

NEWS & VIEWS

***The Free Church
Hampstead Garden Suburb***



DECEMBER 2022 - JANUARY 2023

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
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Pulpit Secretary	Carole Lindfield derekandcarole.lindfield@earlblue.com
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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

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***

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FREE CHURCH
Central Square,
London NW11 7AG



NO 783

DECEMBER 2022 - JANUARY 2023

Dear Friends

Letter for December

At the end of October our service in the Free Church was led by Reverend Chris Damp from Bunyan Meeting in Bedford. What he said interested me greatly as at school in Bedford, aged 11 or so, I much enjoyed Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Reverend Damp told us that this work was the most published book in the world for centuries after the Bible – only surpassed by Harry Potter in recent times. As girls, we enjoyed it as an adventure, looking forward each week to reading the next exciting episode. At the end we drew an illustrated map of Christian's journey to the Celestial City in our exercise books; this was quite a feat as how do you draw a 'Slough of Despond' for example? Even now, looking at the famous frontispiece with Bunyan asleep over a Lion's Den, or reading the first few lines, a similar excitement comes over me: "As I walk through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a Denn [prison] ... And as I slept I dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a Man clothed with Raggs ... He brake out with a lamentable cry; saying, "What shall I do?"



Bunyan and his Dream

What I find extraordinary now is that at school we were told nothing of John Bunyan's life story or the history of his time. There was a bronze statue erected in 1874 of John Bunyan which I would pass regularly on my way to swimming lessons but our teachers never directed us to look at the

scenes from Pilgrim's Progress on the stone plinth beneath the statue, or even to look closely at the enormous bronze doors opposite also depicting scenes from Pilgrim's Progress. In addition – a matter of some regret – I never went to Bunyan Meeting where Bunyan had been one of the first ministers, only to my Anglican church, Holy Trinity. As for Bunyan's



"IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND"

Find more coloring pages from Pilgrim's Progress at <http://donathibice.blogspot.com>

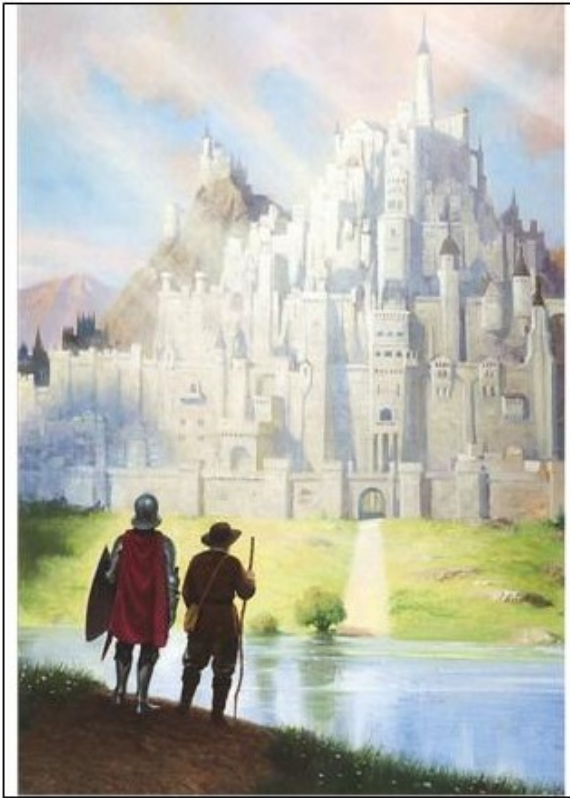
imprisonment, the reasons were hardly mentioned – these were preaching without a licence and suspicion of arousing anti-monarchical sentiments (against the newly restored Charles II). I can only think that my school was not only very Anglican but also very Royalist. Much was made of Queen Elizabeth's coronation I remember (1953).

However, as an adult, re-reading Pilgrim's Progress I am struck by its emotional and spiritual import. For example, it details the author's depression (which he suffered from periodically throughout his life) and his fights against it, which continues to speak to all of us as we go through similar episodes in our own lives. I well remember once, long ago, describing my depressed state as "being stuck in the Slough of Despond" like Christian and being gently reminded that Christian was not pulled out of the Slough by a helper but advised that beneath the mire there were steps from bottom to top, so using these he managed to release himself by his own efforts. It was up to me to look for "steps".



Christian meets Worldly Wiseman.

For the spiritual import of the book, the high point for me is the description of Christian and Hopeful's entry into the Celestial City. The Shining Ones talk to them as they are going over the river: "about the glory of the place ... the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There ... is the Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of Just Men made Perfect ... the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of



the never-fading fruits thereof ...”

Even more striking than Christian’s entry into Heaven is the description (six pages long!) at the end of Part Two, where wife Christiana and her companions Mr Honest, Mr Valiant and Mr Stand-Fast cross the river to the Celestial City, ending with: “But glorious it was, to see how the open Region was filled with Horses and Chariots, with Trumpeters and Pipers, with Singers, and Players on stringed instruments to welcome the Pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the beautiful Gate of the City.”

If, like me, you have not read Pilgrim’s Progress for a while, it is well worth a

re-read. At 290 pages, it is not long, and it is a historically important text which speaks to us today as vividly as when it was first printed in 1692.

With best wishes for a Happy Christmas and New Year -

Marion Ditchfield



News of the Church Family

Our condolences are with the family of Moya Page whose funeral was in November. And our prayers are with Simon and Sally Abbott, as Simon's mobility becomes increasingly more difficult.



Joan Holton has become a great-grandmother! A baby boy, Desmond George, was born to her (step) granddaughter Suzie, and husband Adam, on 16 November. The family live in Melbourne. Mother and son are both well and grandparents Rosie and Martin Byatt are very proud. Joan is delighted at the choice of name, as her father was also called George.

The Future Leadership of HGS Free Church

Ministry

On December 4th Revd Aled Jones will be preaching with a view and on Sunday December 11th at 12.30pm there will be a Special Church meeting to decide whether to call Revd Aled Jones to the Free Church pastorate.

Elders & Deacons

Following the Church Meeting on November 20th the following church members have been elected to become Elders or Deacons on January 1st 2023 until Dec 31st 2026:

Elders: Joe Fryer, Julia Fryer, Carole Lindfield, Derek Lindfield, Richard Orme, Jo Morris, Lorna Page, Verity Smith, Mary Stacy, Penny Trafford

Deacons: Christine Barrow, Hossein Nejad

Secretariat: Carole Lindfield, Lorna Page, Penny Trafford

Church Treasurer: Joe Fryer

Chair of Trustees: Derek Lindfield

Christmas presents for in-patients at the DSU at Edgware

Again this year we will be delivering Christmas presents for the in-patients on the three wards of Dennis Scott Unit, Edgware.

Please do come and help wrap the presents on Tuesday December 20th at 2.30pm in the Elders Vestry. It's always fun and light work with many of us helping and there will be tea and mince pies to enjoy.

