

All Saints Magazine



August 2016

Free

Letter from our Vicar

Dear Friends

We send our prayers and sympathy to Reverend Annette and her family as they mourn the death of her mother Jeanette Ardley.

Annette has been making time sorting out her affairs and arranging her funeral, which will be held in Maidstone on Friday August 5th.

She is looking forward to going on holiday to Sandwich on the Kent coast and spending quiet family time with David, Richard and Matthew. The boys have been a great comfort to her at this time of sadness.

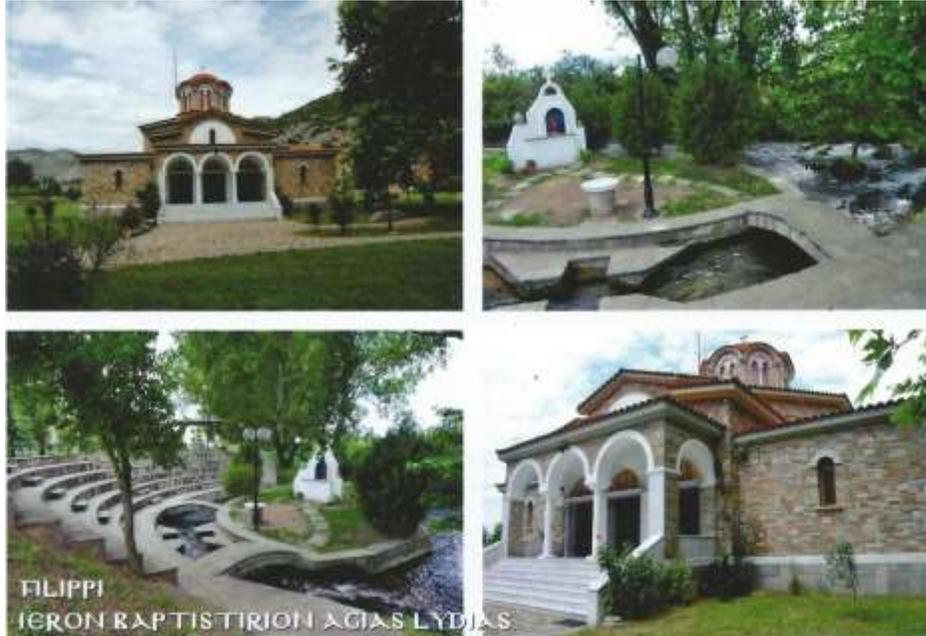
Annette has arranged cover for all the Sunday and Thursday services (*see diary page*) and we look forward to having her and Rita back after a well earned break.

The Editors

Steps of St. Paul

I recently returned from Greece, having been on a McCabe pilgrimage with a group from my sister's church. It followed the third journey of St. Paul. (Acts 17).

We stayed the first two nights in Kavala, a pretty, old town on the coast with a lovely view of the harbour. From there we visited Philippi, the first city in Europe visited by Paul, and where Paul and Silas were imprisoned. We visited its church, which was most supportive of him.



We held communion on the site of the baptism of Lydia of Thyatira, in a beautiful outdoor setting by a small stream. Here there is now seating and a small shrine with beautiful Baptistery and frescoes of St. Paul.

Then onto Thessalonica where an underground railway is being built, causing hold-ups. Each step of the way more ancient ruins are unearthed. It was decided to build a glass viewing point over them in the station concourse.

However, as our guide humorously told us, after the first build, they ran out of money, so the idea was scrapped, as so often happens.

St. Paul escaped from Thessalonica and travelled to Berea where the people were more open to the Gospel.

We visited the marble steps from where he first preached. They are now enfolded by two colourful frescoes of St. Paul on the steps.

St. Paul then travelled on to Athens by sea. We travelled by coach and were kept enthralled by our excellent guide, who knew every detail of Greek mythology, and visited the original tombs of Phillip II, Alexander the Great's father.

