



St Mark's Parish Magazine

November 2020

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Your Views & Contributions

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LETTER FROM THE VICAR

Dear Friends,

November is a month of remembering. We remember our own loved ones departed on All Souls' Day and we remember those who made the ultimate sacrifice in war for our freedom on Remembrance Sunday. These events remind us of times of change in the past, but also help us to reflect on change in our lives today.



Change can be difficult and challenging for most of us. 2020 has been a challenging and different year to the one we possibly had planned, and we still do not know how the rest of it will pan out in the shadow of the pandemic. Whatever happens in our own lives, the church, and even in the world we are all going to face change at some point or other. Change can be a difficult thing to face and we may resist it at all costs. It may be that we go along with the changes but do so grudgingly, constantly looking back at how things were before. In this way we never really move on. We miss out on the new opportunities that could be exciting or help us to grow and flourish personally or as a community.

However, there is another way, and that is to embrace the changes and challenges to be faced. To accept that, with help, we may gradually adapt to the changes, rise to the challenges, and see them as a good thing, both personally and for the community around us. Sometimes we can see that change needs to occur in ourselves or the world, but we cannot necessarily see the way forward to bring about the changes or rise to the challenges. Our lives and the world around us continue to develop and change at a rapid pace especially at this current time. We can be left feeling that something is missing, or our lives are unfulfilled. That 'something' we or those around us are searching for is not found in the material world.

Jesus said to his disciples the night before he died, as they too faced change and uncertainty, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life" (John 14.6). Jesus is saying that he is the way to God. That through him we see what God is like, and how God wants us to be. That by following him we can come into God's presence and find true life. Life that is everlasting and will sustain us whatever changes or challenges we face. Jesus is saying that in him, in God, we find that 'something' we are searching for that completes our lives.

With all the changes and challenges we may face as time goes on, let us remember that we do so together as a church and a community, as friends and neighbours. May we also give thanks to God that we do not approach them in our own strength, but in knowing that the ever present and loving God is there beside us and walking with us as we journey together, and as we face the changes and challenges given to us.

With my best wishes

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

Decisions

The trouble with life is that we have so many decisions to make, thousands every day. Do I get up, or lie in bed? Do I turn my head to the left, or to the right? Do I work now or relax, or perhaps pray? Do I go to church on Sunday or not?

How good it is when there is no option. As a family going to church on Sunday was our custom, so we didn't have that decision to make each week. In a restaurant to have to choose from a menu I find so difficult, whereas if we are served with a meal in a home we only have the decision as to whether to eat it or not. When we have too many choices in a situation we may avoid the issue altogether.

Jesus told a story about decisions that had to be taken. The king was giving a marriage feast. That must have been a superb occasion and those who were invited to such a joyful feast were very lucky.

Of course there may have been disadvantages in having such an invitation. They had to decide to give up their time, and no doubt their money for a suitable gift. Sadly they decided to go to work on the farm or at the office rather than go to that happy feast. St Luke's version of the story said that one had bought a field and must go to see it, one had bought 5 yoke of oxen and had to go to examine them, and one said he had married a wife and so couldn't come. Perhaps she hadn't been invited and didn't want her new husband to go without her.

The things that made those guests deaf to the invitation were not necessarily bad in themselves. After all, to work conscientiously is good and to care for one's wife's feelings is good, too. We did not hear that these guests were diverted to immoral adventures, like the prodigal son.

It is easy to be so busy with the things of time that we forget the things of eternity; we are so pre-occupied with the things that are seen, that we forget the things that are unseen; we hear so insistently the things of the world, that we can't hear the soft invitation of the voice of Christ. The tragedy of life is that it is the 2nd best which shuts out the best, the things that are good in themselves that shut out the things that are supreme. We can be so busy making a living that we fail to make a life; so busy with the administration and organisation of life that we can forget life itself.

The sad thing for those guests who would not come to the King's wedding feast was not that they were punished but that they missed the joy that might have been theirs had they accepted the invitation.

So others were invited, strangers from the streets, both good and bad people. And according to St Luke, the poor and maimed, the blind and the lame and when they weren't enough to fill the places at the feast people were invited from the highways and the hedges.

Then we heard how the King treated the guest who was not wearing a wedding robe. He was bound hand and foot and cast into outer darkness. I feel sorry for him. I have often had a dream that I appear at some special occasion without the proper clothes on, on parade in the Navy without my cap or on the way to the office without my trousers on. These were nightmares but I had one happy dream just 9 nights before my son Andrew's wedding. In my dream I was talking to my father about the wedding and how happy it would be. My father and mother had died 2 years earlier but he seemed so happy and well in my dream. However the dream came to a sudden halt with a question from my father: "But how can I come to the wedding when you are wearing my suit?" You see I had inherited his top hat and tails which fitted me perfectly. At the wedding itself I believe my father and my mother, although no longer alive, were with us in spirit at the wedding.