Refurbishment of the Manse

A small group, led by David Morris and consisting of Derek Lindfield, Richard Orme, Mick Tomlin and himself have been planning improvements

to the Manse in anticipation of its occupation by a new Minister. A contract had been agreed for work in the kitchen and two bathrooms (on the middle and top floors), together with internal decoration throughout. The windows also require attention. Barnet has approved work to be done to the trees in the garden. The work may not be finished until Easter.

Bazaar

The very enjoyable and happy occasion of the Bazaar has resulted in a total of more than £2,250 being raised. Thanks to everyone taking part in this successful day.

The Church diary

Sadly, because of the absence of our Director of Music until the New Year, the Advent Carol Service has been cancelled. The Service of Nine Lessons and Carols, to be held on 18 December, will be led by Derek Lindfield. He will also lead the Christmas Day service. The children will be encouraged to bring their gifts to church, and Christmas sweaters will be worn!

There will be no New Year's Eve service this year, but there may be fireworks on the square.

On New Year's Day at 3pm there will be a piano recital in church, given by Masa Tayama.

The Team



John's Prologue at Christmas

Only two of the four gospels contain stories of the birth of Jesus, Matthew, and Luke. Each gospel writer has his own perspective. Matthew concentrates on the Magi, the wise men, who followed a star to Bethlehem. Luke, on the other hand, tells the story of the shepherds looking after their sheep in fields outside the town.

Matthew wants to emphasize that the Magi, coming from the east, represented the non-Jewish world coming to worship this new king. The gifts they brought are highly symbolic of Jesus' future life, as they represent king, God, and man.

Gold represents royalty. It emphasizes Jesus' role as ruler over the kingdom of God. So gold represents the kingship of Jesus.

Frankincense is resin from a tree, burned for its smell during worship in the temple (and still used by some Christian churches today). It represents Jesus being worshipped as God.

Myrrh was an oil used to anoint the dead before burial. It represents Jesus' humanity and death on the cross.

Luke, however, wants to emphasize that people who were not socially important (like the Magi) were the first to be told about the birth of the Christ child. To some extent they were on the margins of society. Their work precluded them from observing the rituals and laws of their religion. They had a difficult job and worked anti-social hours. They had no rank in society. Luke emphasizes that it is to such as these that Jesus was born.

Mark does not mention Jesus' birth at all but starts his gospel concentrating on the start of Jesus' public ministry with his baptism by his cousin John the Baptist.

The evangelist John does not mention the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem at all but homes in on his cosmic significance. He starts his gospel by placing Jesus not in a place and time but at the very beginning of time and space. He calls Jesus 'the Word of God' and sets the stage by stating 'In the beginning ...'. These are words which recall the opening words of Genesis. John picks up on the refrain in Genesis – 'and God said' and identifies Jesus as being the creative word of God. He is saying, in effect, Jesus was there, at the beginning, and he was instrumental in creating all that was created.

SPECTATORS AT A CRUCIFIXION

When I was young, one of the ways that I tried to make sense of the world, as a person with little experience of the world but lots of imagination, was to use stories from the Bible as tools to illustrate and help me understand human nature, and moral and spiritual values.

I took seriously the warnings about the destruction of the earth in the Old Testament psalms and prophets. When I was thirteen, and my Sunday School teacher told us that during the Cuban Missile Crisis he knew that the world would not be destroyed through nuclear



war because God wouldn't allow the destruction of the human race, I told him that he had no grounds for that faith, and that I disagreed with him – we could, and might destroy the world, and that God would not stop it.

It was the end of church for me until my late teens, but a renewed Christian faith has never changed my view about the destructibility of the earth. Over fifty years on, I find myself trying to understand the nature of the situation that we are in today, and once again it is a Biblical story which provides me with an illustration of the way I am feeling about humanity and our world.

I see myself standing with the other disciples of Jesus in front of the cross on which the person in whom we have placed our trust and our hopes is dying in agony at the orders of the political rulers of the day. I am a spectator, powerless to do anything other than comfort my friends and prepare for the inevitable end to my hopes and dreams for the future. I am raging at the injustice of this agony and death, and I sense that there is nothing I can do to make the future any better. The provincial governor has washed his hands of this death, and let others take the blame, in the name of public order.

Only today, it is not one man that is being crucified, it is a whole planet: the planet on which I depend for my life and health and my future, and that of my children and grandchildren. And those who have political power are either making it happen, or doing far too little to prevent it. Climate

scientists are not hiding the facts; that global warming is gathering pace, and that we are getting close to the point of no return, where cumulative changes will make the situation beyond recovery, hastening the destruction of the whole ecosystem, and the lives of everyone on earth. And our



leaders the world over are turning their backs on the evidence, denying it, and refusing to take the actions necessary to prevent this greatest crime of all time.

We hear voices of protest, like those of Greta Thunberg and George Monbiot, who give me a little hope, but also cause me to despair because they know they are voices crying in the wilderness. Where are the prophets warning of the destruction of the earth in voices that cannot be silenced?

Where are the preachers of this generation who are thundering from the pulpits that God is not going to save us from destroying ourselves and our planet?

One of the interesting questions that science and science fiction have been asking in recent years is why we have not yet discovered signs of other civilisations in the universe. The universe is so vast that the chances of there being another environment capable of generating life like this earth has are huge, and it may be that we simply do not have powerful enough communications to find other civilisations. But recently I have been wondering whether the real reason we have not discovered other civilisations that have reached or exceeded the level of our own is that all 'civilisations' are inherently unstable, and bound to cause their own destruction. So maybe in the huge timespan of our universe civilisations like ours have flickered often, but only for the very short geological time it takes to create the means for self-destruction.

And we are about to flicker out. Polar ice will all melt, and seas will cover many of our population centres. Fires are already destroying forests, topsoil is being blown away, floods are becoming more frequent and deserts are growing. We are becoming unable to feed ourselves as a race. It has already started – all the signs are there, and we are continuing to

