

Services December 2021 & January 2022			
5 th December Advent 2 Bible Sunday Gift Services	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Malachi 3 vv 1-4 p961 Philippians 1 vv 1-11 p1178 Luke 3 vv 1-6 p1029	
12 th December Advent 3	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Zephaniah 3 vv 14-20 p947 Philippians 4 vv 4-7 p1181 Luke 3 vv 7-18 p1029	
19 th December Advent 4	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton – incorporating nativity play	Micah 4 vv 1-5a p931 Luke 1 vv 39-45 p1026	
	11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Micah 4 vv 1-5a p931 Hebrews 10 vv 5-10 p12-7 Luke 1 vv 39-45 p1026	
	3.00 Carol Service with Christingle & Nativity Play at Halling		
	5.00 Nine Lessons & Carols at Cuxton		
25 th December Christmas Day	8.00 Holy Communion at Halling 9.30 Holy Communion at Cuxton	Hebrews 1 vv 1-12 p1201 John 1 vv 1-14 p1063	
26 th , 27 th & 28 th December	9.30 Holy Communion (said) Cuxton	Rector will read readings from BCP unless anyone else present volunteers!	
Wednesday 29 th December	9.30 Holy Communion as usual Cuxton		
Thursday 30 th December	9.30 Holy Communion as usual Halling		
Saturday 1 st January The Circumcision	9.30 Holy Communion (said) Cuxton	Rector will read readings from BCP unless anyone else present volunteers!	
2 nd January Christmas 1	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	I Samuel 2 vv 17-26 p273 Colossians 3 vv 12-17 p1184 Luke 2 vv 41-52 p1029	
6 th January Epiphany	9.30 Holy Communion Halling	Ephesians 3 vv 1-12 p1174 Matthew 2 vv 1-12 p966	
9 th January Epiphany 1 Baptism of Christ	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Isaiah 43 vv 1-7 p728 Acts 8 vv 14-17 p1101 Luke 3 vv 15-22 p1029	
16 th January Epiphany 2	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Isaiah 62 vv 1-5 p748 I Corinthians 12 vv 1-11 p1153 John 2 vv 1-11 p1064	
23 rd January Epiphany 3	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Nehemiah 8 vv 1-10 p492 I Corinthians 12 vv 12-31 p1153 Luke 4 vv 14-21 p1031	
30 th January Epiphany 4	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Ezekiel 43v27 – 44v4 p876 I Corinthians 13 vv p1153 Luke 2 vv 22-40 p1028	
Holy Communion Cuxton Wednesdays 9.30		Holy Communion Halling Thursdays 9.30	
1 st December	Isaiah 3 vv 1-15 Matthew 13 vv 44-58	2 nd December	Isaiah 4 v2 – 5v7 Matthew v14 vv 1-32
8 th December Ember Day	Isaiah 8 v16 – 9v7 Matthew 16 vv 1-12	9 th December	Isaiah 9 v8 – 10 v4 Matthew 16 vv 13-28
15 th December	Isaiah 51 vv 1-8 Luke 20 vv 27-44	16 th December	Isaiah 51 vv 9-16 Luke 21 vv 5-19
22 nd December	Isaiah 55 vv 1-13 John 5 vv 30-47	23 rd December Christmas Eve	Isaiah 56 vv 1-8 John 7 vv 37-44
29 th December	Isaiah 59 vv 15-21 John 12 vv 34-50	30 th December	Deuteronomy 10 v12 – 11 v1 Luke 21 vv 25-36
5 th January	Isaiah 33 vv 1-16 Matthew 19 vv 1-15	6 th January Epiphany	Ephesians 3 vv 1-12 Matthew 2 vv 1-12
12 th January	Ezekiel 2 v3 – 3v11 Matthew 22 vv 34-46	13 th January	Ezekiel 3 vv 12-27 Matthew 23 vv 1-15
19 th January Week of Prayer for Christian Unity	Ezekiel 13 vv 1-16 Matthew 24 vv 29-35	20 th January Week of Prayer for Christian Unity	Ezekiel 14 vv 1-11 Matthew 24 vv 36-51
26 th January	Ezekiel 28 vv 1-10 Matthew 26 vv 14-29	27 th January	Ezekiel 28 vv 11-19 Matthew 26 vv 14-29



“The World’s Gone Mad!”

