In the morning Chaplains of the Church of England, the Roman Catholic Church and Non-Conformist churches held a service in the chapel before the body was escorted to Boulogne to rest overnight. The next day the coffin was placed inside another which had been sent over specially from England made of two-inch thick oak from a tree which had grown in Hampton Court Palace garden, lined with zinc. It was covered with the flag that David Railton had used as an altar cloth during the War (known as the Ypres or Padre's Flag, which now hangs in St George's Chapel). Within the wrought iron bands of this coffin had been placed a 16th century crusader's sword from the Tower of London collection. The inner coffin shell was made by Walter Jackson of the firm of Ingall, Parsons & Clive Forward at Harrow, north London and the larger coffin was supplied by the undertakers in charge of the arrangements, Nodes & Son. The coffin plate bore the inscription: *A British Warrior who fell in the Great War 1914-1918 for King and Country*. The ironwork and coffin plate were made by D.J. Williams of the Brunswick Ironworks at Caernarfon in Wales.

The destroyer HMS Verdun, whose ship's bell was presented to the Abbey and now hangs near the grave, transported the coffin to Dover and it was then taken by train to Victoria station in London where it rested overnight.

The Burial

On the morning of 11th November the coffin was placed, by the bearer party from the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, on a gun carriage drawn by six black horses of the Royal Horse Artillery. It then began its journey through the crowd-lined streets, making its first stop in Whitehall where the Cenotaph was unveiled by King George V. The King placed his wreath of red roses and bay leaves on the coffin. His card read *"In proud memory of those Warriors who died unknown in the Great War. Unknown, and yet well-known; as dying, and behold they live. George R.I. November 11th 1920"*. (George Rex. Imperator meaning King and Emperor of India)

Then the carriage, with the escorting pall bearers (Admirals) Lord Beatty, Sir Hedworth Meux, Sir Henry Jackson, Sir C.E. Madden, (Field Marshals) Lord French, Lord Haig, Lord Methuen, Sir Henry Wilson, (Generals) Lord Horne, Lord Byng, Albert Farrar-Gatliff and Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard followed by the King, members of the Royal Family and ministers of State, made its way to the north door of Westminster Abbey.

While the Cenotaph unveiling was taking place the Choir inside the Abbey sang, unaccompanied, *"O Valiant Hearts"* (to the tune Ellers). The hymn *"O God our help in ages past"* was sung by the congregation and after prayers there was the two minutes silence at 11am. The Kontakion of the Faithful Departed was then sung and the choir processed to the north porch to meet the coffin, with the hymn *"Brief life is here our portion"* being sung.

The shortened form of the Burial Service began with the singing of the verses *"I am the resurrection and the life"* (set by William Croft) and *"Thou knowest Lord"* (by Henry Purcell) during the procession to the grave. The coffin was borne to the west end of the nave through the congregation of around 1,000 mourners and a guard of honour of 100 holders of the Victoria Cross (from all three services). They were under the command of Colonel Freyburg VC. The choir sang the 23rd Psalm.

After the hymn *"Lead kindly light"*, the King stepped forward and dropped a handful of French earth onto the coffin from a silver shell as it was lowered into the grave. At the close of the service, after the hymn *"Abide with me"* (tune Eventide) and prayers, the congregation sang Rudyard Kipling's solemn Recessional *"God of our fathers"* (to the tune Melita), after which the Reveille was sounded by trumpeters (the Last Post had already been sounded at the Cenotaph unveiling). Other eminent members of the congregation were Queen Alexandra, the queens of Spain and Norway, the Duke of Connaught, politicians Lloyd George and Asquith, and Sir Douglas Dawson.

The grave was then covered by an embroidered silk funeral pall, which had been presented to the Abbey by the Actors' Church Union in memory of their fallen comrades, with the Padre's flag lying over this. Servicemen kept watch at each corner of the grave while thousands of mourners filed past. Wreaths brought over on HMS Verdun were added to others around the grave. The Abyssinian cross, presented to the Abbey at the time of the 1902 coronation, stood at the west end. The Abbey organ was played while the church remained open to the public. After the Abbey had closed for the night some of the choristers went back into the nave and one later wrote "The Abbey was empty save for the guard of honour stiffly to attention, arms (rifles) reversed, heads bowed and quite still - the whole scene illuminated by just four candles".