One summer I was driving to Devon for our annual Sea Cadet camp and was about halfway there when I realised I had come without my trousers on. In case you are wondering I was dressed in shorts on that hot day, but the evenings can be cold so I had to buy a cheap pair of trousers en-route at a town I passed through.

Many people, and perhaps young people in particular, will say "What does it matter what I wear? It's what's underneath that matters, what sort of person we really are." But we don't go out to dinner in our painting or gardening clothes, because it would show no respect for our host.

At a church service in the Cook Islands all the ladies were wearing the most beautiful hats. Jenny had no hat to wear so she apologised to the Churchwarden for being hatless. He just replied "It's not what's on your head that matters, it's what's in your heart!" a very understanding man.

So if we accept Christ's invitation to come to church as Christians to his feast or supper we must be clothed in a new purity and when we approach Christ in Church or in our prayers, we must wear garments, of expectation, humble penitence, faith and reverence. In the words of St Paul:

"Whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, and whatever is gracious. If there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things."

And, as we take our thousands of decisions day by day, may we have God's guidance to make, not the 2nd best choice, not just the choice that is good but the choice that is supreme and pay attention, not just to the things of time, but of eternity.

Ian Archer

Church News

Revd. Reg's Ordination

It was a great privilege for me to be present at Reg's Ordination on 17 October 2020 at St Mary's, as numbers were severely restricted. It was a moving service where 5 deacons in the Croydon Episcopal Area were ordained Priest by Bishop Jonathan. The new Archdeacon of Croydon, the Venerable Dr Rosemarie Mallett was the preacher and appropriately for Reg she spoke of feet. Many were able to watch the service online so that we were surrounded by a greater, unseen congregation.



On Sunday 18 October, St Luke's Day, the Patron Saint of health workers, Reg presided at the Eucharist for the first time at St Mark's. The preacher was the Revd Canon Andrew Cunnington, the Vicar of St Matthew's Redhill, the parish where Reg had been a member prior to his ordination. Our live streaming of this service let us down as there was a problem with our internet connection, but a recording of the service was put online afterwards.

The challenges of live streaming are immense. Recently we have had a quotation to install appropriate equipment and this will cost nearly £20,000, money we simply cannot spend at this time, despite the importance of this ministry. Whilst we seek funding opportunities, we have to rely on "amateur" low grade equipment not really designed for the task, but this can cause failures and poor quality at times and frequent failures. We want to give of our best in all we do to honour God, so please pray that we will find a way of funding new technology so that everyone who wants to access worship at St Mark's can do so.

We are delighted that Reg is now ordained Priest and look forward to him leading us in prayer and worship over the coming months and years in St Mark's and through our developing online presence.

Fr Martin

Annual Parochial Church Meeting

At the recent meeting the following were elected to the offices shown:

Churchwarden:

Louise Wallis and Benjamin Read

Deputy Warden:

Jane Artis and Timothy Warren

Parochial Church Council:

Patricia Bird and Melanie Crighton
(Leaving one vacancy un-filled)

Deanery Synod Representatives:

Four vacancies were left unfilled. As the next Annual meeting is likely to take place within the next six months it was decided to leave this in abeyance until that time or for the new PCC to elect representatives.

Terrence F Hancock
PCC Secretary

Angela Alabaster

Angela Alabaster was an active and involved member of St Mark's for over 40 years. Here is an abridged version of what I said in a tribute to her at her funeral.

Angela was one of life's special people. When I think of her I think of her smile, her warmth, her kindness and generosity and her strength of character. She was able to get excited and enthusiastic about all manner of things, and that is a rare and infectious attribute. She would enthuse about her supportive family, William Blake, her boxer dogs, and of course not least her outstanding collection of works of art.

Angela had a sense of fun and adventure, she loved to travel, and during her years of happy marriage to Adrian they went together to exotic places in many parts of the world. After Adrian's death, she continued travelling on her own. She thought nothing of going to Australia. In the 1990s she went twice to Romania with her friend Jane Blackadder to help with some of the unloved little children in orphanages suffering from AIDS. Jane remembers Angela sitting with one particular little boy, cradling and comforting him for an hour every day they were there. She had so much love to give.

I loved hearing about her time in Italy teaching. Or about Adrian's time in Malaya and at Reigate Grammar School. To their lasting sadness, they had no children of their own; but she was always interested in the lives of her friends' and her relations' children. I look back with the happiest memories of times we spent together talking, discussing our Christian faith, or exhibitions we might both have seen. This church and her Christian faith meant a lot to Angela. I remember her pleasing voice and reading the lesson with the most clear and intelligent delivery.

Angela was gentle, thoughtful, caring and above all gracious to the very end. She had to cope with dementia and even in that she was gentle and gracious. Now, after a long and interesting life, she is at peace. Our lovely friend will be sadly missed, and she will always stay in our hearts.

Sylvia Weatherald

From the Registers

The Recently Departed

We commend the following to Almighty God:

17 August 2020 Hilary Clegg

19 August 2020 Angela Alabaster

5 October 2020 Shirley Sims

14 October 2020 Jenny Archer

Memories of an Evacuee in World War II

I remember in the early days of the war "helping" to dig an underground brick built air raid shelter in the garden at Orpington and I remember after it was finished how there were puddles under foot in it whenever it rained.

