

Services at St John the Baptist Halling & the Jubilee Hall Upper Halling			
5 th May	Easter 2	8.00 Holy Communion Jubilee Hall	I Peter 2 vv 19-25 p1218 John 10 vv 11-16 p1076
	Easter 3	11.00 Holy Communion	Zephaniah 3 vv 14-20 p947 Acts 9 vv 1-6 p1102 Revelation 5 vv 11-14 p1237 John 21 vv 1-19 p1090
12 th May	Easter 4	11.00 Holy Communion	Genesis 7 vv 1-18 p8 Genesis 8 vv 6-18 p9 Genesis 9 vv 8-13 p10 Acts 9 vv 36-43 p1103 Revelation 7 vv 9-17 John 10 vv 22-30 p1077
	Easter 3	5.30 Evening Prayer Jubilee Hall	Deuteronomy 4 vv 23-40 p183 I Timothy 1 vv 1-17 p 1191
19 th May Easter 4 / Easter 5		11.00 Holy Communion	Genesis 22 vv 1-8 p22 Acts 11 vv 1-18 p1105 Revelation 21 vv 1-6 p1249 John 13 vv 31-35 p1082
26 th May Easter 6 / Easter 5		11.00 Holy Communion & Holy Baptism	Ezekiel 37 vv 1-14 p868 Acts 16 vv 9-15 p1111 Revelation 21 v10 – 22 v5 p1249 John 14 vv 23-29 p1082
30 th May Ascension Day		9.30 am Holy Communion	Acts 1 vv 1-11 p1092 Mark 16 vv 14-20 p1024
2 nd June	Sunday after Ascension	8.00 Holy Communion Jubilee Hall	I Peter 4 vv 7-11 p1220 John 15 v26 – 16 v4 p1083
	Easter 7	11.00 Holy Communion	Ezekiel 36 vv 24-28 p868 Acts 16 vv 16-34 p1112 Revelation 22 vv 12-21 p1250 John 17 vv 20-26 p1085
Services at St Michael & All Angels Cuxton			
5 th May Easter 3 / Easter 2		9.30 Family Communion	Zephaniah 3 vv 14-20 p947 Acts 9 vv 1-6 p1102 Revelation 5 vv 11-14 p1237 John 21 vv 1-19 p1090
12 th May Easter 4 / Easter 3		9.30 Holy Communion	Genesis 7 vv 1-18 p8 Genesis 8 vv 6-18 p9 Genesis 9 vv 8-13 p10 Acts 9 vv 36-43 p1103 Revelation 7 vv 9-17 John 10 vv 22-30 p1077
19 th May	Easter 4	8.00 Holy Communion	Epistle & Gospel BCP Easter 4
	Easter 5	9.30 Holy Communion	Genesis 22 vv 1-8 p22 Acts 11 vv 1-18 p1105 Revelation 21 vv 1-6 p1249 John 13 vv 31-35 p1082
26 th May Easter 6 / Easter 5		9.30 Holy Communion	Ezekiel 37 vv 1-14 p868 Acts 16 vv 9-15 p1111 Revelation 21 v10 – 22 v5 p1249 John 14 vv 23-29 p1082
30 th May Ascension Day		7.30 pm Holy Communion	Acts 1 vv 1-11 p1092 Mark 16 vv 14-20 p1024
2 nd June Easter 7 / Sunday after Ascension		9.30 Family Communion	Ezekiel 36 vv 24-28 p868 Acts 16 vv 16-34 p1112 Revelation 22 vv 12-21 p1250 John 17 vv 20-26 p1085

Psalm 24. Domini est terra

THE earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is : the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas : and prepared it upon the floods. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord : or who shall rise up in his holy place? Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart : and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity, nor sworn to deceive his neighbour. He shall receive the

blessing from the Lord : and righteousness from the God of his salvation. This is the generation of them that seek him : even of them that seek thy face, O Jacob. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory : it is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in. : Who is the King of glory : even the Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Wednesday Holy Communion St Michel's 9.30		Thursday Holy Communion St John's 9.30	
1 st May S Philip & S James	James 1 vv 1-12 John 14 vv 1-14	2 nd May S Athanasius	Acts 5 vv 17-33 John 3 vv 31-36
8 th May S Julian of Norwich	Acts 8 vv 1-8 John 6 vv 35-40	9 th May	Acts 8 vv 26-40 John 6 vv 44-51
15 th May	Acts 12 v 24 – 13v5 John 12 vv 44-50	16 th May	Acts 13 vv 13-25 John 13 vv 16-20
22 nd May	Acts 15 vv 1-6 John 15 vv 1-8	23 rd May	Acts 15 vv 7-21 John 15 vv 9-11
29 th May Rogation Day	Acts 17 v15 – 18 v1 John 16 vv 12-15	30 th May Ascension Day	Acts 1 vv 1-11 Mark 16 vv 14-20

Copy Date June Magazine: May 10th 8.30 am Rectory



From the Rector

I have recently been given bound volumes of the Halling Parish Church Magazine for 1905 and 1907. At the time, there were only a few pages of local news and comment inserted into a monthly national church magazine which included stories and articles and competitions and tackled readers' questions*. The Vicar of Halling at that time, fairly recently appointed (S Matthew's Day 21st September 1904), was Rev'd Ernest Crawford. In January 1905, the magazine was restarted after an interval. Every house received a free taster copy. After that it was 1d a month or 1/= a year.

