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St. John's Church,
Royal Lane, Uxbridge UB8 3QP
www.stjohnshillingdon.org.uk

Your Sunday Service Link (10.30 am):

Click on the Loving, Growing sharing Image above from Sunday 10am or on

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89481452808>

Church Administrator: Nikki Bell

Email stjohnshillingdon@gmail.com

Text/Phone 07972 618584

Vicar: Alan Bradford

Email abradford@hotmail.co.uk

Emergencies Text/Phone: 07847672599



Bible Reading Studies and Thoughts for the Day

I thought I would include in the blog some daily reading materials for you to reflect on.

This source might also prove a regular source for you each morning if you do not have a regular scheme, or if what you are using is proving stale. You might like (or be suitably challenged) by what you read and want to look up other studies from where the one before came from.

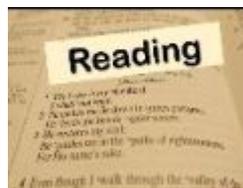
However, nothing beats regular, sustained prayer and Bible reading. I hope you are able to join in with the regular reading and study of The Book of Acts which is our special study book and preaching theme at this time.

The following is a daily reading from "UCB (United Christian Broadcasters) Word for Today".

Be wise; don't compare!

"But they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves amongst themselves, are not wise." 2 Corinthians 10:12 KJV

Jesus said: 'Two men went up to the temple to pray, one a Pharisee and the other a tax collector. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, "God, I thank You that I am not like other men – extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this tax collector. I fast twice a week; I give tithes of all that I possess." And the tax collector, standing afar off, would not so much as raise his eyes to heaven, but beat his breast, saying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other' (Luke 18:10-14 NKJV). Whereas the Pharisee thought of himself as the best-dressed man in town, God saw his garments of self-righteousness as 'filthy rags' and rejected him (see Isaiah 64:6). An unknown poet wrote: 'I dreamed death came the other night and heaven's gates swung wide. With kindly grace an angel ushered me inside. And there to my astonishment stood folks I'd known on earth; some I'd judged and labelled as unfit or of little worth. Indignant words rose to my lips but never were set free; for every face showed stunned surprise – no one expected me!' We are all saved by grace, not works (see Titus 3:5). We don't get into heaven based on our performance, but on Christ's performance on the cross. That being true, don't try to lift yourself up by putting someone else down. Don't assume that you have the right to judge their character, heart motives, or spirituality. When you do that, the Bible says you are 'not wise'.

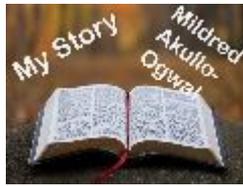


Acts 14: 8-23

8 In Lystra there sat a man who was lame. He had been that way from birth and had never walked. 9 He listened to Paul as he was speaking. Paul looked directly at him, saw that he had faith to be healed 10 and called out, "Stand up on your feet!" At that, the man jumped up and began to walk.

11 When the crowd saw what Paul had done, they shouted in the Lycaonian language, "The gods have come down to us in human form!" 12 Barnabas they called Zeus, and Paul they called Hermes because he was the chief speaker.

13 The priest of Zeus, whose temple was just outside the city, brought bulls and wreaths to the city gates because he and the crowd wanted to offer sacrifices to them. 14 But when the apostles Barnabas and Paul heard of this, they tore their clothes and rushed out into the crowd, shouting: 15 "Friends, why are you doing this? We too are only human, like you. We are bringing you good news, telling you to turn from these worthless things to the living God, who made the heavens and the earth and the sea and everything in them. 16 In the past, he let all nations go their own way. 17 Yet he has not left himself without testimony: He has shown kindness by giving you rain from heaven and crops in their seasons; he provides you with plenty of food and fills your hearts with joy." 18 Even with these words, they had difficulty keeping the crowd from sacrificing to them. 19 Then some Jews came from Antioch and Iconium and won the crowd over. They stoned Paul and dragged him outside the city, thinking he was dead. 20 But after the disciples had gathered around him, he got up and went back into the city. The next day he and Barnabas left for Derbe. 21 They preached the gospel in that city and won a large number of disciples. Then they returned to Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, 22 strengthening the disciples and encouraging them to remain true to the faith. "We must go through many hardships to enter the kingdom of God," they said. 23 Paul and Barnabas appointed elders for them in each church and, with prayer and fasting, committed them to the Lord, in whom they had put their trust.