Special permission had been given to make a recording of the service but only the two hymns were of good enough quality to be included on the record, the first electrical recording ever to be sold to the public (with profits going to the Abbey's restoration fund).

The grave was filled in, using 100 sandbags of earth from the battlefields, on 18th November and then covered by a temporary stone with a gilded inscription on it:

A BRITISH WARRIOR WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918 FOR KING AND COUNTRY. GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS.

New stone and the Congressional Medal

On 11th November 1921 the present black marble stone was unveiled at a special service. The stone (size 7 feet by 4 feet 3 inches, depth 6 inches) was supplied and lettered by Mr Tomes of Acton and the brass for the inscription supplied by Nash & Hull. Benjamin Colson carried out the brass work. The Padre's Flag was also formerly dedicated at this service.

General Pershing, on behalf of the United States of America, conferred the Congressional Medal of Honour on the Unknown Warrior on 17th October 1921 and this now hangs in a frame on a pillar near the grave. In October 2013 the Congressional Medal of Honor Society presented the Society's official flag to the Unknown Warrior and this is framed below the medal. The body of the Unknown Warrior may be from any of the three services, Army, Navy or Air Force, and from any part of the British Isles, Dominions or Colonies and represents all those who died who have no other memorial or known grave.

When the Duke of York (later King George VI) married Lady Elizabeth Bowes Lyon in the Abbey in 1923 as she left she laid her wedding bouquet

on the grave as a mark of respect (she had lost a brother during the war). All royal brides married in the Abbey since then have sent back their bouquets to be laid on the grave (as also have some royal brides who were married elsewhere).

Padre's Flag

A bronze plaque on a pillar outside St George's chapel concerns the Padre's Flag: - This Union Jack sometimes called the Padre's Flag was used day by day on flag post on improvised altar or as a covering for the fallen on the Western Front during the Great War 1914-1918. It covered the coffin of the Unknown Warrior at his funeral on November 11th 1920. After resting for a year on the grave it was presented to the Abbey Church of Westminster on Armistice Day 1921 by the chaplain who used it during the war and was dedicated on the High Altar "To the glory of God and in perpetual memory of all who gave their lives fighting by land and sea and air for their King, for Great Britain and Ireland and for the Dominions beyond the seas".

At the dedication service on 11th November 1921 the flag was hoisted onto the pillar above the grave. Company Sgt. Major Harry Evans, a soldier from the 17th London Division climbed a tall ladder to fix the flag, with the 5th brigade of the 47th London Division looking on. It remained there for many years before being moved to hang in St George's chapel in 1964. Before being presented to the Abbey the flag had been cleaned so there are no bloodstains on it.

David Railton

David Railton was born on 13th November 1884 at Leytonstone in London. He received the Military Cross in 1916 for saving an officer and two men under heavy fire. After the war he became Vicar of St John's church at Margate in Kent. He was killed in an accidental fall from a train in Scotland in June 1955.

H.M.S. Verdun bell

The plate below the bell (which is inscribed H.M.S. Verdun 1917) reads: The bell of H.M.S. Verdun in which the Unknown Warrior was brought from Boulogne to Dover on the eve of Armistice Day 1920. Presented by Cdr. J.D.R. Davies, M.B.E., R.N. Remembrance Sunday 1990.

Field of Remembrance

The annual Field of Remembrance outside the Abbey was started in 1928 by Major George Howson M.C (died 1936), founder of the British Legion Poppy Factory. He and a few disabled ex-servicemen stood together around a battlefield cross with trays of paper poppies to sell to passersby who could then plant one beside the cross to remember the fallen. In 1932 the Field

was expanded to include crosses for the fallen of each regiment and was open for a week. The Legion organizes the large plot each year and all proceeds go to their poppy appeal for veterans. The late Queen Mother and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh had most often attended the opening ceremony. The familiar words spoken at the dedication of the Field are from Laurence Binyon's poem "*For the Fallen*" – "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember them." The Flanders poppy was first described as the '*Flower of Remembrance*' by Colonel John McCrae, a medical officer with the Canadian army. At the second battle of Ypres in 1915 he wrote his well-known verses '*In Flanders' fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row...*'. He died of his wounds in 1918. The first Poppy Day in Britain was held on 11th November 1921.