I often think about the people who worshipped at St John's and St Michael's in the past and are now worshipping God in heaven in fellowship with us. You and I remember many of those from the recent past, but worship has been offered in both places for more than a thousand years, at least as far back as Saxon times. How different the lives of previous generations must have been from ours! I guess we are a lot more comfortable than most of them. They had different opportunities from ours. They faced different challenges. They had different ideas about God and how best to serve Him. Yet we worship the same God. We are members of the same Body of Christ. It is the same Holy Spirit Who inspires us.

Coming back to those early twentieth century magazines, many of the names of the people who served the Church and the local community in those days are recognised by older parishioners to this day. Some of their descendants continue to serve.

I suppose one difference was that the village was much more self-contained 100 odd years ago. Nearly everybody worked locally on the farms or in the cement or paper industries. Nearly all the children went to Halling School. The school centenary booklet (copies of which I can still sell you £1) reveals just what a challenge it was to establish a school in a village. They started with very limited resources and the problem that quite a lot of families didn't see why their children should go to school anyway!

There were far more shops than there are now and most people bought what they needed in the village. The pubs and especially the Halling Institute provided the entertainment – including sports, dancing and swimming. There were numerous football and cricket teams. It seems quite remarkable how much there was going on in a relatively small village.

On the other hand, there were no effective treatments for common infectious diseases which took the lives of too many, including children. Work was hard. Hardship was an all too present

possibility. The Church did its best to ameliorate conditions for people. Part of the offertory was dedicated to the poor and sick - £1 6 3½ in January 2005 – which presumably went further then than now! There was also a Provident Fund to encourage people to save. Collectors called weekly and you could invest 1d or more each week. For every pound you saved, you were given an extra 6d and, if you spent the money saved in local shops, you got a 5% discount.

Societies like the Band of Hope, the Mothers' Union, the Church of England Men's Society and the Girls' Friendly Society offered opportunities for socialising, encouraged responsible attitudes to life and promoted Christian teaching and spiritual development.

The numbers involved are impressive. There were more than three hundred young folk, it says, at the Sunday School treat on 3rd January 1905. They "romped" around the Christmas trees and everyone had a present. A Professor Charles did conjuring tricks and performed ventriloquism. There was Punch & Judy and they all received a bun, an orange and a bag of sweets.

There were 200 Easter communicants in 1907 as there had been in 1906 and Mr Crawford was disappointed that the numbers hadn't increased. Like me, he was always urging people to be frequent communicants in obedience to our Lord's command and to attend all the church services. They had a very successful sung Evensong on Thursdays which interested me.

Perhaps surprisingly, they found that the earlier they held the morning services, the better the attendance seemed to be. On Ascension Day 1st June 1905 (a Thursday of course), they celebrated Holy Communion at 4.45 am, 7.00 am & 10.30 am. There was a Women's Service at 3.00 pm and Choral Evensong at 7.30 pm. On Whit-Sunday the same month, Holy Communion at St Lawrence Mission (where the Jubilee Hall now stands) was at 6.00 am, and at St John's at 7.00, 8.15 & 12.15 with Mattins at 11.00 and Evensong at 6.30, as well as a Children's Festival at 3.00 and Baptism at 4.00. No wonder the vicar said he needed a curate. Saturday 24th June (our Patronal Festival, the Nativity of St John the Baptist), services were the same as on Ascension Day. The

4.45 am Communion gave you time to go to Church before you went to work. There were tea and sports in the Vicarage Meadow at 3.00pm – 6d admission, half price for children. In 1988, we held the first Halling Fun Day on Saturday 24th June, starting with 11.00 Communion in St John's, followed by a fancy dress procession to the Recreation Ground in Vicarage Road for the fete. Bishop Michael Turnbull and HPC chairman Bob Smith joined in leading the procession with me and the Halling Guides.

They were also interested in foreign missions – especially the newly constituted Diocese of Bunbury in Australia. Its first bishop was the Rt Rev'd Frederick Goldsmith who had been Vicar of Halling and returned to the village for a visit in 1905, amidst much excitement. Halling raised funds to help meet the needs of a vast, but sparsely populated, diocese including settlers and itinerant workers, some of them very poor and a mixture of races including the aboriginal inhabitants and people from Britain, as well as "Japanese, Chinese, Malays and Manilamen".

Also in 1905, they considered setting up a church council. Until the nineteenth century, local affairs were handled by the vestry, a body of dignitaries elected at the Vestry Meeting (the meeting which chooses churchwardens) and generally chaired by the vicar. Civil affairs became increasingly independent of the Church during the reign of Queen Victoria and the Local Government Act of 1894 provided parish councils throughout the country which were separate from the Church. Following this, the Church began to experiment with its own church councils to look after church affairs and Halling obviously gave it a try. These voluntary church councils became Parochial Church Councils and were mandatory effectively from 1921. Whether or not this was a wise move is open to debate. Obviously, all Christians (not just the clergy) have a stake in the running of the Church, but maybe PCCs are too political, modelling themselves too much on local authorities and not enough on the Old and New Testaments. But then some people like to call General Synod the Church's Parliament. So what can you expect?