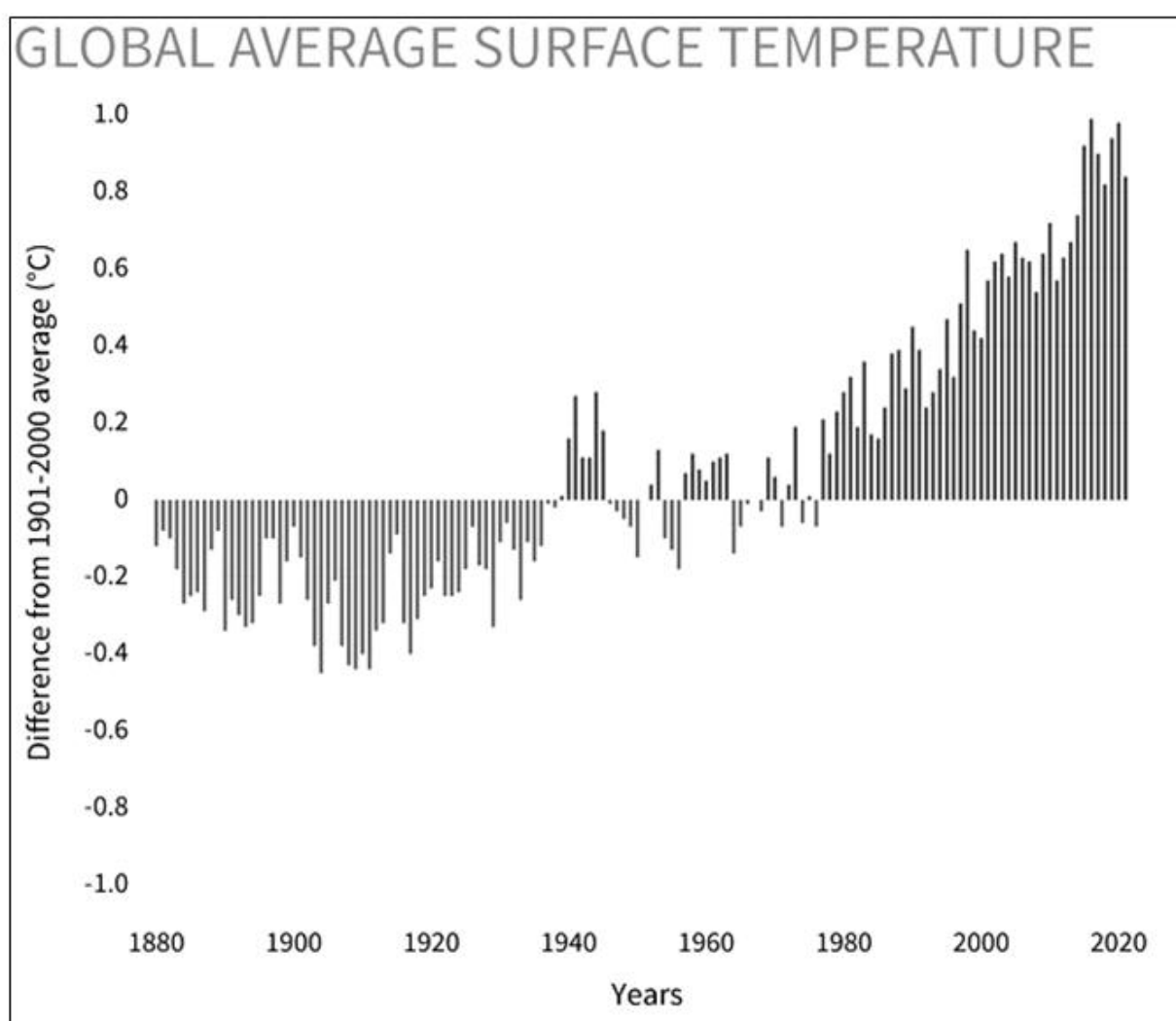
look the other way, because it is mainly happening to others. I heard a very good sermon on the human tendency to procrastination this week, but it didn't mention the procrastination which is so huge and so totally destructive that we dare not look at it.

What is the church doing? Is it hiding like the disciples in the upper room after the crucifixion, convinced it can do nothing? Or is it acting like the Pharisees, so despised in the New Testament writings for acting out of political expediency rather than a desire to protect truth and virtue and Godliness?

Like the disciples before the cross, we are paralysed by fear. The future has become too horrifying to look at, so we deny the reality, and turn to fantasies of all sorts, including religious ones, to distract ourselves. We are like my Sunday School teacher – taking refuge in the comforting belief that God will not allow us, the pinnacle of his creation, to destroy ourselves.

Sorry to be a misery, but my belief as a thirteen year old is beginning to look like a prophecy.

David Trafford



MY TREASURE BOX OF MEMORIES

John and I have just returned from our usual Saturday morning treat down to the sandhills. We drive the car past the long golf course, tucked between the sea and the road, to park on the sand beside the wide estuary, never knowing until we get there where we're going to be able to park, for being tidal, sometimes the tide is very close in, making it impossible to park and sometimes, as today's case, the tide is way out, leaving a huge expanse of sand between us and the small village of Aberdovey on the north side of the estuary. Getting out and walking along the estuary's side, with a penetrating east wind, (although when we turned around the breeze appeared to turn around too), in a temperature just above 7 degrees, would not be everyone's idea of pleasure - but it's those small moments of doing something out of the ordinary which becomes a memory of something different, something to stand out. Was it the intense penetrating cold; the sheer silence with the occasional curlew's cry and honking of geese in the far distance; the huge expanse of flat open sand; or the absence of any other human being apart from the footsteps in the sand of another intrepid walker? In our constant noise-filled rushed world, moments such as these give a sense of something different; something almost magical; something of wonder; something that makes us think of something much bigger than us mere mortals; something made by a creator God.

This idea of sheer wonder was the subject raised by Chine McDonald in the BBC Daily service 14th November - in the week with the theme 'Childhood.' Chine was describing the look of wonder in her four-year-old son's eyes on his first airplane flight when soaring through white fluffy clouds. Have we grown-ups lost that sense of wonder, whether it be visible, audible, sensory or just out of the ordinary? She described how recently the "world had seemed a much darker place to her with endless news of energy crises, more taxes, food poverty, global warming etc and sometimes something different had to be tried to get out of this feeling of darkness". Thus she describes how recently, the whole congregation and service, moved outside onto a local beach. Here standing in the waves, holding her four month-old in her arms, she felt lifted out of this darkness for a little while.

I am constantly amazed at the relevance and insight of parts of The Book, written so long ago but which describes subjects, creatures, thoughts, etc, which are part of today's world, but with so much insight into our everyday world and living style. In Psalm 84 v3 we read about 'the

sparrow has found a house and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young': In Psalm 104 v17 ... 'as for the stork, the fir trees are her house'; Psalm 23 v6 'a worm.....a reproach of man' ..apart from children does any grown-up like worms?; Proverbs 6 v6 ... 'Go to the ant - consider her ways and be wise.' Have you ever looked at an ant's nest and seen the constant busyness and rushing around? Everyday food is mentioned in Numbers 11.v5 ... 'the fish which we did eat freely in Egypt, the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and the onions and the garlic'; Jesus noticed flowers when giving advice about our concern over things that don't really matter, things we have no control over which just happen the wonderful colours of the lilies of the field; and worrying needlessly about things we can't change, such as making ourselves taller! Thus the real answer to our everyday pattern of living when we all need to move away from the busyness for a little while is 'to go away into the hills' just to draw aside.

For me one of the most appropriate instructions is in Paul's letter to the Philippians 4 v 8: 'Whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely.....think on these things.' That's the crux of why we do daft things like walking in the intense cold etc. Finding that sense of wonder, that drawing aside from the busy world, my mind starts realizing an awareness of a greater presence.

Along the edge of the sandhills tiny new ones are forming. Where a stick or branch becomes stuck on the beach, wind blows sand around it and a new dune is formed with more and more sand piled on top, and once this young dune is established, it forms a perfect habitat for plants to grow, such as marram grass. Its growth is so vigorous it can keep up with the rapid accumulation of more sand. But it now has a firm foundation and on that it will grow and grow to a height of some metres - so, in time, through a child's eye, we may also see that 'wow' factor. It's so easy for us as adults to hurry by and not see these individual wonders.