Perhaps the most distressing thing that happened to me in early life was being separated from my father when my parents accepted the advice that any children with relations in the British Empire should be evacuated so they would not be in danger in the event of an invasion of the country. Because my mother had been born in New Zealand and had brothers in Australia and New Zealand they took the drastic and brave decision to send Paul (aged 2) and me (aged 7) to the other side of the world accompanied by my mother. My grandmother was already in New Zealand after the death of her husband, from Pneumonia after a fall running after a bus.

We said goodbye to my father at Waterloo Station, bound for Southampton and as I can read from my mother's 1st letters to my father, she said, "When we left Waterloo Ian was crying bitterly and I found in cheering him it did me good too." This was on 2nd July 1940 and we were to sail on the SS Orcades of the Orient Line. I still have an Orcades badge which no doubt I wore at the time. I have few memories of this, my first sea voyage, but we have a wonderful account by my mother in her letters to my father of this journey, which was accomplished without being part of a convoy but going as fast as possible (some 22 knots) zig-zagging to make ourselves less of a target for U-Boats. We had to carry our life-jackets all the time. We sailed via Gibraltar where my mother said we saw HMS Ark Royal. This was one that was later sunk in the Mediterranean but happily all of that ship's company being saved. It's strange to think I must have seen it with her and I have not only spent some 30 years helping the Reigate Sea Cadet unit, TS Ark Royal, and had the privilege with Jenny being present at the rededication of the most recent HMS Ark Royal by the late Queen mother in the year 2001, some 61 years later.

SS Orcades then proceeded to Cape Town and I think I remember seeing Table Mountain with its table cloth of mist draped over it. It is sad to read that this ship was sunk not far from Cape Town in 1942. If it had been sunk on our voyage none of our children or grandchildren would be here today! We then sailed for Perth, Adelaide and Sydney. Here we stayed for a while as my Uncle Harry and his wife lived there. Perhaps my mother was then hoping they would look after Paul and me while she would return to England – but it wasn't to be. (I didn't know about this possibility then, only recently on reading letters home written by my mother, which I now have.) However while we were in Sydney I first learnt to swim at the age of 7. Also I remember waking up to spy my mother filling my stocking on Christmas Eve. I didn't let her know I had seen her and I just felt so very grateful and warmed by the thought that in such a situation she was prepared to play the part of Father Christmas.

We were living in Neutral Bay, near the bridge in Sydney, from August 1940 to January 1941, some 5 months. At last, with much difficulty, my mother obtained accommodation for us all on the SS Monterey which sailed across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand, where Paul and I were to remain for the duration of the War.

As is clear from my mother's first letter to my father on leaving England, she was determined to return there to her husband as soon as she could arrange for our care on the other side of the world. Her second eldest brother, Fred and his wife Elsie became her next choice of carers and they lived at Lower Hutt, not far from Wellington. However I understand they were not happy to take on the responsibility of our care so after a month or so staying with Fred and Elsie and a little time with the Livings (the neighbours of my grandparents when my mother was born) for the remainder of the 7 months before my mother left we lived in a rented bungalow at 143 Marine Parade, Eastbourne. I was then a day boy at Wellesley College in the nearby Days Bay on the far side of Wellington Harbour opposite the City of Wellington. Ultimately Paul, aged 3, was adopted for the duration of the war by a Dr Barnett and his wife who lived near Wellington, while I became a boarder at Wellesley College. My grandmother, stayed for most of the war at the Eastbourne Hotel, not by any means a luxury hotel, about a mile away from my school. This was happy for me as I was able to meet her often on a Sunday afternoon when I was able to have tea with her.

The headmaster of my school was a strict teacher by the name of Stevens, nick-named by us as "Hoppy" because of his permanent limp which was because he had had polio as a boy. He was very strict, punishing us for our sins with a leather strap cut in 3 at its end. This, too, had a nick-name, "Waltzing Matilda". This was used to correct us when necessary, striking us on the hand, the thong sometimes wrapping round the back as it struck. We did not see this as cruel – we knew we deserved it. For instance, on one occasion several of us had built a camp in some bushes close to the school building and, wanting to light this up inside, we made an oil lamp which was placed on the ground in the middle of us all. Someone sadly kicked it over and the whole bush went up in flames. We knew we deserved to be punished, as we were. On one occasion one of us managed to capture "Waltzing Matilda" and threw it into an open fire. Unfortunately "Hoppy" spotted it and recovered his weapon and thereafter it was worse in its slightly cracked state. I have read that although his punishments didn't "hurt" him more than they hurt us, he did not enjoy inflicting corporal punishment and on retirement many years later he cut his strap into many pieces.