Anyway, it all sounds very exciting in the Parish of Halling just over 110 years ago. One thing that

did strike me was that they raised a lot of money for and put a lot of work into enhancing the furnishings of the church building. The beautiful Kempe glass in the stained glass windows had just been installed and the lych gate constructed at the entrance to the graveyard. Now they were raising money for the organ, for the rood screen, and other skilfully carved woodwork, and riddel posts and curtains for the altar. The belief then was that to glorify God you should beautify His house and that a beautifully constructed sanctuary would inspire Christians to holy worship, teach the faith to people including those who might not be good at book-learning, and proclaim the holiness of God to those who did not yet know Him.

In the 1980s, much of this was removed. Ideas had changed. There were other priorities. Now it could be that they were right in 1905 and wrong in

1985 or that they were wrong in 1905 and right in 1985 or that what was right in 1905 was no longer right in 1985. I should say myself that God's infinity is such that all our efforts to reflect His glory are bound to be inadequate and that therefore it is not surprising if different Christians have different ideas about how best to worship Him. But the fact remains that a lot of effort and money went into what was removed only 80 years later. It does make me wonder whether we should be more humble in deciding what we ought to bequeath to future generations and therefore what we should do with our resources now.

I certainly find it encouraging to read about what God has done in the past. He's the same God working in the world today, as He always will be. Our part is to remain faithful. Roger.

O GOD, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thine honour.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen

Anyway, I'll finish with an account of the 1907 Garden Fete. This would have been Halling Vicarage garden. (Reading about this and other open air events, I think 1907 must have been a particularly wet year!)

Garden Fete. Everything except the weather was capital. The stalls were most effectively decorated and especially well stocked; the flower stall was the feature of the front lawn and the stalls for cakes and sweets, fancy goods, plain needlework, ices and drinks, fancy linen, &c., with the noble tea tent, made of the tennis court a most attractive bazaar, and when at night the fairy lamps were lit the whole garden was a real bower of beauty. The opening ceremony had perforce to be under cover, and the two capital concerts arranged for the open, found shelter too in the new room at the Vicarage. The Mayor's genial presence made amends for the disappointment at the absence of the Mayoress of Rochester through indisposition, and it was very pleasing to have with us, despite the rain, Mrs. G. K. and Miss Anderson. The Maypole was driven by the weather out of the afternoon programme, but found its rightful place in the evening and went quite splendidly, the new figures being very effective ; the G.F.S. girls were also very successful in their entertainment in the Parish Room; the Shooting Gallery was kept busy in the evening; while the Fishpond, Weighing Machine, Clock Golf, Electric and Art Gallery, Cocanot shies, Aunt Sally and Uncle Ben all made their contribution to a most enjoyable Fete. The Snodland Town Band provided excellent music throughout the afternoon and evening, and dancing began shortly before 9. It only needed more sunshine, and more people to make the Fete the complete success it deserved to be. Our most sincere thanks are due to all helped to achieve the measure of success that was possible, and we wish them all many happy returns of the day.

The G.F.S. is the Girls Friendly Society.

*One such question was "When is it appropriate to sing the Benedicite at Mattins?" (Come on; you've always wondered.) The answer given was that there was a tradition not to sing the Te Deum at Mattins during Advent & Lent, just as we don't sing the Gloria in those seasons at Communion, and that the Benedicite was an alternative. It's not really satisfactory, because there is nothing especially solemn about the Benedicite, it being as full of praise as the Te Deum. (Personally I use either at any time of year, as I think Cranmer intended.)

An Entertaining Evening of Anecdotes and Music 18 May 2019, 7:30 p.m.

The Church Hall
ME2 1AF

Come and hear the amusing,
interesting and quirky things some
of us have experienced over the
course of our diverse lives.

Old Chinese Proverb

If there is righteousness in the heart, there will
be beauty in the character; if there is beauty in
the character, there will be harmony in the
home; if there is harmony in the home, there
will be order in the nation; when there is order
in the nation, there will be peace in the world.



Walk For Peace

I am managing a walk across three Medway towns on **Saturday 6 July 2019** and would very much like you and your church community to participate. This year, the route of the Walk for Peace will be similar to last year which will start at Gillingham and proceed to Rochester, via Chatham. It is open to local people and others, striving for peace and unity across all communities in Medway. The Walk aims to bring together people of different cultures and backgrounds, promote friendship and embrace positive, interfaith and secular relations through a common cause – peace. The theme of **‘Unity and Diversity through Faith’** to show how, as individuals, we are part of a broad neighbourhood of communities, walking together with a purpose that encourages friendship. Although the details are still to be agreed, the event is likely to begin at 10:00 in Gillingham High Street, arriving in Chatham at 11:15, and arriving at Rochester War Memorial at 13:20. The event will end at 14:30. We shall visit the Turkish Mosque, the Unitarian Church and the Jewish Memorial Synagogue in Chatham. We are planning to have some prominent speakers at many locations, as well as music and other attractions. Medway Inter Faith Action (MIFA), organisers of the Walk, are inviting and encouraging local charities, places of worship, community groups, schools, residents and like-minded people to participate in the event. I wish you all the best, and please get in touch if you want any further details. In the meantime, here is the link to the website <https://medwaypeace.wordpress.com/> Keith Harrison, *Project Manager – Walk for Peace 2019*.

