

NEWS & VIEWS

The Free Church Hampstead Garden Suburb



AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 2022

PLEASE TAKE ONE

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH

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

Sunday Services:	<i>11 a.m. (and 6.30 p.m. when announced) Holy Communion is celebrated at Morning Worship on the first Sunday of every month. The Junior Church meets at 11am every Sunday</i>
Minister:	Vacancy Minister@hgsfreechurch.org.uk (which will be re-directed to the secretariat)
Pastoral Emergencies Contact	Derek Lindfield 07803 953483 or Penny Trafford 030 8959 3405
Correspondence Secretary	Penny Trafford 020 8959 3405 Secretary@hgsfreechurch.org.uk
Pulpit Secretary	Carole Lindfield derekandcarole.lindfield@earlblue.com
Treasurer	Joe Fryer 07814 532049 Treasurer@hgsfreechurch.org.uk
Lettings Officer	Eddie Hayden lettings@hgsfreechurch.org.uk
Finance Officer	Fola Awosika finance@hgsfreechurch.org.uk
Director of Music	Mark Underwood mark.underwood119@gmail.com

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FREE CHURCH
Central Square,
London NW11 7AG



NO 780

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 2022

Dear Friends

Well I never thought I would be writing the introduction/front piece for News and Views, even less being asked to. Usually my flippant, slightly questioning /questionable articles have been consigned to the bin, never to see daylight again. I still think the image, put forward one Christmas, of Ian Tutton, fattened up, and training to be Father Christmas, as one of his newsletters, and the image of Raymond Briggs 'Snowman' drifting across the Choir Stalls while the theme tune played on the organ, was rather lovely. If you want to be religiously uplifted then maybe switch off or change channel.

We attended the Monday morning discussion groups for Ian's last six months, when he was 'demob happy' and now we attend Derek Lindfield's meetings. We find them interesting in their different ways, but not as different as you may expect. There is/has been discussion, further education for some of us, on the Bible, religious leaders, morality and philosophy, but also lateral thinking, wandering onto allied matters. What I have found particularly interesting is the open-mindedness of both ministers to the fact that they have deep commitment and belief, but accept that we may not, and that many points can be interpreted in different ways, and of course there is scope for discussion about when and by whom some books in the Bible were written.

Science has already opened up our understanding of the creation of the world, and the new James Webb telescope, in orbit a mere million miles away, is expected to gather knowledge of the formation of the universe going back billions of years. Ian expressed particular interest in the science. Our knowledge is clearly very different from the Bible. Many people take much of it as a series of parables. I remember these very

words from Peter Barraclough many years ago. How does God slot into this seeming ever expanding universe which has been doing so for billions of years? The deeply committed will probably accept it is not quite like the Bible, others may question whether the teachings of the relatively modern Bible encompass the creation by God of the universe billions of years ago. What is clear is that many people want the Church as part of their way of life, whether they are wholly believing in the teachings of the Bible or not. Both Ian and Derek have made references to the spirituality of people. This in many ways is as difficult to comprehend as God, but the fact that people like to go into churches, and some get considerable support and comfort from them shows that there is something there for many.

We were in Copenhagen a few years ago and returning to our hotel on a Sunday evening we passed a church where the doors were open, with subdued lighting, singing and music within. We went in and sat down for a while. What I found surprising was that people popped in and did the same as us and then went on their way. What they and we were getting out of it may vary and be open to question, but it was something!

Mick Tomlin

THOUGHT FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

“One moment of patience may ward off great disaster.
One moment of impatience may ruin a whole life.”

*Chinese proverb sourced by (and trying to live up to).
Rosemary Birch*

Safeguarding Statement

Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church believes that safeguarding is the responsibility of everyone and is committed to safeguarding and promoting the welfare of all those who are vulnerable (children, young people and vulnerable adults). We expect all of our leaders, volunteers and those who use our premises to share this commitment and value the support of those who worship here in achieving this.

***The Elders (Trustees), Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church
January 2016***

Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church, London, 10th July 2022

*Revd Ian Green, Minister of Amersham Free Church (Baptist/URC) and his wife, visited our church on Sunday July 10th. He is visiting churches during his sabbatical and writing up his experiences for his church in a blog called 'View from The Pew'.
For your encouragement, this is what he writes about our church:*

It's only a forty-minute drive from Amersham over to Hampstead Garden Suburb in North London and we made that journey on a gloriously sunny day last Sunday.

Whilst living in Hitchin we got to know about the concept, championed by Ebenezer Howard, of a 'Garden City' as Letchworth, one of the first, was our neighbour. Hampstead Garden Suburb stands in that fine tradition of thoughtful and creative town planning.

One of the first things that strikes you on arrival is the way the skyline is dominated by two churches that stand either side of a central square, both designed by the internationally renowned architect, Sir Edward Lutyens. On one side is the steepled St Jude's Anglican Church with the domed Free Church (Baptist/URC) located on the other.

These buildings are hugely significant, and both hold Grade 1 status. I suspect that now they are just over a hundred years old, that both church buildings are quite demanding in terms of maintenance and restoration. On Sunday we joined a warm hearted and welcoming congregation at The Free Church. In terms of style and demographic, this is the 'closest' to our own congregation at Amersham Free Church that we have encountered during these Sabbatical visits. The service was dignified and formal, yet always friendly.

Sunday's preacher was the minister of the Baptist Church down the road at Hampstead. He is also serving the Free Church as their interim moderator now they are in Pastoral Vacancy. His style was both thoughtful and refreshing.

The music on Sunday was provided by a grand piano with a first-class pianist. The church makes regular use of both its three manual organ and the piano, and last week the music was delightful.

One of the most touching parts of the service was that moment when a German family were 'farewelled' with kind words of appreciation and the presentation of a few presents. It was clear that they were much loved and

the inclusion of this item in morning worship underlined that sense of 'Church Family' which was very evident at the Free Church.

Afterwards we stayed for coffee, and it was significant just how many others did too – almost everyone in fact! That, I think, underlined, a keen sense of community within the church. We were made to feel very welcome with a number of folk taking time out to come over and introduce themselves. During this time we took the opportunity to walk around the church and look at the banners on display, the creative handiwork of a talented sewing group within the congregation.