I never thought of "Hoppy" as sadistic or unfair – we deserved our punishments and our misdemeanours were soon forgotten when we had paid the price. We always knew if Hoppy was approaching because of the characteristic limp. In our dormitory where I slept, I had a glamorous photo of my mother and father on my bedside table, (this photo is in our lounge today). When Jenny and I visited the school in 1996 I could show her where in that room my bed was situated because, although it was no longer a boarding school, that part of the building was much as it had been over 50 years before.

I remember my life at Wellesley as a happy one with some good friends. There was James Bronte, I think a great, great nephew of the Bronte sisters and he had inherited the talent for story telling which we all enjoyed in our dormitory when lights were out. Then there was Barrie Caruthers, a very inventive boy who made a cine projector out of a cereal packet with film he made from cellophane and he created a game of Monopoly out of discarded cardboard. I managed to contact him last year. He had made his fortune from inventions but had also for some time been a shepherd in the large expanses of New Zealand. Another great friend was Ross Mathieson, who unlike me was great at sports and later became head boy of the school. After the war both he and his brother, Roger, made their way to the UK. Ross had won a scholarship to an American University and came via the UK and Roger, who had suffered from the lasting effects of polio giving him a gammy leg, nevertheless had worked his passage on a ship to England as a steward. When Jenny and I went back to New Zealand in 1996 I had written to Ross to tell him we were coming but as he never answered my letters I didn't know if I had sent my letter to his right address. However when we got there he came up from behind and placed his hand on my shoulder to welcome me back these 51 years later. Then he lent us his only car for the bank holiday weekend to go to the Coromandel Peninsular. During that visit I also visited Roger in a Nursing Home. He had been at my 21st birthday party all those years ago.

At the beginning of August 1941 my mother sailed for England in the Shaw Saville luxury liner, Dominion Monarch. I do not remember her departure but according to an earlier letter home she indicated it might be kinder for Paul and me not to say goodbye. There were only some 5 women on the ship amongst hundreds of Australian and New Zealand men who had volunteered to fight for the Allies in the War. They went through the Panama Canal and needed the women on board so that the neutral Panama Government would think it a passenger ship, not a troop ship. Although so many ships were sunk in the Atlantic that year by U Boats, the Dominion Monarch reached Britain safely. Had this not been so my sister Mary would not have been born 2 years later!

Between 1942 and 1945 the only way we could communicate with our parents was by letter, many of which we still have. The letters would take about a month to arrive. In emergency cables could be sent but there was no way we could speak to them by phone. On one occasion all refugees gathered in a government office in Wellington and each of the parents in England could, on that one occasion, say a few words on the radio to their children, so we heard their voice but could not reply. In this era now of rapid communication it seems strange to think how difficult it was then.

My father wrote superbly well, but so did my mother. Although her spelling was not her strong subject she often illustrated her letters with drawings which were delightful.

My holidays I spent partly at my grandmother's hotel in Eastbourne and I remember one birthday present I loved was a tennis racquet sent by my father and I practiced by hitting the tennis ball against the wall of the hotel. At school we played cricket and tennis in the summer and swam in the sea. In winter we played rugby, never soccer, but I never excelled in these organised sports. I have very vivid memories of the games of marbles we played. These were for keeps and we kept our marbles in small cotton bags with strings at their necks. Marbles were our form of currency and if on a winning streak the bag was quite full but in a bad run the numbers of marbles were only 2 or 3. We played circles, drawing a circle in the muddy flat ground and firing the marbles from outside the ring to try to knock our 2 and our opponents 2 out of the ring. Then we played "holeys" which was like golf. We had made small holes in the muddy ground and in turn tried to fire our marble so it went into the hole. Only then could we try to hit our opponent's marble to capture it. These were serious games. We also made tops from pieces of wood but I was not good at that.

I was a keen stamp collector at that time and I remember some lovely New Zealand stamps that had an extra penny or two on the price for health camps for children, perhaps a good way to collect money for charities. Sadly after the war my father gave me his stamp collection which was too large to absorb and I then lost interest. Many years later when my children were old enough I used to send them all the 1st day covers that were being produced in England, some of which are in our loft today.

Another wonderful present sent to me by my parents was an autograph album which had the signature of Winston Churchill, signed when Prime Minister of Great Britain during the War. (He didn't usually sign autographs but his daughter worshipped at St Barnabas, Pimlico and my other Grandmother asked her to ask her father for it, which surprisingly, she did.)

Other holidays during that time were spent with the Barnett family who had adopted my brother Paul and I recall good holidays camping with them and swimming in the river where we camped. Their own children were Jeremy and Sally and when in Wellington in 1996 I found a Dr Barnett in the phone directory and on ringing spoke to Jeremy after all those years. We were flying back to Auckland the next morning so he met us at the airport for a short spell recalling old times.

Whilst at Wellesley College I served in the choir of the local Anglican Church. The organist and choir mistress was Grace Herzog a lovely kind "old" lady. Once she invited some of us choir boys for tea in her little cottage up the hill behind the school. She showed us Boys Own books that had belonged to her sons and I only then learned that she had had no daughters but her husband and her four sons had all been killed in the 1st World War. I still have 2 books that she gave me before I left for England. In one of them she inscribed the words:

"Ian Archer from Grace Herzog with love and in remembrance of two years happy work. 29.4.45".

