

# *NEWS & VIEWS*

## *The Free Church Hampstead Garden Suburb*



*MAY 2023*

PLEASE TAKE ONE

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# **HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB FREE CHURCH**

**(United Reformed and Baptist)**  
**Central Square, London, NW11 7AG**  
**[www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk](http://www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk)**

<b>Sunday Services:</b>	<i>11 a.m. (and 6.30 p.m. when announced)</i> <i>Holy Communion is celebrated at Morning</i> <i>Worship on the first Sunday of every month.</i> <i>The Junior Church meets at 11am every</i> <i>Sunday</i>
<b>Minister:</b>	Vacancy Minister designate from Sept 2023; Revd Aled Jones
<b>Pastoral Emergencies Contact</b>	Derek Lindfield 07803 953483 or Penny Trafford 030 8959 3405
<b>Correspondence Secretary</b>	Penny Trafford 020 8959 3405 <a href="mailto:Secretary@hgsfreechurch.org.uk">Secretary@hgsfreechurch.org.uk</a>
<b>Pulpit Secretary</b>	Carole Lindfield <a href="mailto:derekandcarole.lindfield@earlblue.com">derekandcarole.lindfield@earlblue.com</a>
<b>Treasurer</b>	Joe Fryer 07814 532049 <a href="mailto:Treasurer@hgsfreechurch.org.uk">Treasurer@hgsfreechurch.org.uk</a>
<b>Lettings Officer</b>	Eddie Hayden <a href="mailto:lettings@hgsfreechurch.org.uk">lettings@hgsfreechurch.org.uk</a>
<b>Finance Officer</b>	Fola Awosika <a href="mailto:finance@hgsfreechurch.org.uk">finance@hgsfreechurch.org.uk</a>

## **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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# NEWS & VIEWS

HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB  
FREE CHURCH  
Central Square,  
London NW11 7AG



NO 787

MAY 2023

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## Dear Friends

Following on from Sally Abbott's Letter in the March issue of News and Views, I agree that the variety in ways of worship in different denominations is a virtue and not a fault. Efforts made towards Christian Unity in the past seem often to have their aim to make everyone the same, which is impossible. Unfortunately, human beings are by nature fond of 'being right' and falling out with those they feel are 'wrong.' My own grandfather, an engine driver, was a faithful member of The Strict and Particular Baptist chapel in Cambridgeshire all his life. But I was told that he ran his own Bible/Prayer Meetings in his own home as a protest against the services in chapel in order to put his chapel's errors of interpretation 'right.' This tendency, in Britain particularly, led in the past to many breakaway movements in the Christian Church, beginning with Henry VIII's break with Rome and proliferating in numerous Protestant sects under Oliver Cromwell's Republic in the 17<sup>th</sup> Century and since. Methodism for example, in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century was a breakaway from the Church of England when John Wesley's reform attempt from inside - to reconnect with ordinary people - was rejected. In particular, his open air preaching, which was very popular and brought the gospel to working people, caused considerable suspicion.

Our own researches of local churches in West London have thrown up a considerable variety of traditions including Methodist and Baptist. Anglicanism covers, of course, a 'wide church' from the High Church tradition exemplified by St Jude's on the Hill to St

John's church, West Ealing, which keeps the words of the Anglican liturgy and Bible readings, along with enthusiastic evangelical singing and outreach. In fact, the day we went to Sunday Service, there was a congregation of a hundred, the Bishop of Willesden gave the sermon, there was one total immersion baptism and five confirmations. In all, the service could be described as much more low church and fundamentalist than our own Free Church.

As a society, many of us seem to be forgetting how massive was the role of Christianity over 20 centuries in the daily lives of everyone. For example, a recent TV programme on the Black Death in the 14<sup>th</sup> Century expressed surprise that, despite the near breakdown of civil society and the pressure to dispose of the victims as quickly as possible, the bodies of the dead were treated reverently and with respect; they were properly laid out and wrapped and arranged carefully with heads to the East. Of course they were, there was no question of doing anything else – life and death were the realms of God and His Church and man lived his life in God's universe. Religion was not an add-on on Sundays. It was the backdrop behind every breath of a human being; collectively we find this very difficult to understand now. For in the 14<sup>th</sup> century there was only God and Man. Yes, there were individual saints and charismatic figures preaching their own 'take' but they stayed within the Church as the idea of setting up their own sect was unthinkable. After all, even Martin Luther in Germany did his best to try and reform the existing church before breaking with it.

In the face of modern secularism we should rejoice in the variety of approaches we have to express our Christian faith and realise that the great threat is from having no faith at all, no real belief in a super-ordinate deity, rather than being obsessed with the differences between us. Thus we need to celebrate our similarities – both within Christianity and with those of other faiths and see it as a strength and not a liability. Our own Free Church has always prided itself on its openness to many opinions and interpretations of the Christian faith even though it still holds to the idea of Trinity and Sacrament (though even here there are exceptions). Otherwise we do not set ourselves up to be 'right' so that others can be 'wrong.' As Henrietta Barnett put it, 'God is greater than the creeds.'

***Marion Ditchfield***



## Gift Day 2023

'Gift Day' is a special day within the life of our Church. It is an opportunity for each of us to make a particular gift towards the work we do together. It is a way of saying 'thank you' for all that God has done for us during this past year.

This year, Gift Day will be on **SUNDAY, 4th JUNE**. During the service that morning there will be an opportunity for gifts to be received. If you are not able to be there on that day, gifts can be made at any time during the month.

This coming year will confront us with many challenges, amongst them increasing utility, staff and church building upkeep expenses. In preparation for our new minister's arrival, refurbishment of the Manse is nearing completion. The first significant works in over 17 years have been more extensive than expected. The revised investment of £150,000 is a significant sum for the church to resource.

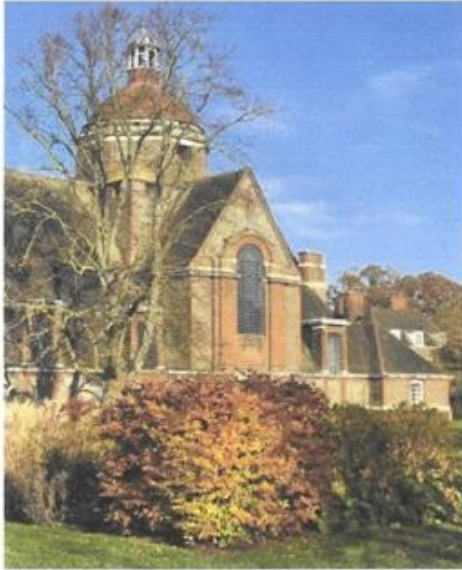
The cost of living crisis is affecting us all, but the Elders ask that you consider what you can give. If we wish to see the Church maintained and continue to grow, then we must be prepared to give our support in every way including financially.