How often do you feel like saying that? “The World’s Gone Mad!” I often catch myself saying it. I don’t think most of us expected anything like COVID to happen in our

lifetimes. Pandemics, we imagined, went out with the advent of modern medicine, antibiotics, disinfectants and personal hygiene. Then there is the weather. Or is it the climate changing? The seasons seem to be out of kilter. We ourselves have had some odd weather in 2021 and other parts of the world have experienced terrifying extremes: hurricanes; deluges leading to floods; droughts and wild fires; extremes of temperature, heat waves in Siberia. The political scene scarcely makes sense. Maybe it never did, but it seems worse now than it used to be. Formerly respected institutions, such as the Church, the police, the General Post Office, the banks, the big charities and the BBC, have lost our trust. The amount of crime we read about in our newspapers is disgusting, disturbing and depressing. As for the international news, I think of Mark 13 and what Jesus said: ⁷ *And when ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, be ye not troubled: for such things must needs be; but the end shall not be yet.* ⁸ *For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be earthquakes in divers places, and there shall be famines and troubles: these are the beginnings of sorrows.*

Then there are the culture wars. What used to be regarded as criminal, evil or sinful is now, we are told, to be celebrated. Much of what we were taught to admire or even to be proud of we are now told is shameful. To use a colloquialism, it’s hard to get your head around it all – to think things through and to make up your own mind about things in a world in which freedom of speech and even of thought is no longer respected. From the seventies until about ten years ago, the only unforgivable sin was intolerance. Today, the unforgiveable sin is to say or even think something which might cause offence to absolutely anyone. For 2,000 years before 1970, of course, the unforgivable sin was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, but our ancestors were more resilient than we appear to be.

“The world’s gone mad”, but why should it make sense? We expect the world to make sense and we feel cheated when it doesn’t. One of the first sentences children learn to say is, “It’s not fair”. We are born with a very strong sense of justice. We know right from wrong, what is due to us and to other people. We very soon protest if we think we are being treated unfairly. If we are being treated unjustly, we expect someone to do something about it – our parents or teachers or the law of the land. We expect the world to be just, but why do we think in this way?

For many people, mathematics is something we struggle with, a skill we need to acquire in order to do our work and to manage our affairs. But, for those who comprehend, Maths is beautiful. There is a wonderful pattern. It all makes sense and there is real joy in working out how it all fits together. But why should that be? Why does Maths make sense?

You can say the same about Science. I didn’t find Physics easy at school, but even I could get excited as the patterns in nature were revealed through what we studied. We worked through the syllabus roughly in the order in which things were discovered. We learned something of the history of Science as well as Science itself. We were taught about the great discoveries in electricity and magnetism at the beginning of the nineteenth century and how it came to be realised that the two were very closely related in ways which could be expressed mathematically. Towards the end of the nineteenth century and into the twentieth century, we were taken through the discoveries that matter is made up of atoms and that, in turn, atoms are made up of still smaller particles such as protons, neutrons and electrons and that they too etc., etc., etc.. We learned about the forces binding atoms together and to one another in molecules and compounds. We were led through the discoveries that these forces within the atom, like the forces joining atoms together, are related to the forces of electricity and magnetism. The whole universe consisted of energy and matter, it was believed 120 years ago. And then energy and matter proved to be aspects of the same reality. You could convert matter into energy (as in a nuclear reactor or an atom bomb) and energy could be converted into matter as stars formed from the light generated by the original Big Bang. It is a thorn in the side of Science that it cannot

relate gravity properly to electricity and magnetism and the two intra-atomic forces. But scientists don't give up trying. There is this overwhelming conviction on the part of human beings that the world makes sense! But why should it make sense?

I found Chemistry easier than Physics, but the same over all principle applies. Ultimately the world makes sense. It not only makes sense. The way things fit together, the equations which describe their interactions, are actually beautiful. Amazingly often, the simple solution to a scientific puzzle turns about to be the correct one. The theorems and equations which explain the world most satisfactorily are in themselves recognisably elegant.

As for Biology, I'll let the psalmist sum it up. *I am fearfully and wonderfully made.* And what goes for human beings goes for all of nature. Every living thing is fearfully and wonderfully made. It is no accident that so many pioneering scientists were deeply religious men.