Strangely enough this date was Nana's birthday but more significantly it was exactly 16 years later to the day when I was married to my lovely wife, Jenny.

Years later I read the history of Wellesley College and found in an index a list of those at the school in those latter days of the war in Europe and, not only the names of some of

my friends but both Paul and I were mentioned in the index, too. (Paul had joined me as a boarder for a short time before we returned to England in 1945.)

Although my parents were so far away through those years I still had the love and support of my grandmother and I will always be grateful for that. I don't know how Paul remembered that time but his loss must have been greater than mine, being brought up by another family between the ages of 3 and 6, very impressionable years, and during that time he had a painful time in hospital with mastoid and he tells me that even in his short time at Wellesley College he broke his arm.

We both had our tonsils out, a bloody procedure at that time, and I had several teeth extracted at one time, I believe on the kitchen table, having to breathe in chloroform through a mask. I have ever since thought the dentist would hurt me when I went for treatment which is so different now. In those days the slow speed drill had wires on long arms that I watched as my teeth were slowly drilled.

Finally in 1945 I said goodbye to my New Zealand friends and, with my grandmother in charge of Paul and me, we set sail for England on the Shaw Saville liner, SS Wiawera, for England via the Panama Canal, stopping to refuel at Curacao. Nana was also responsible for a 13-year-old Julian Browne, son of Colonel Bill and Myra Browne. His father fought in the War whilst Myra lived in an ocean-going yacht "the Berenice" that was moored along the river frontage at Staines, Middlesex, where my parents lived. Just as Paul and I didn't meet our sister, Mary, till she was 2 years old, Julian didn't meet his brother William, whom she called "Wee-Wee" of the same age. Having returned with us to the UK Julian and William sailed with their parents in the Berenice or some other ocean going yacht all the way to New Zealand where Bill Brown bought an island in the Bay of Islands to live there. (In 1996 when Jenny and I went to New Zealand we were met by Julian's partner, Michele, in Auckland, but driven to the Bay of Islands and had some three days on Julian's ocean going yacht (called the "Myra B") fishing for marlin.)

So by the age of 12, I had circumnavigated the world by sea whereas Paul had achieved that by the age of 7. We were met by my parents at Avonmouth and, needless to say, they didn't look at all like the photo I had kept by my bed all those years. My father drove us back in his old Hillman Minx car to the bungalow they were then renting by the River Thames at Staines. We broke down on the way because the tyres were very old as new ones weren't available in the war and one had punctured. Mary was woken in her cot to meet her 2 brothers – we thought her a very pretty little baby girl.



Ian Archer

Fundraising

SMOAT@home

On Sunday 11 October, SMOAT held its first event since the end of January. We racked our brains to think of a COVID-friendly event, where we could reach out to all of our supporters, young and old, and then one of our committee members came up with an inspired idea – why not combine two of our events, a quiz and an afternoon tea and deliver them to people? And so, SMOAT@home was born!



On the morning of Sunday 11th, the Committee got together for the first time since lockdown. We masked, gloved and socially distanced and made around 150 scones. We also had two other lovely people who kindly made us some scones (thank you Tim and Adam). We then packed them all beautifully, together with a quiz, and delivered them to over 50 homes. It was a busy day but it was so lovely to see each other again and to organise a fund raising event. It gave people the opportunity to spend time with family and friends (albeit sticking to the rule of 6!) or to simply enjoy a cream tea in the comfort and safety of their own homes. I have had so many people thanking me for a lovely afternoon and it is very gratifying to hear such lovely comments.

However, it is even more gratifying to have raised over £900 towards our project! We are supporting a Faith in Action project in Malawi. Last year we supported two initiatives, providing loans to enable groups of people who have been living in a rubbish dump, to set up businesses and to move out of the rubbish dump for good. These projects have been very successful. Through SMOAT@home, we are supporting a third pioneering business - a trading centre. This business is based on a similar concept to UK charity shops but adapted to be appropriate for Africa. In this shop, families will raise funds by selling items which are no longer needed. These items are then available for sale in much the same way as we buy items in our charity shops. A commission of 20% is charged on each sale.

Through supporting SMOAT by buying a cream tea and sitting enjoying it at home, you will have most definitely made a huge difference to the lives of many people, giving

them a sustainable future away from the rubbish dump. Can you imagine how they must feel after being given this life-changing opportunity.

Thank you so much for your support.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL

At the moment, this is a work in progress. We have considered several worthy causes to benefit from our Christmas Appeal and we will shortly narrow it down to two.

We have booked a slot with Father Martin to launch the Appeal on **Sunday 22 November**. This year it will be different. We normally have a speaker at the 10am service. However, with circumstances as they are, this is not possible. However, we are arranging for at least one speaker to give a video presentation. As I said, it is very much a work in progress but please put the date in your diary, attend the service if you can and, if not, perhaps you could tune in to the recorded service. You can rest assured that we will be choosing two wonderful projects to benefit from donations made. This is our biggest fund raising event of the year. Please give us your support.