Candle-lit Vigil 2014 and Armistice centenary

On 4th August 2014 at 10:00pm a service with a candle-lit vigil of prayer and reflection was held at the grave to commemorate the start of the First World War in 1914.

Vigil for the centenary of the Battle of the Somme 2016

Queen Elizabeth II and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh attended a short service on the evening of 30th June 2016, the eve of the battle. Afterwards an all night vigil was kept at the grave of the Unknown Warrior until a service of Requiem on the morning of July 1st, the start of the battle.

Centenary of the Burial 2020

To mark the 100th anniversary of the burial a televised service was held on 11th November 2020 (special permission was given for this service which took place during the covid-19 lockdown restrictions in England). The Padre's flag was laid on the High Altar and Charles, Prince of Wales laid a replica of the original wreath on the grave. Laurel leaves surrounded the stone instead of the usual red poppies. A week before Queen Elizabeth II had visited the grave privately in the empty Abbey to lay a replica of her bridal bouquet on the grave. A lone piper played a lament.

Lighting of the Belgian Torch

In November 1945 the Dean of Westminster was asked to re-ignite the Belgian Torch of Remembrance, which had been extinguished by the Nazis during the occupation, at the grave of the Unknown Warrior. This was then taken back to Brussels to the Belgian Unknown Warrior's grave. Each year since then a short ceremony has been held in the Abbey for the lighting of the torch. It is now called the British Torch of Remembrance.



In our last issue of Grapevine I run an article on Andy Taylor and in it was mentioned that he was representing Great Britain in the World Transplant Games in Perth, Australia, in April, where he won a silver medal in badminton.

Well..... I am so pleased to report that in the British Transplant Games, at the end of July, he won a gold medal in the table tennis competition.

Well done Andy, we are so proud of you and your achievements.

Peter Williams - 60 Years on the Organ Stool

It is 60 years since I first sat on an organ stool – I was almost 12 years old and was still wearing short trousers.

My musical education started in 1960 when, at the age of eight, I had my first piano lesson. I remember clearly saying to my mother as we walked home from that first lesson that I wanted to play the church organ. Three years later that dream came true. At that time I was acclaimed by the Evening Standard to be the youngest organist in the country. Organists have to wear organ shoes; these are slightly narrower than ordinary shoes and the soles are not so thick. The aim is to be able to 'feel' the pedals as organists have to be able to play with two feet as well as two hands. I wore the same shoes for well over 40 years.

My first position was at a Shaftesbury Society church. My parents were Christians and held active positions in the church. My mother was a Baptist Lay Preacher, and my father was, among other roles Church Treasurer and Sunday School Superintendent. After three years I moved to a new position at Camden Road Baptist Church. Wendy's father was the Church Secretary, and he answered an advertisement I had placed, in a Christian Newspaper saying I was looking for a Church Organists position. I became their Organist and Choirmaster in October 1966. Little did I know at the time that I would end up marrying one of his daughters.

The Church Choir flourished, and although I was still at school (and not that experienced) the choir sang every week at the evening services as well as performing a number of different Easter cantatas and putting on Christmas and Summer concerts. Two years later I invited other churches to come together to form the United Church Choirs of Islington. We performed a number of works starting with Part 1 of Handel's Messiah. In 1972 we performed with orchestra Haydn's Creation. It was from this United Choir that I formed Islington Choral Society in September 1973. They have just celebrated their 50th Anniversary in Cadogan Hall. Wendy and I were invited guests. During this time, it was fortunate that I had been offered a place at the London College of Music in Central London, so I was able to stay at home and pursue my organist role.

After Wendy and I married in December 1973 we moved from North London to West London and set up home in Northolt. Word had got around that I was now in West London and soon an invitation came from Pinner United Free Church who were seeking an organist and choirmaster. After a short time off, I started there in April 1974 and remained there until May 1992. Earlier in 1992 I was considering that I should move on, so it was a coincidence that Connie Dove started talking at a Hillingdon Choral committee meeting about the fact that the URC were without an organist. After an interview with Alan Cassingham and Charles Wolf I started at the URC in September 1992. I have now been here over 30 years.

