



St Mark's Parish Magazine

June 2020

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Your Views & Contributions

Next issue will be available from Sunday 5 July 2020
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LETTER FROM THE VICAR

Living in Isolation

It is so wonderful to see and hear of the many ways in which people right across our community and beyond are responding to the lockdown. We've heard about people picking up prescriptions and food, having meaningful rather than rushed conversations on the phone, cooking meals, walking the dog, giving more to Food Banks, and simply calling to cheer someone up. And then, of course, all those who have turned out on a Thursday evening at 8pm to clap, bang pans, etc to thank all those key workers and NHS staff who are so amazing. We know we isolate to protect others as well as ourselves but it feels counter intuitive to not shake someone's hand in greeting or to hug a friend and so we let people know how much they mean to us and how thankful we are, using the best means we can.



We have just celebrated Easter and Pentecost in the best way we could, not in church full of beautiful flowers and joyful resurrection hymns, but in our own homes quietly joining in with our online or Zoom services. The joy of Easter can be celebrated wherever we are. But perhaps this year, more than ever before we felt closer to how the disciples felt during that first Easter: confused, frightened for their safety, lonely, bereft of their friend, wondering what the future would look like, questioning would it ever be the same again? It was never ever going to be the same again for those friends of Jesus, as they discovered. Though the doors were locked, Jesus came and stood among them and said, "Peace be with you". Isn't that just what we need to know too, that even in our isolation, our fear, however busy we try and keep ourselves, however lonely we may feel, that we are not on our own? The doors may be shut, but that's no barrier to the risen Lord Jesus. He will always enter where he is welcomed, where he knows there are those ready to receive him.

Life won't be the same again for us either. There will be the "do you remember during lockdown..." stories and, of course, for many thousands who have lost loved ones, life will always be heartbreakingly different. There has been time spent reflecting on how we can actually manage with less and that time spent with loved ones is not to be wasted. As we have this time and space to reflect on our lives and how we have chosen to live them, let's give space each day to the risen Lord Jesus who brings us his peace, his joy and his hope.

Best wishes

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Manton'.

That Donkey

Advancing years not only pass us by but, as I think this true story will illustrate, our descendants may have little understanding of the world we lived in during our formative years. I hope this story will help understanding of that and also help you smile a little.

The United Kingdom used to be divided into 720 Tax Districts each with Inspectors and a District Inspector. (I believe there is today only one office for the whole of PAYE). To administer these districts, Inspectors had to accept "mobility" which meant they could be sent anywhere in the UK at three-weeks' notice. It could be Truro, Northern Ireland, Inverness or anywhere in between. That meant putting the house on the market; begin finding another in a distant town; the wife putting in her notice, if she had a job; finding schools for the children and hoping they would make new friends. Socially disruptive and challenging are the words which spring to mind. I dare say there were similar conditions in places in the private sector.

A District Inspector in the West Country was judged not to be suitable material for promotion and transferred to an assisting post at Deptford, not a salubrious area, in South East London. After selling his small country cottage and tiny paddock he would have great difficulty affording a small semi in the suburbs. His wife might have to find a job. They had two daughters eight and six. When the circumstances were explained the elder child unhappily accepted that she would have to give up her pony, but the younger girl was inconsolable. She would not be parted from her little donkey and was sometimes in tears. She spent the remaining time brushing and hugging him and it was difficult to get her to bed. "We shall have to do something about this", said her mother.

So it was that the inspector found himself in a road behind Blackheath, not far from Deptford, which had widely spaced detached mansions with disused stables and servant accommodation which must have been very imposing in Victorian times but was now in decay and shortly to be transformed into sites for luxury flats. Each had a grand entrance with a flight of stone steps leading up to a majestic porch and front door fronting four huge stories and a basement. Spacious neglected gardens surrounded each house some of which were already divided into flats.

The inspector needed to find somewhere to keep the donkey. Incomprehension showed from those who answered their door and heard his story: doors were shut in his face. Then one such door was opened by a slender, middle aged woman colourfully dressed in a kind of floral, gypsy style with open sandals, painted toes and long flowing hair. Scarcely had he begun his story than she invited him in. Once inside, he followed

her up a flight of stairs to the lounge. The side walls of the stairs held a succession of paintings in strong colours but in none of which could he discern any subject.

The woman sat him at a round table in the bay window and brought him tea and biscuits. She said she spent much of her time painting. As his story unfolded she gave more of her attention remarking at one point that she thought her husband worked for the Inland Revenue. He left very early each morning and came home late in the evening but she did not know what he did. At the end she said of course he could leave the donkey in the garden. It was fenced all round and even had a disused shed. Her husband was no gardener. The inspector shyly began the process of negotiating a price but she would not hear of it. It would give the garden a purpose and anyway she hardly saw a person during the day and it would be company for her. And so it was.