Thank you for your continuing support for the work of the Free Church.

The simplest and most direct way of giving is to make a bank transfer directly into the church account, quoting reference 'Gift Day': Hampstead Garden Suburb Free Church, sort code 82-11-07, account number 20240785.

*Joe Fryer, Treasurer*





**HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB**

**FREE CHURCH**

Central Square, London NW11 7AG

## **INDUCTION SERVICE**

Everyone is welcome to join us for the

## **INDUCTION SERVICE**

for

**Revd Aled Jones BA, BD, MA, MTh, PGCE**

in the Free Church on

**Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> September 2023 at 2pm**

Followed by refreshments.

For further information contact Penny Trafford

[secretary@hgsfreechurch.org.uk](mailto:secretary@hgsfreechurch.org.uk)

## **Christian Aid Week May 15th – 21<sup>st</sup>**

### **London Freedom Walk**

Inspired by our Circle the City event, the London Freedom Walk takes place on **Saturday, May 13**, from 11am-5pm.

Following a 10k route around the capital, walkers will discover the history of some of the city's churches and the stories behind the work they do to free people from poverty, illness and injustice.

Participants will also be raising money for Christian Aid to fund the support we give in countries

such as Malawi, to help communities working to free themselves from poverty and tackle the challenges of climate change.

The event will start at St James' Piccadilly, with a short send-off service at 11.30am from Revd Dr Ayla Lepine, and end at St Paul's Cathedral, in time for the 5pm Evensong.

The route, for which there will be a map, will include St Martin-in-the-Fields, St Bride's and St Bartholomew's. It offers people the chance to see things they might otherwise miss when travelling around London, and to spend time with friends and family, while helping take steps to end poverty around the world.

You can sign up for the event by going to the website:

**The London Freedom Walk Eventbrite**

**Rev Mohammad Eghtedarian**

*Church Engagement & Fundraising Officer*

A promotional poster for the 'Freedom Walk London' event. The top half features a red background with the title 'Freedom Walk London' in white and black text. Below the title, it says 'End poverty step by step'. The middle section has a photograph of a smiling Black woman and a smiling white man holding a map. To the left of the photo, there is text about the route and the purpose of the walk. To the right, a black circular badge says 'Join us for this sponsored walk Saturday 13th May 11am until 5pm'. At the bottom left is a QR code, and at the bottom right is the Christian Aid logo.

**Freedom Walk London**

**End poverty step by step**

Discover the London Churches and hidden gems as a curtain raiser to Christian Aid week.

Start at St James's Piccadilly (London W1J 9LL) and End at St Paul's Cathedral

Enjoy the Freedom of the City and see how London Churches are Freeing people from poverty and need. Raise funds for struggling families in the face of the climate crisis as right now extreme weather is affecting crops, cyclones are destroying homes and floods have washed away livestock.

Join us for this sponsored walk  
**Saturday 13th May**  
11am until 5pm

So Join us during this sponsored Freedom Walk to raise money for this urgent need!  
For all ages, interests, and backgrounds,  
Sign up today at: [eventbrite.co.uk/e/580114898277](https://eventbrite.co.uk/e/580114898277)  
Or call: +44(0)7778 110 113

**christian aid**



## **EASTERTIDE BIBLE STUDY**

**Death, where is thy sting?**

**Mark 16.1-8 John 21.9-18**

During the Easter holiday, I watched two films from the visual ocean. The first was short. A conversation in which the working class Quaker-raised historian David Starkey, now an atheist, teased the renegade Anglican priest Calvin Robinson to realize that our Constitution, through bloody civil war in the 17<sup>th</sup> century between King and Parliament, had arrived at a unique settlement in which both Christian King and People were both subject to Parliament. In this peace we live and move.

The second longer film was more revolutionary in this matter. The actor and historian Tom Holland was remembering his life journey from a boyhood, raised as an Anglican, yet more obsessed with dinosaurs, becoming a writer and translator of the Greco-Roman world, to a recent vision of how the god-man Jesus of Nazareth, nailed naked and powerless to the Cross of tyranny, was indeed the unique Rescuer from that terror, Sin, which unified every human being to every other. This is the original plight into which every child is born, the ultimate slavery.

Both film conversations held the open secret of salvation being worked from this unique source. Thus we look to Golgotha as the root moment of a general way out of human torture. That torture which is plain to the world as two Orthodox nations - Russia and Ukraine - betray the Lifegiver by lifting crusading swords against each other.

### **The Globe and Globalism**

The last lines of the great English Good Friday hymn are:

“Then am I dead to all the globe  
And all the globe is dead to me..”

In this hymn, the Christian identifies with God’s seemingly planned end to all hopes for the Globe and to individual human life. Humanity thus descends into hell with the beloved Body of Jesus, the Rescuer of that humanity.

Significantly, the hymn writer employs the term ‘Globe’ (ie the World) and Globe and Globalism are the vogue words of our time with both enthusiasts and detractors alike. More to the point, these two ideas can express much of the Easter language of sin and rescue.

For example, they express the possibility of rescue from the gloom of what



we see as the “world wars” of the last century, wars of massive genocide, by the invention of bodies like the World Council of Churches and revolutionary changes within Christianity, heralded by the Second Vatican Council, together with repentance for centuries of the persecution and attempted annihilation of Jews based on Christian misreadings of the gospels, particularly of the Gospel according to John. The sign of traits (ie sin) within the whole inhabited Globe and our penchant for the downside of change and the temptation to be both fools and cruel is well summed up by the Roman satirist, Ovid, whose great series of poems known as *Metamorphosis* depicts human mythical history as a downward flux. The first line of the whole work is pertinent to our times:

“My mind is bent to tell of Bodies changed into new forms...”

To the pessimist and satirist Ovid, that quote says everything necessary about the threat to human hope for life and reasonable stability. Romans of Ovid’s generation were making the terrible experiment of enslaving, on a vast scale, other equal humans and they summarised this in their blighted symbolism of the wooden Cross (which they used for mass crucifixions for any kind of infringement or rebellion).