Thank you.

Barbara Perkins

Autumn

The majestic sadness of autumn
Brings the need for those winter clothes
And a fire for toasted crumpets:
A whisky to warm up the toes.

Yet the colours draw us to the country
To view Nature as she changes her clothes.
The busy robin reminds us that the birds too,
Even they, must strive for their lives.

As animals and plants adjust to the needs of to day
We are reminded that our lives too depend on more than play.
Ever changing Nature adapts as best as it can
But will it now mangle the strains imposed here by man?

Scientists tell us quite clearly that we have now gone too far
We must adjust radically our needs and our fancies
If we are not to create havoc and destroy what we are.
Anon

News from the Church of England

New resource published to encourage a shift in the Church's understanding of vocation

Work to encourage lay Christians to see their roles in daily life as a vital part of the ministry of the Church has been given support in a new report published this month by the Church of England.

Kingdom Calling sets out the theological basis for the roles that lay and ordained followers play in the ministry in the Church of England, and how these contribute to seeking God's transformation across society.

Programme Director for *Setting God's People Free*, Dr Nick Shepherd, said: "We hope Kingdom Calling will open deeper conversations on how the church supports a sense of calling and vocation for all Christians – for those who are key workers in our service industries, those who are leaders in business and those who see community involvement as their social vocation."

The Faith and Order Commission report gives theological backing to a greater emphasis on the role that Christians have in all spheres of life and calls for a stronger emphasis on such social vocations as part of the collective ministry of the Church.

The report builds on *Calling All God's People*, drawn up following the publication of *Setting God's People Free*, which received overwhelming support from the General Synod in 2017. This has seen an increased focus on the practical outworking of faith in everyday life as central to diocesan and church activities.

"We are seeing really encouraging signs that affirming the importance of following God in our everyday lives helps Christians to feel confident about their faith, and see where it is important in their day to day lives," said Dr Shepherd.

Bishop Martyn Snow, lead Bishop for Lay Ministry said: "When exploring lay ministry, it is so important that we keep a focus on the kingdom of God. The majority of ministry is done by Christians living out their everyday faith in all the varied contexts of their everyday life, and those who are commissioned by the church are called to enable the witness of the whole people of God. I am pleased that there is a growing body of literature exploring the theology of the ministry of all those who respond to the call of God."

Taken from the article:

<https://www.churchofengland.org/more/media-centre/news/new-resource-published-encourage-shift-churchs-understanding-vocation>

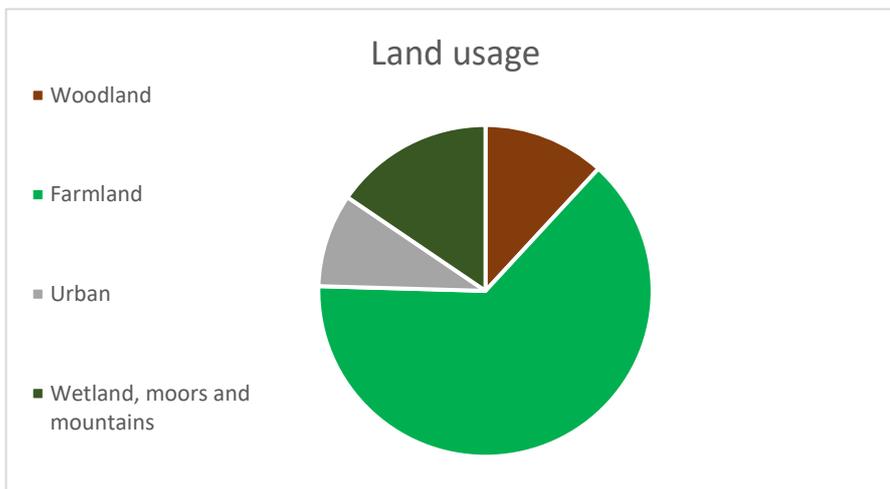
Environmental News

More trees please

Friends of the Earth (FOTE) is calling for the UK to double its tree coverage in the fight against climate change. Trees are essential for life and despite their importance the UK only has 13% tree coverage at present (that is compared to an EU average of 35%¹).



FOTE want to see more of the UK converted back to nature and natural woodland, so how is UK land consumption split at the moment?



FOTE want the UK to achieve a net zero emission by 2045 and also re-wild the habitat to support biodiversity.

Year after year human activity is destroying wildlife and their habits and a recent study by Swiss Re² has identified that some countries are at risk of their ecosystems collapsing.

This will impact their ability to provide clean water and air, food, timber, pollination, fertile soil and erosion control.

Planting trees is a first step in rewilding, which is defined as a progressive approach to conservation, letting nature take care of itself, allowing natural processes to take care of land³.

This is essential in restoring our country's habitat before it becomes too late and our natural resources become scarce.