Music too, has a pattern. It follows rules. It makes sense. There are many different kinds of music – pop, classical, jazz, brass band, hymns, folk, etc.. Indian music is different from western music. African music is different again. So is Chinese music and the aboriginal music of Australia. Modern music is very different from mediaeval music. But all music has in common pattern and structure. Random noise is not and cannot be music. But why not? Why do we instinctively look for pattern and even meaning in every aspect of our culture?

The same could be said of art. Art is disciplined. It has meaning. It has structure. Many of us struggle with what is called modern art which stretches the boundaries. You and I may not be able to see how it fits together or what it is trying to express, but, if it is genuine art, there is always something more than the shapes and colours on the page. If they are completely random, it's not art unless the purpose of the installation in question is to rebel against meaning and to celebrate disorder.

Georgian architecture is admired for its careful attention to proportion, Gothic architecture for its

soaring arches. The architecture we love makes sense to us visually. It inspires.

I remember reading a book on garden design. Generally speaking, long straight paths are uninteresting and do nothing to enhance the appearance of a garden. On the other hand, paths which wiggle about for no apparent reason are just annoying. What you need from a visual point of view is paths which are generally straight but occasionally deviate because of an obstacle such as a tree or a pond. Plain and straight is ugly, but you need a reason for a curve or a twist.

Books, films and plays also have to make sense. There has to be a resolution. If the murderer hasn't been caught at the end of a crime drama, we desperately want a sequel. Anthony Trollope, the great Victorian novelist, made the mistake of writing a book in which the young man who was obviously meant to marry the heroine never did. The public reaction was overwhelming. A child once asked me why so many stories finish *And they all lived happily ever after* when so many people don't live happily ever after? I think the answer is that we feel deeply, or at least hope profoundly, that people will live happily ever after. It is so obviously right that we should live happily. But why do we continue to think like this amidst *the miseries of this sinful world*?

We expect the universe to make sense – whether we're talking about criminal or civil law, the laws of science, or the arts and what they mean to us. We feel cheated if there is injustice, when we can't resolve inconsistencies in our scientific understanding and when we can't see the sense in an alleged work of art. But why? Psalm 19 gives us a clue.

THE heavens declare the glory of God : and the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2. One day telleth another : and one night certifieth another.
3. There is neither speech nor language : but their voices are heard among them.
4. Their sound is gone out into all lands : and their words into the ends of the world.
5. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun : which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.
6. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of

the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the Lord is an undefiled law, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth wisdom unto the simple.

8. The statutes of the Lord are right, and rejoice the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth light unto the eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, and endureth for ever : the judgements of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

11. Moreover, by them is thy servant taught : and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can tell how oft he offendeth : O cleanse thou me from my secret faults.

13. Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me : so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart : be always acceptable in thy sight,

15. O Lord : my strength, and my redeemer.

The laws of science or nature, like the laws which govern our conduct, are the laws of God. The beauty we see in the world reflects and partakes of His infinite Beauty. The order in the Universe, ultimate wisdom, is a consequence of the very nature of God. The world finally makes sense because it is the creation of God. At some level, we, made in the image of God as we are, dimly perceive this truth. Ultimately the universe makes sense because it is God's universe. Deep down inside, we know this and that is why we instinctively look for order, meaning and purpose in the world around us. It is this search for meaning which has inspired our religion, our philosophy, our science and our art.

Now, God's wisdom is infinitely greater than ours. There is much in the world of which we cannot make sense. We are troubled, perplexed, even doubtful sometimes. It all seems beyond us. Sometimes, we might be tempted to think that we could do a better job of running the world than

God does. Sometimes, it feels as if God were absent from our world. It's not surprising that there is much which we cannot comprehend. We are very limited creatures. It all makes sense to God, but we're not God and we cannot always expect to see the sense of the way the world is run. But we can seek understanding. We can have faith that God is in control and that He has a plan. We know that God is love and that He is all knowing and all powerful.