John tells us that the written inscription above the Cross of Jesus, Saviour, appeared in three languages of the oppression. All could be read with cruel irony:

- *HEBREW*: The tongue of God’s unchangeable law of the good Creation, founded in love and light, to be the motive of every individual and every human institution.

- *GREEK* giving lip service to the institutions of imagination and mental intricacy and beauty, the epics of Homer, the sweet lyrics, the philosophical energies of Plato and Aristotle for human good.

- And finally the language of imperium itself: *ROMAN LATIN* mocking the form of the ‘KING OF THE JEWS’, slumped bodily against the splintered wood. Ironically, the mockery was not directed at the Victim but at the Roman Law, which was itself betrayed as the God-created human, nailed body, writhed for hours, even days, testifying against both absolute rule and also a massive human crime against the human race...which could endure for hundreds of years.

The sarcasm of the INSCRIPTION over the cross, then and now, mocked God’s beautiful strategy for our life. The sarcasm of the words sneered at the very humanity of the human race, expressed in each baby born. The words on the cross ridiculed language, words, humanity, the Word of life, whose name is Jesus, Rescuer, who was to be buried at the behest of the

wonderful, scared, kindly, rich man Joseph of Arimathea, in Joseph's own tomb, beneath an enormous weight of unguents, ornaments and perfumes. The divine Body, soon to live again against eternal odds, and be greeted by the outcast Mary Magdala, witnessing to God who 'laughed at all impossibility' and which surrendered to the satire of Ovid's title 'Change' and said 'life can be raised' changed for good:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine.."

### **Peter and 'life in the open'**

The clothing of the Resurrected Body was the humour of the beach, where the open air transformed religious construction into real human affection and where Peter's exclaimed "You are the Messiah" and where Jesus put his hand over Peter's mouth...



This 'out in the open' conversation between Jesus and Peter is about conversion to love, the simple offer by God to our dead and mutating Globe. It is spoken in the Fourth Language, Jesus's own dialect, Aramaic, and uses the ordinary daily syllables, which had said: 'Talitha kum' 'Maiden arise' to the sick girl, the dead teenager. If we seek a contemporary term for the contrast Jesus brings to the cults of secrecy, cheating, physical abuse, torture, of our time, if we seek a phrase for Jesus's message to our world, for his greeting to Peter, it is 'life in the open'.

An openness which always needs to be learned again by the churches. It was Peter's 'passover' from when he exclaimed "You are the Messiah!" It is symbolised by the massive heap of fish in John's Gospel, weighing a lot like Joseph of Arimathea's unguents as a sign of the harvest of the Poor in Spirit.

Peter always stands for God-given impetuosity, for the "knack" to be desired by a clandestine church and to be subject to persecution. And it is Peter's wonderful enthusiasm that made Jesus make him Head of the Church and the forerunner for our injured times, which crave transparency and openness:

Jesus said: 'Peter, feed my sheep!'

Jesus said: 'Peter, enthusiast, show the church how to follow Me into the open air of clarity!'

*Jon Dean*

## **Living not in the past, not in the future, but in the present moment.**

My 'present' at the moment is walking along the side of the estuary; the tide is close in (so close in that we've had to park outside in the disability car-park) and the small waves are gently lapping at our feet. We have just heard a very surprise call from a cuckoo passing through and the Arctic terns have returned, their noisy quarreling disturbing the wonderful peace of this magical place. Then I consider the marvellous spectacle of those small birds, a miracle in itself, with their unique lifestyle, their breeding grounds being up in the Arctic and then spending their summer months in the Antarctic - the longest annual migration for any animal covering roughly 25,000 miles. Many of these birds can live to be 34 years old - what staggering distances they will cover in their life span!

Whilst being a busy mother with six young children, I learnt over the years that the only sane way to cope was to plan in advance. Luckily, through my nursing training, I had learnt to adapt, to do several tasks at the same time and to be ready to drop one task for several hours and then come back, and continue where I'd had been forced to leave off! I learnt to constantly think ahead and be ready for any emergency - not that it always worked as my mind could, and often would, go completely blank to know how to cope with this new situation! But I always knew I was never alone - I had someone walking beside me, that extra 'pair of footsteps in the sand!'

As I have become older, with perhaps a little more time, I have realized how precious my memories have been and still are, thoughts that still connect us to that much loved person, or that event which meant so much to us. My treasure box of objects would be counted as sheer rubbish and hoarding by many, but woe betide anyone who destroyed any of it!

Living in the past, the present and the future - all are important, but we have to have a healthy balance between them if we're going to survive in this age of noise, rush and bustle. I was reminded of this by a BBC Morning Broadcast (20.4.23) when the Rev Richard Littledale's subject was 'Living in the Present and making good use of the Present'. He talked about the advice Jesus gave in the Sermon on the Mount, looking at 'the beauty of the lilies of the field' and worrying about today and not tomorrow. Our worrying is not going to make any difference to our height, life-span etc - so we should seek first His Kingdom and His Righteousness. My mother often told me that her father's favourite

expression was 'Each day has enough trouble of its own.' I never knew in what context it was said but I rather think my grandfather couldn't face any more problems at that moment! Rev Littledale continued: "when I'm worried, the thing that will increase my stress levels more is someone telling me not to worry," but Jesus is saying "not to worry but to worry about the right things!" Seek God's kingdom first - worry about that first - and all the other things will fall into place. As the chorus goes:

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness  
And all these things shall be added unto you  
Allelu, Alleluia.  
Ask and it shall be given unto you  
Seek and you shall find  
Knock and the door shall be opened unto you  
Allelu Alleluia .....

Rev Littledale mentioned how inspired he had been by the life of Sue Ryder - (personally, we as a family have been very grateful for her charity shop collection network). Sue Ryder joined the Woman's First Aid Yeomanry in the Second World War and was soon seconded to a Special Operations Unit, serving in the Czech and Polish sections, seeing a scale and depth of suffering unimaginable. After the War she continued charitable work amongst people needing help in this country. The scale of need she saw was enormous and she lived by her ethos of "Do what you can for the person in front of you".