Sometime later her husband's DI attended a national conference where one of the principal speakers was a member of the Board of Inland Revenue. This was stratospheric stuff and I will emphasise this not by using the title of this story (though there is precedence for that from World War One), but by referring to him as a Lord of the Inland Revenue; "Lord" for short.

After dinner and speeches, a group of District Inspectors sat round the Lord in a circle to entertain him and see what he was made of. The Lord was quite relaxed. After some time, the DI from Deptford began the story of his assistants' transfer. His chums listened attentively knowing there must be a point to this. When he referred to the donkey the Lord suddenly was all concentration.

At the end when the laughter had subsided, he remarked, "So that explains 'that donkey'. I hear my wife has been taking tea most days with a lady whilst two girls spend time riding and petting the donkey. It also accounts for the fact that for the first time my wife has been interested in what I do. She has talked of little other than the harsh regime imposed on Revenue staff by an unfeeling executive. It's a bit like living with the staff association, but it's good to talk! It's a good job too that she does not know that I am Director of Personnel. However, the next time I am challenged by Staff Side (the Union), I shall use this story to show the lengths to which the individuals of the Board go to look after the welfare of its inspectors and their families."

This was so inventive and unlikely that the group of District Inspectors broke into another round of hearty laughter. It was short time before the story became attached to the Lord's name throughout the Inspectorate, but I never heard him called "My Lord."

Harry Ingram

Letter from Bishop Jonathan

17 May 2020

Dear Brothers and Sisters

I was struck this week by St Paul's comment recorded in the Book of Acts (chapter 17) – in passing, stating an obvious, incontrovertible starting point – when addressing the sceptics in Athens about this new religion he was preaching. “From one ancestor [God] made all nations to inhabit the whole earth, and he allotted the times of their existence”. Paul rightly takes as his starting point the fundamental equality and common identity of all human beings, all created by the one God, all equally God's offspring, as he goes on to say. I've read that phrase many times without really noticing it, but this week, as the divisions within our society have been cruelly exposed by the different death tolls from COVID-19, I had to stop and think again.



Although it may be a self-evident truth – to Paul, and to anyone not infected by that really powerful virus, racial prejudice – it's also so very obviously not the way the world is. As a white middle-class man in a professional role, my chances of dying from COVID-19 are much lower than most. COVID-19 disproportionately affects the old, the ill, the poor, and members of Black, Asian and Minority Ethnic (BAME) communities. Among the conspiracy theories going around are ideas that all of that is deliberate – that the virus was designed to kill off people in precisely those groups, and especially people of colour. It's not true; a virus which originally emerged in central China doesn't know the skin colour of the people it's infecting – as far as the virus is concerned, all humans are equally good targets.

What the coronavirus shows us – in shocking detail – is the inequality that already exists in our society. The virus isn't targeted at anyone, but it finds it easiest to attack those whom our society values least – the old and the ill, those whose housing isn't good, those in low-paid jobs, those who are regarded by society as less significant, less worth looking after, the ones at the back of the queue for PPE regardless of how much risk they may be exposed to. And in most of those groups people of colour are vastly over-represented: doing those jobs without which society would collapse, but which society doesn't want to pay much to have done, suffering higher levels of poor health, living in substandard housing. Racial prejudice feeds into that spiral of inequality:

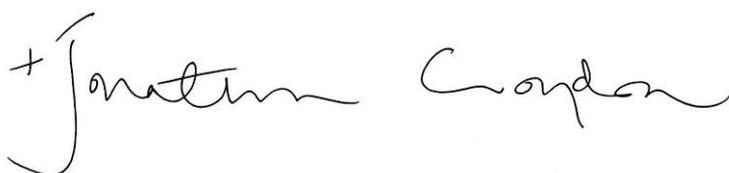
BAME people are filling many less well-regarded jobs, and those jobs in turn are regarded as less important because of the BAME people doing them.

The coronavirus has shone a light on the structural inequalities in our society, had made us see the realities we mostly know are there, but invest a lot of time and energy in ignoring. We know that there is huge inequality in our country, justified sometimes by the language of austerity, but even better just kept out of sight and therefore out of mind. And now we do have to notice those doing the suddenly dangerous jobs, we applaud: which is good, and appropriate. But there should also be a reward for those who are due applause, an appropriate recognition of the service they have done for us. But that is a problem of course for our society: the debt we owe is not one that can be appropriately recognised merely by doling out applause for all, and medals to a few. The injustice that has been exposed is deeper than that – and far more expensive to put right.

We have discovered that the people whom society has treated as being expendable are really essential. Carers, cleaners, bus drivers, posties, refuse collectors – the list goes on and on – they can't work from home, and society as a whole depends on them. The question is what we do with that knowledge.

