

Services May 2022

1 st May Easter 2 / 3 (S Philip & S James)		9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Acts 9 vv 1-6 p1102 John 21 vv 1-19 p1090
8 th May Easter 3 / 4		9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Acts 9 vv 36-43 p1103 John 10 vv 22-30 p1077
15 th May Easter 4 / 5		9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Acts 11 vv 1-18 p1105 John 13 vv 31-38 p1082
22 nd May Easter 5 / 6		9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Acts 16 vv 6-15 p1111 John 14 vv 15-31 p1082
Thursday 26 th May Ascension Day		9.30 Holy Communion Halling Please ask me for a service at Cuxton.	Acts 1 vv 1-11 p1092 Mark 16 vv 14-20 p1024
29 th May Sunday after Ascension / Easter 7		9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Acts 16 vv 16-34 p1112 John 17 vv 1-26 p 1085
4 th May	Exodus 24 vv 1-18 Luke 1 vv 39-56	5 th May	Exodus 25 vv 1-22 Luke 1 vv 57-66
11 th May	Exodus 33 vv 1-23 Luke 2 vv 41-52	12 th May	Exodus 34 vv 1-35 Luke 3 vv 1-14
18 th May	Leviticus 25 vv 1-24 Luke 5 vv 1-11	19 th May	Numbers 9 vv 15-23 Luke 5 vv 12-26
25 th May Rogation Day	Jeremiah 14 vv 1-9 John 6 vv 22-40	26 th May Ascension Day	Acts 1 vv 1-11 Mark 16 vv 14-20

Copy Date June Magazine 13th April 8.30 am Rectory

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Memories



According to the RSPB, “The hoopoe is an exotic looking bird that is the size of a mistle thrush. It has a pinkish-brown body, striking black and white wings, a long black downcurved bill, and a long pinkish-brown crest which it raises when excited.” I have a childhood memory of having seen a hoopoe in our garden at Wigmore. I recognised it from a picture in a children’s book of birds which you might see in an English garden. Or did I? Hoopoes are very rare in this country. Maybe, I imagined it or dreamt it as a result of having seen its picture in the book.



What do you remember from your childhood? The actor Derek Nimmo reckoned that he could remember being a baby in a pram. Most of us can’t remember that far back! It’s hard to be sure too what we are actually remembering or what we think we can remember because of what adults have told us or because we have seen photographs or videos of our younger selves. As we get older, things seem to come back to us which we had forgotten about, but we may not be able to be sure if these are genuine memories because there is nobody else left who would have been around at the time. I saw advice once that we should make a point of telling younger members of the family about our own experiences and our parent’s and grandparents’ lives and characters. Although the children might be bored now, they will be sorry when we’re dead and gone and there is nobody left to tell them their family history.

But how can we distinguish between genuine memories and what might be flights of fancy? Did I see a hoopoe in our garden at Wigmore? It did seem pretty unlikely. The RSPB say that they don’t nest in Britain and only a hundred or so visit as migrants each year. Well, I’ve just been reading a “Natural History in the Rochester Area”, published to celebrate the centenary of the Rochester and District Natural History Society in 1977. It says that a hoopoe was seen in Gillingham and Hempstead at about the right time. So it is perfectly feasible that it made a stop at Wigmore as well. My having seen a hoopoe suddenly seems a lot

more likely. Actually, and rather sadly, we used to see a lot of unusual birds in our garden at Wigmore as they lost their proper homes when the woods were felled to make way for the Rainham Park and Park Wood housing estates, the A278 and the Hempstead Valley Shopping Centre and the huge number of houses which surround it. The 1977 book makes the point that so much of the countryside in North Kent is being lost that we should cherish what is left. There is obviously a balance to be struck between our need for housing, work, etc. and the imperative to take care of our natural environment and indeed of existing communities of people in our historic towns and villages, but I am not at all sure that we always get the balance right.