When am going to get around to writing about Christmas, then? Well, now. God is infinitely beyond our understanding, but He does make Himself known to us. He shows Himself to us in Jesus. In Jesus we see God. Also in Jesus we see the perfect human life. Jesus is what God is and what we are meant to be. There is much that we cannot understand. We may have to go through great troubles, but we can always trust God. The thing to do is to cleave to Him, to stick fast to God in faith, to complete our journey in life hand in hand with Jesus our friend and brother, to walk with Jesus in the good times and the bad and to be confident that our earthly pilgrimage will end with our having *our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*

Cleave to God in the good times and in the darkest of times. I was moved recently when I read the last few verses of chapter 3 of the Book of Habakkuk – words for perplexing and difficult times as well as for those days when everything is bright and cheerful.

¹⁷ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: ¹⁸ Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

¹⁹ The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.

Roger.

From the Registers

Baptisms:

16th October
24th October

Jamie Peter Blacker
Jasmine Elouise Hunter

Hartley
Stake Lane

Funerals:

11th October
20th October

Laurence Edward Curnow
Patrick Albert Cherrison

Pilgrims Way
Gillingham

Laurence Curnow RIP

Malcolm would like to thank all the kind people who sent cards or flowers and attended Laurence's funeral and for all the support he has received in this difficult time. Thank you, everybody.

Christmas Tree Festival St John's



18th – 24th December

10.00 – 4.00 Saturday & Sunday (Sunday service @
11.00)

10.00 – 12.00 the weekdays following.

If you have a Christmas tree you'd like to exhibit, please contact Jenny Beaney or just bring it along on 18th before 10.00.

PERCY PIGEON'S PERCEPTIONS

Good day to you all. Ah, season of mist and mellow fruitfulness. We're not overly fond of fruit, but when its ripeness attracts insects, we are more attracted to it. The elderberries and blackberries in the rectory garden are way past their best now, although when I was a squab I was less cautious about pecking.

You know me as Percy but as a squab, my given name was Percival. Some human offspring have strange names too. I've heard parents addressing their squabs as Brooklyn, Kummeer, Cocopops and 'Andsome. Well I *think* they were squab names. My own offspring have traditional pigeon names - perhaps old-fashioned to you - Sidney, Eustace, Gladys, Ethel and Mabel for instance. All names chosen with care from headstones upon which we perch. We pigeons can read most of your alphabet. I have noticed that often you call your dogs with names that end with 'y' or it's sound - Tommy, Barney, Charlie, Henry, Archie, Alfie, Lucy, Marley, Matty for instance. This is very helpful to us. When we hear such a word we fly up, suspecting a dog would otherwise appear to disturb - or even chase - us. Unfortunately you are not so considerate when naming your cats, so Emma, Hunter, Patches, Winston and Findus can still creep up and catch us unawares. I don't think foxes and badgers have names recognised by us. I know the rector's dog, Tommy was named after Thomas Cranmer, a long-ago Archbishop.

I have noticed that many of you take photos with your mobile phones. Ingenious! I have tried posing for you, but the hint hasn't yet been taken. Perhaps there will be a competition one day to decide the best Percy

portrait. There have been several famous paintings of our racing pigeon ancestral cousins, but none of us - ordinary doves and squabs. A cultural omission.

We hear talk of a big winery building beyond Dean farm on the edge of Bush Valley. This is outrageous! All those heavy lorries thundering through our village will disturb the peace of us all. Unite! Air quality has been poor of late due to everyone queuing at petrol stations. Big lorries thundering along Bush Road will make that much worse. Unite!

It seems that kebabs will not now be coming to Cuxton. Perhaps some aspiring entrepreneur will open a cafe there instead and make pigeons very happy. Due to dire warnings of food shortages this Christmas, shop early. Buy your mince pies now and shake off the crumbs for us. Buy corn, millet, seeds nuts now for our festive treats! Meanwhile, as always, Coo, coo.

Taxidermy

Clearing out the loft of his Victorian house a man found two stuffed dogs, rather moth-eaten and slightly disreputable. Nevertheless, he showed them to an antiques dealer who confirmed that sentimental Victorians did sometimes have their favourite pets stuffed for posterity and said that there was a lot of interest just now in acquiring examples of the art of taxidermy. The dealer suggested that, on account of their distressed state, they probably would only fetch around £50 each at auction.

“Well that’s not bad,” said the man, “but what would they have fetched in their original condition?”

“Sticks!” came the reply.