And that's where I return to Paul. As he introduced his preaching of the gospel to a crowd of Gentiles, he began by establishing the common humanity that he and they shared. Paul's ministry was founded on breaking down the barriers that the Roman Empire took for granted – in Christ, he says, there are neither slave nor free, male nor female, Greek or Jew – he systematically disassembles all the ways in which society was kept neatly ordered. Along with ethnic and gender differences, he challenged power differentials by establishing communities of believers in which the rich did not have the authority by virtue of their money. Paul didn't encourage Christians to rise up and fight the secular authorities – but he did teach a way of living which radically undercut the norms of the Empire.

That is what the Church should have been doing ever since. But instead for too many centuries the Church has found ways to baptise structures of injustice and oppression. The Church of England has the disadvantage of having been around a long time – there's plenty of history of which our Church needs to repent. This time of coronavirus should help us, I think, understand what repentance means. It's not just about feeling sorry – it's about doing things differently. When confronted again by the inequalities of our society, we must look at ourselves and the ways in which we continue to reflect those inequalities in ourselves – and as Paul taught us, live differently.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jonathan Coad". The signature is written in a cursive style with a small cross at the beginning of the first letter.

Fundraising

SMOAT REPORT 2019

SMOAT was to hold its Annual Public Meeting on Sunday 3rd May when, traditionally, we hand out a copy of the accounts and tell you about the projects we supported during 2019. Of course, like everything else, we have had to postpone the meeting until things return to some sort of normality. I therefore, thought I should give you at least a summary of what we achieved during 2019.

During 2019 we supported ten projects in eight different countries, giving away £19,848.

Although our Christmas Appeal 2018 was obviously launched in 2018, the money raised was distributed in 2019. We supported two projects: Virtual Doctors in Zambia and IMPACT Jibon Tari Floating Hospital in Bangladesh. The Virtual Doctors project was an innovative project, using mobile phone technology to help provide medical care to some of the remotest parts of Zambia. We sent them £4,500. The Jibon Tari Floating Hospital in Bangladesh was launched just over 20 years ago and offers healthcare to marginalised riverside communities. We sent them £3,000.

In February we held our very popular family Beetle Drive and raised just over £410. We rounded this figure up to £1,000 to send to a Bees for Development project in Ethiopia. The project's aim was to train ten people – men and women aged 20-30 who do not own their own land – to keep bees, thus enabling them to increase their household income by 20%. Each person would also be furnished with the appropriate materials. As those ten people become more proficient, they then each train two more people. This means that the £1,000 that we sent to them will provide a sustainable income for more and more people.

In March we held a Jazz evening. This was the second time we had run this event and both occasions proved to be very popular and extremely well attended. This time we were raising money for an organisation called Freedom from Fistula. Fistula is a debilitating condition following complications in childbirth and most women and girls who suffer from it are ostracised by their communities. Whilst it is all but eradicated in the developed world, thousands of women and girls are affected by it **every day** in Africa. The event raised just over 1,900 and we donated £2,000 to the organisation. The money went to the Aberdeen Women's Centre in Freetown, Sierra Leone, which helps thousands of women each year to give birth safely.

In September we held another extremely successful SMOATathon, where we heard a diverse selection of wonderful music. The event raised just over £2,000 and we gave nearly £3,000 to an organisation called Afrinspire. The project being supported was the build of two classrooms in North Uganda for South Sudanese refugees. Once thought to be a temporary solution, these classrooms will be permanent fixtures as the situation in Southern Sudan continues and refugees continue to flee their homeland.

In October we held our Annual Helier Dreux Quiz, always a crowd pulling and popular event. The event raised nearly £1,100 and we gave £1,500 to Faith in Action for a project in Malawi, helping people who are currently surviving from scavenging on a rubbish dump. The project aims at helping people to set up small businesses which will enable them to earn a sustainable living and, therefore, move away from the rubbish dump. The money we sent will help to build two new businesses.

Each year we also give money raised through regular giving. Regular giving is vital to us and last year accounted for 23% of our annual income. We use it to top up money raised at fund raising events and after much research, we give money to several carefully considered organisations. In 2019, we gave £1,000 to Village Water for percussion drilling kits in Zambia; £1,000 to Itimbera Trust in Uganda for rainwater harvesting tanks; £1,500 to Village Water in Mozambique for drilling equipment; and £1,400 to Chase Africa in Kenya for medical equipment.

We are a small charity. Compared to the likes of Oxfam and Water Aid, etc, we are tiny. Each year we give away around £20,000. However, every single penny we send to our projects is accounted for. Our running costs are minimal, usually only paying for our insurance cover, which is a legal requirement. We insist on reports and photos from organisations, showing where the money we send has gone. Therefore, you can be absolutely certain that if you give money to SMOAT, all of your money will go to the project it is aimed at.