We had a dramatic drive, twisting and turning high up a mountain to visit a modern monastery of "St. John The Forerunner", high above Larissa. It is run by nuns who are fairly self-sufficient, with goats and farming implements. (Imagine a nun driving a tractor).



The monastery is built on the site of an old 7th century monastery. We were given cinnamon tea and a 'greek' Turkish delight in the Refectory. There was a roaring fire surrounded by an intricate quarry tile fireplace, which the abbess herself had built!

By the fourth day, the sun came out and we enjoyed the beautiful scenery on the way to the Meteora Monasteries perched high on gigantic monolithic rocks, dating back to 11th century.

There are only 6 of the original 21 high monasteries functioning. today, two of which we visited.

We stayed in a hotel in the shadow of the rocks and travelled by coach so far - then to reach the monastery - 323 steps! It is hard to comprehend however they were built. A rope net is still used to bring up provisions. The monasteries usually start with one monk seeking solitude, and others joining years later.

The second monastery was just so inhabited well before 1200. Some of the original church and frescoes still stand and can still be seen.

It leads into the newer church built in 1798 with more wonderful frescoes and carved altars.

We picked up St. Paul's route again in Delphi, then on to Athens, where we struggled up the marble steps to the Acropolis and Parthenon, (more classical Greece). On then to Corinth, remembered in St. Paul's letters to the lively church amidst immorality and paganism - none of which I saw, because the highlight is the Corinth Canal, with a ferry bridge which lowers into the water as small boats go through.



We were able to take our last communion on one of the ancient sites in a secluded spot where St. Paul preached.

Paul departed Athens for Ephesus - but we departed for Gatwick - quickly coming down to earth. (sorry!).

I had found out such a lot about St. Paul as a person, other than what I read in Bible quotes.

I remember having a conversation once with dear knowledgeable Brian Everness, who said St. Paul was much misunderstood as an irascible person, but there was another side. Having studied more closely how he Spread The Word after his conversion, I wish Brian was around for more discussion.

B.M.W.

Re: From last months "Archives"

Mention of the near arrival of Mr. Francis Halliwell as a curate reminded me of his time at All Saints' when he started a branch of the King's Messengers. This was an organisation for children to support missionary work overseas. We met in the hall on Tuesday evenings. I'm not sure what we did but I do remember that there were seats on sale. My big sister, Joyce, was a helper and she gave me money to but the sweets. From then on I decided that missionary work was A GOOD THING.

Betty Macdonald.

Diary Dates for August 2016

Thursday 4th	11.00 am	Holy Communion with Father Derek Robinson
Sunday 7th	10.00 am	Holy Communion with Father Robert Pyne
Wednesday 10th	10.30–12.00	Fair trade café
Thursday 11th	11.00 am	Holy Communion with Father Derek Robinson
Sunday 14th	10.00 am	Holy Communion with Father John Francis Friendship
Thursday 18th	11.00 am	Holy Communion with Father Brett Ward
Sunday 21st	10.00 am	Holy communion with Father John Francis Friendship
Wednesday 24th	10.30–12.00	Fair trade café
Thursday 25th	11.00 am	Holy Communion with Rita Mather
Sunday 28th	10.00 am	Holy Communion
	12.00 noon	Baptism of Oliver Fisher
	1.00 pm	Baptism of Archie Warner

Please check the weekly news sheet for any changes

Parish Pump

Baptisms

3rd July, Mia Grace Priddle

17th July, Charlie Poppy Huft

17th July, Lyla Anne Bagnal

Weddings

23rd July, Sophie Stokes and Alan Hibberd.

We are pleased to announce that Joan Mailing, widow of Jim Mailing our former assistant treasurer, who has been coming to All Saints 10.00 am Sunday service regularly since he died is now living at:

Room 66, Duke of Kent Court, Shepherds Green
Chislehurst, Kent, BR7 6PA.