Etymology

Thank you for teaching me what *plethora* means. It means a lot.

Haematology

A priest, a minister & a rabbit went to the blood donor clinic. The nurse asked them what blood group they were. The rabbit said, “I think I must be a type O.”

Zoology

A Scotsman was wandering in the Canadian forest when a large animal was pointed out to him by the guide. “Weel!” he exclaimed, “If that’s a Canadian moose, I’d hate to see a Canadian rat!”

Mors Ianua Vitae

Is the inscription above the lych gate at Halling Church. Several people contacted me with the meaning. It means *Death is the Gateway to Life*, very appropriate in that situation. Sorry, the pictures were of poor quality in the last printed magazine. They came out pink on my computer which was not a good start. And I couldn’t remember what I had been told about how to improve the quality when I printed them. I also accidentally printed nearly twice as many front covers as I needed and miscounted some of the bundles. Still we’re getting there and hopefully this December edition will be better. There’s no January magazine and I intend to start charging again 30p each or £3.00 for eleven for the paper copies. You can have magazines emailed to you or look online for free and the pictures online are in colour! Some people receiving the magazine electronically have said that they will pay for it anyway as they know we need the money.



Not a Proctor

This may come as a relief to some people and a disappointment to others but I was not elected as a proctor in convocation or member of the house of clergy of the General Synod. Thank you to those who indicated your support for my candidacy and to those who expressed an interest in knowing the result. Thank you also for the many kind words I have received following the announcement of the result.

The successful candidates were:

House of Clergy

- The Rev Dr Joel Love
- The Rev Johnny Douglas
- The Rev Lindsay Llewellyn-Macduff
- The Rev Tim Edwards

House of Laity

- Mrs Billy-jo O'Leary
- Mr Andrew Smith
- Ms Jane Rosam
- Mr Martin Sewell

CHRISTMAS COFFEE MORNING
Thursday 2nd December 10.00 – 12.00 noon
HALLING JUBILEE HALL
“POP IN”
Meet up with Friends and Neighbours
All welcome



Tommy' Talking Points

Once more into the wilds of Surrey for what will be our last exotic excursion this year *e'er the winter storms begin*. The day dawned gloriously and golden sunshine characterised the whole day. We have our morning runs a little later now that it is dark for longer. We have breakfast and Morning Prayer first. I think this means that we miss seeing the people who still go out with their dogs before work but that we're too early for those who wait until they have taken their children to school.

The result, rather disappointingly from my point of view, is that we seem to be seeing fewer people and dogs these days than we were accustomed to seeing in the Summer. Master also says that there are some people who don't go out when the weather is less than ideal, incredible as that may seem, even if they do have dogs to encourage them. It's good to see all these puppies though which so many people have acquired and which we see usually later in the day.

Anyway, last Monday began a bit frosty – very invigorating. Master does enjoy running in the fresh air and we were out somewhat longer than he had originally intended. So, after a handful of emails had been dealt with, the newspaper was still unread when he got the car out. It shows how seldom he does this that the clock always seems to need to be changed from BST to GMT or vice versa whenever he does so!

I'm glad to say that it was a short trip to Godstone and we didn't get lost once. Master's friend was waiting when we arrived. There is a large car park on Godstone Green, where we found a space into which even he could manoeuvre. Neither did we get much lost on the walk. It was a fairly short peregrination – intentionally so because they did not want to get caught out in the dark. As I said, the sun shone. The day had warmed up nicely. There were plenty of people and dogs about – all extremely polite. The path was quite winding and undulating. At one point, we had to ask directions from a cyclist. Master must be getting more mature as he gets older if he's prepared to admit that he's lost and can overcome his shyness sufficiently to make the appropriate enquiries of a total stranger.

I was able to be off my lead most of the time. We didn't get mixed up with any flocks or herds, Most of the route was among trees, though we did cross some open fields. There were tunnels under the main road to Eastbourne. So that was all right. There were plenty of little streams, a small amount of mud and what we

took to be the River Mole or a tributary thereof. I didn't drink any of the water he carried round for me, having these tastier sources of liquid refreshment in abundance.