Thanks: ‘Thank you to Albert Marshall for a fantastic evening of music in St Michael’s Church Hall on Saturday 30th March. Thank you also to everyone who came along to support this fund-raising evening. We are very pleased to say that we raised £374 in aid of the Organ Repair Fund.’

Nic Boniface Counselling

& Therapeutic Services (Medway)

Offices in Rochester & Rainham

Making the decision to step into therapy can evoke many feelings. I appreciate that starting the therapeutic process can be a really brave decision!

If you need someone to talk to, in an environment within which you feel safe, we can build this together supported by the Framework of the British Association of Counselling & Psychotherapy, of which I am a registered member.

If you would like to discuss counselling or counselling supervision, please contact me on:

BonifaceTherapyServices@gmail.com

07865 470014

From the Registers

Baptisms:

17th March

17th March

Arlo John Attfield
Isabelle Louise Miller

Wainscott
Petchart Close

Funeral:

Parishioners were sorry to hear of the death of Desmond Vinicombe. His funeral is due to be held on 25th April at Thames View Crematorium.

Apologies to the Quinquennial Architect of Yesteryear.

It was the then Rector of Cuxton, not the quinquennial architect, who asked for the Ten Commandments to be moved from behind the altar to where they are now. It was part of a project to make the altar more obviously the focus of our worship.

And so we show thy death, O Lord,
till thou again appear,

and feel, when we approach thy board,
we have an altar here.

Christian Aid



A Division of The British Council of Churches

Christian Aid Week May 12-18th 2019

An envelope for Christian Aid Week is enclosed with this issue of the parish magazine.

If you would like to make a donation you can use this envelope and return it to the church or the deliverer of your magazine. Alternatively you can give online at caweek.org or 'phone 08080006006.

Christian Aid is a member of DEC (the Disasters Emergency Committee) which is currently involved in an appeal to help those affected by cyclone Idia in Southern Africa.



www.themothersunion.org

March MU Talk by Jack Payne

Jack Payne gave an inspiring presentation of how he started collecting rare and interesting books. We were all spell bound when looking at some of his collection and it was not just because of an early Harry Potter book which he held up! Jack gave us an insight as to what to look for when valuing books. Jack always seems to know our own personal likes and throughout the year will often hand one of us a book which he knows will interest us.

Thank you, Jack, for such a brilliant talk to the Mothers' Union. We are so fortunate to have such an expert on books in our midst! Jenny

Two Schoolboys Revising for their Physics "A" Level

One says, "I didn't realise protons had mass." The other replies, "I didn't even know they were catholic!"

Forthcoming Attractions

18th May 7.30 pm Church Hall: An Entertaining Evening of Anecdotes and Music.

11th July 7.30 pm St John's: A Musical Evening with the Cantium Singers.

St John's Draw: £5 each Mrs Head (1), Mrs Chidwick (9) & Mrs Mattingly (65) – drawn by Mrs Farrow.

St Michael's Draw: £10 to Mrs Crundwell (25) & £5 each to Dr McCabe (12) & Mrs Booth (35).

The churchwarden was delighted to find in the church hall loft a Stradivarius & a Rembrandt. All the Church's financial difficulties would have been over except that Stradivarius was a useless painter and Rembrandt couldn't make violins.

St Johns to Aylesford

Now that there are more hours of daylight I feel ready to attempt longer walks. Daylight may be more plentiful however the weather is very changeable. It seems that at one moment there is sunshine then there is rain and then a chill wind blows to remind me that it may be spring but not summer.



My circular walk starts at the church of St John the Baptist, Halling and follows roads and paths to

Burham then along the River Medway to Aylesford and round to Leybourne Lakes and Snodland station - a good walk of some 10 miles. From the church I walk down to the river front and turn right. There is always something to look at or watch along the river. Today there are swans and ducks busy preening and feeding in the river and dogs walking and playing along the path.. I turn right to walk up passed the primary school in Howlsmere Close and onto the High Street out of Halling then



along the A228 to Peters Bridge.

Peters Village is a new community designed to be a village. It may look very new but it has many and varied connections with the past. There are many new homes, a pleasant paved walk along the riverbank and evidence of further development which is to include shops.



Once over the railway bridge and river bridge I turn left to find a footpath that leads under the bridge so I can walk along the lovely paved waterside path in front of several new

homes then out of the village and along to the historic church of St Mary at Burham. It is the very image of a village church; old, built in between cottages and has a fascinating graveyard. Visitors are welcome to explore the church but must be

aware that due to its historic nature the floors may be uneven and there could be other maintenance issues.