In pondering what I might have learnt from Sunday (that – after all, is partly the reason for these Sabbatical visits!) it is what the lady who served me coffee said. She was reflecting on different church styles and commented: *the great thing about 'here' is that we can be ourselves, it doesn't matter if you stand up or sit down at the wrong point in the service, nobody minds, you can just be yourself...*

We both came away glad to have worshipped in such a sincere and friendly atmosphere in which people feel able to 'be themselves' in this strong and committed community of faith.

Ian Green Amersham Free Church



CHURCH ROUNDUP

Recruitment of New Minister

In June the Elders and Deacons interviewed an applicant for the Minister's Role. It was not thought that he was the "right fit" for our church. We will be re-advertising in September. Please continue to pray for discernment for the church leaders and patience for us all.

New Lettings and Finance Officers

We have appointed Eddie Hayden as our new Lettings Officer and Fola Awosika as our new Finance Officer. Both started in post on July 1st and are getting used to their new roles.

They will both be introduced to the church family on Sunday Sept 11th and commissioned to their work in our church during the morning service.

Next Church Meeting

There will be a short Church Meeting after the service on Sunday Sept 11th 12.30pm.

News of the Family

We were sorry to hear of the passing of Michael Eleftheriades' mother in June. She had become increasingly frail in the past few years and died at home with her family all around her. Our sympathies are with Michael, his father, Christina and Naomi.

Ray Cunnick, a member of the choir, is back in the Orchard after a prolonged time in hospital. He sends greetings to everyone. Please continue to pray for his recovery. He does not wish to receive visitors at present as he has so many hospital appointments and daily carers.

Congratulations to Charlotte Croft on her 2:1 gained for her Geography degree. Her father Simon would have been very proud.

On July 10th we said goodbye to the Millhoff family. They can be contacted by email: claudia@millhoff.net or thorsten@millhoff.net

The Team

Bible Study A summary of Johannine Christology

Chapter 17 of John's Gospel can be regarded as a good summary of Johannine Christology. The fourth gospel writer's understanding of Christ is expressed throughout his gospel, but now, as Jesus' earthly life is drawing to its close (the chapter immediately precedes the account of Jesus' arrest in the garden and subsequent trial and execution) it is announced that his "hour has come" (v1). It seems for us an appropriate point to reflect upon the meaning of the Incarnation and to look to the future which is secured by the final and supreme sacrifice of Jesus on the cross.

Christology is a rational attempt to work out how the divine and human natures of Jesus co-existed in him. There have been many attempts to do this. One way is to assert that Jesus was fully divine and then try to explain how God could take on human nature. For example, it would be possible to speak of God *emptying* himself of his divinity in order to become man. Another approach would be to suggest that Jesus' divine spirit dwelt in a human body. The problem with these understandings is that they do not do justice to Jesus' real humanity.

Other people start the other way round. They try to explain how Jesus the man could also be divine. For example, there is the analogy of adoption. It would be possible to speak of Jesus being *adopted* at his baptism or death – and then he was made divine. Another line would be to say that God was *in Christ*; or of Jesus being so God-conscious (an approach much beloved by nineteenth century Protestant liberals), so godly, that he made God present for others. There is a danger in such approaches that the divinity of Christ is so watered down that he can no longer be called God.

Bringing together the human and the divine as far as Jesus is concerned is difficult. The task can be seen to resemble a seesaw which refuses to remain perfectly balanced. It tends to come down on one side or the other, and so either the humanity or the divinity is emphasized at the expense of the other.

The writer of the fourth gospel was aware of this problem. His answer is summarised in the seventeenth chapter of the gospel.

He emphasizes that Jesus pre-existed his earthly existence, as God, and speaks to the Father of "the glory which I had with you before the world was made" (v5). In verse 24 he asserts that Jesus prayed: "Father, I desire that they also, who you have given me, may be with me where I am, to behold my glory *which you have given me in your love for me before the foundation of the world.*" John states that there is no sense in which Jesus the man *became* divine. He has always been God. In the Incarnation, however, God accepted that to become human in the man Jesus of Nazareth there must be

News of the Family

Brian Stonhold tells us that sadly in July David Knight, a former Organist and Director of Music at the Free Church from 1972 to 1979, has died. At that time David was Head of Music at Welwyn Garden City School and introduced the Choir to some of the more modern music. These included 'Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo' and 'Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat.'

Brian also informs us that in June Graham Sergeant who taught Sociology with Brian at Southgate College died. His hobby and passion was photography and many of the Free Church photos including the 75th Anniversary photos were taken by Graham.

The Team

limitations. We see a Jesus dependent upon the Father: he was sent by the Father – “Jesus Christ whom you sent” (v3); “they have believed that you sent me” (v8). Jesus has learned everything from the Father: “For I have given them the words which you gave me” (v8). He acts in obedience to the Father, fulfilling the work the Father gave him to do and thus glorifying the Father – “I glorified you on earth, having accomplished the work which you gave me to do” (v4)

Using again the analogy of the seesaw, we see that for John it comes down on the side of Jesus’ divinity. He does not wish to deny that Jesus was a real man. He affirms that this man was the revelation of God himself and was the Truth and the Life. So, in chapter 17 Jesus’ divinity is well demonstrated. For example, “You, Father, are in me, and I in you ... the glory which you have given me ... we are one” (v21-22). Verses which speak of Jesus’ unity with the Father.

The gospel writer understood that the glory of God shone through this man Jesus. For him, however, it is on the cross that Jesus’ divinity is most fully revealed. Here is the supreme paradox. In the moment of complete obedience Christ is glorified and exalted – “I glorified you on earth, having accomplished the work which you gave me to do.” (v4)

The writer understands that the divine love of God was revealed in human form through the Incarnation, and supremely on the cross, and that humanity is given the chance to know and believe in this selfless love, which is transformative, building a new relationship with humankind. The invitation is to be no longer self-centred but centred in God, and in this unity, it is possible to share in the divine glory which Jesus revealed. *Derek Lindfield*

It's that irritating word called patience again!

