

St. Hilda's Newsletter

October 2023



What a Wonderful Day!

My 90th birthday was on Saturday, 19th August and started at 7.00 am with my five grandchildren hanging balloons and other decorations in the garden, in the house, and on the front door.

During the week my family, apart from one son, arrived from California, Belfast, Durham, and Herefordshire so we were quite a full house by Saturday with sleeping bags and blow-up mattresses everywhere.

On Saturday morning, the girls took over the kitchen and the boys collected various tables and chairs from friends and neighbours and arranged them in the garden. We were so lucky to have a lovely sunny day and the afternoon was spent with 31 friends and family, chatting away in the garden during which a beautiful bouquet of flowers arrived from the family of St Hilda's, for which I thank you all very much indeed. The biggest surprise of all, however, was when my son, David, arrived from California without telling me he was coming (although the rest of the family knew!). I wondered why they were delaying cutting the birthday cake!

During the past week they have been leaving in dribs and drabs and I now have the house to myself and am beginning to deal with the mountain of laundry!

It was indeed a Wonderful Day.

Marion Scholar

Belated happy birthday, Marion. We wish you health and happiness for now and the future.

Editor

Margaret Perry

Several people have asked me about Margaret Perry who is now in a care home in Old Woking. She has been there for four months and her daughter tells me that she is happy there, although very muddled. She has made friends with another resident and has found her feet and a little niche for herself. She also corrects some of the carers' English, so you will see that once a teacher always a teacher! I have her address if anyone would like it.

Marion Scholar

St Hilda's Entertainers - Jack and the Beanstalk

Now that we are well and truly into Autumn we can all look forward to St Hilda's Entertainers' Pantomime, which this year is *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Performances are at St Hilda's Church Hall on:

Friday 1st December at 7.45pm,

Saturday 2nd December at 2.30pm and 7.00pm,

Friday 8th December at 7.45pm,

Saturday 9th December at 2.30pm and 7.00pm.

Tickets at £12 (concessions £10) can be bought via the Entertainers' website: www.sthildasentertainers.com or by phoning 0333 666 3366.

As always, St Hilda's Entertainers look forward to thoroughly entertaining you, your family, and friends with a fun-packed show suitable for all ages.

Mike Davenport

Hatton Musical Theatre - Oliver!

The Hatton Musical Theatre, previously known as The Hatton Operatic Society, are performing again in October half term.

This year's show is Lionel Bart's ever-popular musical *Oliver!*. Based on the Charles Dickens novel *Oliver Twist*, the story is brought thrillingly to life by superb singing and dancing. You will know and love the songs, including *Food, Glorious Food, Where is Love, Consider Yourself*, and *As Long As He Needs Me* among many others.

Two of our choir members feature, Nick Gething as Dr. Grimwig and Mike Davenport as Mr. Brownlow, with Nick's daughter Siân and Mike's grand-daughter Daisy in the chorus.

Performances are at the Rhoda McGaw Theatre, Woking, from Wednesday 25th to Saturday 28th October at 7.30pm, with a matinée on Saturday at 2.30pm. Tickets at £18 can be bought via WWW.ATGTICKETS.COM/SHOWS/OLIVER/RHODA-MCGAW-THEATRE-WOKING or by phoning 0333 009 6690.

Come along to the Rhoda McGaw Theatre in October and consider yourself thoroughly 'at home' enjoying this classic musical.

Mike Davenport

An Unexpected Lesson

Several people have asked about the passage I used in place of a "Reflection" on 10th September. It was extracts from *Laddie* by Gene Stratton-Porter. The narrator is the youngest child of a large family in the American mid-west, more than 100 years ago.

Leon came to mother and gave her a Bible to mark the verses he had to learn to recite at Sunday-school next day. Mother couldn't take the time when she had company, so she asked if he weren't big enough to pick out ten proper verses and learn them by himself, and he said of course he was. He took his Bible and he and May and I sat on the back steps and studied our verses. He and May were so big they had ten; but I had only two, and mine were not very long. Leon giggled half the time he was studying. I haven't found anything so very funny in the Bible. Every few minutes he would whisper to himself: "That's a good one!" He took the book and heard May do hers until she had them perfectly, then he went and sat on the back fence with his book and studied as I never before had seen him. Mrs. Freshett stayed so long mother had no time to hear him, but he told her he had them all learned so he could repeat them without a mistake.