So I'm filling my treasure box with memories such as our walk and when times are bad or depressing, with dark moments all around, I'll open that box of memories and be transported to another world of intense beauty and wonder. Jewels inside my box will not just be visible memories of views and sights, but memories of kindnesses, such as the neighbour who shopped for us during the pandemic; of the love and care shown by my parents when growing up; of all the love and support from John, John's mother and all six children when standing in front of the Free Church and singing with such dedication the chorus 'Shine Jesus, Shine, Fill this world

with grace and mercy'; for John's understanding when I'm grumpy and frustrated when I can't do things. All are gifts from above.

Why don't you start creating your own treasure box of memories? When you feel particularly down or going through a difficult time, draw aside and look at those treasures, those 'wow' moments and in looking at those keepsakes you may see and feel, the hands and face of God.

The following lyrics by a contemporary inspirational song writer, Denise Rosier, expresses very similar thoughts:

Thank you God for Everything.

I remember walking barefoot with nothing to do
I had everything I needed and no job to go to
I loved Birthday candles and Christmas lights
Being so in love I had no appetite
And the last day of school promising
Friends were too good to be forgotten
All that meant so much
Thank you God for Everything.

I won't forget the year I bought my first place
Or the day I gave a brand-new life her very own name
I've known the kindness of a stranger and
The friends who would love me to the end
And dancing in the rain joyfully
When I thought no one else was watching
All that meant so much to me
Thank you God for Everything.

Even after all the years that I've passed through
I still have this simple truth that I've held on to
Slowing down and taking risks
Letting go and no regrets
Finding miracles before my eyes
And little blessings in disguise
That's taught me more than anything
Thank you God for Everything.

Rosemary Birch

From the Archives

1922-1923

These extracts from Work and Worship for 1922 and 1923 show the then new Minister's first Christmas and New Year at the Free Church. The Choir was large and very active, going from strength to strength, the Christmas Lectures for Children look somewhat daunting and the membership from those early days was already 376 in number!

December 1922

From the Minister's Vestry

I have been greatly encouraged by the response which the congregation is making to my ministry. Let each worshipper recognise how much it is possible for him to contribute to the spiritual tone and atmosphere of our services by reverence and devotion, and specially endeavour to take part in the praise. Preparation for Divine worship is absolutely essential if our services are to be marked by richness of spiritual life and power. "I will pray with the spirit and I will pray with understanding also."

Let me send to all members of our congregation, old and young, the time honoured wish, "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." We shall all remember our loved ones away – some beyond sundering seas – and pray that the Light of the World may shine upon them as we think with kindled emotion of Him who was the Incarnate Love of God.

Your Minister and Friend, W Major Scott.

Choir Activities

The Free Church Choir has been very much in evidence lately; doing good service in other churches, in addition to the usual routine of Sunday services. On Saturday October 21st, they journeyed to Tottenham and gave a concert in aid of a special church fund at High Cross Congregational Church. The Minister, Rev Alfred Kaye, spoke most enthusiastically of the Choir's singing, thanking Mr and Mrs Webb and the Choir for their great kindness.

On Saturday, November 4th, the Choir gave a concert at the Kentish Town Congregational Church in aid of the church decoration fund. The Reverend W Rutherford Lane voiced the appreciation of himself and the Deacons.

On Thursday, November 9th, the Choir assisted at the opening services of the new Wesleyan Church at Golder's Green, our Organist, Mr Webb, presiding at the organ.

January 1923

From the Church Manual

My Dear People, In writing this – my first foreword to the Church Manual – will you all accept my grateful thanks for the delightful welcome you have given me as your minister and the warm appreciation you have displayed. From the first day I came among you I was conscious of the kindly, generous and loving spirit which you have towards your minister and I can here only thank you from my heart. The task of a minister who realises the supreme importance of his work can never be easy – in these days it is very difficult. It is only made possible, and the duty bearable, by the love and loyalty of his people. No minister would claim these; he accepts them with gratitude and humility; and they stir in him a desire to serve his people to the fulness of his powers.

Your Minister and Friend, W Major Scott.

Christmas Lectures

Three Christmas Lectures for Children will be held at the Institute, Central Square, at 3pm during the holidays, and it is believed that no young persons will willingly miss them. On January 3rd Mrs S A Barnett CBE will give a lecture on "Pictures and Painters," and the Rev Canon Swallow MA will be in the chair. On January 8th Mr W A Hunter will give a Lantern Lecture on "Birds, Beasts and Fishes," the chairman on that occasion being Mr H B Lees-Smith, MP., and on January 10th Mrs Edith How-Martyn MSc has for her subject "The League of Nations Birthday," when the Rev W Major Scott MA. will take the chair.

Tickets can be obtained at the Institute at 1s for the whole course, or 6d for each lecture.

1942-1943

Rev Frank Ballard's News Letters for December 1942 and January 1943 kept in touch with Church members all over the world, as always during World War Two. He was hampered by paper being rationed to only a single sheet, and by strict censorship. Christmas parties and weddings are mentioned, as well as the Sale of Work [Bazaar] – briefly, because, as he writes, 'space forbids.' It is sobering to remember that the Church lost six young servicemen to the war in 1942.

December 1942

My Dear People I must begin with Christmas and New Year greetings. Parcels have long been sent to men overseas. Other little gifts will shortly be sent to men and women with the Forces at home. How I wish we could

all be together for this domestic festival! It would be foolish in the extreme to assure ourselves that this will be the last of the war Christmases, but we can say with confidence that we shall keep the feast with gratitude and hope. Developments during the past month have made us all feel more cheerful ... I hope I am not too optimistic, but some of us are venturing to say that if we are anxious it is no longer about success in war, it is rather about the maintenance of unity after the war. We shall need much wisdom and charity if we are to see our way clearly to the re-ordering of a shattered world. In that task the Church has a great part to play, not so much in preparing programmes as in maintaining the spirit in which programmes may be conceived and worked out.

It is in this connection that Christmas is so important. Christmas is the festival of goodwill, and the goodwill springs not simply from human benevolence, but primarily from the assurance of the Love of God. "Peace on earth and mercy mild" would be a noble sentiment in any case. It is much more than a sentiment when it is associated with faith in the Incarnation....

Frank H Ballard

January 1943

My Dear People, It is the evening of the first day of the year. The wind is howling outside and making my study windows rattle, otherwise all is quiet. The work of the day is nearly over and I have been indulging in a good think. My mind has been racing over the months of the year that has now passed into history. It has even strayed into the more distant past. People whom I shall not mention and some whom you would not know have come and shared my solitude. They are only ghostly figures and most of them have not lingered long. But they have brought messages to me and dug up old memories. If I were to elaborate the thoughts they have released I should need more space than the paper controller would permit, and perhaps some of you would put down the first News Letter of the year with a gesture of impatience. This, however, I must say, that these unbidden guests of mine have made me feel very grateful. They have me realize again how much I owe to my friends. Where should I have been through four pastorates without loyal helpers who have stood by when things were difficult as well as when all seemed well? I think I can say that I have tried to be a good servant of Jesus Christ, but I could have done nothing without colleagues who have loved and served the Church, and continued to serve even when men and things have annoyed.