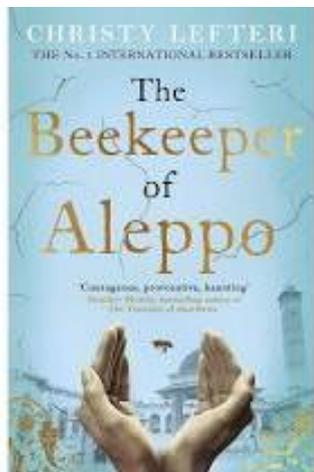
FOTE say we can help by signing the petition on their website and lobbying our local councils who own large stretches of land. See their website for more information.

Source:

- 1) <https://friendsoftheearth.uk/trees>
- 2) <https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2020/oct/12/fifth-of-nations-at-risk-of-ecosystem-collapse-analysis-finds>
- 3) <https://rewilding europe.com/what-is-rewilding/>

Book Review

This month we review: *The Bee Keeper of Aleppo* by Christy Lefteri



A friend recommended this book to me saying that if you read this you will see that refugees are just ordinary people like you and me. I read it and found that to be true. It gave me some understanding of how brutal a situation has to be before someone will give up their home and family and country in order to be safe, in order to survive. What I did not expect to discover was how dangerous and unutterably awful the journey to safety could be for families fleeing from danger. This story is about a couple who had the money to get themselves a flight for the last part of the journey at a very high personal cost.

Nuri is a bee keeper; his wife Afra an artist. They live happily in the beautiful Syrian city of Aleppo – until the unthinkable happens and they are forced to flee.

But what Afra has seen is so terrible she has gone blind, and they must embark on a perilous journey through Turkey and Greece towards an uncertain future in Britain. As Nuri and Afra travel through a broken world, they must confront not only the pain of their own unspeakable loss, but dangers that would overwhelm the bravest of souls. Above all and perhaps this is the hardest thing they face – they must journey to find each other again.

Written by someone who has had first-hand experience of working in a refugee centre in Athens, I thoroughly recommend this book to you if from the safety of your armchair, you wish to understand something of the plight of a refugee, a person like you and me who has to choose between death and life.

Thank you to Sarah Cousins for writing this month's book review. If you have a book review you would like to share, please get in touch: magazine@stmarksreigate.co.uk

Reader recipes

Teriyaki Salmon

Ingredients:-

- 3 tbsp dark soy sauce
- 1 ½ tsp brown sugar
- 2 tsp rice vinegar
- 1 tsp sesame seed oil
- 1 clove of garlic, peeled and crushed
- 15g of ginger, peeled and grated
- 1 salmon fillet
- 1 pak choi
- 50g of sugar snap peas
- Spring onions
- 1 red chilli, deseeded and finely chopped
- 1 tbsp of sesame seeds



Method:-

1. Whisk together 2 tbsp of soy sauce, the sugar, vinegar, half sesame oil, garlic and ginger.
2. Add the salmon to marinate for at least 20 minutes.
3. Pre-heat the grill on a high heat.
4. Drain the salmon and pour the rest of the marinade in a small saucepan. Bring to the boil and simmer for 5 minutes.
5. Lay salmon on a baking tray and grill for 7-8 minutes.
6. Meanwhile cook the pak choi and sugar snap peas in boiling water for 2 minutes.
7. Drain and serve veg and salmon with the marinade, spring onions, chilli and sesame seeds.

Serves 1 – multiple up the recipe to serve more.

This recipe was taken from Joe Wicks body coach plan – it is one of my favourites and so simple to make. 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.

Captain Kind Heart

Written by and copyright of Helen Starmer

This is the story of Captain Kind Heart and the Considerate Crew.
You may not have heard of them but here are some of the things that they do.

Sailing across the seven seas, they seek out those in trouble.
But instead of looting and pillaging, they help others in a muddle.

Instead of blasting cannons to knock ships out of the sea.
They make delicious cakes to share with their grannies for their tea.

There's Friendly Fred, and Manner's Maccaw, the most polite parrot you've ever seen.
And Caring Carl with his eye patch and black beard, is rarely ever mean.

Now Captain Kind Heart is on a mission, to make the world a better place.
To clean the oceans for marine life, his determination shows on his face.
He believes that all sea creatures should be happy, healthy and thrive.
Not wrapped in old fishing nets and struggling to survive.

Each day, he takes his ship out to complete his clean-up operation.
Collecting rubbish, the team works tirelessly without any chance of a vacation.
If amongst the waste there is a creature who is not himself.
With love, Caring Carl helps to nurse them back to health
He knows how to take care of all their simple needs.
Offering rest, medicine and healthy, regular feeds.

Captain Kind Heart is asking landlubbers to help him with his mission.
To join the crew you have to make one firm decision.
Say no to straws and bottles and all single use plastic.
And once again the oceans can be really quite fantastic.

Reduce, reuse and recycle, if you really must make waste.
Don't let our animals and sea creatures die out and be erased.
Because our rubbish doesn't belong in the oceans and the seas.
Think about your habits and be considerate please.