Leaving the church behind I maintain direction and continue along Old Church Road. On route I pass several fields with horses. My attention is drawn to one particular field where I meet a rather excited horse owner. Her horse had given birth within the last hour and there standing beside its mother was the young foal. So very cute! What a special moment.



I continue along Old Church Road to the end and follow the footpath signs near the Southern Water Works onto a concrete path. This footpath forms part of the Medway Valley Walk. It leads passed old and more modern works, a field full of solar panels, sewage works and is a rich habitat for many small mammals, wild plants and flowers,

water birds, birds of prey and songbirds. The walk meanders out near a small industrial area and then into Bull Lane which leads to Aylesford Priory. This is my main stopping point today. The Priory has an interesting history and deserves much more time and exploration than I have available. I have a choice of a light lunch in the tea rooms or something more substantial in the refectory. The Peace Garden, Gatehouse and Rosary Way are a must for visitors as are the many and varied chapels. After a relaxing lunch I reluctantly leave and walk into Aylesford via St Peter and St Paul's Church. I cross the River Medway over the older bridge which has become a pedestrian walkway and turn right to join the river bank path. This



is the start of an excellent walk back to my starting point. After just one point of confusion behind Aylesford Railway Station the footpaths are all clearly marked. The route takes me along a path with the River Medway on my right and passed various industrial units (happily fenced or walled off) on my left.

All around are signs that spring is well underway. There are daffodils, dandelions, anemones and the first few bluebells peeping through as well as new foliage bursting out on the trees and shrubs. The path takes me around the back of Brooklands Lake where some of the members of Medway Valley Fisheries were quietly attending their rods. It is busy but peaceful in this area. The footpath takes

me through a short tunnel under the railway lines and then I turn right onto the road leading round to Snodland Station and All Saints Church.

I turn left at the church and take the road that leads me passed several houses before continuing ahead on the footpath. This path goes through Holborough Marshes. I go under another tunnel to bring me out a short distance from the roundabout on the A228 at Holborough. I walk up to this roundabout and turn right and then follow the A228 up to and across Peters Bridge Road then onto Halling. The final part of my journey is to walk down the High Street back to St John's Church. A good walk and I managed to pick a fine sunny day. A lovely day out. Holly Croft.

The Seasonal Steps of our Seers – May

May Day, May 1st, is the traditional time for celebrating the spring and the signs of new growth which are appearing all around us. The ancient Celts took their livestock up into the hills at this time of year to graze after spending the winter in the valleys. For the people of England it was a time to gather together on the village greens for May Day revels and to dance around the Maypole. The Maypole was a sign of virility and the dance probably began as a rite in honour of the Sun God, the god of virility. The pole was often sixty to eighty feet high and brightly painted in rings or spirals, and it would stand on the green all year round waiting to be festooned with ribbons and greenery. The shorter version we see today is a 19th century import from southern Europe, as is the idea of a May Queen. The prettiest maidens in the village would dance around the Maypole, and the loveliest would be chosen as the May Queen crowned with hawthorn blossoms. It is thought that originally she represented Flora, the Roman goddess of Spring, spoken about in Shakespeare's Plays and Tudor Madrigals (Part Songs). Old May Day Song

*Around the Maypole we will trot from the very bottom to the very top on the first of May.
First come the buttercups, then come the daisies, then come the gentles, then come the ladies!*

Hawthorn, or May, blossoms were once seen on every door or window ledge on May Day, and milk-maids, especially in the northern counties of England, would drape the horns of their cows with garlands of sweet white flowers.

*When daisies pied and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue do paint the meadows with delight!* William Shakespeare – 'Love's Labour's Lost'

Whitsun (fifty days after Passover and Easter) celebrates Pentecost, the time when the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles and a traditional time for baptism. It is thought that the name 'Whitsun' comes from White Sunday because of white robes traditionally worn by those who are to be baptized. Whitsun is a very old festival, dating back to the 3rd century and is a joyous occasion and a period for general merrymaking. Traditional food for this festival includes duckling with peas and gooseberry tarts, washed down with good strong ale.

*When Yew is out, then Beech comes in, and many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin, to honour Whitsuntide.* Robert Merrick

May 29th is Oak Apple Day, a national festival celebrating the restoration of Charles II to the throne. Fleeing from the Roundheads after the Battle of Worcester, Charles hid in an apple tree near Boscobel House at Wolverhampton. Although this fact actually happened on 4th September, Parliament decreed this day of national thanksgiving at the restoration. A sprig of oak is the Royalist badge and up until the end of the nineteenth century churches, homes and even railway engines were decorated with oak. Beer (of course) and plum pudding are traditionally on the menu on Oak Apple Day for the pensioners at the Charles II Royal Hospital in Chelsea, which seems an appropriate English dish for such a day. *Twenty-ninth of May, Royal Oak Day; If you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away.* A north of England Children's Rhyme.