She has recently had a fall which has made her housebound and her family felt she needed more care. She has now happily settled at the above address.

Monthly Charity

This month's chosen charity is "SANDS (Stillbirth & Neo-natal Death Society)". Please place your donations in the wall safe by the main entrance. Thank you.

Future Events

12th August, Strawberry Tea; for Breast Cancer Care, 2pm-6pm, in the Hall, **Admission Free.**

24th September, MICHAELMAS FAIR; We are hoping for a "Filled Jar stall" containing "something" worth £1 or more (decorated if you wish). We also plan to have a "Getting Ready for Christmas" stall, selling decorations, wrappings etc. (see Pam Piper for above details). We will also need Bottles for the bottle stall (if you have any of your Duty Free allowance going begging, please remember us!, we also need Raffle Prizes. **Most importantly...put this date in your diary & volunteer to help.**

12th October, Deanery Synod, St. Andrew's Mottingham, 7.30 pm.

Betty Senechal (Goodfellow) 5/5/1927 – 18/5/2016

Betty grew up between the depression and the Second World War, but Mum's memories were of happy days. Both Mum and her little brother Bob were encouraged in their schooling and Mum won a scholarship place to the Prendergast School, then an independent Grammar school. Prendergast girls were supposed to always look their best – something I feel went down well with Mum who always took great care of her appearance and manner. In fact we have only just learned that Mum was once elected "Queen of the May", very appropriate given her birthday on the 5th of May and her lifelong love of gardens.

As Mum approached her teenage years she was evacuated with the Prendergast girls first to Deal – and shortly afterwards to Tonbridge. Eventually after several re-locations, her father Len personally relocated Betty and Bob to a relative in Northamptonshire on a chicken farm. Uncle Bob remembers brief family times at home, spent in the five-bed Anderson shelter with their Granny standing in the doorway shaking her fist at the bombers or doodlebugs.

Mum had entered the war a schoolgirl but came out a young woman. Keen to get on in the new, post-war world she was studying at night school when she met our father Eric. He went down well at home with Mum and little Brother Bob who was impressed by his motorcycle! Their courtship centred around sports and social clubs – cycling, tennis (Mum confessed that she liked the social side of the game more than anything) and countryside treasure hunts on the motorcycle, (the treasure sometimes being the part for the motorcycle that would get them home).

Mum worked for Collins the publishers, giving her a life-long love of literature, something that she passed on to both Ruth and I. Marrying my Dad in times of austerity Mum worked until children were on the horizon. Family legend has it that Mum did not know how to cook. But Dad had served some of his war in the Army catering corps and was a very good cook. By the time I can remember anything – they both were great (and for their time quite adventurous) cooks! Mum was the calm centre of our home. Always graceful, her cool hand on my forehead when I was sick is perhaps one of the key sensory experiences in my life. It said so much. Mum was always considered and moderate in what she said and how she behaved. As I approached, I guess, my tenth birthday I began to realise that she was pretty special: not only did she sound like Radio 4 when she spoke and dressed more elegantly than anyone I knew, but she had quite strong views on treating everyone fairly and that everyone should have a chance. You might call her, with her life-long co-operative membership as well, a socialist; but I think it went deeper than politics. For us as children, Mum would never let us go without anything important – although sometimes finances might be a little tight. Mum made ours a very happy childhood, and one very rooted in our home and our local community: if there was something going on locally, we would be involved.

When Ruth and I had left home and especially after Dad had retired Mum and Dad were able to travel more visiting Italy, France and Portugal several times. With Eric she was also able to travel to Canada and stay with her brother Bob, who had emigrated there in the 1970's. I know this re-connection meant a lot and Mum kept very close to the Canadian family – Mum Spoke to Bob on the phone nearly every week.