Do you ever get to that stage of thinking that you can now start doing all those odd jobs that really need doing, and that those jobs have to be done in a certain order - only to find you never get to the first one! This week should have been a good week to start; we live in such wonderful "quiet surroundings" that nothing should really disturb our peace - but don't you believe it! Having been here since November we thought our very shy tortoise-shell cat was becoming accustomed to her new surroundings. First, it was the strong wind noise which was frightening, then the loud rooks and sea-gulls and the very long grass in our paddock, But she was becoming very brave and daring, even playing with the moving long stalks of grass. She was the sort of cat you could become very attached to once you were recognized as a friend; she would readily come forward for a scratch behind the ear, almost giving a grin on her half-ginger coloured face. But now she's disappeared again, not under the floor boards this time as they are all firmly nailed down now; not in any cupboard as they now have hooks on them - no I'm sure some unusual noise startled her and she ran off into terra nova!...

We started walking around the surrounding area calling her name – luckily it's quite an innocent name so one doesn't feel too much of a fool walking around calling out a name loudly! Imagine our surprise on walking round a corner and seeing two very young herring gulls, still in their juvenile brown plumage, walking on the pavement and realizing that having got past them, we'd have to go back the same way, running the gauntlet of their defending swooping parents. (Herring gulls only lay three eggs and both parents are there to look after them!) A neighbour walking down the path had to run from three swooping parent birds. (On one of our holidays we visited an island where arctic terns were nesting amidst the pebbles. It really was quite frightening as the adults take to dive bombing visitors.)

The second delay was that having recovered one wandering tortoise, the other tortoise Jenny, the 80 year old, decided to do some climbing out of her pen! Now she's been recaptured and both tortoises now have large white labels on their shells to help detection!



Through all these moments of irritation and delay one can learn patience. I used to think the older one got, perhaps

the wiser one got, and that by coming out of the rat-race of everyday living, everything would become easier. But I'm still learning that that is not so. To be human means that we expect exact answers, no waiting around, ready results and it's hard to wait. Look at the agony on a child's face at Christmas when waiting to open a present, Its good for us, however hard we find it, to wait.

In my Bible Study notes (UCB Word for Today 6.7.22.) the writer remarks: "often the toughest times of life are those moments when all we know about God doesn't seem to help or get us the results we want. That's when we learn about His silence. Whenever God doesn't say a word, he's teaching us even in stillness. He's allowing us to grow by encouraging us to think, study and arrive at conclusions while He stands by as the loving parent. Faith sometimes comes by hearing but patience comes by silence." If I go back to my unending task of weeding, sorting out roots and gardening then I know I have to have great patience and can wait for results so that the untangled plants can thrive on their own. I can even sow seeds, trusting that in time they will grow. I suppose all those moments of waiting are allowing us time to think, to sow seeds, some of which we will never see the results of, but that's no reason to stop sowing.

One of those seeds of hope, was also mentioned in my Notes, concerning a project by Nandor Nemes from United Christian Broadcasting, Hungary, to get readings of the Ukrainian 'Word for Today' into the hands of people who had fled in fear, thus bringing God's light into situations full of anxiety and stress. It's so inspiring to read how they are putting the plan into action. She writes: "We are in connection with a Christian foundation in Beregszasz in Ukraine, next to the Hungarian border. We had already started to communicate with them last year as they wanted to serve the Ukrainian people with the UCB Word for Today, but there were all kinds of problems and hindrances. We were trying to work out how to do it, when the war broke out, but it's like God brought something out of it which suddenly made this mission possible, and we were able to print a small booklet of encouraging readings translated into Ukrainian, and reach people who are suffering." 20,000 copies, or perhaps 'seeds of hope', were distributed and now they have just printed another 30,000 copies!

Although I still miss that little friendly cat's face popping out when I turn the bedcovers back in the evening. I'm trying to stop fussing, to stop pushing and allow God to work through those silences, encouraging me to think, study and come to conclusions not achieved by a lack of patience.

Rosemary Birch

JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY FOR AUGUST/SEPTEMBER

Settling In

.... which is what we're doing after our move last November: it may seem a strange remark but getting used to a new location and life style takes time (the older you are the longer it takes) and it is important that it does take time rather than rushing in and drawing a line. The changes are generally more metamorphic than sudden but there are 'markers' - events which occur and become part of the developing pattern.

One of these is *Sea Sunday* which our local Church in Wales acknowledged last Sunday, the small congregation was substantially increased by the presence of members of Borth's Life Boat Station which was established in 1966 and equipped



with an inshore 'class D' lifeboat. Borth is in the middle of Cardigan Bay - which is the largest bay in Wales. Looking west, the nearest land is Ireland over 80 miles away - plenty of scope for storm surges! The sea here is the Irish Sea from end to end of the East coast of Ireland, a substantial enough body of water to have been designated a sea. Although Borth, in Guide Books, is described as 'an old fishing hamlet', there is very little fishing, presumably because it can't be on a scale to make it commercially viable. (Three of our sons are very keen on fishing when they are staying, with very tasty results!) Nonetheless, it does seem nonsensical when the fish used by the local shop is delivered from ports on the East coast of England! Perhaps it's conscience (or maybe the distance?) which means that these deliveries happen in the middle of the night!

Employing *goods rather than cash* for purchases has happened extensively over the centuries - and still does. In China, property developers (who up to 1949 didn't exist!) are accepting food products instead of cash. Payment in the form of garlic, wheat, watermelons or peaches is now possible again in various areas. As always, if a situation arises (in this case from a slumping market), human ingenuity contrives a solution.

Continuing with food - not surprisingly as everyone in the world needs feeding - the mismatch between the cost of living and donations to those whose pockets are the most affected - has meant a *dramatic fall in*

donations to food banks – up to 45% according to one operator. As always, in a world of plenty there are still millions living on, or below the breadline - probably the most intransigent problem and still very relevant in our modern (apparently) well organized world.

“Give us a call” It’s good to have a reminder that items we might think of as almost “throwaway” (certainly not “everlasting”) can have an on-going life. Owen Davies lost his mobile in the River Wye last August. The finder dried it out, put the phone in the airing cupboard overnight – and in the morning, it worked. Photos posted on Facebook resulted in its return to Mr Davies - a recall he’d given up expecting.