Frank H Ballard

Anne Lowe

JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY FOR DECEMBER AND JANUARY

This is being written immediately after Armistice Sunday. As with many churches, a special service was held here in St Matthew's. Although Borth is, and always has been, a relatively small village, a considerable number of those living here served and lost their lives, this happening during both World Wars. As we are coastal, virtually all were in the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. It is vital to still remember and respect this in any locality. There would be no future without a past. There were 33 deaths during the First World War and 25 during the Second, all of men in their prime, with families already, or looking forward to a good future. After the sound of the Last Post by a lonely bugler, followed by the two minute silence and awakening Reveille, there was the reading of those thought-provoking words carved out on the Memorial of the 2nd British Division in the cemetery of Kohima in North-East India in 1944, marking the turning point of the Japanese offensive with large casualties on all sides:

‘When you go home, tell them of us and say,
For your tomorrow, we gave our today.’

These moving words seemed to take on more significance than usual as the church doors were wide open bringing the sound of the strong wind blowing over the surrounding barren landscape - similar, I presume to the Falklands and that conflict 40 years ago this year!

“I do, I welly do” could be the affirmation from outdoor weddings in the Scottish Highlands. To cope with the demand for hitching in isolated places, Registrars are having to tuck their trousers into their wellies and quelch their way to the ceremony! One ceremony involved ‘a river crossing and a two mile walk’ and even more bizarre ‘a 45-minute hike to the Bone caves in Sutherland’.

Pocket equality. Inequality between the sexes exists - whether it should or not - in various ways. One easy way to solve this is to make certain that a woman's jacket has an inside pocket as men's jackets do - another small step for equality. (Rosemary is often heard grumbling away as to where her





hanky has fallen when wearing her pocket-less trousers.)

Hugecumber. Weighing in at 7.7kilos (nearly 17 pounds) and with a length of 3 foot 8 inches, this is the biggest cucumber verified by the Guinness Book of Records. (I assume all assessors are sober when measuring/assessing.) The grower, Sebastian Suski from Southampton says “use plenty of soil and always water with warm water.” (All tips are free of charge and without responsibility.)

Beevering “Researchers have for the first time observed insects interacting with inanimate objects.” (eg pushing small balls around) The conclusion? “Insect minds are far more sophisticated than we might imagine.” Why do they (the bumblebees) do it? The conclusion was that the bees were showing their playful side. Question - “is this what I think when I get stung?”

Lady Jane to the rescue. The dry hot summer has led to the development of a drought happy spud (no idea why it’s called Lady Jane). Can a potato which turns itself into chips be far behind? (Obviously the answer is ‘no’ but you can never be certain what the future holds.)

From outside our house we look across to the hills above Aberdovey (Aber meaning ‘mouth of’ and ‘Dovey’, the River Dovey, which lead into the flat estuary just north of us) which stretches far on into North Wales - the whole area known as Snowdonia. This is becoming increasingly popular with walkers in the mountains and paddle boarders on the coast. This comes at a cost in both bird numbers and species represented. The only answer is to increase the information given to visitors - respect what was there first - the landscape, its plants and animals. Hopefully, having made the effort to get there, it will follow that the request to respect and be concerned will be accepted and kept-to. Perhaps this is beginning to happen as although footpath erosion has worsened, litter levels have fallen!

Village Life. Most house building projects are small scale, usually involving an extra room or adding a garage. The project at Salto de Castro in North West Spain is much larger: there are at present 44 houses, a hotel, a church, a school, a municipal swimming pool and a police barracks. All yours for the equivalent of just over £225,000 (what you might pay, if lucky, for a two-bedroom flat somewhere on the far outskirts of London). Not surprisingly, there is considerable interest - 300 applications so far - not put off by the fact that the necessary works are estimated to cost a

maximum of £2 million. An amazing opportunity, bringing a village to life again.

Apeing animals Across the Atlantic in Puerto Rico scientists from Oxford University (I wonder if the attraction of a location is taken into account when deciding on a project?) have found “.. monkeys engaging in friendly social inter-actions with peers are more likely to have an abundance of gut bacteria known to benefit the immune system.” (Please note this is ‘peers’ with a small ‘p’). There is also another “less direct possibility; those monkeys with fewer friends may be more stressed, which, in turn, affects the abundance.” However, the conclusions suggest that microbes pay a key role in social life - humans as well as other animals.

A Non-proliferation treaty for stopping the use of fossil fuels should come into effect based on the laws which already exist for nuclear weapons. When concerns are expressed by someone whose country could be in the “front line” – in this case the Prime Minister of Tuvalu (a small island nation) - it should be acted on, especially with something which is of enormous concern for the future of Planet Earth (where we all have the privilege of living).

Late news - possibly representing a response to the item above - “Austria will provide the equivalent of £50 million specifically to developing countries facing unavoidable damage and losses caused by climate change”. So far, commitments have come from just four other European countries - Belgium, Denmark, Germany, and Scotland - WAKE UP the UK!

Ornithological “super star”. A bar-tailed godwit (they are also known in the UK) appears to have set up a non-stop flight record from Alaska to Tasmania – just under 8500 miles in 11 days!



The five month-old bird was tagged as a hatchling allowing an international research team to follow its progress. A study of frigate birds has proven that they actually sleep whilst flying, hitching a ride on rising air currents! The godwit had probably lost half or more of its body weight during the days and nights of continuous flying!

Snoopy neighbours Psychology enters the electricity bill (in Spain). A new style bill will include details of usage by neighbours. The idea is that a user will think of his/her consumption and decide to use less (or more?) As an idea a good one but the reality could lead to boasting or criticism, which may be good for budget but could stir up a hornet’s nest (or whatever the Spanish equivalent is) with those in your vicinity!

LUCIAN FREUD: PICTURES FROM AN EXHIBITION I HAVEN'T SEEN

In conversation with a friend a little while back, we talked about Lucian Freud and some of his bohemian fellow-artists and Fitzrovia drinking companions, such as Francis Bacon. This reminded me to book for the Freud exhibition at the National Gallery which is on until the end of January 2023. Naively, as it turned out, early November was too late for a ticket since my admiration of his work appears to be shared by half our own nation and many other fans no doubt



coming from European countries for this important exhibition at the National Gallery. Foiled, I tried to book for a lecture about Freud's correspondence, only to find out that this too was fully booked.