Next morning mother was busy, so she had no time then. Father, Shelley, and I rode on the front seat, mother, May and Sally on the back, while the boys started early and walked.

...

Usually the minister didn't come for church services until Sunday-school was half over, so the superintendent read a chapter, Daddy Debbs prayed, and all of us stood up and sang: "Ring out the Joy Bells". Then the superintendent read the lesson over as impressively as he could. The secretary made his report, we sang another song, gathered the pennies, and each teacher took a class and talked over the lesson a few minutes. Then we repeated the verses we had committed to memory to our teachers; the member of each class who had learned the nicest texts, and knew them best, was selected to recite before the school. Beginning with the littlest people, we came to the big folks. Each one recited two texts until they reached the class above mine. We walked to the front, stood by the altar, made a little bow, and the

superintendent kept score. I could see that mother appeared worried when Leon's name was called for his class, for she hadn't heard him and she was afraid he would forget.

...

"I forgot several last Sabbath, so I have thirteen to-day," he said politely. Of course no one expected anything like that. You never knew what might happen when Leon did anything. He must have been about sixteen. ... "The look of heaven on his face" stayed most of the time; there was a dealish twinkle that sparkled and flashed while he was thinking up something mischievous to do. ... "The look of heaven" was strong on his face now.

"One," said the recording secretary.

"Jesus wept," answered Leon promptly.

There was not a sound in the church. You could almost hear the butterflies pass. Father looked down and laid his lower lip in folds with his fingers, like he did sometimes when it wouldn't behave to suit him.

"Two," said the secretary after just a breath of pause.

Leon looked over the congregation easily and then fastened his eyes on Abram Saunders, the father of Absalom, and said reprovngly: "Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine eyelids."

Abram straightened up suddenly and blinked in astonishment, while father held fast to his lip.

"Three," called the secretary hurriedly.

Leon shifted his gaze to Betsy Alton, who hadn't spoken to her next door neighbour in five years.

"Hatred stirreth up strife," he told her softly, "but love covereth all sins." Things were so quiet it seemed as if the air would snap.

"Four."

The mild blue eyes travelled back to the men's side and settled on Isaac Thomas, a man too lazy to plough and sow land his father had left him. They were not so mild, and the voice was touched with command: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

Still that silence.

"Five," said the secretary hurriedly, as if he wished it were over. Back came the eyes to the women's side and past all question looked straight at Hanna Dover.

"As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion."

"Six," said the secretary, and looked appealingly at father, whose face was filled with dismay.

Again Leon's eyes crossed the aisle and he looked directly at the man whom everybody in the community called "Stiff-necked Johnny." I think he was rather proud of it, he worked so hard to keep them doing it.

"Lift not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck," Leon commanded him.

Toward the door someone tittered.

"Seven," called the secretary hastily.

Leon glanced around the room.

"But how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," he announced in delighted tones as if he had found it out by himself.

"Eight," called the secretary with something like a breath of relief.

Our angel boy never had looked so angelic, and he was beaming on Pamela Pryor.

"Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee," he told her.

Laddie would thrash him for that.

Instantly after, "Nine," he recited straight at Laddie: "I made a covenant with mine eyes; why then should I think upon a maid?"

More than one giggled that time.

"Ten!" came almost sharply.

Leon looked scared for the first time. He actually seemed to shiver.

Maybe her realized at last that it was a pretty serious thing he was doing. When he spoke he said these words in the most surprised voice you ever heard: "I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly."

"Eleven."

Perhaps these words are in the Bible. They are not there to read the way Leon repeated them, for he put a short pause after the first name, and he glanced toward our father: "Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever!"

Sure as you live my mother's shoulders shook.

"Twelve."

Suddenly Leon seemed to be forsaken. He surely shrank in size and appeared abused.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," he announced, and looked as happy over the ending as he had seemed forlorn at the beginning.

"Thirteen."

"The Lord is on my side; I will not fear; what can man do unto me?" inquired Leon of everyone in the church. Then he soberly made a bow and walked to his seat.

Father's voice broke that silence. "Let us kneel in prayer," he said. He took a step forward, knelt, laid his hands on the altar, closed his eyes and turned his face upward.