Having spent the first 18 years of my life in Shropshire, **zoo trips** were normally to Chester Zoo (but occasionally to Dudley Zoo near Birmingham). Chester in particular has a long history of caring for animals which other zoos might not want; at present, they have a three-legged tortoise - given the appropriate name of Hope - who was discovered in a suitcase in Hong Kong with 56 other endangered ploughshare tortoises! **Talking of tortoises**, our strayed one (as mentioned in last month’s News and Views) has been found. In the meantime, the older female Jenny, roughly 80 years old, has also climbed out to be relocated from another neighbour’s garden! She has in the past laid eggs (about the size of a bantam’s egg) and although we made an incubator we couldn’t get the right temperature for them to hatch; if we had, we would have to notify the Tortoise Trust and obtain birth certificates to say they had been born in this country as it is illegal to import certain types of tortoise into this country – hence the smuggling as in Hope’s case - not always with her happy ending!

“Spending a penny” is a well-known euphemism. When the owner lost his inch-wide gold coin in the mid 13th century he (probably) must have been annoyed. Rediscovered by a metal detector, it is now - according to experts - worth £400,000! Why? Because there are still only nine of the coins in existence. The



humble coin signifies the increasing importance of the economy in the Middle Ages but also points at the international trade which existed - the gold originated from North Africa

Learning from birds. A common image of the flamingo is of a bird standing on one leg, a case of “look what I can do!” Apparently: the length of time someone in midlife can do this can provide “useful information regarding mortality risks for middle aged and elderly people.” The conclusion in the ‘British Journal of Sports Medicine’ was that the test could be of benefit as part of a routine physical exam for the “middle aged and older.”



Orchids are usually associated with milder climates than those we have in the UK but they do thrive in “sheltered locations”. Our local Nature Reserve in the sandhills has a few, including some rare ones, but not so exciting as the finding of the coralroot orchid ‘*Corallorhiza trifida*’ rediscovered after 250 years on an estate in Wester Ross.

“Trex lives on!” A fossilised skeleton of a member of the Trex family and known as the Gorgosaurus skeleton (dated back about 76 million years) has just been sold at auction in New York - which happens to be appropriate because it lived in what is now the western United States and Canada.

It is good that words are turned into actions: at the **United States Ocean Conference in Lisbon** a report was given on the restoration of a coral reef on the Kenyan island of Wasini. The work was delicate - tools used included tooth brushes!

Finally showing that this diary is completely up to date, I hope you were as ‘awe-struck’ as Rosemary and I were in watching the **Buck Supermoon** on its orbit closest to the earth. The air here is so clear that objects seem much nearer which can result in a ‘double take’ - a quick realisation of the reason



for, another confirmation of, the realities of living here. **John Birch**

From the Archive

August/September 1922

Work and Worship for August 1922 carries the announcement of the Service of Induction for the new Minister, Rev W. Major Scott. This was welcome news after the long interregnum, reminding us that the present – seemingly long - inter-regnum is nothing unusual. This is followed by a discussion of the use of the Summer holiday for quiet and meditation for all.

The coming of the Rev W Major Scott.

The main arrangements for the Rev Major Scott's welcome are practically settled. The Service of Induction has been fixed for the evening of the 29th September. The Church is exceedingly fortunate in having been able to secure Dr T Reavley Glover, the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge, as the preacher on that occasion. We are also happy in having the Rev Thos. Nightingale to conclude the service. The time of the meeting – 8 o'clock – has been arranged with the view of giving an opportunity for all to attend, and we are justified in anticipating a memorable gathering.

The public recognition will probably be held on Wednesday October 4th.

During the next few weeks we shall be a scattered people. The lure of the mountain, the call of the sea, the fascination of the country, all are carrying us away in quest of health, refreshment and rest. And it is well when circumstances permit such a change – the pace we live our lives today, the tightened purse strings, and the heavy claims of our modern civilisation, have made the holiday season almost an absolute necessity. We relax for a few weeks and are all the better for the winter's demands, whether it be those of our commercial life or the Social and Church routine.

These holiday months should be sacred. If the activities of the Church are suspended, the activities of the soul should be quickened When a telescope is exposed to the midnight sky, and through it a photograph is taken, behold there are recorded on the plate countless stars which cannot be seen with the naked eye. It is the long silent exposure to the mind of God that reveals these immensities – realities lying quite beyond our ken in the drive and turmoil of ordinary life.

This is the use of holidays: 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

August 1942

From HGS Newsletter August 1942

August 1942 gives sad news of Free Church casualties in the War and

includes a note of the Infant Baptism of John Nicholas Hawks, whose father, Lieutenant John Christopher Hawks died aged 28 in a tragic accident on Salisbury Plain. He is named on our World War Two memorial in Church.

My Dear People The war has hit us hard in recent weeks. Not only have there been serious reverses on two Fronts: we have suffered casualties in our own congregation. Hardly was the July letter written when news reached me of the death of Douglas Hughes in action over the Low Countries. Most of you knew him. You remember him as a member of the Choir, as active in the Touchstone Players and other organisations. You remember how he and his mother always sat together at Communion Services and how deeply attached they were to one another. Then came the cruel raids and the mother was killed instantaneously. Douglas stayed with us at the Manse for a few days then and we knew how much he suffered and how brave he was. Now he has joined his mother on the other side and leaves a young widow and a little son of four months, to whom we offer our respectful sympathy.

Infant Baptism: July 12th, John Nicholas Hawks

September 1942

From HGS Newsletter September 1942

September 1942 sees Rev Ballard writing from his holiday resort in Devon about how the respite allows him time for reflection, still badly needed in wartime. Rev Ballard kept the Free Church family together with his letters throughout the war, whether they were at home or serving their country overseas.