The Church Choir and the role of the organist here at the URC has always been very much part of the worship of the church. We have been able to interest and invite singers to join the choir and through that they have become active members of the church. Carol services have been very popular for many years and there have been opportunities to work with St Giles. It is good that there have been opportunities to work within the community and base that work at our church. Both Hillingdon Choral Society and Hillingdon Philharmonic Orchestra rehearse here and often promote concerts in the church.

Currently as a non-serving Church Elder after nearly 20 years as a continuous serving Elder, I pray that we will have a Minister and that the work that has been developing will continue to grow.

I have lived through sad times and happy times in people's lives both at this church and St Giles. It has always been a privilege to serve God in this way and I am reminded that music touches where other things can't.

The Bible in 50 Words

God made...Adam bit...Noah arked...Abraham split...Joseph ruled
Jacob fooled...Bush talked...Moses balked...Pharaoh plagued
People walked...Sea divided...Tablets guided...Promise landed
Saul freaked...David peaked...Prophets warned...Jesus born
God walked... Love talked...Anger crucified...Hope died...Love rose
Spirit flamed...Word spread...God remained.

Giving to support the Work and Witness of the Church

The donations to the end of July 2023 are shown here in comparison with the same period last year.

	2022	2023
Cash Offerings	£1978	£2530
Freewill offering (standing order/ envelope)	£11340	£11520

All donations are gratefully received and are dedicated to the work and witness of our Church in Ickenham and the wider world.

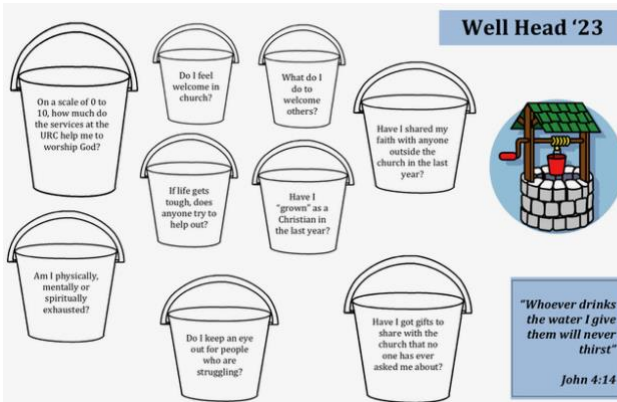
In the last issue of Grapevine you were encouraged to review your giving to this important work. Details were given there of the ways this can be done.

Thank you, Patricia (Assistant Treasurer)

Well What ??

“Here is Edward Bear, coming down the stairs now, bump, bump, bump on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way. If only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. “

A. A. Milne (from “Winnie The Pooh”)



Sometimes church life can be like that. We are so busy maintaining the day to day operation of the church that it is difficult to stop and “take stock”. The idea of a “get together” to do just that was being considered back in 2021, but has been on hold until now. “**Well Head 23**” is being planned by the church’s

Pastoral and Spiritual Group as an opportunity for members and those closely associated with the church to share thoughts about their own spiritual lives and the pastoral and spiritual life of the church.

The idea is to start with a simple, anonymous questionnaire, then meet together to look at the results, share our experiences, seek God’s guidance and suggest ways that we might move forward together.