Another experience similar to the sighting of the hoopoe concerns an earthquake, well tremor. It must have been a few years before my seeing the exotic avian visitor, but I have this recollection of walking with my grandfather on the footpath between Betsham and Southfleet and experiencing a slight shaking of the earth. Again, looking back years later, I have wondered whether I really did experience such a phenomenon. Then, one day, I read that there had been just such an earth tremor in that part of North Kent when I remembered it. So, my memory was yet again vindicated.

However, I also thought that I could remember my family watching the 1964 Tokyo Olympics on TV in our sitting room at Betsham, but that must be a false memory. We moved from Betsham to Wigmore in 1963. Maybe, I'm remembering the Rome Olympics which took place in 1960?

I was once told a story by a church minister about how he was woken up in the middle of the night by a member of his congregation telephoning him because she couldn't sleep on account of the fact that she was unable to remember in which year Mary Rand won the long jump at the Olympics. He told her and apparently she then fell asleep. He laid awake the rest of the night!

My mother, my sister and I went to a wedding in what was then Monmouthshire, England and is now Gwent, Wales. It was a long and tedious journey by coach, involving changes at Victoria and Cheltenham, much of it overnight. My memory of it is that we left from Betsham, but my mother, who would have known, said that we left from Wigmore. It must have been before 1965, however, because I am sure about the memory of our coach crossing a bridge over a railway line and seeing a steam train pass under us with the firebox door open and flames flaring around the cab. 1965 was the last year of steam trains on that line.

Similarly, I can remember going with my father to my great uncle's house to watch the semi-finals and finals of the 1966 world cup on colour television. Only colour TV didn't come to England until 1967. We did, however, definitely go to my uncle's to watch. Maybe he had a bigger screen or our TV was bust! I do remember cycling to and from home at great speed at half time in order to pick something up which we wanted.



way I looked in 1966!

Photographs can reinforce and validate memories. There is a nice one of me aged about three on a motorcycle with a sidecar belonging to a friend of my father outside our home at Betsham. On the other hand, there is also a photograph of me in my early teens standing next to an aeroplane in France. Only, I have never been to France. The picture is of my father who, evidently, in 1930 looked very much the

Memories are important. They can be very precious to us. In many respects, our past has helped to make us the people we are.

Memory can be abused when we refuse to let go of grudges or seek vengeance for past sins – real or imaginary.

We should surely learn from our past, what works and what doesn't. We learn from our mistakes as well as our triumphs. *A man who never made a mistake never made anything.* Churchill said, "A nation that forgets

its past has no future". The Christian Gospel sets us free from guilt with regard to what we have done (however dreadful) and sets us free to contemplate the future without fear.

There has been a great deal said and written lately about the teaching of history, monuments and statues, how we understand ourselves as a people. History isn't straightforward. Take the slave trade for example. It is true that England was among the first to engage in the Atlantic Slave trade in the sixteenth century and that much of our national wealth is derived from it. It is also true that we were pioneers in bringing that vile trade to an end in the nineteenth century. We can ask whether it is fair to judge people who lived hundreds of years ago by modern standards? We can question whether the stain of having become rich through trading in slaves is in any way diminished by using those ill-gotten gains for philanthropic purposes? Are those white men who engaged in the Atlantic Slave Trade from the 1500s to the 1900s morally worse than black and Asian people who also kept and traded in slaves? Many human cultures throughout history have kept and traded in slaves. How much worse are slave owners than employers of labour who pay very low wages and expect their workers to work very hard in harsh conditions for long hours?

As someone pointed out, if we took down the statue of everybody who isn't perfect, only statues of Jesus would remain and some people would say that making an image of Jesus is contrary to the Second Commandment!