My Dear People

If everything went according to plan I should now be in the train hastening back to London. But I have been persuaded to stay another day here in the West, and am spending the morning writing this monthly letter. My mood is one of gratitude. There have been moments when I have felt rather ashamed to be on holiday when so many people must go on with the daily task, and again and again when we have enjoyed the wide spaces of sea and land we have thought of men and women working in offices and factories as well as others at posts of honour overseas. I should not have come away at all had I not felt I owed it to you as well as to myself. Whatever the layman may feel, the minister must have time to look behind and before. It is fatal if one gets into a routine, so content with the daily round that one never looks to the horizon or lifts an eye to the everlasting hills. It is not altogether a pleasant task in these days, and sometimes the

heart has been sick when one has contrasted the splendours of Nature with life as we have known it and the prospects before us In times of unequalled terror we as individuals, as a congregation and as a nation have been spared. We have had our losses, but we are here still with sufficient for all our needs and with freedom to gather Sunday after Sunday for worship. There are many faces that we miss, but we are still permitted to remember together our distant friends and to share in some degree the sorrows of those who are bereaved and the anxieties of those who have most reason for fear. We are rediscovering in these days of trial the deeper meaning of Christian fellowship. Sundays mean more to some of us and churchmanship to a greater reality. We do not therefore need special occasions for thanksgiving and intercession and dedication, but we are glad that we have a King who from time to time calls the nation to prayer, and we shall join with millions of our fellow-countrymen on September 3rd in united remembrance and supplication

News from our young people is scarce this month, but I have received a few welcome letters from overseas. Douglas McCallum writes from India. He says that he is lucky in that he has been given an interesting Divisional Staff job in one of the big cities – “a real break, especially with the monsoon on.” Dudley Youatt, writing on July 31st, was also counting his blessings. He had enjoyed leave in Cairo and feasted his eyes on the wonders of the Pyramids and Mosques and the Delta of the Nile. “It was quite a change to see some fresh green vegetation in great abundance. Never before had I realised how much we owe to water.” He contrasts the irrigation of the Nile with the thirsty desert, and tells how one water bottle full per day has to suffice for washing, drinking and shaving. “Desert journeys are a never-to-be-- forgotten experience, and I am afraid that if some of us had our photographs taken after travelling all day, especially upon a motor bike, we should never be recognised by the people at home.” He is permitted to say that he has seen Benghazi and was much impressed by the scenery on the way there. He cites a Scotsman who almost broke down and said that he had never seen such marvellous scenery even in his own land! There is also a letter from John Millar Craig, who has already endured two winters in Iceland and seems to be settling down for another. He had rather expected to come home this summer, but local requirements made him feel that it is his duty to remain at any rate for the present. I wish we could export a little of this August heat to him. (We have not had too much ourselves, but at the moment I feel like little more than bathing, and ices).

Frank Ballard

Anne Lowe

Book Review

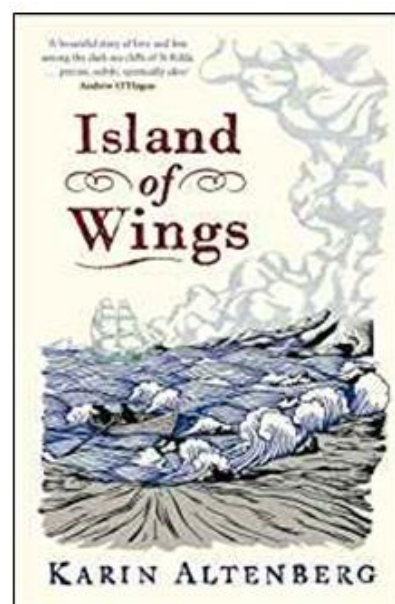
Island of Wings by Karin Altenburg

Reading this book, I was immediately plunged into the extraordinary world of early 19th Century life on the island of St Kilda in the Outer Hebrides, a place of rough, wild beauty, battered by the sea and Atlantic storms, visited by thousands of different birds, with long, dark winters and all too brief short summers.

Karin Altenberg (an archaeologist by training) has turned painstaking research into a flowing, fascinating account of daily life in 19th century St Kilda. This makes it even more riveting as it may have been a British island, but its culture is now extinct. The rocky outcrops of the Hebridean islands didn't make it easy for the inhabitants to produce their sparse crops and small herds for sustenance, supplemented by the native seabirds. In fact, most of the island's needs were provided by supply ships, dependent on weather and the whims of the taxman.

The birds on St Kilda are so plentiful it is inevitable that they are used for seemingly everything; the children even use their (uncleaned) bodies as makeshift shoes! The huts the inhabitants live in are primitive in the extreme, with living and sleeping areas below ground level, entered by a narrow tunnel on hands and knees, through uncleared bird detritus and excrement to the disgust of any visitor. All decisions are communal and may take hours to reach, the men stopping their work for long periods to chat and smoke their pipes. (So powerful is the communal ethic that, in the past, a criminal among them who they had decided to execute had to be strangled by every man, in a circle, using ropes so that no one person needed to feel personally responsible).

Into this strange land comes the young Rev Neil Mackenzie and pregnant wife Elizabeth – 'Lizzie.' The Reverend has high hopes of making the inhabitants enthusiastic Christians (and modern men) in accordance with the missionary spirit of the age. The inhabitants, on the other hand, while hospitable and polite, seem firmly settled (and happy) in their seemingly unenlightened ways. The Reverend has a few successes among his flock but over the years he seems to lose vision and impetus and becomes a self-doubting and somewhat vindictive person. Lizzie suffers even more but



survives better through friendship with her maidservant and her children. Over time she seems to be able to communicate with the islanders better than her husband because she has more realistic ideas of what can be achieved and perhaps because she shares with many of them the sadness of losing (early on) children in childbirth.

Unable to share their emotions and feelings, the couple gradually come to live separate lives in the vicarage. Eventually, the Reverend decides to call it a day and returns with his family to the Mainland where he faces the difficult decision of whether to join the 'Great Disruption' of 1843. This was because in 1834 the Veto Act was passed by the Church of Scotland, which gave parishioners the right to reject a minister nominated by their patron. In May 1843, 121 ministers and 73 elders, left the Church of Scotland General Assembly to form the Free Church of Scotland. Those Ministers that stayed continued as they were, those that left forfeited livings, manses and pulpits, and had, without the aid of the establishment, to found and finance a national Church from scratch. Originally, MacKenzie had gone to St Kilda at the behest of the Laird of St. Kilda, who owned the land, and the Church, which was his employer (a reasonably good one by the standards of the day who even financed MacKenzie's plans to rehouse the 'natives' in individual 'houses' rather than communal dwellings). MacKenzie chooses to stay within the existing church, not having the courage to face making a living and starting afresh without the financial backing of the church. It was a critical and terrible choice that was forced on him.