Thank you once again for your enormous generosity and support during 2019. It will most certainly have saved lives, changed lives and given people the chance to live their lives out of poverty.



Barbara Perkins

News from the Church of England

Adapted from the article by Bishop Stephen Cottrell, Archbishop of York Designate, originally published in the Daily Telegraph on Tuesday 12 May 2020.

Read the article on the Daily Telegraph website.

During the coronavirus crisis, the Church of England has been accused of vacating the public square or of being absent. It was even implied that the decision to close churches for public worship was made by the Church, not the Government. Of course it wasn't. The church is following Government guidance. Since we are in the middle of the biggest public health crisis in a century it is incumbent on all of us to do the same. With regard to the main charge – the church's absence – I simply do not recognise it. The Church of England has been astonishingly present, albeit in many new and remarkable ways.

To test my hypothesis, I contacted a handful of clergy in the Chelmsford diocese where, until recently, I was the bishop. I asked them what they had been doing during the lockdown. Within moments I heard stories of a church in Ilford that has set up a daily food distribution point in the pub car park. This church is also working with refugees and asylum seekers. In Coggeshall, in rural North Essex, a telephone visiting service has been set up as well as telephone sermon and prayer lines. They have put baskets of home-made butterflies – a symbol of the resurrection – in the churchyard so that those taking their daily walk could attach them to a large wooden cross erected outside the porch. In Chelmsford, a brand new church that doesn't even have a building yet, has started a Zoom Bible study group. The local foodbank wouldn't exist without them. In Colchester, the parish priest has produced YouTube assemblies.

These stories are being replicated up and down the country. Most astonishing of all, plenty of churches report very large numbers of people joining their streamed services. One bishop, who used to pray on his own each morning, now tells me he is joined online by many others every day.

Then there are the funerals we are taking –and the amazing work of healthcare chaplains. Is all this a shocking absence? With the greatest respect to those who are saying otherwise, I wonder whether they are making that most basic of all mistakes in the Easter season. They are looking for Jesus in the wrong place.

Of course, we long for our church buildings to reopen. But when they do, it won't be business as usual – partly because we are discovering new ways of serving our communities. Even when we do return to the sacred, beautiful space of our church

buildings, with all their vital and much-missed resonances of continuity, I believe the Church of England will emerge from this stronger than it has been for a long while.

It is not one thing or the other. It is not in a building or online. We want to do both. When it is safe, we will. From this week, clergy will again be streaming services from their churches. But we learned ages ago that the best way to proclaim the gospel is to live it out. Those who see it are those who have eyes to see it.

As usual, this is most likely to be the poor, the sick, the isolated and the vulnerable. They are well aware of the church's presence with them at the moment. Ask the woman whose only contact with the outside world is a telephone call from the Vicar. Or the family who are kept afloat by YouTube posts. Or those whose only food this week comes from the foodbank run by the local church. Or the bereaved whose loved ones' funeral is being taken this week.

All these people recognise Jesus in what they receive. What they are hearing and receiving is a prophetic message about how we can become a better, fairer nation, and the practical expression of that vision through the care of God's Church. Of course we could do more. Of course we've probably made some mistakes. But to sneer that we are doing nothing or have vacated the territory is just wrong.

Finally, might it be better if, as well as being a little kinder to each other, we also looked a little harder to see where God is actually at work through his Church. Then we might see a stronger and more servant-hearted church emerging from this global crisis.

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Environmental News

Could seaweed save the Earth?

Seaweed, whether you associate it with walking along the beach or wrapped around your favourite sushi, could be the superpower to help solve some of the world's ecological issues.

Australian Professor Tim Flannery identified three major functions of seaweeds:

- it can be used as the food of the future,
- it can help clean up pollution from waterways and restore biodiversity, and
- can mitigate the effects of climate change.

If that wasn't enough, it can also provide a green alternative to plastic.

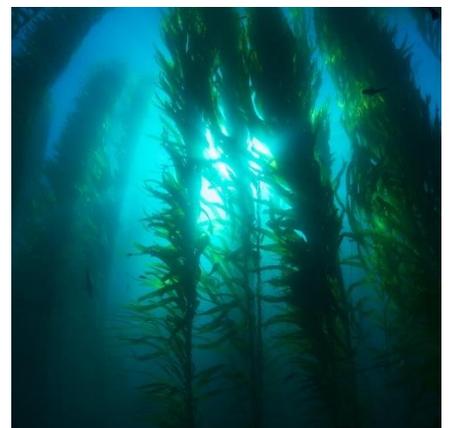
Humans have used seaweed for thousands of years to eat, farm and as fertiliser, and today it is anticipated that it will reach a global market size of \$22.13 billion by 2024.