THE ANATOMY OF THE ORGAN

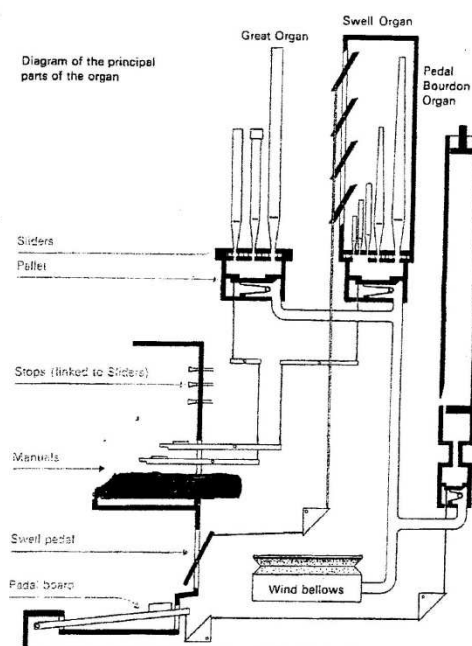
As part of our focus here at St Michael's in the major overhaul of the organ, I am going to try to explain (in a few articles) how the instrument works and how technical the instrument is and, therefore, how expensive it is to maintain to a good operational standard. Organs are built in a variety of shapes and sizes, and are often made to fit into, and make the best use of, the available space. The first recognised instrument that could be called an organ goes back many thousands of years, and since then a basic type has developed combining features found in an instrument suitable for use in churches, concert halls, private houses and public places.

The organ in St Michael's is really three instruments in one. It is built in sections, each having many ranks of pipes, all of which can be played singly, or in combination, selected with stops and keys at the console. At the top, containing the sweeping pipes that can be seen from the front, is the Great organ controlled from the lower keyboard and the stops on the right hand side. Then there is the Swell organ, controlled from the upper keyboard and the stops on the left hand side with the added advantage that you can make the sound softer or louder by pushing or releasing a foot pedal (swell pedal) which closes or opens a mechanical set of shutters which controls the amount of sound emitting from its pipes. Down each side is the Pedal organ which has the biggest and longest pipes which are controlled from the pedal board played with the feet.

Each section of the organ therefore has its own separate keyboard, but there are also couplers which connect the keyboards together, making it possible to play combinations of pipes in other sections from a single manual (keyboard). There is also a coupler on the Swell organ which allows an automatic playing of notes an octave (eight notes) higher, which enhances the sound even more.

Although most ranks of pipes in the organ can be sounded singly, some are designed to sound simultaneously, several types and sizes of pipes being tuned together in such a way as to produce special tone-colours known as "mixture". If more complicated mixtures are required, more sections may be brought into use which will mean more pipes, more stops and more manuals. Whilst playing, the organist may wish to make a sudden contrast by changing the combination of pipe ranks in use. At St Michael's this is done by selecting by hand different stops as there is no other way of doing this, although there are two pedals next to the swell pedal that puts on or off a selected number of stops on the Great automatically, but the effect is limited. There is no way of instantly cancelling or reselecting the registration of stops except manually although with some other organs this might be achieved with electrical or pneumatic assistance, but this facility is not available here – just metal rods and wooden jacks/sliders.

The diagram here shows simply how the organ at St Michael's functions - the Great organ at the front, the Swell organ behind, with the shutters that control the amount of sound coming out, half open, and the large pedal organ pipes (which are actually on each side). The bellows pump air into wind chests at the bottom of the pipes. When the keys are pressed, it allows wind into the pipes that are selected by the stops linked to the sliders.



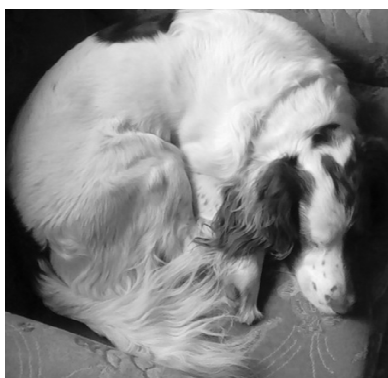
You can help with our fund-raising for the organ either by sponsoring a note/pedal/stop or by donation. We will be very pleased with any help you can give.

A note can be sponsored for £5 each, and a pedal or stop for £10 each. You can nominate an item or allow us to do it for you. (Cheques to "Cuxton & Halling PCC"). A chart of the organ will be put up in St Michael's showing our sponsors. If you decide to do either, please consider Gift Aid if you are a UK taxpayer. If you wish to Giftaid your donation we will need you Initials and Name, Address and Post Code, the Date and your signature. Donations can be received at church services, or at The Rectory, 6 Rochester Road, Cuxton or 11 Ladywood Road, Cuxton. Thank you for your help. John.