Whatever 'span' I'm going through - past, present or future - all have their place at the right time - but linking them all is the edict 'Seek ye first the kingdom.' Is it God's face we see reflected in our daily contacts? Can other people see God's face and His love in our attitude, our goings 'out and in,' showing His love in all we do and say? That's a tall order but that's what's we're all called to do, and whenever we feel we've failed, or that's too difficult, we must try again, go back and reflect on the encouraging chorus:

'Be still for the presence of the Lord,  
The Holy One is here  
Come bow before Him now  
In reverence and fear  
In Him no sin is found  
We stand on Holy ground  
Be still for the presence of the Lord  
The Holy One is here. ....

*Rosemary Birch*



## ‘Pray as you go’

Brian introduced our Bible Study Group to the ‘Pray as you go’ app which he uses on his mobile phone. One of the group who now uses the app says this: “It is so easy and compact to use as all you need is provided. The graphics are beautiful and add to the ambience of the experience. I like the bell at the beginning followed by the music which seems to fit the topic. It reminds me of church which is fitting. The questions asked make me think, which adds meaning to the readings. All in all, a good way to start the day and to make time to be still.” Every day for 10 to 13 minutes the prayer app invites you on a journey of practising noticing the movement of God. The app uses a variety of worship music from around the world to deepen the experience.



Another of our Bible Study group uses **Lectio 365** which she finds very helpful at the beginning and the end of the day. It provides a focus and stillness for reflection and prayer, alongside using Bible notes. She particularly likes the night time one as it really quietens down any negative happenings that have occurred during the day.

‘There are as many ways of praying as there are people in the world’ is a quote from the Jesuit spirituality team supporting ‘Pray as you go’. In March we spent a week at Lee Abbey on a course led by Emma Holland the director of the ‘Pray as you go’ prayer app which is based on Ignatian Spirituality. People often refer to this way of praying as ‘finding God in all things’ The sixteenth century Spanish Saint Ignatius of Loyola emphasised the use of imagination in prayer: of enhancing an encounter with Scripture, the Trinity, and particularly moments in the life of Christ. The quote ‘Pray as you can, not as you can’t’ encourages us to talk to God as we would in any relationship.

Emma explained that St Paul’s words, ‘Rejoice always, pray continually, give thanks in all circumstances ..’ (1 Thess. 5:16-18) seemed a little intimidating to her. How are we to pray without ceasing? Then she came across the following quote from St Ignatius which she felt supplemented Paul’s words with gentleness:

‘Keep your soul in peace.  
Let God work in you.  
Welcome thoughts that raise your heart to God.  
Open wide the window of your soul’.

During the course we explored and practised various Ignatian exercises such as Lectio Divina (reading and meditating on the scriptures) and the Examen. The Examen is a prayer to pause during the day and become aware of where God has been at work and conversely where you experienced a heaviness and felt far from God.

In two sessions we were encouraged to use our imagination and creativity. In the Nativity we were encouraged to use all our senses, as for example what we are feeling as we hold baby Jesus in our arms. We thought about how music, art, photography and poetry can aid our creative prayer. We spent time exploring two paintings, Caravaggio's 'Supper at Emmaus' and 'A moment with Simeon and Anna' where Anna looks on as Simeon holds Jesus when his parents present him at the temple.

In our post Easter world where will we notice God in the coming month? How is God nudging us? As we become aware of God breathing life into everything, we give thanks and realise that God is always with us. It is like the disciples on the road to Emmaus who only recognised Jesus in the breaking of the bread, yet he had been with them the whole time. In this way we let the whole of life become a prayer. St Ignatius; 'Whatever you are doing, that which makes you feel most alive, that is where God is'.

***Jenny and Brian Stonhold***

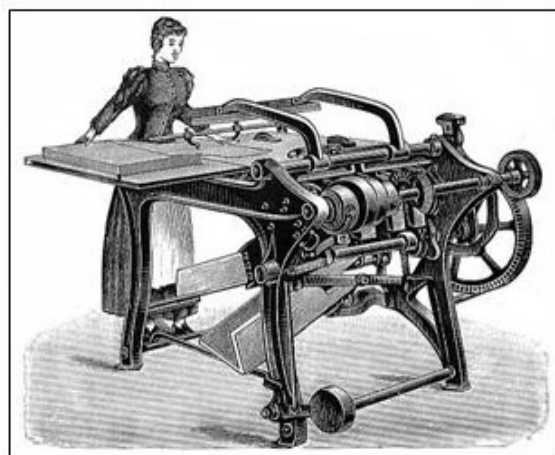




## From the Archive

*This first extract this month shows an appeal for the Hoxton Market Mission for funds to enable shum children to experience an annual holiday. The contrast between the leafy Garden Suburb and Hoxton's slums is graphic.*

1923



### From Work and Worship May 1923

Holidays – Holidays??

What are they? Well, most of the lucky folks of beautiful Golders Green could tell you from happy experience. Isn't it a strange irony that people who live amid green fields, flowers and trees get holidays. Of course they are intensely grateful – at least they ought to be!

I am writing from benighted Hoxton, where there are 'two acres' of open space for its 115,000 inhabitants, who have to continually think of bread, and struggle hard for that. 'Holidays' for them is a dictionary word rarely in their vocabulary, never in their experience.

"Ampstead 'eath" once a year – Southend once in a lifetime. Perhaps?

Bognor, Ramsgate, Hampton Court – can you imagine the indescribable contrast between these awful courts and alleys, teeming with poverty-stricken humanity, and the beautiful places suggested above? How I wish you would visit these slums any hot summer's day; visit the rooms where the children live – sleep there a night – with its reeking, putrid atmosphere, its plague of flies, and worse. I fancy you shudder as you read – and think – well you might.

The workers at the Hoxton Market Christian Mission, always amid this pitiful state of affairs are perpetually *doing the shuddering*, but at the same time doing their best, and pleading their hardest to alter it for the poor child. It is a pathetic experience to go with a child, or adult who has never seen the sea, or go with a party of children to a buttercup field, if you had paid for the joy given you would know you had done something worth while. Here is a practical suggestion. A friend



indeed sends a letter (with an enclosure), "I am going for a holiday, and would like to feel that some poor child had had one as well". Hurrah! That was splendid, say you. Well, go and do likewise. Mr Lewis Burt, the Secretary of the Hoxton Market Mission, London N1, can secure a grand day out, with dinner and tea included, at "one shilling" per head, or a whole week in the country or by the sea for 10s.

Last year, through the generosity of great-hearted grateful people, 6,197 children and adults had a day's outing, and 921 had a whole week and more through the instrumentality of the Mission.