Seaweed as food

Seaweed is a sustainable food and it is also considered a superfood. There are several varieties, over 10,000 and sea vegetables are full of nutrients. Coming in a multitude of colours, textures, shapes and sizes, all types contain a rich supply of minerals, most prominently calcium, copper, iodine and iron. They are also rich in protein, fibre and vitamins, specifically vitamin K and folic acid, while being low in calories and fat.

Seaweed to clean up pollution

Climate change is impacting the ocean as carbon dioxide dissolves in water and makes it more acidic. This impacts the growth of coral reefs and sea animals. Research has shown that seaweed can absorb carbon dioxide through photosynthesis and reverse the effects of acidification in the oceans.



Seaweed to offset climate change

Research shows that cattle which eat seaweed as part of their diet have reduced methane levels, studies have shown an effect with cows and sheep. In addition, an Irish study, soil with seaweed fertiliser produces better quality produce.



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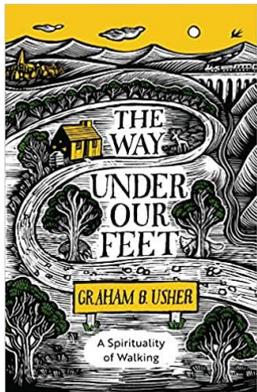
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Book Review

This month we review: *The Way Under Our Feet: A Spirituality of Walking*



In *The Way Under Our Feet*, by the Rt Revd Graham Usher, the Bishop of Norwich, it conveys how exhilarating it is to walk into the depths of our humanity. We become more ready to recognize the needs as well as the joys of others; we sift our thoughts; we seek to heal our battered world, even as we glory in the beauty of nature; we find ourselves accompanying, with our three mile an hour, God.

Usher celebrates his passion for walking by exploring religious texts and stories, through them all, we learn why walking is so unspeakably good for heart, soul and body.

Social distancing has become the catchphrase of the moment. We're being told to stay indoors, and only venture out if needs must. We are denied the opportunity to greet a friend with a handshake, hug a relative or share a cup of coffee indoors with a neighbour. Yes, we can go out for a walk, but social distancing makes chance conversations unlikely; so many of us find ourselves walking alone.

But as **Bishop Graham Usher** explains, that need not be the case, because God can be there right beside us, if we care to look up from our feet and see Him. And as if being a Bishop was not qualification in itself to tell us this, Graham has walked countless

miles himself, sometimes as an observant ecologist, often as a pilgrim and always as a man clearly in touch with humanity.

This book is not jam-packed with biblical references – it contains just enough to support the points being made. Wasn't that how Jesus set out to change lives too, by illustration rather than battering us with chapter and verse? Although not a history of walking, I did learn that the word saunter literally means to be seeking the Holy Land, or Sainte Terre. The word probably dates from the 14th century.

To set out on a pilgrimage of any kind is to take a risk, or at least, that was the case in ancient times. In a chapter aptly titled 'going', Graham writes about a very modern risk he encountered when walking the pilgrim's path from Becket's birthplace in London to Canterbury where he was martyred. While Graham had the foresight to pack in his rucksack a bottle of Prosecco, to celebrate with his companions their arrival at Canterbury Cathedral, he had overlooked the fact that drinking within the Cathedral Close is forbidden and was jokingly threatened with arrest by a precinct police officer.

But let me end where you can begin. Graham describes how, when he is leaving a place to move on the pastures new, he takes a 'slow walk of remembrance', alone among the graves of those whose funerals he has conducted. Why don't you visit your local churchyard when next you go out to take some exercise? Walk among the dead who lay there and allow God to join you as you stroll through the long grass in the Spring sunshine.

Book Review adapted from the original by Robert Ashton of Network Norfolk.

What makes us who we are?

Let me confess at once that I do not know the answer to the question, "what makes us who we are?". All I can manage below is a list of factors which may influence our development. However, I am hopeful that amongst our readers there are those who know the answer and that I can look forward to reading their views in future editions of this magazine.

A cynic might respond to this question by listing your National Insurance Number, the numbers and security passwords for your bank accounts and perhaps the voice recognition by the Revenue-Customs. Without this necessary information it's hard to get any acknowledgement that you exist at all. Maybe so, but I had in mind what forms our personalities.

Genes and upbringing, nature and nurture, must provide most of the answers to the question. Just as well too for we can be blamed for neither. Genes have attracted much attention, and studies of twins, for example, have shown similarities which cannot be derive from upbringing. Grandchildren must cringe at the thought that about 25% of their gene pool comes from grandad. Upbringing appears to be more complex encompassing many factors.

First must be the care received in the family varying from the benevolent to the dominant. In childhood, were they given full reign to their predilections or, at the other extreme, treated as an extension of a parent's personality? Street children may have different responses to those who grew up in a sheltered environment. Or children may be sent away to school full time to advance their education and other qualities from the institution. Children who spend most time on computers and mobile phones may have different values form those who do not.