My Story- Mildred Ruth Akullo-Ogwai

Part One

I was born in Uganda and I am the 4th child in a family of 8 children (5 sons and 3 daughters). We lived in different places until my parents retired from teaching. My parents were both Primary school teachers and their work entailed working in different government schools across the District. All teachers lived within the school premises in houses built by the government. Transfers were directed from the District Headquarters so after a 3 year stay in school, teachers began expecting one. A time we as children looked forward to because we would be going to live in another place. From the time I was born, I experienced 3 such school transfers. Despite looking forward to moving school; once we arrived at the new place; we sometimes cried and demanded to be taken back to the previous setting because the new place would look so unwelcoming!

Britain colonised Uganda from 1894 to 1961 so we followed the British system of education. Schools were denominational in style. All Protestants went to Church of Uganda schools and Catholics to Roman Catholic Schools; the two major denominations. There were few Indian (Agakhan) and Muslim based schools. However, the number of Muslim schools grew when Idi Amin came to power in 1971.

When I was 5 years old; my brother John (then 3) and I were sent off to live with our maternal grandparents about 90 miles away from home. This was because my mother was not able to find a child minder for both of us, so the cheapest option was to send us away to her own mother, Theresa. My grandfather, Alpheus Olwedo was a very keen believer who trained to be a Lay-Reader in the church; so worked closely with the Church Missionary Society (CMS). Through his work with the church he found favour with some missionaries, so that my mother was almost adopted by one English Missionary named Mildred Brown (my godmother) who was in Uganda to translate the Bible from English into Acholi language (a dialect similar my Lango dialect).

Living with my grandparents gave me a good beginning and wider exposition to Christian teaching from Bible stories. We attended Sunday services with the rest of the local community. As there was no church building; we prayed in the shades of trees in an open space. We carried our little mats to sit on during the service. During the week days we did various activities, for example we learnt to write on sand using sticks. We learnt how to say prayers at meal times and before bed times; giving thanks to God for everything we had received in the day. I can vividly remember being woken up by soft tunes of worship songs at about 5.00 a.m. every morning when my grandparents were praying in the next room. They would sing hymns; say their general prayers and then focus on naming each of my siblings and pray blessings and protection over us.

After which they rose up and began the daily chores; my grandfather sweeping his large compound and my grandmother making pancakes or porridge for our breakfast. After breakfast, grandfather would tell us stories or teach us how to say the Lango alphabet. These sessions were usually interrupted by the arrival of visitors who dropped by unannounced at any time during the day. Then my grandmother had to go back into her little kitchen and find snacks to serve the visitor. What I noticed was that my grandmother always had in a tightly closed tin, some salted and roasted peanuts or some sesame butter to serve with sweet bananas from her own garden. The one and a half years we spent away from home were educational, full of love and fun. To date we relive the memories of those experiences with much fondness. John and I made quite a bond and to date the two of us have a unique and friendly relationship.

When I was 6 years, my parents joined us at our grandparent's for Christmas; ready to take us back home because it was time for me to start school. There was no nursery education for us during those years so it was straight to Primary 1 (Year 1 equivalent in the UK), studying for 7

years and then off to Secondary Education. The school system in Uganda was set in such a way that you had to pass the end of year exams before you were promoted to the next class. If you failed, you were held behind to repeat a class. There was no strict rule about the entry age so that there were much older pupils across the year groups. With the stigma it carried, repeating a class more than once also meant that some pupils became much older than their peers. Needless to say, everyone worked very hard at school to avoid failing exams and repeating the year. Besides, pupils who failed knew that their parents would cane them for failing an academic year. As parents would have laboured very hard to find school fees through growing cotton or some cash crop since education was not free.