At this point it might have been sensible to give up, particularly since from the viewpoint of a woman or a child, I might have said that Lucian Freud was a really bad husband and most elusive father. Apparently, one of his children (the grand acknowledged total is 14) might plead to have their portrait painted by their father, so as to be assured of some quality time with him. However, I strongly believe that talent trumps biography. To give but one example of what I mean, Caravaggio killed a man and had to leave Rome in a hurry, but he also created the extraordinary painting "The Supper at Emmaus." Our cultural history is replete with very flawed human beings who have given us unforgettable works of art and literature. How exactly does one define a life well-lived?

So what I have decided to do is to use the internet to focus on just one important and controversial example of Lucian Freud's work which we can then share without having to leave our homes. Granted the recent death of our much mourned queen, the focal point will be Lucian Freud's portrait of her late Majesty, Elizabeth Regina.

In 1955 the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers commissioned Pietro Annigoni to paint a portrait of Her Majesty Elizabeth II. What he produced, showing the young queen in Order of the Garter robes, is an idealized portrayal calculated to please everyone as it is most respectful of majesty and in no way challenges artistic conventions or the prevailing rules of good taste. Lucian Freud, if he could speak to us from beyond the grave, would say that Annigoni's portrait was beneath contempt and the

equivalent in portraiture of a Barbie doll. Largely, Freud appeared indifferent to accepted notions of beauty and his portraits are generally of the over-large, the flabby, the wrinkled and those whose skin appears to have been deprived of sunlight for a very long time. Where there is beauty, as we are led to understand it, this will be found in, say, a dog and if so the dog will not be fluffy, shaggy or in any way “cute” and the artist will be able to visualize the skin under the animal’s short hair. If not a dog (to my knowledge there are no cats in his work) then an overgrown garden is a source of beauty and there are also early works which depict individual flowers quite exquisitely.

Unusually for him, Freud’s portrait of the late queen (2000-1) is extremely small – the size of a postcard – and it portrays HM, in the words of the art historian Alistair Sooke, as a “granny with a perm out to buy a pint of milk.” This granny, however, is wearing a crown and the symbol of sovereignty clashes with the face and its grotesque bulging lips. Irreverence and a determination to keep his integrity as an artist, run through Freud’s work, but is this ferocity or cruelty rather than a desire to be truthful?

For an answer, it is worth looking at the various portraits painted by Freud of his mother in her old age. Again, we see his determination to face the realities of old age unflinchingly and neither our late queen nor Freud’s mother could do anything to alter the results. Freud’s portrait of Elizabeth II is on public display in the National Portrait Gallery and there it will stay available to all for speculation or outrage.

Someone who, unlike these two elderly women, was able to take action when in old age he was offended by a portrait, was Winston Churchill. Graham Sutherland’s portrait of him in his old age, showing the sitter looking grumpily at us from a chair was similarly irreverent and wounded Churchill’s considerable vanity. Because the portrait was a gift to him from the members of the Houses of Parliament, it was easy to make it disappear and it is said that Clementine Churchill had it destroyed after her husband’s death.

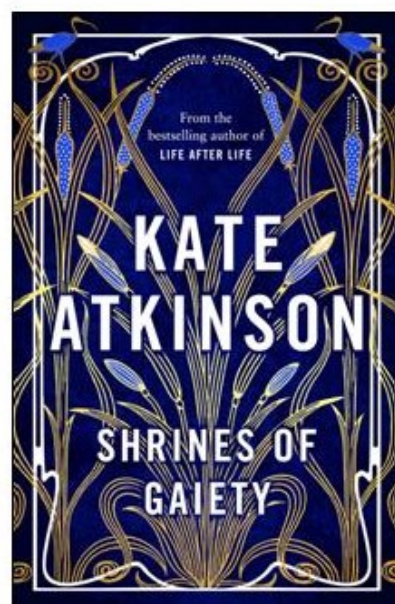
As for our late queen, perhaps the knowledge that there are more paintings of her than of anyone else in the world, allowed her the consolation of considerable selectivity. She could afford to stroke a corgi and not dwell too long on the punishing sittings imposed by Lucian Freud on his sitters, royals and commoners alike. And being a most sensible woman, she probably didn’t like the Annigoni either.

Verity Smith

Book Review

Shrines of Gaiety by Kate Atkinson

Shrines of Gaiety, located in the central London of the mid-1920s and full of enticing scraps of period detail, features a notorious nightclub proprietor named Nellie Coker, who, as the novel opens, is just being let out of Holloway. Mrs Coker, as her creator acknowledges is the celebrated Kate Meyrick, owner and chatelaine of the nightclub “43” in Gerrard Street, here called the “Amethyst” and a resort of one of the choicest collection of gangsters, good-time girls and Bright Young People ever assembled in a work of fiction.



Kate Atkinson has done her research thoroughly and the 400 pages are awash with episodes from the social history of the period; police raids, bodies in the Thames and attempts to wrest Nellie’s empire from her grasp. There is a huge list of characters which the reader must contend with: her half-dozen children (including Ramsay the budding novelist, Frobisher, the West End cop charged with bringing the operation down; Freda and Florence, the two absconding teenage girls avid to see the bright lights of the metropolis, and thirty something Gwendolyn, who has come to London to bring the escapees back, but inveigled (by Frobisher) on to the Amethyst’s staff as informant.

Despite the length of the book and the huge cast of characters, the novel is a page-turner. The reader longs to find out what happens to Freda and Florence who, after a heart-breaking beginning in which they are penniless and starving on the streets of London, prove to be self-reliant and successful according to their own lights; Gwendolyn, an ex-nurse from the World War I front surprises us as she proves to be inured to the criminal goings-on around her and partners up with Niven, the most frivolous of Nellie’s children, literally driving off with him into the sunset. And there are many amusing scenes; Ramsay, for example, who has been appointed by Nellie as ‘manager’ of one of her clubs, is astonished to find the bar of his nightclub vanishing behind a blank wall and the customers hiding their drinks, when the police suddenly raid the place. There is also an appropriately lurid climax in which a society journalist Vivian Quinn is found dead in Berkeley Square dressed in a sailor’s costume.

But Kate Atkinson is not solely concerned to purely entertain or to find a traditional moral compass with a 'normal' character such as Gwendolyn, but to parade before us the results of her extensive research into 1920's London, which apart from the usual 'roaring 20's' stuff remains a relatively untrodden area. The author, in fact, points out she largely chose 'to eschew traditional history books in favour of the gossipy, chattering kind'. While it is, as she says 'fiction,' it is intended to give a good idea of the 'underbelly' of London nightlife in the 1920's. As such there are episodes that do shock, as when one of the 'tame' policemen is revealed as the killer of a number of young girls whose bodies are found in the Thames. (There is a silent cheer when he is found guilty of a murder he did not commit and gets sent to the gallows). The book certainly gives a rather different 'take' on the 'gay young things' of 1920's London. In the same way, hidden but looming in the background, is the terrible legacy of World War One: all the men in Gwendolyn's family, for example, were killed in the war and Niven has his own background of terrible experiences at the front.

The book comes out in paperback in 2023; on its own terms it is a very good read.