Please – please – help us again.

## 1943

*In this piece Frank Ballard expresses his appreciation of the gift from the congregation and a note on the role of Minister, all against the continuing backdrop of the Second World War.*

### **From News Letter May 1943**

My Dear People

April 10<sup>th</sup> will always live in my memory. It was the day when the completion of ten years in the Manse were celebrated, and it will live as one of the red letter days of my life. I was not altogether taken by surprise, for one evening, weeks before, Mr Henderson called to say there was a movement on foot to hold a social in our honour and to make us a presentation. For a moment I did not know quite what to say. But when we had had time to think about it I wrote a letter to say that we should value any little expression of good will but that we did not think that in days like these, and especially in a neighbourhood such as this, there should be any general appeal. What was in our minds was that perhaps you would like to make some little addition to my library and give to my wife something that she might keep as a perpetual reminder of friendship. The people who organised the Social thought otherwise. They meant to make a handsome gift. And they certainly succeeded. But it was not only the size of the gift that almost took my breath away. It was the spontaneous and united expression of affection. Frankly, we didn't know you thought so much of us. We didn't know we had done anything to deserve such generosity. And we still think that most of it resides in your powers of imagination. But whether we deserve it or not we treasure up the things said, and the quotations from letters written to Mr Henderson, and will do our best to deserve them in the future. It was interesting that Mr de Villiers should speak as he did about brains and boots, because I have always said that when a man becomes a minister of a church he must give not merely a part of himself, but everything he has to give. I should never be content to be a



preacher and to let the pastoral side take care of itself. In fact I don't think anyone can continue to be a good preacher if he does not maintain contact with his congregation. The problem, of course, is time and strength. That problem gets more difficult the older one grows and the longer one stays in one place. Well, no one can do the impossible. But we set out upon the 11<sup>th</sup> year tremendously encouraged and determined to do all we are able to do.

Frank Ballard.

## 1953

*From May to September 1953 the Church was undergoing an extensive programme of repair and re-decoration. Services were to be held in the Free Church Hall and the Institute during this time. It coincided with Mr Andrew's American Journey of ecclesiastical engagements in the US and Canada from June to September 6<sup>th</sup> when he would see everyone again at the Church Re-Opening Services on September 6<sup>th</sup>.*

### **From News and Views May 1953**

GARDEN PARTY From Mr Clare, Secretary of the Bazaar Committee comes an advance notice of the annual Garden Party and Summer Sale to be held in the Manse Garden on Saturday, June 13<sup>th</sup>. It will be the last Church function prior to Mr Andrew's departure for America, and the Bazaar Committee are hoping for a record attendance of members and friends to ensure that he leaves with the memory of a happy occasion. It is hoped to have the miniature railway on the green at the North Side of the Church again this year and the usual sideshows. Further details will be given in next month's "News and Views."

THE CORONATION There will be a United Service of Prayer on Coronation Eve, June 1<sup>st</sup> arranged by the Golders Green and District Council of Churches. The Service will be held at St Alban's Church, Golders Green.

*Anne Lowe*



## JOHN BIRCH'S DIARY FOR MAY

I was born in Shrewsbury (County Town of Shropshire) and lived there for my first 19 years before coming to London. Mary Webb - generally recognized as the female equivalent of Thomas Hardy - grew up in Pontersbury, a village a few miles out of town. My mother used to see Mary Webb and her mother in the market where the Welsh language was regularly heard. One of her books was "Precious Bane" which was made into a film in the late 1940's. My father, Richard Birch, in the years before he became a Church of England Rector, worked in many varied fields, apprenticed as a gardener; became a professional musician and comedian; worked in a laundry; in a car manufacturing factory and ran a sports shop in town, with the emphasis on rods, line and tackle as the River Severn was - and still is - known for its salmon, having made the journey from the sea through the Bristol Channel into the hills to spawn (before fish ladders were introduced Shrewsbury had a water-filled tunnel beside the weir to aid them on their arduous journey.) His best fish ever weighed 24 pounds 8 ounces and 4 drams! We never benefitted from his catches - he then didn't eat fish, but had to in later life, when on a Friday in Lichfield Theology College, it was fish or nothing! Shrewsbury was, and still is, a vibrant county town. Years ago consideration was given to it becoming the Capital of Wales as it was, and is, very conveniently suited for travel to all parts of Wales. However it not being in the country posed an insurmountable problem! My father and his shop had a connection with Mary Webb. When the film, mentioned above, was in production, it included a scene with the heroine's pet fox—my father provided the collar, line and rod so that the fox could be controlled!

**Local buses** in London or elsewhere hardly ever, in my experience, come when you need them or go where you want to. Andrew Cowell age 47 (the relevance of giving the age particularly when someone is not either young or old escapes me but.....) has just spent three days, at a cost of less than £40, travelling 320 miles from Derbyshire to Penzance. Enjoying the Government's £2 cap on fares, he was able to schedule his journey through 20 separate buses. His day job probably helped him: he is a rail





operation planner. Oh, leaving the best to last, he completed his journey three minutes early !

***I always have been, (and always will be) proud of my home county.*** I was happy to read that a Shropshire town is preserving another piece of local history. In this case in Shifnal a rare 19<sup>th</sup> Century “stink pipe” (sewer ventilation pipe.) The person who recommended the listing to the Government said: “It’s important as it illustrates civic pride in making public health improvements that benefitted the whole town.” (It also stopped nasty and potentially health-threatening smells!)



***Bird species numbers*** continue to decline; the common and the rare. The RSPB reports that there are 22 million sparrows less than there were in 1966. John Knott, director of policy, said “ the reasons behind the decline were varied and often complex, including avian flu and climate change, and the tidying up of British gardens and countryside”. Perhaps we all need to do our bit in making our gardens more bird and insect friendly? We are only cutting the grass in half our long paddock and scattering wild flower seeds in several patches

We look across Borth Bog towards ***the Brecon Beacons National Park*** which now no longer exists under that name but has the Welsh equivalent Bannau Brycheiniog (pronounced Ban-eye Bruch-en-iog, if anyone wants to try). (This Welshness is likely to spread - even the Welsh FA is considering changing its name to Cymru FA.)