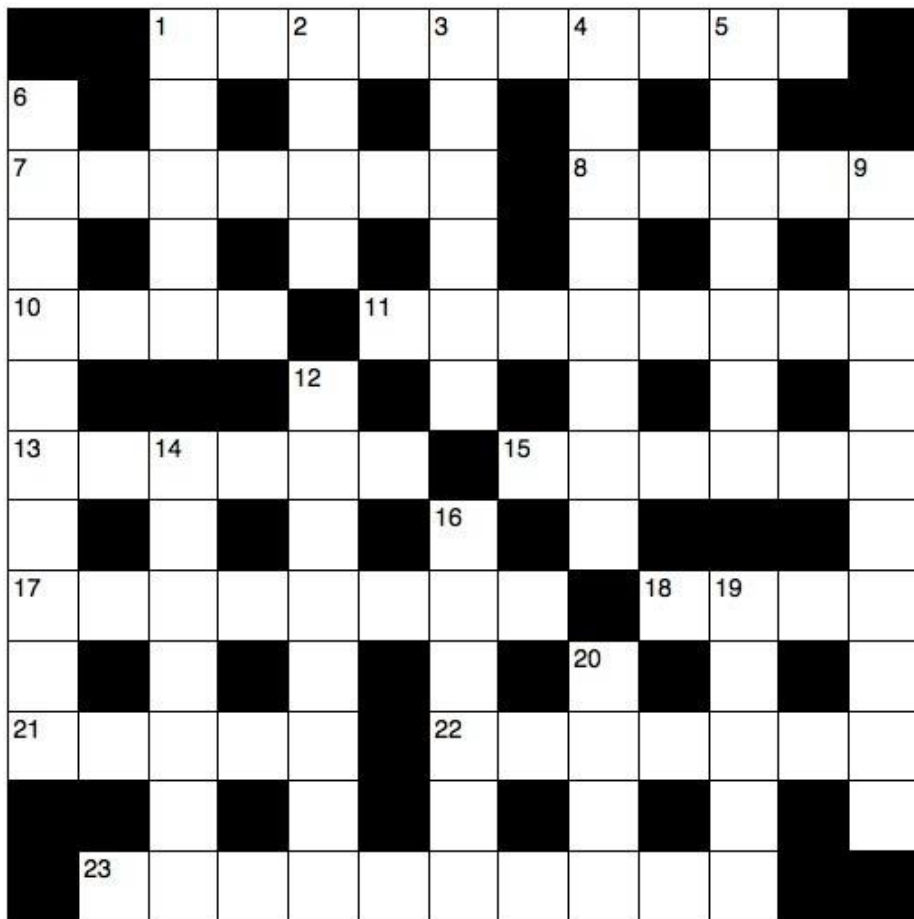
Why “**Well Head**”? It is defined in the dictionary as “the place where a spring comes out of the ground”. In the current context, it is also a reference to the story of the well head encounter between Jesus and a Samaritan woman, as

described in John’s gospel, chapter 4. She was no celebrity by the standards of the day, but Jesus offered her the chance to be part of the Kingdom of God. We hope that, in the same way, people will come to “**Well Head 23**” just as they are and go away encouraged.

At the time of going to press the date for “**Well Head 23**” is still to be fixed, so please watch out for the questionnaire and details of the “get together” as they become available. If you have any questions then why not ask Celia, Diana, Esme, Mike or Pauline (the current members of the church’s Pastoral and Spiritual Group).

Mike Young

Crossword Time & Result



Across

- 1 Relating to the Jewish day of rest (10)
- 7 Point of view (Matthew 22:17) (7)
- 8 20th-century Brethren philanthropist whose construction company became one of the UK's biggest, Sir John — (5)
- 10 Girl's name (4)
- 11 Peter was accused of being one in the courtyard of the high priest's house (Luke 22:59) (8)
- 13 The fifth of the 'seven churches' (Revelation 3:1–6) (6)
- 15 'Now the famine was — in Samaria' (1 Kings 18:2) (6)
- 17 Banned by the seventh Commandment (Exodus 20:14) (8) 18 Insect most closely associated with itching (1 Samuel 24:14) (4)
- 21 Bantu tribe which gives its name to tiny landlocked country in southern Africa (5)
- 22 Familiar material in churches that use an overhead projector (7)
- 23 Last book of the Bible (10)