Do you have a story to share? Send it into magazine@stmarksreigate.co.uk.



"Wireless communication is nothing new.
I've been praying for 75 years!"

Puzzles

November Sudoku Puzzle

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

October Solution

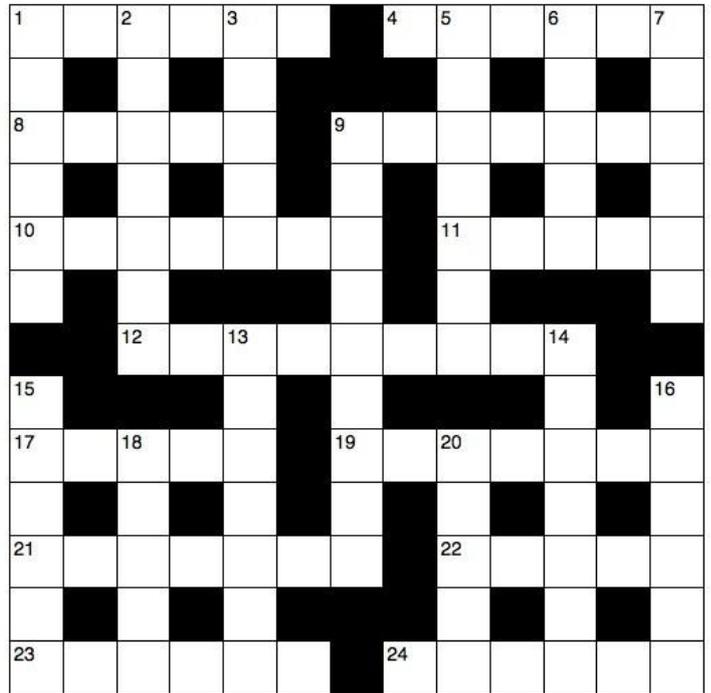
3	8	9	1	6	5	2	7	4
6	1	2	3	7	4	8	5	9
5	7	4	2	8	9	1	6	3
8	9	3	4	2	6	5	1	7
4	5	6	9	1	7	3	8	2
1	2	7	5	3	8	9	4	6
9	3	8	7	4	1	6	2	5
2	4	1	6	5	3	7	9	8
7	6	5	8	9	2	4	3	1

NOVEMBER CROSSWORD

Biblical references are from the New International Version

Across

- 1 'The Lord Jesus... took bread, and when He had given —, he broke it'
(1 Corinthians 11:24) (6)
- 4 'He has taken me to the banquet hall, and His — over me is love'
(Song of Songs 2:4) (6)
- 8 Surrey town that hosts the National Christian Resources Exhibition (5)
- 9 Also known as Abednego (Daniel 1:7) (7)
- 10 Liken (Isaiah 40:18) (7)
- 11 A son of Etam, descendant of Judah
(1 Chronicles 4:3) (5)
- 12 A part of the temple where the blood of a young bull was to be smeared
(Ezekiel 45:19) (9)
- 17 'They make many promises, take false — and 'make agreements' (Hosea 10:4) (5)
- 19 Roman province to which Paul returned after evangelizing it on his first missionary journey (Acts 16:6) (7)
- 21 Material used to make baby Moses' basket
(Exodus 2:3) (7)
- 22 'And feeble as —, in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail' (5)
- 23 'The watchman opens the gate for him, and the sheep — to his voice' (John 10:3) (6)
- 24 Stalk carrying the sponge of wine vinegar given to Christ on the cross (John 19:29) (6)



Down

- 1 Elijah dug one round the altar he built on Mount Carmel and filled it with water
(1 Kings 18:32) (6)
- 2 'I am not — of the gospel, because it is the power of God for the salvation of everyone who believes' (Romans 1:16) (7)
- 3 Buddhist term relating to belief in reincarnation (5)
- 5 Damascus disciple who, at God's command, restored the sight of the blinded Saul of Tarsus (Acts 9:12) (7)
- 6 and 16 Horses: their sound (Jeremiah 50:11) (5) and their gait (Joel 2:4) (6)
- 7 A three (anag.) (6)
- 9 Athenian council addressed memorably by Paul (Acts 17:22) (9)
- 13 Abide by (Galatians 3:5) (7)
- 14 Persian princes (Daniel 3:2) (7)
- 15 Force (Galatians 6:12) (6)
- 16 See 6 Down (6)
- 18 Paste (anag.) (5)
- 20 How the cedars of Lebanon are described (Isaiah 2:13) (5)

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 1 Deacon 4 Appear 7 Wits 8 Heavenly 9 Argument 13 Mob 16 Broken-hearted 17 Ran 19 Suddenly 24 Obstacle 25 John 26 Enable 27 Market

DOWN: 1 Dawn 2 Afternoon 3 Nehum 4 Again 5 Prey 6 All to 10 Users 11 Ephod 12 Trace 13 Metalwork 14 Body 15 Eber 18 Alban 20 Uncle 21 Dream 22 Stab 23 Gnat

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