***Animal time:*** cat and dog. As a member of a nation which - on the whole - is a nation of animal lovers, I am always up for four-legged stories, the amazing and the bizarre. Kola, a cat in Bristol, unfortunately, died a few weeks ago in a road accident. She brought “a smile to the faces of many patients, staff and visitors when they arrived at our hospital.” A dog named Coco (Coco not Cocoa) has been taken in by a local Animal Welfare Trust after living in a household where the owner was a heavy drinker. The dog, a two-year old Labrador, is believed to have become addicted to alcohol, but he is expected to make a full recovery!!

***Historical accuracy*** is in itself a legitimate aim—and there are always knowledgeable people, like Professor Ryan Lavelle, around to advise—Film makers wanted to include a fire in a windmill with the burning sails



setting a town on fire. They did lots of work on and were really keen on looking for every possibility that there were windmills in the 9<sup>th</sup> Century. He said "No." There was no actual evidence of windmills in England until the 12<sup>th</sup> Century - and they listened.

**Mugs commemorating the Coronation** have been produced (although I haven't yet seen one.) The fine bone china mug features a 'bespoke design incorporating the royal coat of arms and a garland of laurel leaves symbolizing peace'. Rosemary inherited a set of past Coronation mugs, one for the King who would have been Edward VIII had he not abdicated before the arranged Coronation.



Most people would probably have a 'double-take' of a **new species of a deep-sea worm – the Judiworm**, named after Judith Gobin, a marine scientist from Trinidad and Tobago: "This is the crowning point of my extensive marine career," she commented!

**Wales is providing a new export!** 30,000 oysters are to be transferred from South Wales to seed in a new habitat – the River Humble in the south of England. But you don't just accept oysters – you have to prepare; 2500 square metres of cockle shells have to be laid on the river bed!

By the time this appears the Coronation will have happened and will bring lasting benefits, such as a new field at Stonehenge - just **one of a hundred wild flower meadows** created on historic sites in England, a tribute of the King's love of nature.

Lots of things change, but many don't, including **bird migration**. I remember in the late 1950's watching an osprey flying over the garden of our house on its winter migration. Today's paper reports a tagged osprey from Renfrewshire in Scotland safely navigating the 4000 plus miles to Barbados, constantly flying and with no ability to have a rest on the sea!

When I was in London I worked for several years within the sight and sound of **Big Ben**. I used to think that the clock being slowed down by birds landing on the hands was just a myth, but in 1949 a flock of starlings settled on the minute hand and slowed it down by four and a half minutes!

**Hikers fall off rocks** or get stuck in bogs, but a group in the Lake District needed help after consuming "hallucinogenic magic mushrooms"— "The Keswick Mountain Rescue Team brought them safely down .....!"

**John Birch**



## WHERE IS KAZAKSTAN?

(A review of *The Mountain and the Wall*, a novel by Alisa Ganieva. English translation published by Deep Vellum, 2015)

Perhaps I am not the only member of our congregation who is addicted to the TV programme hosted by Richard Osman titled “House of Games?” (BBC2, 6 pm). One of my favourite games is “Where is Kazakstan?” which has nothing to do with Kazakstan as such. Instead it tests the players’ knowledge of geography by displaying the map of a particular region of the world and then asking the players to place various cities or landmarks on it. A surprising number of players have heard of the place in question but have no idea of its location. So how many of us could place Dagestan on the map? Would some venture the Caucasus mountains or else say that it might be in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea? Well, perhaps ...

Having given up my struggle to learn Russian for the third and last time, I have consoled myself by becoming a member of Pushkin House. This is an independent cultural centre in London that provides information on Russia and its former satellite states, such as Belorus and Dagestan. It has an international book club that meets on Zoom once a month and April’s choice is Ganieva’s novel about her homeland, Dagestan, both now in its post-Soviet state and as it used to be in a remote and more stable past where its craftsmen produced exquisite work in copper, gold and ceramics. Ganieva is a graduate of the prestigious Maxim Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow and she began her career as a literary critic. However, her novella *Salam Dalgat!* (2009) placed her firmly on the Russian literary scene as it earned her an important literary prize for a first work of fiction. This is how the contents have been described:

*Salam Dalgat! aims a merciless lens on a Dagestani town roiling with drug gangs, Islamic fundamentalists (...) abusive police officers and women fawning over Gucci knockoffs.*

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Ganieva – after the manner of some of our own female 19<sup>th</sup> Century authors – used a male pseudonym and, apparently, a gasp went up from the audience when she walked up to the rostrum to receive her prize. Alisa Ganieva lives in Moscow which is prudent since in



Dagestan she might well be shot for daring to write about her homeland in such acidic terms and in an unseemly way for a woman, as she writes about men, their single-sex gatherings and their locker room comments about her own sex. And that is before we consider her views on the impact of fundamentalism on her region. One thinks of the sad fate of another critic of aspects of Islamic culture, namely Salman Rushdie.

The novella can be viewed as a trial run for *The Mountain and the Wall* which is larger in scope and contains different narrative voices used for pastiche and satire. Here again Ganieva will have caused mortal offence in certain Dagestani literary circles since she parodies a particular form of grandiloquent narrative verse practised by (male) Dagestani writers. There is, perhaps, a parallel here with Kingsley Amis's satire of Welsh "bardic" poetry in *Lucky Jim*, but however hurt a few Welsh poets may have felt at the time, they were unlikely to aim a pistol at Kingsley Amis's head.

The wall of the title has no material existence, inhabiting only the vivid imagination and love of gossip and scandal that Ganieva sees as characteristics of Dagestanis. A rumour grows that the Russians, now totally fed up with their troublesome neighbour in the Caucasus, are building a wall to keep them out. But Ganieva appears to think that a major cause of their present-day problems is the impact on Dagestani society of the decades of Soviet hegemony in the region.

Before the Russian Revolution, the Caucasus had been, like Afghanistan in the British Empire, the "wild east," a troublesome region of warriors and inter-clan hostilities. The Soviets set out to "pacify" the region in earnest. They imposed the Russian language and the system of collective agriculture. The Dagestanis suffered all the consequences of the fall of the USSR, loss of savings, of financial controls and the socio-political anarchy of the 1990s. Thus the picture that Ganieva gives, which is of Dagestan around 2010, is grim. The village life of their earlier mountains society has largely disappeared. Life in the cities is materialistic and lawless. There are no rooted and respected civic institutions; the "beards" as the Islamic fundamentalists are called, are seen to be riven with differences over details of religious practice and theology. It is a grim present, with an idealized past (life as it once was in the mountain villages), and no prospect of a more worthwhile future. For the civilized, the answer appears to be flight to a big city out of the region, preferably Moscow, so becoming part of another type of refugee, the cultural one.