It is my belief that Truth is important. In these debates about history, we need, insofar as that is possible, to get hold of the facts and examine them dispassionately. We ought not to be defensive of cherished interpretations of the past which do not tally with the truth. Neither ought we to be self-righteous in condemning characters from history or our own contemporaries who view things differently from the way we see them. *Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.*

There is a complex relationship between legend, myth and history. Legends and myths, as well as history, are important aspects of our common culture. They help to make us the people we are and they inspire us to fulfil our potential as human beings. They teach us lessons. They help us to make sense of things. They equip us with the mental and spiritual skills we require to negotiate our way through life's opportunities, temptations and challenges. A legend quite likely has a loose relationship with historical truth, but it can be a good story for all that, one with real meaning. A myth is a powerful story which may be historically true or it may not or it might be something in between. Whichever, a myth exemplifies a powerful metaphysical truth, whatever its relationship to actual historical truth. The story of George and the Dragon is a powerful myth which conveys important truths about courage, virtue and protecting the weak, but not many people believe that it actually happened as a historical fact. There is much truth in the myth that Britain stood alone against Hitler after the fall of France in 1940. It is very true that, had we been defeated or come to terms with Hitler, the Nazis would have won and dominated Europe for many years to come. It is important that we didn't give in, even though our resources to carry on the fight appeared to be very limited, and the fact that we didn't give in has inspired us to stand firm in the face of other subsequent challenges. However, it is not the whole truth that we stood alone. The Empire came in on our side and many Europeans fought on as best they could. If we exaggerate the notion of standing alone beyond the bounds of truth we risk failing to recognise our responsibility to cooperate with another nations for the common good in the modern world.

Remembering is a very important aspect of religious faith. God remembers us.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

God's people are instructed to remember the story of what He has done for us. We share with one another what God has done. We teach the stories to our children. We read them in the Bible. We preach and teach the Word of God. We learn and meditate on God's Law. We study His Commandments. We seek His grace to obey them. We hand them on to generations yet to come.

The Passover recollects the story of how God set His people free from Egyptian slavery and led them through the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, where He made with them an unfailing covenant. When they rebelled, God remained faithful. He nourished and protected them during their forty years of wandering in the Wilderness, leading and guiding them onwards to the Promised Land. As Jews celebrate the Passover, as they recall and retell what God has done for them, they affirm their identity as a people, they pass on the story to their children. Remembering what God has done for them in the past builds up their faith in His care for them now and in the years to come.

Similarly, Jesus gave to Christians the service of Holy Communion. “Do this in remembrance of me,” He said and, to be perfectly honest, I find it hard to understand why so many Christians seem to be reluctant to do what He told us to do. “Do this in remembrance of me.”

In the service of Holy Communion, we are remembering all that Jesus did for us, especially His dying on the Cross. We marvel that His love for us is so great that He was prepared to endure that terrible death in order to set us free from slavery to sin. Our sins, everything which is wrong in our lives, are washed away in His Blood if only we come to Him in faith and repent.

It is Holy Communion. We affirm that we are one with Christ and with God. We are one with one another. We are the people of God, united in the love of the Blessed Holy Trinity, filled with the same Holy Spirit.

Remembering what Jesus did for us all those years ago in that place far away, we know that he is with us today - nourishing us, protecting us, leading and guiding us. We receive in the consecrated elements a pledge and a foretaste of the joy which is to come.

Remembrance is precious. It affirms who we are, reminding us of what made us the people we are. It sets us free to be grateful and inspires us to take up our own cross daily and to follow Him. Remembrance gives substance to our faith and hope and underpins our love.

Even more important than telling generations yet to come our family histories or the story of our nations and cultures, is to pass on the story of God – of everything that He has done for us, of what He requires of us and of His promises which are unfailing. Roger.

Psalms 78: **HEAR** my law, O my people : incline your ears unto the words of my mouth. 2. I will open my mouth in a parable : I will declare hard sentences of old; 3. Which we have heard and known : and such as our fathers have told us; 4. That we should not hide them from the children of the generations to come : but to shew the honour of the Lord, his mighty and wonderful works that he hath done.

Christian Aid

A Division of The British Council of Churches



Christian Aid Week 15th - 21st May

In Zimbabwe, the climate crisis is causing aching hunger for families like Jessica's. The combined effects of the Covid-19 pandemic, conflict, and drought have robbed her of the power to provide for her children. And 7,000 miles away, the war in Ukraine will drive up food prices in Zimbabwe and around the globe. Without the fertiliser and food - like wheat and cooking oil - that Ukraine and Russia produce, vulnerable families will be pushed even deeper into hunger.