Master has been a little bit disappointed this year. While there have been some bright displays of autumn colours, they do not seem to have equalled previous years. Master thought that the leaves on many trees were rapidly shrivelling and falling, missing out the reds, golds and yellows of most seasons. On our walk, however, there were many trees lit up in all their autumn splendour by the rays of the November sun while some were still largely green. It may be that the best is yet to come this year in terms of autumnal glory. Anyway, as another friend pointed out, when all the leaves have finally fallen, the wonderful tracery of twigs and branches is extremely elegant seen against a clear sky.

There are lots of fine houses in that part of Surrey, standing alone or in small groups. One was called Hop Garden Cottage, though there was no sign of hops having been grown there recently, just woods and fields. Probably, as around here, there used to be hops but are no longer.

We had our lunch in the churchyard of St Peter's Tandridge. That was a very pleasant, peaceful spot and we lingered there for quite some while. Master had never been to Tandridge and was quite surprised at what a small, rural settlement it is. It gives its name to the local authority responsible for a large part of Surrey and Master had expected something much bigger and more urban. Master's friend thinks that its significance is possibly historic and aristocratic and tied up with Tandridge Court Manor.

They had their usual intelligent discussions about the state of the Church and the world. If only people would listen to their wisdom. As they don't, Master would do better to concentrate on the every day things he can alter than on the big issues which he can't. Absent minded as ever, he forgot the apples. So they only had sandwiches to eat. I can vouch for the quality of the ham. I had some for tea, but I wasn't offered any of the cheese. I have a happy enough life without worrying about the state of the world and I don't forget the things which matter to me! If you've got good food, a roof over your head, a warm bed, a few toys to play with, plenty of friends and are surrounded by beautiful countryside which you have the health and opportunity to enjoy frequently, why worry? Ah! It's dog's life.

We got home without incident save for a short diversion on the A22 towards London because we got in the wrong lane at the roundabout. Master said that everyone's carbon footprint could be reduced considerably if they put up a sufficient number of sufficiently clear direction signs. I told him to get Sat Nav, but he says it's not worth it as he so seldom goes anywhere and anyway the technology would probably defeat him.

They've got hopes of further outings as soon as the days get longer after Christmas. So, hopefully, I shall have some more tales for you next year. You all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

His heart is obviously still in the right place. He was watching a TV programme in which people were asked to think of the happiest days in their lives. Master tried the exercise and decided that most of his life had been happy. If really pressed, however, he thought, perhaps the very happiest days have been those on which he has brought home for the first time the various dogs or puppies which have been his best mortal friends over very many years, including me, of course.

Tommy, the Rectory Spaniel.

Peninsula Big Band
St Michael's Church
Friday 10th December 7.30 pm
A programme of seasonal music for the time of year.
All Welcome. Admission £5.

**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH
HALLING**

CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL

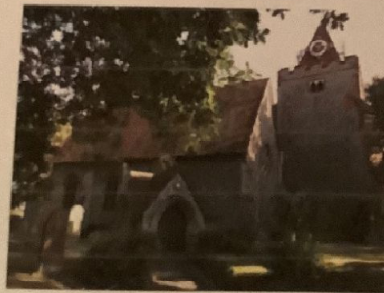
Trees decorated by individuals, local groups, schools and businesses

**Saturday & Sunday
18 & 19th December**

10am to 4pm

**Monday 20th –
Friday 24th Dec.**

10am to 12.00 noon



**Refreshments
Served**

**Donations
welcome**

**Trees to be brought to Halling Church
Saturday 18th December 8.00 am -10.00 am**

Jokes for December

What is an English teacher's favourite spice?

Synonym

A man and his dog were run over coming out of the pub one night at closing time. The man went to heaven, but the dog was told that he was imperfect. He should go back and get his tail which was still lying in the road. So the man took him back into the pub and asked the barman to fix his tail back on. "Sorry," said the barman. "I'm not allowed to retail spirits after 11.00.)

How do you get a baby astronaut to sleep?

Rock it.

What kind of tree do you hold in your hand?

A palm.

Why did the retired footballer buy a lighter?

He'd run out of matches.

Why did the child cross the playground?

To get to the other slide.

What was the orthopaedic surgeon's favourite musical instrument?

The trombone.

Did you hear about the ENT surgeon who wanted to name the Victoria Line the Euston Station Tube?

**Odd Job
Lady. Inside or
out.**

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The Book of Remembrance

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