(Like those who joined the Free Church of Scotland we in the Free Church are independent of the State, so that, for example, we have no obligation to pray for the Queen and her Ministers. Similarly, we do not have bishops in the House of Lords).

The plot works well apart from one episode which I found unconvincing, when a shipwrecked and wounded pirate arrives at the manse to be nursed by Lizzie. Mills and Boon then arrive when Lizzie falls in love with the pirate. The episode is unconvincing and unnecessary, a cliché. Otherwise, the author provides a convincing text and unforgettable description of life on a small Hebridean island in the 1830s). * Highly recommended.

**The last St Kildans left the island in 1930. Their departure has been described thus:*

"On 29 August 1930, the remaining 36 inhabitants were removed to Morvern on the Scottish mainland at their own request. The morning of

*the evacuation promised a perfect day. The sun rose out of a calm and sparkling sea and warmed the impassive cliffs of Oiseval. The sky was hopelessly blue and the sight of Hirta [St Kilda], green and pleasant as the island of so many careless dreams, made parting all the more difficult. Observing tradition the islanders left an open Bible and a small pile of oats in each house, locked all the doors and at 7 am boarded the Harebell. Although exhausted by the strain and hard work of the last few days, they were reported to have stayed cheerful throughout the operation. But as the long antler of Dun fell back onto the horizon and the familiar outline of the island grew faint, the severing of an ancient tie became a reality and the St Kildans gave way to tears. (From: Charles MacLean, *Island On the Edge of the World: The Story of St Kilda*, Canongate Books, first published 1972)*

Marion Ditchfield

SOME NOTES BY JOAN FOR AUGUST/SEPTEMBER

Following my newsletter I shall regale you with some thoughts gathered during the last few weeks. It's been a busy time for some of us - with St Jude's Proms and with Wimbledon both taking place at the same time, the end of June, and into July.

Wonderful concerts and superb tennis - what more could I want? Sometimes it was too much to take in in one day, and choices had to be made. An amazing week of music took me to St Jude's four times - exciting jazz on one evening from Brubeck junior (Dave was his father, and Darius is carrying on the tradition in fine style). The next night we were treated to a wonderful concert by our local virtuoso musicians, members of the Max family, with Noah conducting the Echo Ensemble and his father Robert playing Tchaikovsky's Rococo Variations with verve and style. Noah himself had written one of the pieces, the beautiful, soulful "Candle Lagoon". Later in the week I enjoyed two orchestras, each very different - the Fantasie with Tom Fetherstonhaugh, giving us Rachmaninov and Brahms; and the week was rounded off for me with the Nevill Holt opera, conducted by St Jude's own Nick Chalmers and four excellent soloists in well-known pieces from several operas.

All this, the tennis and the wonderful weather too! Much sun (not too hot in late June and early July) and hardly a drop of rain. The garden loved it (but I didn't when I had to water my 6 large pots each evening!) My fox, a bit elderly now, is really enjoying her daily snoozes in a comfy spot almost hidden from view at the top of my garden - only disappearing in the early

evening for a night's foraging to replenish her energy for the dozing next day!

My robin and the sparrow family keep me amused, by coming close, especially when the grass has been cut and the worms and grubs are revealed. But since I wrote those introductory paragraphs, my, how the weather has changed! We are now bathed in hot sunshine from dawn to dusk! I'm only venturing out for essential purposes - to local shops, to Church, to Fellowship House talks, and to my two choirs. Otherwise it's sensible to lie low and stay, either in a shady spot in the garden or indoors - especially in the very hot middle of the day. The projected temperature for the coming weekend does not bear thinking about! Did I react this way when I was younger and found it easier to cope with high temperatures? Is old age setting in before I'm ready for it? How do we prepare ourselves for changes in our lifestyles? Talking to our friends helps a great deal - especially when we find that they are reacting to changes in similar ways to ourselves. It gives us agency, it confirms some of our fears, it reduces our worries, because we know others share the experience.

Joan Holton



Travelling Abroad

Once again a piece by Simon Jenkins taken from the 'Ship of Fools' Christian website. In this piece he writes about the unexpected things that happen when you take up the challenge of warming a foreign pew.

Where do you go to church when you're on holiday? Several years ago, my evangelical auntie, asking what I would be doing on my impending beach holiday, told me tartly: 'You may be going on holiday, but you can never have a holiday from the Lord.'

Despite that precious truth, most believers, as far as I can see, don't go to church when they're abroad, especially if they're in a foreign-language country. There are good reasons for it, of course. Going to an unfamiliar church requires nerves of titanium even when you speak the same language.

This was the experience of George, who foolishly ventured into a Gospel Hall in Glasgow a few years ago. Quizzed at the door about his born-again credentials and the disappointing lack of a big black Bible under his arm, he was directed to an obscure corner at the back. Once consigned to the pews of the damned, he was excluded from the Lord's Supper; but looking on the bright side, he was also excluded from the collection bag. This rather chilly visit to church dropped to freezing point, said George, when 'the preacher stared in my direction in the far corner for the entire sermon'.

If that can happen in a church possibly around the corner from you, what horrors might await if you darkened the doors of a French Catholic, Greek Orthodox or Spanish Pentecostal church, all of them (especially the Pentecostals) speaking crazily in unknown tongues?

Despite the dangers, can I encourage readers to give church a go this summer holiday? I'm suggesting it because being in a service where you don't know the language is just an intensely interesting thing. You'd think it would be boring, but that's reckoning without fear. Fear keeps you alert, because at any moment you could find yourself standing when you should be sitting, or launching into a solo at the end of the hymn, when everyone else understood the instruction to omit verse five. That's when the entire congregation turns to inspect you, the person who has done the wrong thing, just like in the movies.

This actually happened to me when I went to an Ethiopian Orthodox

liturgy. It was in London, but the service was spoken in Ge'ez and Amharic. I made myself walk into church confidently, as though I'd been there a thousand times before. I steered myself smoothly into a pew, sat down and bowed my head for a moment of pretend prayer. When I looked up, I discovered that I was the only man sitting in the women's section, with several women looking at me, and not in a good way.