But hope does not disappoint. Hope lives in you.

Your gifts this Christian Aid Week could help Jessica set up water taps on her farm, learn to grow food, and provide seeds that thrive in drought – giving her all she needs to turn her dry, dusty land into a garden of hope. Join us this Christian Aid Week, and help turn hunger into hope. With every gift, every action, every prayer, we celebrate and share hope with our sisters and brothers facing crisis around the world, from Ukraine to Zimbabwe.

You may well feel overwhelmed by the problems confronting the world at this time.. The above on Zimbabwe is a reminder that there are other problems than those in the news every day and that we live in a global village in which the issues which confront us in different parts of the world are intertwined with one another. As well as this development project in Zimbabwe, Christian Aid currently has emergency appeals for Ukraine, Afghanistan and the Haiti earthquake, as well as many other projects around the world. If you wish to know more, please see [UK charity fighting global poverty - Christian Aid](#)

The Christian Aid website gives details of how to donate. We shall also have envelopes for donations in churches. We no longer collect from your homes. So please respond yourself if you can either through the church or directly to Christian Aid.

Payroll giving: Did you know that you can make a regular, tax-free donation to Christian Aid directly from your pay packet? To find out more, email info@christian-aid.org or call **020 7523 2046**.

Online Direct Debits: The most effective way to give to Christian Aid is by making a regular donation. Like you, if we know how much money's coming in every month, then we know how much can go out. A regular income means we can not only distribute aid among those who need it now but also plan ahead for the future.

Ways to set up your direct debit:

- Use our simple, [secure online form](#)
- Call **020 7523 2046** and speak directly to our regular giving team
- Download our [direct debit form \(PDF, 80.7kb\)](#) and post it

[Online Direct Debit](#)

Online cash donations: You can safely and securely make a one-off donation using our online form. If you would like to link your individual gift to a church or Christian Aid group you can do so by filling in the church name or reference number on our donation form. [Online cash donation](#)

CAF card donations: If you have a Charities Aid Foundation (CAF) card you can donate online through the CAF website. [CAF card donations](#)

Telephone and postal donations: Unfortunately under the current circumstances regarding Covid-19, there is a delay to processing donations by post. Please give via the website where possible or call **020 7523 2269** to donate by telephone.

Paying directly into our bank account: For details on how to pay money directly into our bank account please call **020 7523 2226**.

I am well aware that, with rising food and fuel prices, there is growing hardship in this country. The Foodbank and Christians Against Poverty are among charities to which you can donate in order to help people in this country struggling to make ends meet. Donations of food (packeted or tinned, well within date, and preferably not baked beans or soup of which they have an abundance) can be brought to church. You can find out more about Christians Against Poverty at [Christians Against Poverty | Debt Counselling Charity \(capuk.org\)](#) 0800 328 006.

You may of course be under financial strain yourself or perhaps you know someone else who is. You can apply yourself or encourage other people to apply for help from these or other charities. Don't forget our local charity which can provide funds for food and heating to residents (at least 2 years) of Cuxton. Apply thomasstevenscharity@hotmail.com. Please see also article below (p7).

Jokes

What's the most musical bone?

What do you call a flower which generates electricity?

The trombone

A power plant.

From the Registers

Baptisms:

19th March

Laura Jane Kane
Jordan Trafford Watson
Morgan Cassie Howell

Limeburners Drive
Strood
Biddenden

20th March

Rory Richard David Fuller

Limeburners Drive

27th March

George David Peden

Higham Avenue

3rd April

Archie John Schofield

High Street

Funeral:

4th April

Shirley Pearl Crundwell

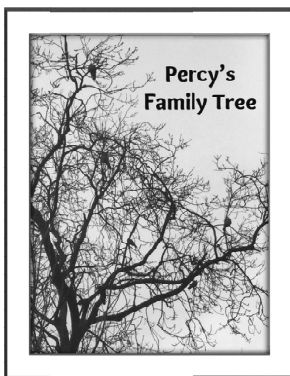
Charles Drive

Shirley Crundwell RIP

Parishioners were very sorry to hear of the death of Shirley Crundwell on 12th March. She was a good friend to many of us and an indefatigable member of the Church. Shirley ran our Mothers Union branch for many years and always supported the MU in our parish and in the wider world, with its commitments to Christian values and family life. Shirley served for many years on the PCC and also for some time on Deanery Synod. She was also a powerful contributor to the social life of the parish and a wonderful supporter of our activities with children. Shirley had many talents from which we have all benefitted, especially her kindness and concern for the welfare of others. While she will be much missed by her friends and family, we think of her reunited with Peter who was also such a stalwart of our local community in the Presence of our heavenly Father and of His Son Jesus Christ and of the Holy Spirit.

The following was one of Shirley's favourite prayers.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*



Percy Pigeon's Perceptions

Good day to you all. It will soon be summer which will bring more cheering times we hope. A few days ago I overheard two ladies talking about their family trees. This confused me somewhat as I thought only avian families lived in trees. However Philippa reminded me that we have seen some very small structures built into trees in gardens, inhabited occasionally by your litt'uns. These are called tree houses. However we now understand that family tree is not like our crazy ash tree in the rectory garden, but refers to your ancestors. Well we avians would find that quite impossible to research. I know that my family surname is Veres but we avians don't really use surnames much, recognising each other by our colourings, markings and dialects. Nonetheless, this is *my* family tree. I doubt you can spot

the the five of us here in our tree?

We live very close to a group of racing pigeons and enjoy watching their aerobatics as they fly around in formation. They are a race apart, being pampered but often boxed-in and then taken miles away to fly home for their corn.

We were very pleased to hear that the winery proposal has stalled and hope that it will just go away. Too much desecration of an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty, and so much noise and mess and fumes. Our PAWS campaign - Pigeons against wineries - has been stood down but ready to regroup if needed with plenty of ammunition.

I was recently hearing about a pigeon keeper who has volunteered to join the fight in Ukraine. You can find out more online. Coo coo.

Percy.

Easter Day BSL Service: The Rev Esther Bevan, Curate at St Edmund King and Martyr in Dartford, and a British Sign Language interpreter, is running a service on Easter Day at 2.00pm at St Albans Church, Dartford in BSL for Deaf people. Please share with anyone you think would like to attend.

Thomas Stevens Trust-Cuxton's Only Charity

We really are living in challenging times, with permanent and temporary jobs disappearing overnight (often with no alternative employment options), heavily reduced hours for those in employment because of reduced ordering of products, severe stress and tiredness because of the worry of providing for oneself and family, or acting as a carer for someone in extra need. The Thomas Stevens Trust is here to help those in difficult circumstances to partially adapt their vulnerability, to overcome some of their food and fuel supply problems, thereby maintaining a semblance of normal healthy living.

During 2020, we were able to alleviate a number of support issues by releasing nearly £800 to worthy causes. We have welcomed and satisfied more confidential requests in 2021.

If you have lived in Cuxton for 2 years, and believe we can help out in any small way, please contact us on thomasstevenscharity@hotmail.com

St John's Draw (March): £5 each to 16 Mr S Head, 158 Miss T Crowhurst & 184 Mrs K Fallows.



Tommy's Talking Points

Leading up to the first day of Spring (21st March), we had some wonderful weather. There was very little rain. The sun shone brightly in the day time and the days were growing longer. The spring flowers are amazing this year and the birdsong somehow seems louder than it usually is. Master was very taken with a robin singing its heart out all day in the holly tree in front of St John's. It was there in the morning for the wonderful Children's Spring Festival. It was still there in the afternoon when he returned for three Baptisms. Such a powerful and prolonged song sustained by such a small bird.