As a denominational church school, we had a routine of daily worship in the morning and at the end of the day. Sunday worship was compulsory to all students; dressed in full school uniform; registers were taken in classrooms before we marched off to the church which was not far from the school. Failure to attend Sunday service; and without a parental note to explain the absence resulted in punishment on Monday. I enjoyed Sunday worship because I was in the School Choir and we led the worship songs in church. My father was the choir master and he encouraged all of us, his children to join the choir, which we did. We all revel in the memories of those evenings when we; as a family sat at the fire place, under the night skies and sang church hymns led by mum and dad. The music was always so powerful and captivating that I personally engaged with the words which spoke to my heart and this created such a love of singing worship and praise songs throughout my childhood and into my adult life. We relived those evenings in 2015 when my siblings and I sang one of daddy's favourite hymns at a memorial thanksgiving service the family had organised.

After 7 years of primary school I joined secondary education and I opted to go to an all Girls' Boarding Roman Catholic School, (Sacred Heart Girls School) about 100 miles away from home in the neighbouring district of Gulu. This meant that I was away from home for periods of 2 -3 months at school and back home for 3-4 weeks during school holidays. I took a bus journey to and from school; with heavy suitcases full of books for 6 years of secondary education. It was fun because there were always a group of students travelling to schools in the same place so I was in good company.

As a Protestant in a Catholic School I had a few challenges and interesting experiences with my faith. There was a deep temptation to convert to Catholicism because the Nuns or Sisters (all Italian Nuns) were keen to entice - with beautiful presents - those who were willing to convert. Some of my friends converted and the Sisters made such big deals of their conversion for example being dressed and veiled like brides on the day of their conversions. They were given special treatments such as going into town for rides or on errands with the Nuns. On Fridays while the rest of us were doing night preps they would join the Sisters in their convent to pre-watch movies that the rest of us would watch at a later date. I was approached by friends about converting to being a Catholic, but was not willing to give up my Protestant roots.

There were at least over 40 of us who were Protestants and were allowed to lead our own services every evening when the Catholics were saying the Rosary, walking around the 'Holy Garden' in the middle of which was a big statue of Jesus Christ. Similarly, on Sundays we joined up with other Protestant Girls who were training to be teachers in the next college 10 minutes away from our school; Christ the King Teacher Training College. On Special Church Days such as Easter if we were at school, we were allowed to walk the 3 miles to the main Protestant Headquarters where the Bishop resided at Gulu High School. The Bishop at the time I was at school was the late Bishop Janani Luwum who was murdered by Idi Amin in 1977 after he had become the Archbishop of Uganda.

I joined Scripture Union and we were allowed to join other students from Gulu High School, the Protestant School for Bible Study and Prayer Meetings. As a member of the Scripture Union, I was able to go out of school once a month on a Sunday afternoon when it was my turn to go and teach Sunday school children; a very rewarding experience. *Mildred*
(Look out for Part Two next week)



Picture of Mildred and her siblings singing at their father's Memorial Service.



What a find in St John's Churchyard!

Last week in the churchyard, one of our gardening team came across a piece of twisted lead wrapped around a piece of red stained glass. She was weeding at the end of the church just below the east window and I can't help thinking that this find is from the window that was blown out during the Second World War when a bomb fell in the churchyard.

Coincidentally, I have recently read the diary of a lady who lived at Ivy Cottages during World War 2. She was Margaret Buckingham's aunt and the diary is an incredible account of everyday life in Hillingdon during the war.

This an extract for the entry for 8th November 1940 describing the effect on the churchyard of a bombing raid "a tree was up-rooted, tops of the fir trees broken off, tombstones broken, hedge uprooted, wall broken, and tiles off church roof; the window by the south door, and the big window by altar broken. At 12.40 twenty more were dropped".