The second fascinating thing about church in an unknown language is that you switch channel from the ear to the eye. The minister might as well be talking in Klingon, and so you begin to notice visual oddities that maybe the church regulars have never spotted. I visited the Thomaskirche in Leipzig a couple of years back, the church where JS Bach was once in charge of the music. As I sat in my pew, wondering why 'German' rhymes with 'sermon', I noticed something curious.

The pulpit was mounted on a pillar in the nave and was sideways on to the congregation. If the preacher stood squarely facing their notes, then they were facing the pillar across the nave. And on that pillar was a large old crucifix in tarnished gold which was mounted at a slightly lower height than the pulpit. This meant that the preacher was talking down to Jesus. Maybe the intention was to keep the cross of Christ ever before the preacher's eyes, but I think the Thomaskirche ought to sort it out.

And there are other joys to discover in your holiday churchgoing. Such as the handsome young priest, newly installed at a Catholic church in Bordeaux, who concluded a wedding I went to a summer or two before Lockdown with the exhortation: *Faire l'amour!* ('Make love!').

This blessed instruction was received so enthusiastically by the French congregation, with cheering and applause, that there was a real danger of it being put into immediate effect.

Meanwhile, in Croatia, at a charismatic service featuring flag waving, a forest of raised arms and outbursts of tongues, the congregation spontaneously started to sing, over and over again, 'Sweaty bog! Sweaty bog! Sweaty bog!' My friends, who witnessed this unlikely moment, were practically weeping with laughter, but their tears were fortunately mistaken for joy, since *Sveti Bog!* in Croatian means 'Holy God!'

Why miss out on these untold riches? This year, go on holiday with the Lord.



Simon Jenkins

OLIGARCHS! - WHY OLIGARCHS?

Previous articles showed how western neoliberal shock therapy impacted adversely on the Russian economy and society during the 1990s, leading to widespread unemployment and economic hardship. Factories and plants were sold off for a fraction of their worth in general to a small coterie of former Communist Party apparatchiks and factory directors who, by virtue of their position and connections, were able to make sure (by insider dealing, bribery and brute force for example) that they were the beneficiaries of any sell offs. A clique of new billionaires rapidly emerged who, by virtue of their newly acquired great wealth and power, became universally known as 'the oligarchs'.

In fact, before the imposition of shock therapy at the beginning of the 1990s, Russia had no millionaires; by 2003 it had 17 billionaires. A point of significance is that these billionaires were Russian billionaires, for in a rare and wise departure from the neoliberal playbook, Boris Yeltsin refused to allow foreign multi-nationals to buy up Russian assets directly; instead, he made sure that the prizes went to the Russians, then opened up the newly privatized companies owned by the oligarchs, to foreign shareholders. Foreigners could make money out of them, but could not own them. This was a mistake which was to be rectified a few years later when the United States and its allies invaded Iraq and made sure that the local elite were more or less excluded from any lucrative privatization deals during the 'reconstruction' period.

However, in order to maintain their new wealth and power it was necessary for the oligarchs to spend a great deal of money on protection. Indeed, almost every business in Russia, from curbside vendors to huge oil and gas companies found they had to make payments to organized crime for protection. This was known as the 'krysha' system – 'krysha' meaning roof or covering, ie protection. Businessmen said they needed the 'krysha' system because the laws and the court system were no longer adequately functioning; the only way to enforce a contract was to turn to a criminal 'krysha'. The 'krysha' system was also used to intimidate competitors, enforce contracts, collect debts or take over markets. It was also common for Russian businessmen to turn to the 'red krysha' - corrupt policemen who doubled as paid 'enforcers'. The following is an extract from a collection of eye-witness accounts of the gang warfare of this era:

They often used to call themselves “Mafia”. To compare this limitless, idiotic mob of the 90s to Italian Mafia, would be an insult to the Mafia. The Mafia grew up from the desire of normal people to be protected. It was often respected by the same people, had strong rules and traditions and unwritten laws, too.

The post soviet “bulls” (the title came from them only respecting brute force and being ignorant idiots) and “Bondiks” (a portmanteau of “Bond” and “Bandits”) had very little respect from people; at first they were hated and feared... then just hated

The gang wars had killed an innocent lady in her 50’s in my own high-rise block of flats. A local cemetery director had an apartment in our building. Cemeteries were incredibly corrupt place of work (and still are...) and huge money came through his hands. His “Big eye” Merc was often parked right at one of the building’s entrances. We could only dream about such a car...

However he came into problems with some thugs. The thugs had fitted the Merc with some explosive, and detonated remotely while being in direct line of sight. In their disregard for everything including human life, they ignored or just didn’t notice the meek lady who just had emerged out of the house to do her mundane shopping... Kaboom!

Dozens of flats windows just shattered to pieces, a building wall had a crater in it, the mangled bench where the grannies always sat chatting to each other, was now helplessly lying upside down, its legs twisted hellishly, ... and the guy became a client at his own cemetery!



Gangster photos and monuments in a gangster cemetery

The impact of the programme was so severe that Yeltsin’s popularity plunged to single digit figures and there were rumours that the 1996 election was going to be called off. In the end it went ahead and Yeltsin won – but only with the help of some \$100 million in financing by the oligarchs (33 times the legal limit), as well as 800 times more coverage on oligarch controlled TV stations than his rival – and the exhaustion of an electorate that had given up hope of making a change. With this victory the shock therapists moved to the most contentious and lucrative part of their agenda – selling off the commanding heights of the economy – its oil and gas, its mineral and mining operations.

Forty percent of an oil company comparable in size to France's Total was sold for \$88 million (Total's sales in 2006 were \$193 billion). Norilsk Nickel, which produced a fifth of the world's nickel, was sold for \$170 million – even though its profits soon reached \$1.5 billion annually. The massive oil company Yukos, which controlled more oil than Kuwait, was sold for \$309 million at the same time earning \$3 billion in revenue a year. Fifty one percent of the oil giant Sidanko went for \$130 million; just two years later that stake would be valued on the international market at \$2.8 billion. A huge weapons factory sold for \$3 million, the price of a luxury house in Europe or America. And so on.