*Verity Smith*



## 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 what happened on a certain date to all kinds of people connected with the Christian church.*



### 29 April

**Joan of Arc** (above) arrived at the siege of Orléans today in 1429. The English army hoped to take the city, which would have been a decisive victory in their long running war with France. Joan, a 17 year-old farm girl, claimed God had sent her to rescue her country, and this was the first public test of her calling. She held a banner in the battle and was wounded in the neck, but reappeared on the field, inspiring the French troops. A few days later, the English army retreated from Orléans, the siege was over, and Joan's reputation was made.

'The Voice said to me: "Go into France!" I could stay no longer. It said to me: "Go, raise the siege which is being made before the City of Orléans. Go!" it added, "to Robert de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs: he will furnish you with an escort to accompany you." And I replied that I was but a poor girl, who knew nothing of riding or fighting.' (*Joan of Arc, giving testimony at her trial*).

It is the feast of **St Tropez**, whose name was given to the swanky town on the French Riviera. His legends say he was a gladiator at the time of the Emperor Nero (therefore around the year 60), and after he was converted by St Paul, confessed he was a Christian during an event in which the Emperor was praising the goddess Diana. He was promptly decapitated, and his body, after being put into a boat with a dog and a cock, floated off to France, landing where St Tropez now is. Meanwhile his head, thrown into the river, ended up in Pisa. A proper cock and dog story.

Today is also **St Endellion's day**, the Cornish saint who lived in the 6th century. She sailed across the sea from South Wales to evangelise Cornwall, living as a hermit on milk and water. In medieval times, her shrine was a place of pilgrimage.

It is **St Catherine of Sienna's day**, a 14th-century nun who threw the weight of her sanctity into the arena of papal politics. A later papacy banned paintings of her with stigmata as being inappropriate for a woman, but the law was later repealed, as long as she was shown with her wounds emitting light rather than blood.

'Be the person God meant you to be and you will set the world on fire.' *Catherine of Sienna*



## **A Day by the Sea - or 'Never Go Back' II.**

In a previous issue of News and Views I described my early childhood in the small Suffolk town of Beccles and how one should 'never go back' because disappointment almost certainly awaits. Partly, this is because the past is always a foreign country and it is impossible to recreate the scenes of childhood. But, more importantly, it also described how a once busy, thriving town had been undermined by the misguided economic policies of the 1980s and 1990s when its industries disappeared or were cut to the bone and how it only gradually reestablished itself in later years by reinventing itself as a tourist centre for the Broads.

I had intended to describe Lowestoft as well, our nearby seaside town which we often visited as children and which underwent a similar fate in the 80s and 90s. But time and space precluded. In fact, living in Beccles, (and assuming the weather was fine) someone would sooner or later suggest a visit to Lowestoft to the beach. It wasn't really a 'day by the sea' as we had the luxury of being able to go just for the morning or afternoon. The station was only five minutes down the road, the journey took 15 to 20 minutes and then a five minute walk to the beach (Children's Corner). Sometimes we would tell a neighbour and they would come as well.

My attitude towards these trips was very mixed. There were aspects I enjoyed - the train journey (obviously), the possibility that the swing bridge at Lowestoft would close just before we got there and we could watch a boat or vessel go past - but the sea itself was very uninviting. The North Sea is cold and takes a long while to warm up. It is also very wet. To me then and now one bit of water looks much like another and there is far too much of it for the size of our planet. In fact, I have never been able to work out why people want to retire near the coast. Maybe on a fine summer's day, with a gorgeous landscape in the background, a glass of wine at hand etc - but how often does this occur in England? More often than not, it is drizzling, cold and everything is shut. On the other hand, the quality of the sand was very good (not too dry and not too wet) and lent itself quite easily to ambitious and complex construction projects that had to be left to the incoming tide to demolish. In fact, Lowestoft beach was often used for modelling competitions.

If it rained while we were on the beach then salvation was at hand, because our fall-back position was to go to the cinema. The cinema was just across the swing bridge in the town centre. Compared to our local cinema(s) it was something else altogether. There was a large foyer with

posters and arm chairs where you could buy (and smoke) cigarettes and it had something mysterious called 'continuous performance' ie the whole programme was on a loop throughout the day whereas our local cinema had 'First house' and 'Second house' only – with a Matinee on Saturday afternoon. I thought this 'continuous performance' business was very modern and



*Lowestoft Swing Bridge*

stylish. The screen was also a proper rectangle with 90 degree corners, whereas the screens in our local cinemas still had the old-fashioned rounded corners (anybody remember those?). To be honest, these features made more impression on me than the actual films did. Even to this day I can't remember anything we saw except one of the films starred Alan Ladd (but then he was in everything in those days).

Occasionally, we would up sticks and go and visit a number of relatives further along the coast in Kirkley and Pakefield. Once again, the best bit about that was the bus journey – which was all on board double deckers, so inevitably we had to go upstairs and sit at the front. Few people realise that in those days Lowestoft was a major manufacturer of buses (the Eastern Coach Works) – supplying Eastern Counties and Eastern National with most of their fleets. Sometimes we would break the journey to visit the boating lake in the pleasure gardens further down the coast. This was in the hope of meeting up with another (very) far flung retired relative who had the job of looking after the boats, taking money etc, and uttering the immortal refrain 'Come in number .... whatever, your time is up.' Otherwise, these visits were all downhill. At Kirkley, the visits were divided between the two sides of my Dad's family who, because of a family quarrel, had little to do with each other. This meant that after visiting one side we had to cross the road(s) – geographically and psychologically – and visit the other side where they might guardedly enquire about the other side – or not as the case might be. As these visits also required one to be on one's 'best behaviour,' it can be seen why the bus journey was the easy winner every time.