Education takes up much of the waking hours of childhood. Learning to read and write exerts a powerful influence on development. Those in poor countries place a high value on education as a means of moving out of poverty. Education later refined from choices on Science, Arts or the humanities may determine a career path. Perhaps the sciences develop the powers of reasoning whilst the arts powers of constructive imagination.

Religious upbringing and later education and church attendance exerts a profound influence on spiritual development which continues long after maturity.

But when one has finished with all these seemingly determinate influences how does one account for huge differences in such qualities as determination, application, commitment, loyalty and so on?

Does any of this matter? We are all unique. Why not leave it there? Well, we all consciously or not, practice choice and employers, in particular, are prepared to expend much effort and resources on choosing those who they believe fit best the requirements of a job.

Selection processes have changed remarkably over the years. At one time the top men thought they could best make a judgement of who was fit for their purposes. Perhaps they were looking for someone like themselves or what they thought were themselves, or what they think they were like at an earlier age. In the Second World War there was a shortage of officer material (as well as much else) and the War Office Selection Board (WOSBY) was thought to be such a success that afterwards the Civil Service Selection Board (CSSB) with its tests and extended interviews was developed from it. As psychology grew in acceptance so new tests of intelligence and personal qualities were devised and operated. Today I believe many recruitment processes are almost entirely by tests taken on the internet. But they all aim to match the perceived qualities required for the job with an assessment of the suitability of candidates. For that they need to find out who they are selecting and what makes them what they are.

So, what makes us what we are remains elusive. Perhaps in our own case we think we know what has made us. Or perhaps we would like to try it all over again and hope to make a better fist of it. Having reached the position of what we are, what are the prospects for change for the better?

An archdeacon once told me that if he did not believe someone could change it would undermine his faith.

A prison chaplain once explained to me that if a child were brought up with 4 conditions out of a defined seven, then it was almost certain he would end up in court. Similarly, a friend who was a senior probation officer, wrestled with what he saw as his function to enable his clients to stay within the law and hopefully revise their moral values. This when their circumstances were often of the most difficult. He resolved this by reasoning that all his clients valued their freedom and that if they wanted to exercise free will, then they had to take responsibility for their actions whatever and in spite of their circumstances. This was quite a hard conclusion from someone who was to become a priest, but he worked hard with his clients to get them to see their choices in another light. I suppose his answer to the question, what makes me who I am, and how could he could change, the answer he would expect would be "I will."

Harry Ingram

Beautiful local walks

With lockdown and the beautiful weather, we have had the perfect opportunity to explore our local area on foot. We are very lucky to have such lovely countryside and woodlands within close proximity to our homes.

With picnics in hand, in the last few weeks we have been exploring and I wanted to share a few of the best with you.

Limpsfield – Peter Rabbit’s Post Office

A beautiful woodland walk with some interesting and fun structures such as Hedgehog Hall, pictured. Fox’s Villa and Badger’s Barracks. On a hot sunny day, the shade of the tree offers some respite from the sun. This is a bit of a drive away and the car park is small so it is best to go early.



Banstead Woods – Narnia walk

Hidden amongst the trees you’ll find the White Witch, Aslan and the Wardrobe. The beautiful wooden sculptures are a real treat. This is a short walk and lovely way to spend an hour.

Gatton Park – Millennium Stones

Closer to home, at Gatton Park the Millennium Stones, which were erected in 2000 to celebrate 2000 years since Christ’s birth are on a 2 mile Discover Gatton circular walk. Having lived in the area for almost 10 years it is only in lockdown that I discovered them.



Redhill Common

The view from Redhill Common is as spectacular as Reigate Hill. You can see right across to Gatwick as well as the spire of St John’s Church. With benches to sit on, it is a lovely place to sit and take a breath. It also is not accessible by car so it is fairly quiet, with lovely woodland to explore as well as the open space of the common.

Reader recipes

Quinoa pancakes with berries

Ingredients:-

- 145g cooked quinoa
- 1 medium egg
- 2 medium egg whites
- 1 tablespoon of honey
- ½ tsp ground cinnamon
- ½ tsp of mixed spice
- Mixed berries
- 2 tsp of coconut oil

Method:-

1. Whizz up the quinoa, egg, egg whites, honey and cinnamon in a liquidiser until smooth.
2. Heat the coconut oil in a frying pan over a medium heat.
3. Spoon large spoonfuls of batter into the pan and cook for 1 minute.
4. Flip and cook for another 30 seconds.
5. Take off the heat and serve with the berries and mixed spice.



This recipe serves one, increase the amounts to serve more people and add other toppings as you wish. They go nicely with natural yoghurt also.