How was this fire sale achieved? By close cooperation between the politicians and the oligarchs – the 'businessmen'. Politicians transferred large sums of public money (which should have been gone to the national bank or treasury) into private banks which had been hastily set up by the oligarchs. The state then contracted with the same banks to run the privatisation auctions for the assets. But the banks who were running the auctions were also allowed to bid in them. There being no other bidders in the running, the oligarch owned banks unsurprisingly found themselves the proud new owners of the country's oil, gas and mineral wealth – all bought for derisory sums of money and which had been supplied from the public purse to begin with. In effect, the public paid to have their own publicly owned assets taken away from them and handed over to a few hand-picked men favoured by the government, ie 'paying to be robbed.' Once in control of the key assets of the state, they opened up their companies to foreign investors who were not backward in snapping up generous portions of them.

Conclusion

Like the Russian 'Boyars' of old and the English Barons of the Middle Ages, the oligarchs inevitably fought and moved against each other (by financial means and, if necessary, by other means), trying to take over or cripple each other's empires. It was a precarious occupation and the oligarchs made sure that a goodly proportion of their 'earnings' was always moved abroad ready for a 'rainy day.' London was a favourite destination, the City offering unparalleled financial services and the London property market irresistible investment opportunities. Particularly important was a political establishment who were not too fussy about the sources of inward investment - as long as substantial sums were involved. Inevitably, the 'rainy day' did come. This is examined in a final piece together with some profound and little noticed results of Russia's experiment in neoliberalism.

Much of the above is based on Naomi Klein's book 'The Shock Doctrine' (2007). It is based on meticulous research and interviews with many of the key players during this period.

John Ditchfield

JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

Competition No. 46: English County Towns

(Each English county has a county town, usually the Administrative Centre - for my home county of Shropshire it's Shrewsbury. Join up the County and Town)

Town

Truro	Exeter	Taunton	Winchester	Aylesbury	Oakham
	Newcastle-upon-Tyne		Chelmsford	Ipswich	Preston
	Carlisle	Matlock	Maidstone	Trowbridge	

County

Cornwall	Hampshire	Essex	Cumbria	Rutland
Devon	Somerset	Buckinghamshire	Kent	Derbyshire
	Northumberland	Suffolk	Lancashire	Wiltshire



Answers to Competition No 45: Scotland, Places and Their Locations, Which fits where?

Kirkwall/Shetland
 Thurso/Highland
 Stornoway/Western Isles
 Frazerburgh/Aberdeenshire
 Leverburgh/Harris
 Castlebay/Barra
 Arbroth/Angus
 Perth/Strathern
 Oban/Argyll & Bute
 Dunbar/Lothian
 Brodick/Isle of Arran
 Lerwick/Orkney



We look forward to your answers - send them either by email to jbirch1821@gmail.com or by post to J. Birch, Pantgwyn, High Street, Borth, Ceredigion, Wales SY24 5HY

WORDSEARCH: TREASURES OF THE ROCK-POOLS

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

BEADLET-ANENOME BLENNY BRUSH-SEAWEED BUTTER-
FISH COCKLE COMMON-LIMPET COWRIE CURVED-
RAZOR-SHELL DOG-WHELKS EDIBLE-WINKLE GOBY
GOOSE-BARNACLE JELLY-FISH KNOTTED-WRACK
MUSSELS PERIWINKLE PRAWNS SANDEELS SEA-BELT
SEA-LETTUCE SHORE-CRAB SHRIMPS STARFISH

Put the remaining 10 letters together to find the sea-creature who would willingly take over anyone's empty home.

Compiled by Rosemary Birch

Answer: Hermit Crab

JUNIOR WORDSEARCH: WATER SPORTS

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

SWIMMING
DIVING
SAILING
SURFING
WINDSURFING

WATER SKIING
WATER VOLLEYBALL
WATER BASKETBALL
SNORKELLING
PADDLE BOARDING

ROWING
CANOEING
KAYAK
RAFTING
WATER POLO



Compiled by Liz Alsford

DIARY

The church is open. The services will also continue to be live streamed on FACEBOOK. We are choosing to maintain some social distancing. Face masks are optional.

Monday 10.30am to 11.30am,
'Studying Together'

Wednesdays 10am to 12 noon Toddler

and Parent/Carer group in Church (restarting Sept 14th)

Saturday 10.30am to 12.30pm West End Café open

Thursday 8.00pm Choir Practice in Church Sept 1st, 15th & 29th

Christian Meditation - Meditators meet online. For further information, contact: Georgia Tutton at gmrtutton@aol.com



AUGUST

- 7 11.00 am Family Communion Service Revd John Mackerness, URC minister, Chaplain, Heathrow Airport**
- 14 11.00 am Family Service led by Mr Andrew Mills, URC Lay Preacher**
- 21 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Jon Dean, Retired URC Minister**
- 23 7.30pm Church Officers Meeting**
- 28 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Sean Sanders, Methodist Minister**

SEPTEMBER

- 1 & 2 All day Church Open for families of entrant examination students HB School**
- 4 11.00am Family Communion led by Revd Derek Lindfield**
- 10 10am-1pm Open House**

- 11 11.00am Family Service led by the HGSFC Worship Group**
 12.30pm Church Meeting.
 10am-1pm Open House
- 17 10am-1pm Open House
- 18 **11.00am Family Service led by Revd Maggie Hindley, retired URC Minister**
 10am - 1pm Open House
- 20 7.30pm Joint Elders & Deacons Court
- 25 11.00am Family Service led by Mrs Sarah Beaumont, URC Lay Preacher**
- 30 1.00pm Organ Recital by Jonathan Gregory, our previous Director of Music
 12.15 Light lunch in support of Christian Aid



NEWS AND VIEWS



PRODUCTION
 DISTRIBUTION
 EDITORIAL PANEL
 TYPESETTER
 EDITOR

John Ditchfield
 Jill Purdie and others
 Joan Holton and Marion Ditchfield
 John Ditchfield
 Marion Ditchfield

The October edition of News and Views will be published on Sunday 2nd October 2022. Articles should therefore be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday September 11th..

We welcome articles, as well as reviews of books, films, plays etc. from members and friends. These will not always represent the views of the editorial panel or of the Church. Publication is at the discretion of the Editors.

Remember - we are on line at www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk where you will find past issues of News and Views.

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