The "big window" to which she refers is of course the east window by the high altar After the war the window was eventually replaced in 1955. It actually won a competition that year run by the British Society of Master Glass Painters. The work was carried out by Messrs Goddard & Gibbs and was designed by Mr A.E Buss. Sadly there seems to be no record of the design of the previous window. Messrs Goddard & Gibbs were based in Hackney but are no longer in existence. Many stained glass windows are left unsigned but over the last 200 years it has become much more common to add a mark to identify the work. A photo of the maker's mark of Messrs Goddard & Gibbs is shown in the photo below. When our doors are opened once again, you will find me by that window trying to spot it! *Christine Bartlett*



A photo of the found piece of twisted lead wrapped around a piece of red stained glass.



A Photo of the Makers Mark of Messrs Goddard & Gibbs



Information on three local plants that can be found along the roadside and in our parks

Common Mallow - *Malva sylvestris* - family malvaceae.

Common mallow is a spreading plant with deep pink flowers that appear from June to October. It can be found on roadside verges, along footpaths and on waste ground. Parts of Common mallow are edible (leaves, flowers and seeds) and there is evidence that the Romans may have deliberately cultivated the plant to be used for food and medicine. It can be used as a soothing agent to treat inflammation of the skin, eyes, respiratory, gastric and urinary systems. Chewing the fresh flowers relieves toothache and crushed in olive oil relieves bee and wasp stings. Creative cooks can substitute mallow for spinach in many dishes, including soups, salads, gnocchi and quiche. In Jewish culture, mallow has been considered the 'most important plant in local society'. Every spring mallow is gathered in the countryside. Its common name in both Hebrew and Arabic, translates to 'bread'. During the war of 1948, when Jerusalem was under siege, mallow was an important famine crop, and one that is still celebrated on Independence day every year, with a traditional dish made from mallow leaves. In China, mallow roots are a popular and a common ingredient in making hearty, yet medicinally potent soups and broths. The inulin-rich tap roots of a number of different mallow species, including common mallow, have been used. Common mallow has pale mauve, funnel-like flowers with five open petals and deep purple stripes. Its leaves have five lobes and its stalks have hairs on them.



Common Mallow- The French word for mallow is 'mauve', which is where we get the word for the colour mauve from.

Yarrow - *Achillea millefolium* - family compositae

Yarrow is a tough plant of many grasslands, from lawns to verges and meadows; a strong-smelling perennial, clusters of white, flat-topped flower heads appear from June to November. Yarrow has been used to help restore arable land to grassland by sowing it along with other natives. Centuries ago, Yarrow was used as a charm against bad luck and illness. It is named after Achilles, mythical hero of the Trojan wars in Greek mythology, who used it to heal his soldiers' wounds. It has been used in the treatment of wounds caused by iron weapons. Although it was also used to stop wounds from bleeding, it was believed to cause nosebleeds if put up the nose. Several cavity-nesting birds, including the common starling, use Yarrow to line their nests. Experiments conducted on the tree swallow, which does not use Yarrow, suggest that adding yarrow to nests inhibits the growth of parasites. It is a food source for many species of insects. The origin of the word Yarrow is the Middle English yarowe from Old English gæruwe, akin to German garbe. The genus name *Achillea* is derived from the mythical Greek character, Achilles, and the specific name *millefolium* as well as the common names milfoil and thousand weed come from the featherlike leaves which appear to be divided into a thousand. Yarrow can be used for dyeing wool as it contains apigenin and luteolin. Depending on the mordant the colour may be green to yellow.