You Can see the Works

What's so fascinating about steam engines? Electric and diesel trains are cleaner, faster and safer, but we all love steam. In fact thousands of volunteers put millions of hours of work into maintaining and running preserved steam railways. Hundreds of thousands of visitors enjoy riding on them. They barely make ends meet, and yet enthusiasts keep them running and we'd all be very disappointed if they didn't. They are even building new steam railway locomotives just for what you might call the hobby market. There seems to be a special connection with vicars. You're always running into them hanging about locomotive sheds. One of my most special birthday presents was a driving lesson on a steam engine on the Kent and East Sussex Railway. The Titfield Thunderbolt is one of my favourite films. [When a branch line is scheduled for closure following a dubious deal between officialdom and the proprietor of a bus company, a group of perfectly decent ordinary English people decide to run the trains themselves. The vicar gets to drive the locomotive.] Also the first time I ever went to the cinema on my own was to see the Great St Trinian's Train Robbery [ticket 1/=-, the Plaza, Gillingham] – one of the funniest films ever made. I think that there are two reasons why steam is so fascinating. One is that the development of the steam engine made possible the Industrial Revolution and therefore the modern world and that Britain was first! The other, more visceral, reason for the appeal of steam is that you can see the works. You can feel the fire. You can hear the hiss of the steam. You can see the pistons and valve gear. You can feel the power. I am the proud possessor of a Mamod stationary steam engine. I've used it sometimes in church to demonstrate Whitsun (this year 9th June) to the children. You fill the boiler with water. Then you light a methylated spirit lamp and put it under the boiler. After a while, it all begins to sizzle and hiss and, via a piston and simple valve gear, the resultant steam turns a flywheel. As a child I used to connect Meccano machines to the flywheel, which it would then power. I even managed to rig it up so that it could move itself. I turned my stationary engine into a locomotive by way of Meccano. What has all this to do with Whitsun? You can't see the energy in the methylated spirit, but it is there. Lighting the spirit lamp releases the energy in the chemical bonds which link the carbon and hydrogen atoms in the alcohol. This energy is emitted as heat, which excites the water molecules in the boiler. When the water molecules are so excited that they turn into a gas (steam) they dramatically expand and create a pressure which moves the piston, which moves the wheel, which moves anything connected to the wheel. An engine is an energy converter. In the same way you cannot see the Holy Spirit. You cannot see the power of God or the grace of God. Nevertheless God's power is working within us. In fact the New Testament uses the Greek word *energeia* [ἐνέργεια], which gives us our word energy, for the power of God working within Christian believers. You cannot see the Spirit, but you can see the effects of the Holy Spirit. The power of the Holy Spirit working within us enables us to work the works of God. You can see the works! Roger.

Tommy's Talking Points



This is me curled up in an armchair the day after our most recent coastal walk. In contrast to the previous day, we were lucky with the weather. On the Sunday, the sun had shone all day till five minutes after he eventually decided to take me for my afternoon walk. Then the clouds gathered and the rain began to fall, shortly afterwards changing to a light hail and then back to rain, finally stopping after an hour just before we reached home again. I had a wonderful time, but I was soaked and covered in mud by the time we came in.

The plan on the Monday was to resume our walk at Ramsgate. We were up early. He likes to give me a run before embarking on any long train journeys. There was a slight frost around dawn. After breakfast, we took the train to Strood where it was quite cold waiting half an hour for Master's friend's train from London. On we jumped and were conveyed to Ramsgate while they caught up on the pleasantries and debated the purpose of government, Master quoting what we pray for*, his friend referring to an interwar war C20 authority. Why don't they just stick to the joys of sleeping, eating, running around and being loved by all, like I do? Life is so much more fun from a dog's point of view.

We got off at Ramsgate and headed back to the seafront where we turned towards Broadstairs last time, but Pegwell Bay this time. The idea was to walk to the old hoverport and then turn inland to Minster, where Master and I know that there is a dog friendly pub which does good food. Master remembered that when he lived at Ramsgate he could never find a pleasant route to walk from Pegwell Bay to Sandwich, but always got stuck walking along a horrible main road.

We got off to a good start, descending the cliff by a steep flight of steps. By now I was off my lead, mixing with other dogs and seeking out friendly people. We walked along the foot of the east cliff and saw the work being done to enlarge the port. The sun came out and it became quite warm as the day went on. We passed the attractive old royal harbour, resisting the temptation to visit the miles of tunnels under Ramsgate which provided refuge for the citizens in war time and now appear to be at least partly open again to the general public. Then there was a less attractive section where vehicles are driven down to the harbour, but, on the bright side, there was a bike hire shop with dozens of machines available for those who would see Ramsgate in a healthy and environment friendly manner.

Up more steps, we ascended the west cliff, where there is wide grassy area and there were lots of dogs having walks. We saw the former monkey sanctuary, where monkeys still lived in Master's time. Master had first seen this part of Ramsgate when he ran the 1984 Thanet Marathon. He was still curate at Orpington at the time, but he knew he was moving to St Laurence and wanted to see what it was like. Things have changed a bit since then, not least the provision of a memorial garden for people with dementia and a nice children's playground at Pegwell village. There is a splendid hotel at Pegwell and Master remembered a Christmas dinner in the village, somewhat spoilt by the concern that he might not be able to get his grandmother home afterwards on account of the heavy snow falling. He needn't have worried; the taxi got through!