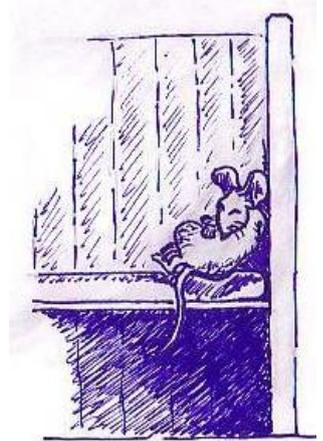
This recipe is adapted from the Joe Wicks 90-day plan. We would really like to hear from you with your favourite recipes. It really can be anything. Please email them to magazine@stmarksreigate.co.uk.

Candlemouse Returns

*Another Tale about a Church Mouse for younger readers
Written by Sarah Cousins and illustrated by Roger Lloyd*

"Amy and Charlie's Baptism"

Hello, it's me again, Candlemouse. I live in St. Mark's church near the railway station in Reigate. I'm as small and as quiet as a mouse can be, so most people don't notice me, which gives me plenty of time to see them and the things that they do!



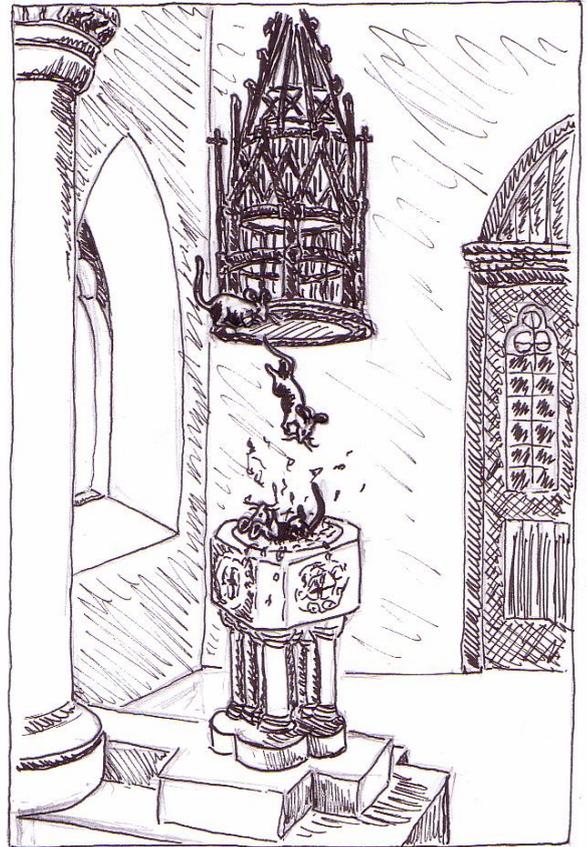
Have you ever been to a ***baptism***? If you can't remember ask your mum and dad. They will be able to tell you if you were baptised when you were very small. To baptise someone means that they are either dipped in water or have water poured over them when they join the church as a follower of Jesus. You can be very young or very old, it doesn't matter as long as you promise to follow Jesus. Because I live in the church I have seen many babies and children taken by their parents to the back of the church to be baptised in the big stone basin which is called a ***font***.

At Amy and Charlie's baptism there were lots of people. Everyone in their family had come to see them be baptised. Amy was three years old and Charlie was only eight months old and because they were both quite young, they had ***godparents*** to help with the promises. Parents and godparents promise to help their child or godchild to grow up knowing about Jesus and his way of living. They also have to promise to fight evil. Do you remember the BBR? [New readers will have to find last month's magazine to read that story.]

I watched their baptism from a secret place above their heads. Can you guess where? Yes! I was lying on my tummy on the wooden cover

for the font which hangs from the ceiling. First the vicar signed the sign of the cross on their foreheads with holy oil. I had a splendid view of the vicar holding first Amy then Charlie and scooping up water with a shell then pouring it on their heads. When they had been dried off with a towel they were each given a candle to remind them to "**walk in the light**" which means to let God keep on showing you his goodness and to follow Jesus' way of living.

Then they all went to the front of the church to put their candles down. That is when I slipped and fell, all the way from the top of the cover into the font! There was quite a splash, but no one heard it because they were all too busy clapping for Amy and Charlie. I kept on swimming, but I knew I could never climb out of the font on my own. At last one of the **sides people**, who take care of all sorts of things during a service, saw me. She scooped me out and put me on a warm kneeler to dry out. What a narrow squeak!



*Story and prayer copyright of Sarah Cousins
and illustrations copyright of Roger Lloyd.*

Let's pray

Lord, may I come to the baptism?

May I join in the party?

Move from the dark into the splendid light of your presence?

May my wrongdoing be washed away leaving me in a white pure dress,
Sparkling from head to toe in the joy of the angels over the hundredth lamb.