Yarrow- *Achillea millefolium***Pellitory of the wall - *Parietaria diffusa* - family urticaceae**

Pellitory-of-the-wall is a small to medium-sized herb that frequently grows from cracks in old stone walls, pavements, cliffs and banks, and in hedges. It can often be found around old ruins and castles, as well as on damp church walls. Clusters of tiny flowers appear from June to October. It is a food plant for the caterpillars of the Red Admiral butterfly. Historically, Pellitory-of-the-wall was an important plant in herbal medicine, being used to treat bladder and kidney stones because of its own association with stone. The decoction, says Gerard, 'helpeth such as are troubled with an old cough,' and 'the decoction with a little honey is good to gargle a sore throat.' He gives many other uses. 'The juice held a while in the mouth easeth pains in the teeth; the distilled water of the herb drank with sugar worketh the same effect and cleanseth the skin from spots, freckles, pimples, wheals, sunburn, etc....' 'The juice dropped into the ears easeth the noise in them and taketh away the pricking and shooting pains therein.' In the form of an ointment he tells us it is capital for piles and a remedy for gout and fistula. Ben Jonson says: 'A good old woman . . . did cure me With sodden ale and pellitorie o' the wall.' *Christine Rodrigues*

**Samaritans Purse Operation Christmas Child**

The Covid -19 global pandemic has disrupted everyday life for millions of people all around the world. Samaritans Purse have looked into ways in which they can modify their collection and processing to ensure that boys and girls around the world know that they have not been forgotten during this time of fear and uncertainty.

At St John's we will again be supporting this amazing charity.

September is a great time to pick up some bargains, outdoor toys, stationary items and many more, as the shops start to make room for Christmas items. (Remember that toothpaste and sweets can no longer be included.)

Don't worry about keeping and decorating shoeboxes, as we will again be ordering the decorated shoeboxes which make it easier for you and easier to transport. look out for more info on this in the next few weeks.

Samaritans Purse "This is Love"

I wanted to take a few moments to share with you how Samaritans Purse helped St John's in its time of need.

I received a call in April from Trish at Samaritans Purse, informing me that St John's could be eligible for a free PPE (Personal Protective Equipment) community care kit, under their new initiative:

"This is Love". *Sharing boxes of protection, just as we have shared the message of hope via shoebox gifts to children all around the world.*

After filling in an application online, I was delighted to hear that we had been granted a free PPE community care kit (see photo below.) This kind gift helped and protected Alan and others to support our local community when they needed us the most. Just to add the call came when I was researching PPE, at a time when it was incredibly expensive and extremely hard to get hold of much needed PPE. *Nikki*



Photo of our Samaritans Purse PPE community care kit.

NOTICES

St John's Sports and Social Society

Restarting on Monday 7th September. We play badminton and table tennis (1 court for each) at: Harlington School Sports Hall (UB3 1PB)

9 - 10 on Monday evenings

The club is primarily "social" rather than "competitive". We welcome players of all abilities. We are a small group of 8-10 players, approx. half men / ladies.

Due to Covid guidelines for clubs using the hall some maximum numbers have been set and anyone playing needs to be pre registered for track and trace purposes. If interested please contact Mark (via Nikki) so that we know you are coming. We offer "pay per session" for anyone wanting to have a try out or play on an adhoc basis, as well as ongoing membership. Mark Robson

Event

Would anyone be interested in joining Christine Bartlett for a walk of the parish boundary? It's approximately 7.5 miles and we can have a stop for a sandwich in a pub half way round. Please let Nikki know if interested. via Email: stjohnshillingdon@gmail.com or on 07972 618584 We can then fix up a day that suits.

Thank You and Cupola Grant Application

Thank you for all who have been generous in contributing towards our building costs and towards the works needed on the cupola. We have managed to submit our part 2 application for a grant for the cupola 21 days early! The grant is for £24,000 and we are contributing £6,000. This covers stabilisation and a timber survey to look towards its permanent repair. The deadline is the end of August and we should hear back if we are successful early in September, although we wanted to put ourselves in the position of possibly hearing back earlier from English Heritage! You never know!

CHEQUES

Payable to:
Hillingdon Parochial Church Council
St. John's Church
Royal Lane
Uxbridge
UB8 3QP

STANDING ORDER

Set up a Standing Order with your bank or building society using these details:
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