Marion Ditchfield



Time Travel News

A piece from the Christian website 'Ship of Fools' by Steve Tomkins and Simon Jenkins which takes a light-hearted look at all kinds of people connected with the Christian church whose birthday falls on a particular day.

November 29th

Jemima Wilkinson, who became the gender-free prophet known as the **Publick Universal Friend**, was born in Rhode Island today in 1752. Wilkinson grew up in a Quaker family, but in her early 20s joined a New Light Baptist meeting as part of New England's Great Awakening under George Whitefield. Two months later, she became mortally ill, but after several days suddenly sat up in bed with a startling message for her family. She had died and her soul gone to heaven, she said, where the Spirit of God had possessed her, sending her back to life as a heavenly prophet. From then on, they were the Publick Universal Friend, preaching a mixture of Quaker, Baptist and Puritan beliefs, and founding a religious movement, the Universal Friends, which continued until the American Civil War.



'Keep yourselves in the love of God, and when you come into Meetings or Evening Sitzings, make as little stir as possible, that you may not disturb the solemn meditations of others, but consider you are drawing near to approach the holy, pure, eternal SPIRIT, that cannot look on sin with any allowance. Endeavour to meet all at one time, and keep your seats until meeting is over, except upon some extraordinary occasion.' *The Universal Friend's Advice to Those of the Same Religious Society, 1784*

It is **St Andrew's Eve**. St Andrew is the patron saint of (among other things) young, single women, who are advised to pray fervently tonight so he can send them dreams about their future husbands. Failing that, they can listen out for barking dogs, as according to incredibly accurate folklore, their husbands will come to them from that direction.

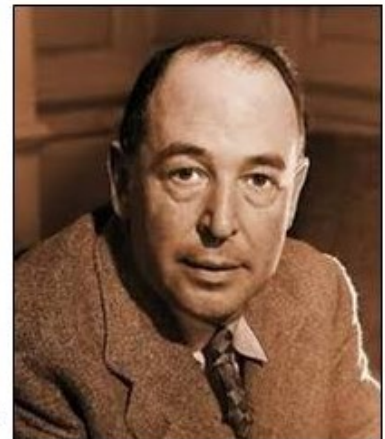
Cardinal Thomas Wolsey, formerly top adviser to King Henry VIII, died in Leicester today in 1530. The year before, he had been stripped of office and thrown out of Hampton Court Palace (which he had built), but now he



was arrested and put in the custody of William Kingston, Constable of the Tower of London, on a charge of high treason. His crime was failing to persuade the Pope to annul Henry's marriage to his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, so he could marry his next wife, Anne Boleyn. Wolsey's sudden illness and death on his journey to the Tower was a timely exit.

'Master Kingston, I see the matter against me now it is framed. Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.' Cardinal Wolsey, speaking to William Kingston after his arrest

CS Lewis, the academic, writer and children's author, was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, today in 1898. Books and stories were important to him from the beginning. He devoured Beatrix Potter's new book *Squirrel Nutkin* when he was five, and created his own animal tales, with creatures who talked, dressed up, and ruled over imaginary worlds. In his teens, Jack (as he called himself) discovered the Norse and Greek myths. These different early fascinations contributed to the writer he later became, especially as the creator of Narnia, Perelandra, and Screwtape.



'I soon staked out a claim to one of the attics and made it "my study". Pictures, of my own making or cut from brightly coloured Christmas numbers of magazines, were nailed on the walls... Here were my first stories written, and illustrated, with enormous satisfaction. They were an attempt to combine my two chief literary pleasures – "dressed animals" and "knights-in-armour". As a result, I wrote about chivalrous mice and rabbits who rode out in complete mail to kill not giants but cats.' CS Lewis, *Surprised by Joy*

The papal conclave which almost elected **Cardinal Reginald Pole** of England as Pope opened today in 1549. Pole was in exile from England, as he had opposed Henry VIII's marriage to Anne Boleyn, and almost all his family had been executed by Henry in bloody revenge. A week into the conclave, Pole was two votes short of becoming Pope. Then the French Cardinals arrived, and it was all over for Pole's chances.

Time-travel news is written by Steve Tomkins and Simon Jenkins

COP 27: WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Previous issues of News and Views, which looked at Climate Change and how the problem might be tackled, argued that it required us to be everything we are not - be it pursuing genuine global cooperation, putting an end to consumerism, minimising inequality (domestically and internationally), prizing collective values over individualism, valuing the long term over the short term, rebuilding powerful state mechanisms capable of undertaking such action and so on.

Cop 27 in Egypt and David Trafford's article in this issue (page 8) emphasises how far we are from any of the above, coinciding as it does with the news that fossil fuel emissions hit record levels in 2022. And that President Zelenskiy of Ukraine has said that progress on climate change has been made almost impossible by the conflict with Russia.

Going Backwards in Foreign Policy

Zelenskiy's observation raises one of the most difficult and intractable problems concerning climate change, ie the necessity for massive international cooperation for any realistic attempt to tackle the problem. In particular we need the cooperation of countries like China, Russia, Brazil, India and the Middle East. Unfortunately, we seem to have entered an era when relations between the powers have never been more fractious. Quite how this has come about is difficult to pinpoint. Not so long ago we seemed to be enjoying reasonable relations with China and going back far enough relations with Russia and Putin, if not ideal, were liveable with. Admittedly, it required a bit of looking the other way – ie Russia's treatment of dissidents, China's treatment of ethnic minorities, a number of security/IT issues, etc.

When and why all this changed is difficult to say – with Russia, the annexing of Crimea didn't help and the invasion of Ukraine was clearly unacceptable. With China it is less clear – the Uighur problem had long been ongoing, the dictatorial tendencies of its leader likewise. And China's more ambitious stance towards the outside world was understandable in view of its (now) enormous wealth and power – if not very popular.

Whatever the reasons for this new cold war, they simply underline how difficult it is to fulfil even one of the above requirements for any effective response to climate change. (Let alone the sad fact that Cop 27 seems to have generated less interest and press coverage than Matt Hancock's appearance on 'I'm a Celebrity – Get Me Out of Here!')

The compensation agreement

The one positive outcome of the summit was an agreement to set up a fund by the polluting countries to compensate the most affected countries (chiefly the developing nations) for the loss and damage inflicted by climate change. This is welcome but all the usual caveats apply: how much money will actually materialise, how much will be really new money, when and how will it be paid, etc. Interestingly, one fairly easy way of helping the developing countries (and one that would probably be worth even more in money terms) would be to cancel debt repayments on their development aid or at least reduce the interest on them (which has significantly increased in the wake of recent global developments). But this does not seem to have been considered.

Another danger is that the existence of the funding programme (irrespective of how successful it is in practice) will become another reason for the polluting countries to do as little as possible to limit their own greenhouse emissions – ie they can argue that because the most affected nations are being compensated for the damage being inflicted on them, it doesn't matter so much if we go on doing it! It won't be expressed so crudely of course, but the import will be the same. Bearing in mind that the number of power industry representatives outnumbered the number of official delegates at the conference, one can see the temptation it involves. Otherwise Cop 27 failed to get countries to sign up to any enforceable and realistic targets to control emissions or even to limit their rate of increase. Which means there is little realistic prospect of controlling climate change in the near future, with all that that entails.