The air had been cold, however. For several days, there was a biting North-east wind and, on a number of mornings, a sharp frost greeted the dawn. Bright and cold, he says, is very energising. On mornings like these, when there is a Communion service, he is apt to choose the Eucharistic Prayer which begins *Blessed are you, Lord God, our light and our salvation; to you be glory and praise forever*. He is also apt to stay out too long on our morning runs, enjoying the warmth of the sun and the freshness of the breeze on his skin while the verdant beauty of the hills and valleys brings delight to his eyes as we behold the beauties of Bush and Dean Valley and all the rolling countryside towards Luddesdowne and Cobham, the motorway and Rochester and the parishes across the Medway and finally towards Halling and that terra scarcely cognita (by me) beyond. He hadn't been here long when the then bishop asked him how he enjoyed living in Cuxton and Halling. Among the other reasons for loving living here, he mentioned the fact that from this parish it is possible to see the church where he was christened and the cathedral where he was confirmed and ordained.

Anyway, on the morning of 21st, we had our morning run in the frost. Towards the end of our excursion, the frost was melting creating a thin film of mud which made it hard for Master to obtain the necessary traction to run up hill. Slipperiness doesn't affect me with my four legs and claws at the end of each paw. It wasn't muddy enough to make my lovely silky coat dirty, We had to go out even though another more exciting walk was planned later for the day's entertainment. You couldn't expect either of us to endure a long car journey without having first stretched our legs and used up some of that energy with which we customarily approach the dawning day.

It was his turn to make the sandwiches. I thought he did that very well, but you should have seen him wrestling with the cling film. You could have sold tickets. As the economic effects of COVID revealed just how many people are in the habit of buying sandwiches already made up each day, he was wondering why they did this. Just how long does it take to cut and butter four slices of bread, put ham or cheese on two of them and then put the other two on top of the first two? No time at all and very little trouble, certainly less time and trouble than queuing up in a shop or sandwich bar and a fraction of the price. But then the lengthy battle with the cling film. No wonder Tupperware is making a come back. It must save a lot of missed buses and trains. I can vouch for the sandwiches. He made too many and I had to eat up the last ham sandwich when they finished their picnic in a garden at Crockham Hill. Very good.

So we drove to Westerham, this time without getting lost. There were no traffic jams and we were actually early. On this occasion, we met two of Master friends (who are married to one another). Again we formed a convoy to the car park at Toys Hill. We set off on the other Octavia Hill Centenary Walk which actually starts on the same course as the first Octavia Hill Centenary Walk, which we had done in February. Master even doubted whether we might have made a mistake, but, of course, we had not. We were in good hands.

Again those spectacular views from the High Weald, a little misty in the morning. The sun came out warm. The paths were not hard to follow. There was not much mud and what there was was circumventable. There were lots of other people out with their dogs. I had plenty of opportunities to run off my lead. We saw calves and lambs with their mothers in the fields. It really was a wonderful day to be out – so warm, so bright, so early in the year. They of course had many things to talk about. Sometimes I listened, mostly I pursued my own doggy interests. The best time to listen is when they sit on a seat – which they did on several occasions in order to relax in one another's company and to enjoy the splendid views – when I can lie concealed beneath.

As I said, we had lunch at Crockham Hill. We sat in the Village Garden where there is a slate memorial to the staff and children of Weald House LCC residential school tragically killed by a flying bomb in June 1944. Eight staff died and twenty two children, all of them of just two years or younger. So much like what is going on in Ukraine today. When will you human beings ever learn? Of wisdom it says, *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.* But the world is full of fools.

Crockham Hill is actually a beautiful place and Master has happy memories of spending some time there over forty years ago with Christian friends at the Youth Hostel for worship and nurture. He also remembers being mocked by more hardened youth hostellers for arriving by car and wearing pyjamas.

The route after lunch included much more hill climbing. Indeed a long flight of steps had been cut into the ascent alongside the grounds of Chartwell, which is well worth a visit, says Master – black swans, giant rhubarb and examples of Churchill's achievements including painting and brickwork. There is also an abundance of Amaryllis.