Mum embraced grand-motherhood wholeheartedly as Thomas and Sarah, then Emily came along. Sarah remembers the smell of Mum's baking drop scones, making Hedgehog rolls for lunch and special treats – such as "Violetta" ice cream. During this time Mum also began to increase the amount of work she did for the NSPCC. Mum was deeply committed to this organisation and worked tirelessly to raise funds. Her motivation was very simple as she once said to me "every child deserves to be happy".

As my father became increasingly infirm, Mum became his carer. Dad had always been the driver in the house and acquired a succession of mobility scooters and they became a familiar sight off to shopping or a café lunch Dad on his scooter and Mum virtually jogging alongside. She did apparently try out the scooter once but it only proved that it had probably been a blessing for all that she never took out a driving licence.

Dad passed away in 2002, just as a second set of Grandchildren were arriving. Mum was a tower of strength for the family at this time helping us to grieve by being thankful for Dad's life. And then carried on. Luke and Jamie looked forwards to Grandma coming to stay for Christmas or Easter holidays, especially as Grandma allocated them pocket money on a weekly basis and the bags of coins could be quite considerable by the time they were handed over.

A visit to Mum was not complete without a trip around the garden, it was her great joy (as it had been Dad's as well), and she nurtured her plants with almost as much love as her family and friends. Sarah remembers her tremendous memory for every plant and flower she had ever been given.

Mum's last few years were characterised by increasing spells in hospital. Feeling sorry for herself was not in Mum's nature as her focus was really on other people. With Ruth and Graham's help especially, as well as her many friends in the community she managed a level of independence in her life that she so valued. A few hours before she died she summed things up for us all: "I've had a lovely life, you all love me and I love you. There's no need to cry".

Answers to the July Quiz sheet

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|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Soft, strong and very long | Andrex |
| 2. It does exactly what it says on the tin | Ronseal |
| 3. Snap! Crackle! Pop! | Rice Krispies |
| 4. Vorsprung durch Technik | Audi |
| 5. Exceedingly good cakes | Kipling |
| 6. Let your fingers do the walking | Yellow Pages |
| 7. The best a man can get | Gillette |
| 8. It's the real thing | Coca Cola |
| 9. Simple | Compare the Market |
| 10. Put a tiger in your tank | Esso |
| 11. Bootiful | Bernard Matthews |
| 12. Loves the jobs you hate | Mr. Muscle |
| 13. No more tears | Johnson's baby Shampoo |
| 14. Made in Scotland from girders | Iron Bru |
| 15. Don't leave home without it | American Express |
| 16. Full of Eastern Promise | Turkish Delight |

From the Archives – snippets from the August magazine of 1936, price twopence.

My good friend and colleague the Rev. H. J. Davis will be retiring from full time work at the end of September. This is not the time—not the place for me to try to record what we owe to the excellent work and influence of Fr. Davis during his six years work amongst us. I hope to have an opportunity of doing that later on. There are, however, many things for which I personally am deeply indebted to my good friend and for which I shall always be truly grateful. Some of course I cannot write about; but there are some outstanding events for which I know, many of you would like to join with me in mutual gratitude and appreciation.

First there is the fact that Fr. Davis came to us at a time when it was very difficult to get priests—when there was a real shortage of men—and at a time when our need was great. I had been working single-handed for five years, and the parish was growing rapidly and the work increasing almost weekly.

Secondly, there has been the ever unfailing loyalty of Fr. Davis throughout his ministry which has been such a help to me, and to the parish and the work.

Thirdly, and here again, I know you share my appreciation—I shall always look back with profound thankfulness to the devoted way in which Fr. Davis took charge of the parish and kept everything going during my illness and absence in hospital in the autumn of 1931. It was a very great help to me, personally, at that time, to know that everything was going on as usual and that I need have no anxieties about the parish.

Your sincere Friend and Priest
Arthur C. Norledge.

There is nothing recorded in the “Church Logbook” for August 1976:

We hope to provide “snippets” from the relevant month of 80 and 40 years ago.