Long experience suggests that we will get accustomed to all the various catastrophes likely to befall the planet over the coming decades – “man gets used to anything – the beast.” (Russian proverb) We will become accustomed to more and more destructive floods, more powerful typhoons and hurricanes, longer and more prolonged heatwaves, longer and more disastrous droughts. They will become a seemingly chronic everyday feature of our existence – just like war and conflict. After all, Londoners continued to go to the cinema and theatre and go about their daily business even at the height of the blitz. Attention will turn to coping rather than prevention. We will become accustomed to stories of how whole towns are moved from coastal areas to higher ground inland, how more and more buildings are reinforced against storm-force winds and rain, how emergency shelters can be built overnight. All in all it will be a great time for the construction industry and technology generally.

Conclusion: The Downside

The great problem of course, is that all this coping activity (however successful) assumes that things in general will not get a great deal worse, that things will somehow settle down to a more or less stable level of global warming, with a more or less stable level of catastrophic events. But this is nonsense of course. We know frighteningly little about the feedback mechanisms associated with climate change. But it is almost certain that above a certain threshold, a change in temperature will set in train a whole series of reinforcing changes the effects of which are almost impossible to predict - not least because we don't know what these changes might be.

George Monbiot recently wrote an article dealing with this exact point. Using geological data entombed in the cliffs of Budleigh Salterton on the south coast of Devon he shows that there was a near mass extinction of all life forms at the end of the Permian period some 252m years ago (ie quite recently in geological terms). It seems to have been initiated by a series of massive volcanic eruptions which then set in train a whole series of events (acid rain, ozone depletion, chemical pollution, etc) which created 'an escalating cycle of collapse.' It is difficult to reconstruct precisely the mechanisms, but it seems that the vast amount of solidified magma that followed the eruptions then forced further magma eruptions underground - which then burned through the available deposits of hydrocarbons releasing vast quantities of carbon dioxide and methane, raising the planetary temperature by 8 - 10C. Nearly all life forms ceased to exist. It took some 5 million years for the planet to begin a slow process of re-establishing plant life that could gradually recapture the carbon dioxide and begin to form an atmosphere that could support multi-cellular life.

It might be argued that the Triassic-Permian extinction was something brought about by planetary forces beyond any kind of control, ie it would have happened even if human beings had been around at the time. Which is true enough but there is nothing in the planetary playbook that says such events cannot be initiated by the careless idiocies of human consciousness, in particular the arrogant belief that somehow the laws of nature can be parlayed into operating in ways more amenable to human requirements at any one time. It is difficult to get across the idea that the planet is entirely indifferent to the fate of the human race. There is no 'parlaying', the planet follows its own laws and if the human race - or most of it - has to perish, then so be it. After all what is 5 million years for a planet that has been around for 4.5 billion inside a universe that has existed for 14 billion years?

John Ditchfield

JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

Competition No. 49: Capitals and their Rivers

Capital				
Asuncion	Cairo	Paris	London	
Lisbon	Dublin	Tbilisi	Wellington	
	Kiev	Riga		
River				
Daugava	Waitan	Drueper	Nile	Rioni
Tagui	Thames	Liffey	Seine	
		Paraguay		



Answers to Competition No 48 Places and Their Associations

Southend Pier
 Canterbury Cathedral
 Aldershot Armed Services
 Dover White Cliffs
 Cambridge University
 Newquay Surfing
 Southampton Docks
 Colchester Oysters
 Chester Roman Wall
 Spalding Bulbs



Grimsby Fish
 Luton Hats
 Cromer Crabs
 Sheffield Steel
 Nottingham Sherwood Forest
 Liverpool Docks
 Crewe Railways
 York Minster
 Blackpool Tower
 Coventry Cars

APOLOGIES: Last month two mistakes were made:
 Missed extra place = Newquay and extra association = second docks. Do better next month!

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 SEA-CLIFF

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

BLACKTHORN BRACKEN BRAMBLES CHICORY
CLOUGHS COMMON-BLUE CORMORANTS DOLPHIN-
SIGHTING FANTASTIC-VIEW HAREBELLS HEATHER
HONEY-SUCKLE LADY'S-BEDSTRAW MEADOW-PIBIT
PEREGRINE-FALCON RED-KITES SEA-CAMPION SEA-
THRIFT SHAGS SMALL-SKIPPER VALERIAN WILLOW
 (Put the remaining 13 letters together to find the essential ingredient
 used as a basis of aspirin, and found in willow-bark and meadow-
 sweet)

Answer: Salicylic acid

Compiled by Rosemary Birch

JUNIOR WORDSEARCH: CURLING

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

ICE RINK/SHEET
CURLING STONES
CURLING SHOES
CURLING GLOVES
CURLING BRUSHES

TARGET/HOUSE
CENTRE/BUTTON
SLIDING THROW
SWEEPING
SHOUTING

TEAMS OF FOUR
CAPTAIN/SKIP
ENDS/ROUNDS
SCORE POINTS
SCOTLAND



Compiled by Liz Alsford

DIARY

The church is open. The services will also continue to be live streamed via YOUTUBE

Monday 10.30am to 11.30am Study Group

Wednesday 10am to 12 noon Toddler and Parent/Carer group

Saturday 10.30am to 12.30pm West End Café open

Thursday 8.00pm Choir Practice in Church Dec 8th

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



DECEMBER

- 4 11.00 am Family Communion Service led by Revd Aled Jones, preaching with a view**
- 11 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Jon Dean, Retired URC Minister**
- 12.30pm Special Church Meeting to decide whether to call Revd Aled Jones to the pastorate**
- 13 7.30 pm Elders & Deacons Court**
- 18 11.00 am Nine Lessons & Carols Service led by Revd Derek Lindfield**
- 20 2.30pm Wrapping Christmas presents for DSU, Edgware Hospital. Tea and mince pies**
- 25 11.00 am Christmas Day Service led by Revd Derek Lindfield**

JANUARY

- 1 11.00 am Family Communion Service led by The Worship Group**
- 2 3.00pm Piano Concert by Masa Tayama followed by tea and mince Pies**
- 8 11.00am Family Service led by the Ven. John Hawkins,**

- Archdeacon of Hampstead**
- 15 11.00am Family Service led by Wilf Marttens, Baptist Lay Preacher, (Hampstead Baptist Church)**
- 17 7.30pm Elders & Deacons Court
- 22 11.00am United Service for Week of Prayer for Christian Unity at St Judes**
- 27 1.00pm Piano Concert by Mateusz Rettner in Free Church, 12.30 light refreshments served
- 29 11.00am Family Service led by Revd John Mackerness, URC Minister, Chaplain, Heathrow Airport**



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 February edition of News and Views will be published on Sunday 5th February 2023. Articles should therefore be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, (john_ditchfield@hotmail.com) by Sunday 15th January.

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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