There were several memorial seats and a couple of obelisks marking donations of land to the National Trust. One of the seats commemorates



Octavia Hill's mother - Caroline Southwood Hill (1809-1902). From it, there is a splendid view which we enjoyed for some time. There is an obscure and unmemorable quotation from a work by an American poet they had never heard of inscribed on this seat. Master has actually already forgotten it but it reminded him of some of the meaningless pretentiousness which is sometimes served up as an alternative to the Bible at weddings. There were several efforts to take my picture by that seat, but I am not an easy subject. I move around too much and won't face the camera. But, if I say so myself, I do make a handsome subject when the photographer succeeds in recording my image for posterity..

Anyway, it was not too far from there to the site of Weardale Manor which we had previously visited and thence to the car park and home. It was an excellent day out!
Tommy the Rectory Spaniel.

Peter Silver

We shall be dedicating the bench in memory of Peter Silver outside the lych gate of Halling Church at 10.00 on Thursday 5th May, after the 9.30 am Communion service. Please pass on this information to ringers and other people who would be interested. Those attending would of course be welcome also to attend the 9.30 service if they wish to do so. Peter was a very dedicated member of the congregation at St John's supporting bell ringing, acting as server and sacristan and never missing a service over very many years and taking a great interest in Halling Church and village and its history. As soon as it can be arranged there will be a quarter peal rung in his memory at St John's.

Bishop of Rochester

The Rt Rev Jonathan Gibbs is to be the next Bishop of Rochester. He will be installed in September. Bishop Jonathan is currently the Bishop of Huddersfield in the Diocese of Leeds. Please remember him in your prayers and Bishop Simon who is bearing much of the burden in the interim.

Lunch for Ukraine

On Sunday 15th May, starting between 12.30 & 1.00, there will be a bring and share lunch in the church hall with a view to raising funds for the relief of hardship in Ukraine. All welcome. Bring some food to share if you can. The collection will be processed by Christian Aid to meet the needs of those suffering as a result of the war. There will also be a bring and buy table.

Laughs

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The meaning of opaque is unclear | 13. Alternative facts are aversion of the truth. |
| 2. I wasn't going to get a brain transplant but then I changed my mind. | 14. I used to have a fear of hurdles, but I got over it. |
| 3. Have you ever tried to eat a clock? It's very time consuming | 15. Atheism is a non-prophet organization. |
| 4. A man tried to assault me with milk, cream and butter. How dairy! | 16. Did you know they won't be making yardsticks any longer? |
| 5. I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I can't put it down. | 17. I used to be allergic to soap but I'm clean now. |
| 6. If there was someone selling marijuana in our neighbourhood, weed know about it. | 18. The patron saint of poverty is St. Nickeless. |
| 7. It's a lengthy article about ancient Japanese sword fighters but I can Sumurais it for you. | 19. What did the man say when the bridge fell on him? The suspension is killing me. |
| 9. So what if I don't know the meaning of the word 'apocalypse'? It's not the end of the world. | 20. Do you have weight loss mantras? Fat chants! |
| 10. Police were called to the day-care centre. A 3-year old was resisting a rest. | 21. My tailor is happy to make a new pair of pants for me. Or sew it seams. |
| 11. The other day I held the door open for a clown. I thought it was a nice jester. | 22. What is a thesaurus's favourite dessert? Synonym buns. |
| 12. Need an ark to save two of every animal? I Noah guy | 23. A relief map shows where the restrooms are. |
| | 24. There was a big paddle sale at the boat store. It was quite an oar deal. |
| | 25. How do they figure out the price of hammers? Per pound. |

Platinum Jubilee Concert

Much loved songs and music from 1952 to the present day provided by a small orchestra and soloist in celebration of her Majesty the Queen's Platinum Jubilee. A family event, suitable for all ages. Children especially welcome. Light refreshments provided. Admission free, but by ticket only. Apply to rector for tickets.

Saturday 4th June 4.00 pm St John's Church
Supported by Halling Parish Council.