We then walked the low cliffs to Pegwell Bay, plenty of opportunity for me to run free. They could have gone down on the beach, but it is a nature reserve and I should have had to be put on my lead, which Master didn't want to do. So we stayed on top and saw the replica Viking ship, a present from the people of Denmark in 1949, to mark the landing of Hengist and Horsa, the two brothers who led the Anglo-Saxons into this country, eventually leading to it being called England instead of Britannia. I don't know why they sent a Viking ship to commemorate the Saxons! Had we then carried on to Minster, we should have seen the stone cross which marks the place where in 597 S Augustine came to preach Christ to the people of Kent, the successors of Hengist and Horsa.

However, a cyclist assured us that there was a pleasant and safe pathway from there to Sandwich and they decided to carry on along the coast. We started off well enough. There was an interesting and beautiful walk to another nature reserve where I did have to go on my lead. We came to a fork in the path. Master said one way, his friend the other, and they were both wrong! Master's friend's choice came to an abrupt end where a birdwatcher made the unappealing suggestion that they could climb over the fence, ignore the warning signs and slip through the marsh to where there might possibly be a path to Sandwich (though he himself had never seen it). Master's choice at the fork, brought us round in a circle back to where we were before, though we did see some very docile highland cattle with enormous horns.

Nothing for it, having past the point of no return, but to trudge the main road to Sandwich, through both derelict and spanking new industrial and commercial developments. Master says there used to be a power station at Richborough (where the Romans had landed a couple of millennia previously) and a fireworks factory, famous for sudden bangs frightening motorists. We came into Sandwich over the mediaeval bridge, where Master can just about remember a toll being levied at what was then the only crossing over the Stour. There was much less traffic in those days. We ate in the Crispin Inn Sandwich, a very dog friendly pub. I was given some biscuits by one kind customer. The proprietor comes from Barbados and, as well as standard pub fare, there is a Caribbean menu. Master's friend had a delicious goat curry and Master's desert was a Caribbean bread and butter pudding (like an English one plus rum). So, off to the station, where some girls asked my breed because they wanted a puppy like me, and home to Cuxton, where it appeared to have been raining. Another great day out. Deal is next on the agenda!

Only it wasn't. Master's friend couldn't come on the day allocated. So, because it was a perfect day for walking – sunny but not hot – he took me on a long-planned pilgrimage to his childhood home. We set off through Upper Bush and crossed the field to Warren House, then obliquely up towards the pedestrian railway crossing. I was ecstatic and bounded off out of sight, selectively deaf to his calling me. No crossing! We had to walk back beside the line to the tunnel, which was where I first wanted to go. The path has been diverted and made much safer! Through Cobham woods (exciting scents to chase up) and Cobham village, he was going to follow the road to Nurstead, but Jeskyn's Park looked more fun than the road and we didn't come out of there till Henhurst. Now he had lost his way. We meandered along long roads and lanes and by way of a wonderful bridleway to Ifield, round and about Istead Rise and eventually to Northfleet Green and Broadditch pond, which was where he wanted to be. As a small child, he had often visited a lovely lady in an old cottage at Northfleet Green and often fallen in Broadditch Pond, where there is a wonderful collection of exotic ducks. Down Red Street to Southfleet, past the place where the *Black Lion* burnt down. They still call the bus stop *Black Lion*. Then, across Rectory Meadow (free again!) and what used to be the cherry orchard, but is now open fields, to Betsham. The quaint brick arch on the old LC&D line to Gravesend had been replaced by an ugly concrete construction for the Channel Tunnel Line to Waterloo which is now no longer used as they go to St Pancras instead. Betsham was where he lived till he was nearly nine. We saw where his family and his grandparents lived, but he says it is all much altered. The apple orchard has gone the same way as the cherry orchard. There are no more hops. The farm which used to be in the middle of the village is now houses. The *Colliers Arms* has also been knocked down and replaced by houses – though the bus stop is still called *Colliers Arms*, not that there are many buses, but there never were. The shop and post office are long gone as are some terrible old houses which must have been awful to live in – cold, overcrowded and insanitary, with no security of tenure. The council houses on Broomhill have been replaced by some very nice looking new houses, now called Broomhills, probably because it sounds posher. (The old people used to call it Brumall!) He remembered, as a boy, helping an old lady at the top to blitz her garden which had become totally overgrown since her husband died. He thought he remembered a path from there to Bean, and so there was, via the hill called Barming his mother used to take him to. I was off lead again. Great. Back to Betsham via the Hollow Road, with fascinating sandbanks either side. The *Royal Oak* pub is also gone, without even a bus stop to mark its passing. Then we walked back to Gravesend (noting the disappearance of the last vestiges of the old Southfleet Station) via Perry Street, taking in his old primary school, almost unchanged from the outside. And we took the train home. I don't think he could have walked back! Tommy.

** A Prayer for the High Court of Parliament, to be read during their Session.*

M**OST** gracious God, we humbly beseech thee, as for this Kingdom in general, so especially for the High Court of Parliament, under our most religious and gracious Queen at this time assembled: That thou wouldest be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations, to the advancement of thy glory, the good of thy Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign and her Dominions; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations. These and all other necessities, for them, for us, and thy whole Church, we humbly beg in the Name and Mediation of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*