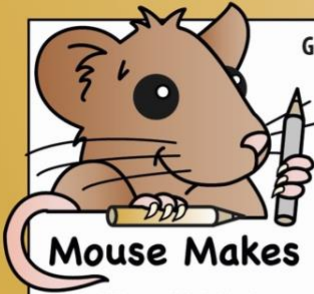
Down

- 1 The young David's favourite weapon (1 Samuel 17:40) (5)
- 2 'Your vats will — over with new wine' (Proverbs 3:10) (4)
- 3 Once yearly (Exodus 30:10) (6)
- 4 Milled it (anag.) (3-5)
- 5 Region north of Damascus of which Lysanias was tetrarch (Luke 3:1) (7)
- 6 Comes between Philipians and 1 Thessalonians (10)
- 9 Lake where the first disciples were called (Luke 5:1–11) (10)
- 12 Abusive outburst (8)
- 14 Are loud (anag.) (7)
- 16 Printing errors (6)
- 19 'Take my yoke upon you and — from me' (Matthew 11:29) (5) 20 Jacob's third son (Genesis 29:34) (4)

Answers to Crossword in the June, July, August issue

ACROSS: 1, Stop. 3, Call upon. 9, Regular. 10, Octet. 11, Inner. 12, Hudson. 14, Holy Communion. 17, Myself. 19, See to. 22, About. 23, Iterate. 24, Monarchy. 25, Stet.

DOWN: 1, Straight. 2, Organ. 4, Abraham's faith. 5, Lloyd. 6, Puteoli. 7, Note. 8, Cleric. 13, Innocent. 15, Lay down. 16, Ussher. 18, Enter. 20, Enact. 21, Balm



Mouse Makes

Where did Goliath come from?



 1 Samuel 17:4

How tall was Goliath?



_____ cubits.
 1 Samuel 17:4

What was Goliath's armour made of?

 1 Samuel 17:5,6

What weapons did Goliath carry?



a JAVELIN,
 a _____
 and a _____
 1 Samuel 17:45

How many stones did David take from the stream?



 1 Samuel 17:40

Where did David's stone hit Goliath? On his _____

 1 Samuel 17:49

Goliath, the champion of the Philistine army, taunted the Israelites.

"Choose a man to fight with me and if he kills me then we will be your servants!"

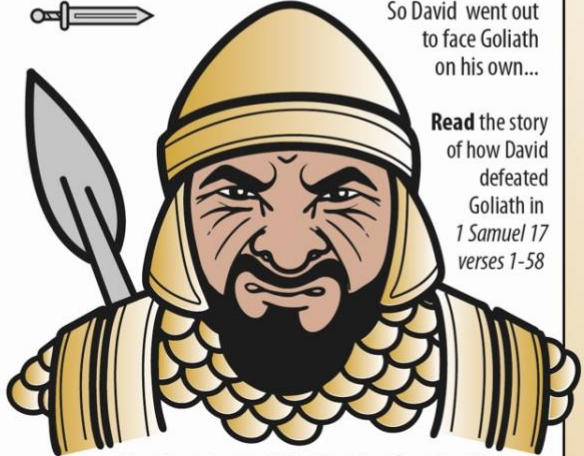


The Israelites were afraid, but **David**, a shepherd boy who had come to bring food to his brothers on the battlefield said:

"The Lord who delivered me from the lion and bear will deliver me from the hand of this Philistine."



So David went out to face Goliath on his own...



Read the story of how David defeated Goliath in 1 Samuel 17 verses 1-58

I L A D E S W O R D B K L
P A C A M P L I O N A D B
H I F I V E S L I N G A R
I T L E B A T T L E O V O
L E B E A R J A V E L I N
T S S I X M K H C F I D Z
S T A F F O R E H E A D E
T R U I I U P L A L T L G
O U L S G R I M M L H O O
N C P R H S H E P H E R D
E K G A T H I T I D E D O
S H I E L D G R O U N D M
P H I L I S T I N E S O U

ISRAEL • SAUL • DAVID • LORD • GOD • PHILISTINES • BATTLE • CAMP
CHAMPION • GOLIATH • HELMET • ARMOUR • JAVELIN • SHIELD • FIGHT • BEAR
LION • SHEPHERD • STAFF • STONES • BAG • SLING • STRUCK • HIT • FELL • GROUND

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At a very good friend's funeral earlier this year the following poem was read and I thought it should be passed on for its sentiment and content. If you have come across it before, so be it, maybe you can enjoy it again..... said with feeling!!



I'm Fine (Cardinal Chushin)

There's nothing whatever the matter with me,
I'm just as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both knees
and when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.