All in all, Lowestoft was a pleasant and thriving sea side resort. Sadly, this was not the case when we visited many years later. Like so many coastal



resorts it had been blighted by years of under-investment, poverty, de-industrialisation and incompetent administrations. Its massive fishing industry had of course sadly diminished. This couldn't be blamed on Lowestoft itself of course – over-fishing in the North Sea and foreign competition had dealt similar blows to fishing fleets all along the East Coast. On the other hand, visiting the railway station was a sad experience; a busy, rather handsome railway station (commissioned by Sir Morton Peto, the eccentric and tireless Victorian



*Sir Morton Peto*

entrepreneur associated with so many buildings and railway enterprises both in the UK and abroad) had become a poor shell of its former self. What should have been a blue chip asset now stood largely neglected and feeling sorry for itself. The famous swing-bridge too had been replaced, not by a new one, but by a second-hand one bought from Holland, which didn't quite fit and was apparently (we were told by our B and B host) continually breaking down. A visit to the town centre revealed the usual disappointing landscape of anywhere-type shopping developments and bored teenagers wandering disconsolately around with little money and nowhere to spend it. The Eastern Coach Works which had been a major employer in the town had closed down in the early 1980s and bus manufacture was no more. Even the part of the beach where we would play (and avoid the water), the 'Children's Corner,' was no more, being covered by huge boulders and concrete structures in an attempt to hold back the onward march of coastal erosion. 'Our' beach had gone - a timely reminder perhaps that no matter what our future intentions, climate change and mother nature are going to have the last word.

The years of neglect and the growth of poverty and inequality had the same inevitable effect on Lowestoft as in so many other areas of the UK – a resounding vote to Leave in 2016. In fact, the Waveney constituency containing Lowestoft voted 63% Leave and 37% Remain – one of the highest margins in the UK. It had little to do with any kind of sober assessment of the economic case for or against leaving the EU or even fears about immigration or being citizens of somewhere instead of nowhere etc. It was simply a furious pent up reaction against decades of neglect and indifference, a once in a lifetime opportunity for the less well off half of the population to administer a well deserved kick to the better off half of the population and remind them that they still existed. Sadly, it seems to have had little effect.

*John Ditchfield*



# JOHN BIRCH'S COMPETITION

## *Competition No. 53: Mountains and their Locations*

Put each mountain into the nearest location (You may have to choose as it may be bounded by more than 1 country!)

### Mountains

Rocky Mountains	Mackenzie Mountains	Brooks Range
Sierre Madre de Sol	Andes	Guiana Highlands
Great Dividing Range	Bale Mountains	Ben Nevis
Blue Stack Mountains	Berner Alpen	Everest
Southern Alps	Table Mountain	

### Locations

South Africa	Switzerland	Ethiopia	South America	
Canada	New Zealand	Ireland	Australia	Mexico
United States	Tibet/Nepal	Scotland	Venezuela	Alaska



## *Answers to Competition No 52: Islands and their Seas*

Isle of Man/Irish Sea  
 Cape Verde/Atlantic  
 Falkland Islands/Southern Ocean  
 Galapagos/Pacific Ocean  
 Maldives/Indian Ocean  
 Papua/New Guinea/Coral Sea  
 Cyclades/Aegean Sea  
 Iceland/Denmark Strait  
 Gotland/Baltic Sea  
 Isle of Wight/English Channel  
 Malta/Mediterranean Sea  
 Taiwan/Southern China Sea  
 Greenland/Arctic Ocean  
 Sardinia/Tyrrhenian Sea



*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: VARIETIES OF APPLES

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

BISMARCK BRAEBURN BRAMLEY CAMEO COXS-ORANGE-PIPPIN DELBARESTIVALE DISCOVERY EMPIRE EGREMONT-RUSSET FUJI GRANNY-SMITH JONATHAN KANZI MCINTOSH MAGIC-STAR PINK-LADY RUBENS RED-DELICIOUS ROYAL-GALA WORCESTER ZARI Put the remaining 10 letters together to find one further variety - the first word is sweet, the second is how I like my roast potatoes!

*Compiled by Rosemary Birch*

Answer: Honeycrisp

## JUNIOR WORDSEARCH: CROQUET

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

CROQUET LAWN  
CROQUET BALLS  
BLUE/BLACK  
RED/YELLOW  
MALLET

SIX HOOPS  
CENTRE PEG  
SHOTS/STROKES  
ROQUET  
COMPLETE CIRCUIT

WIN POINTS  
GAMES  
SINGLES  
DOUBLES  
TEAMS



*Compiled by Liz Alsford*



# DIARY

**Monday** 10.30am to 11.30am Studying together in Church

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

**Saturday** 10.30am to 12.30pm West End Café open

**Thursday** 6.30pm Choir Practice in Church on alternate Thursdays

**Christian Meditation** - Meditators meet online. For further information, contact: Georgia Tutton at [gmrtutton@aol.com](mailto:gmrtutton@aol.com)

*The services are also live streamed via YOUTUBE*



## MAY

**7 11.00 am Family Communion Service led by Revd Derek Lindfield**

**14 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd John Steel, Retired URC Minister**

### *15th – 21st Christian Aid Week*

**16 7.30 pm Elders & Deacons Meeting**

**21 11.00 am Family Service led by Sarah Beaumont, URC Lay Preacher**

**26 1.00 pm River City Saxes, Saxophone ensemble concert refreshments at 12.30pm in support of Christian Aid**

**28 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Shaun Sanders Methodist Minister**

## JUNE

**4 11.00 am Gift Day and Communion Service led by Revd Derek Lindfield**

**11 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Jon Dean, Retired URC Minister**

**13 7.30pm Elders & Deacons Meeting**

**18 11.00 am Family Service led by Revd Ewan King, Interim Moderator HGSFC**

- 25 11.00 am Family Service led by Wilf Merttens, Baptist Lay  
Preacher Hampstead Baptist Church  
24<sup>th</sup> June – 2nd July Proms at St Jude's
- 30 12.00pm Proms at St Jude's Lunchtime Recital with Sasha  
Canter, Trumpet and Rustan Khanmurzin, Piano, in the Free Church

## JULY

- 2 11.00am Family Communion Service led by Revd Derek  
Lindfield
- 9 11.00am Family Service led by Revd Ian Green, Amersham  
Free Church
- 11 7.30pm Elders & Deacons Meeting



## 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 next issue of News and Views will be a double issue for June and July 2023 and will be published on Sunday 4th June 2023. Articles should therefore be delivered to the editor, Joan Holton or the typesetter, John Ditchfield, ([john\\_ditchfield@hotmail.com](mailto:john_ditchfield@hotmail.com)) by Sunday 21st May.

*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](http://www.hgsfreechurch.org.uk) where you will find past issues of News and Views.***

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