Jokes and Quotes

Paraprosookians

- Where there's a will, I want to be in it.
- Since light travels faster than sound, some people appear bright until you hear them speak.
- If I agreed with you, we'd both be wrong.
- Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.
- To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.
- I didn't say it was your fault, I said I was blaming you.
- In filling out an application, where it says, "In case of an emergency, notify..." I answered "a doctor."
- You do not need a parachute to skydive. You only need a parachute to skydive twice.
- You're never too old to learn something stupid.

PUZZLES

June Sudoku Challenge

1	5							
					6	4		
	3	6		2	9	1		
	7			1	2			
8	9						4	1
			3	9			2	
		7	9	4		2	3	
		5	7					
							8	6

May Sudoku Solution

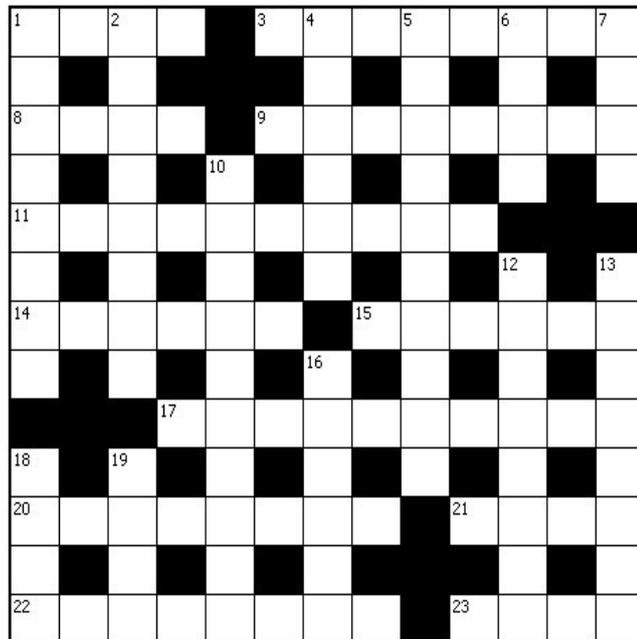
8	2	1	6	5	3	9	4	7
6	5	9	1	7	4	3	2	8
7	3	4	8	2	9	6	1	5
5	4	3	9	1	7	2	8	6
2	6	7	5	4	8	1	3	9
9	1	8	3	6	2	5	7	4
4	7	5	2	9	1	8	6	3
1	8	6	4	3	5	7	9	2
3	9	2	7	8	6	4	5	1

June Crossword

Biblical references are from the New International Version

Across

- 1 See 23 Across
- 3 Where the thief on the cross was told he would be, with Jesus (Luke 23:43) (8)
- 8 Invalid (4)
- 9 Blasphemed (Ezekiel 36:20) (8)
- 11 Adhering to the letter of the law rather than its spirit (Philippians 3:6) (10)
- 14 Shut (Ecclesiastes 12:4) (6)
- 15 'This is how it will be with anyone who — up things for himself but is not rich towards God' (Luke 12:21) (6)
- 17 Mary on Isis (anag.) (10)
- 20 Agreement (Hebrews 9:15) (8)
- 21 Native of, say, Bangkok (4)
- 22 Deaf fort (anag.) (5-3)
- 23 and 1 Across 'The Lord God took the man and put him in the Garden of — to work it and take — of it' (Genesis 2:15) (4,4)



Down

- 1 Struggle between opposing forces (Habakkuk 1:3) (8)
- 2 James defined this as 'looking after orphans and widows in their distress and keeping oneself from being polluted by the world' (James 1:27) (8)
- 4 'The one I kiss is the man; — him' (Matthew 26:48) (6)
- 5 'Be joyful in hope, patient in — , faithful in prayer' (Romans 12:12) (10)
- 6 St Columba's burial place (4)
- 7 Swirling current of water (4)
- 10 Loyalty (Isaiah 19:18) (10)
- 12 'God was pleased through the foolishness of what was — , to save those who believe' (1 Corinthians 1:21) (8)
- 13 Camp where the angel of the Lord slew 185,000 men one night (2 Kings 19:35) (8)
- 16 'There is still — — — Jonathan; he is crippled in both feet'(2 Samuel 9:3) (1,3,2)
- 18 David Livingstone was one (4)
- 19 Driver and Vehicle Licensing Authority (1,1,1,1)

ANSWERS

Across

- 1 Care 3 Paradise 8 Null 9 Profaned 11 Legalistic 14 Closed 15 Stores 17 Missionary
- 20 Covenant 21 Thai 22 Trade-off 23 Eden

Down

- 1 Conflict 2 Religion 4 Arrest 5 Affliction 6 Iona 7 Eddy 10 Allegiance 12 Preached
- 13 Assyrian 16 A son of 18 Scot 19 DVLA

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