My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,
but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
I think my liver is out of whack
and a terrible pain is in my back.



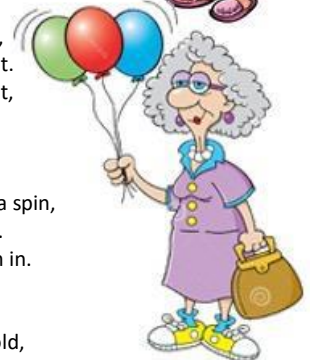
My hearing is poor, my sight is dim,
most everything seems to be out of trim,
but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.



I have arch supports for both my feet,
Or I wouldn't be able go on the street.
Sleeplessness I have night after night,
and in the morning I'm just a sight.



My memory is failing, my head's in a spin,
I'm peacefully living on aspirin.
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.



The moral is this – as my tale I unfold,
That for you and me who are growing old,
It's better to say, "I'm fine" with a grin,
Than to let them know the shape you we're in.

From the Co-ordinator

How many of you remember a song sung by Frank Sinatra about an ant moving a rubber tree plant? It was called *High Hopes*.

This aspirational song was written by Jimmy Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn for the 1959 movie *A Hole In The Head*, which starred Sinatra and was directed by Frank Capra. In the film, Sinatra performs the song with Eddie Hodges, who played Sinatra's 12-year-old son.

Sometimes I think our church is like the ant, because, we have *High Hopes*.

We come together and achieve, even when we feel like Winston Churchill's "FEW", or that ant needing to move that rubber tree plant. We always have somehow worked in harmony for the last ten years, holding our church together and taking it forward. The list of what has been achieved is endless.

One of the latest of those achievements we owe to those 'ants' are those, who by working together, managed to complete the moving all the furniture; the sanctuary decoration, from top to bottom (included hand rubbing down of rads); a thorough steam clean of all upholstery; wash and vac of the carpets; clean and polish the furniture and woodwork and finally bring back all the furniture into place for us to return to "normal service" in our church in 12 days. By the way, have you noticed the nice shiny brass studs in the floor.....they are there to guide all those who move the furniture, to enable them to place it all back into the correct positions.



The picture is of some of my 'community ants' who helped between them to fill the skip with all the rubbish around the Hardwick Room area.

Also, a big thank you to all the contributors of the material for this "bumper issue". Please keep up the good work so we can continue with "bumper issues".

"May the God who gives endurance and encouragement give you the same attitude of mind toward each other that Christ Jesus had, so that with one mind and one voice you may glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Romans 15:5-6

John

The next issue will be for December 2023, January, February 2024.
The deadline for copy is 13th November 2023.

Regular Activities

Sunday	10.00am	Choir Practice
	11.00am	Morning Worship (Children's Space available)

Holy Communion is normally included in the third Sunday morning service each month.

Monday	10.30 - 12.30pm	Tea/Coffee in The Oasis Café
Tuesday	10.30 - 12.30pm	Tea/Coffee in The Oasis Café
Wednesday	10.30 - 12.30pm	Tea/Coffee in The Oasis Café
Thursday	10.30 - 12.30pm	Tea/Coffee in The Oasis Café
Friday	10.30 - 12.30pm	Tea/Coffee in The Oasis Café
Saturday	10.00 - 12.00 noon	Coffee Morning (at main fundraising events)

Church Office

Shellie D'Arcy

(Administrator/Lettings Officer) 01895 634 280 / 07792 143 888

Children & Families Worker: Position Vacant

Prayer Group Meeting

Everybody are welcome to attend – Led by Esme Young
Third Wednesday in the Month at 2.00pm in The Hardwick Room

Food For Thought:

(Soup & a roll with speaker)

First Wednesday in the Month at 1.00pm in The Oasis Café

House Groups – Contact Church Administrator for details

For Beavers , Cubs and Scouts-

Chris Potter (Group Scout Leader) chrispotter_@hotmail.com

For Guides - Hilary Parker – 4th.ickenhamguides@gmail.com

For Brownies - Susannah Edwards – susannah.may@ledvance.com

Happy Days Pre-School – happydayspreschoolickenham@gmail.com
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