"Our Heavenly Father, we come before Thee in a trying situation," he said. "Thy word of truth has been spoken to us by a thoughtless boy, whether in a spirit of helpfulness or of jest Thou knowest. Since we are reasoning creatures it little matters in what form Thy truth comes to us; the essential thing is that we soften our hearts for its entrance, and grow in grace by its application. Tears of compassion such as our dear Saviour wept are in our eyes this morning as we plead with Thee to help us to apply these words to the betterment of this community."

If you want to know where Leon found his verses (thank you, Bible Gateway):

[1] John 11:35

[2] Proverbs 6:4 [3] Proverbs 10:12 [4] Proverbs 6:6 [5] Proverbs 11:22

[6] Psalm 75:5 [7] Psalm 133:1

[8] Song of Solomon 4:7

[9] Job 31:1 [10] Proverbs 5:14

[11] Hebrews 13:8

[12] Psalm 27:10 [13] Psalm 118:6

Rosemary Greenwood

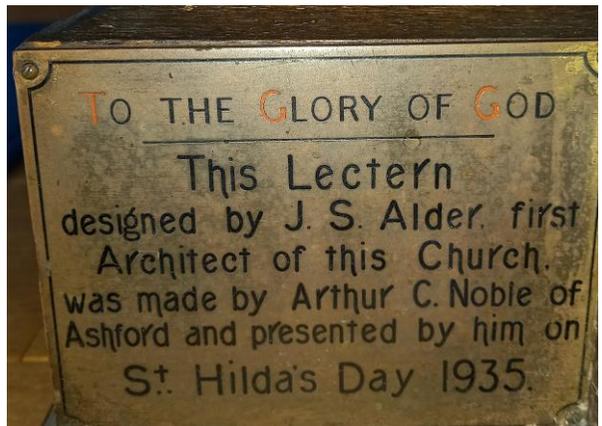
Presentation Plaques in St. Hilda's Church

Helping with the cleaning is a good excuse for poking around all the corners of the church. While doing this, we have found a number of plaques remembering people or groups who donated items to the church. We thought we would share them with you over the next few months.

The first two are hidden. The one on the Bishop's chair is on the seat under the cushion.



The plaque on the base of the lectern is so well camouflaged, being the same colour as the wood, that several of us who have been coming to St. Hilda's for decades had never noticed it!



Rosemary Greenwood

Ambling through Acts course

7.30pm on the first Thursday of each month

Everyone is welcome to attend (meet in Church)
There will be refreshments at the end

We finish by saying Compline (night prayer) together
round about 9pm

Please bring a bible



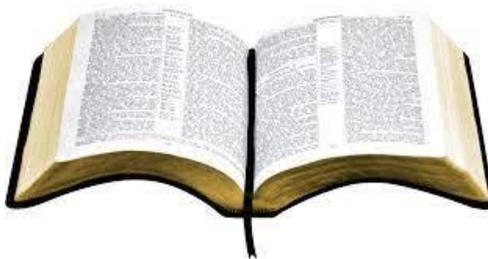
Bible Study

Every Wednesday

7.30pm

All welcome

Meet in Church



Community Lunch

Every Wednesday at 12pm

Join us in Church for the
Community Lunch at midday



Frost Fayre

St Hilda's is planning a Frost Fayre on 4th November this year, and would be grateful for contributions towards the stalls. In particular, if you enjoy making jams or pickles of any kind we would love you to get involved.

Please see Paula Gething for more details.

Want to contribute?

It would be preferred if all submissions were between 250 and 500 words to save on editing time. Please write in Calibri 12 point.

Pictures/photographs are encouraged, but please select only one or two that you want included with the article.

We would welcome contributions for a children's page, or articles about the wider church.

Please email all contributions to the **NEW** email address:

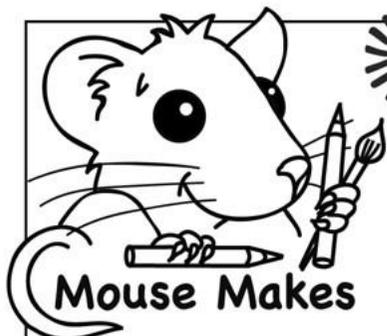
editor@sthilda.org

Church contact details

If you would like help or to speak to one of the ministry team, please contact the parish office:

Telephone 01784 253525

Email office@sthilda.org

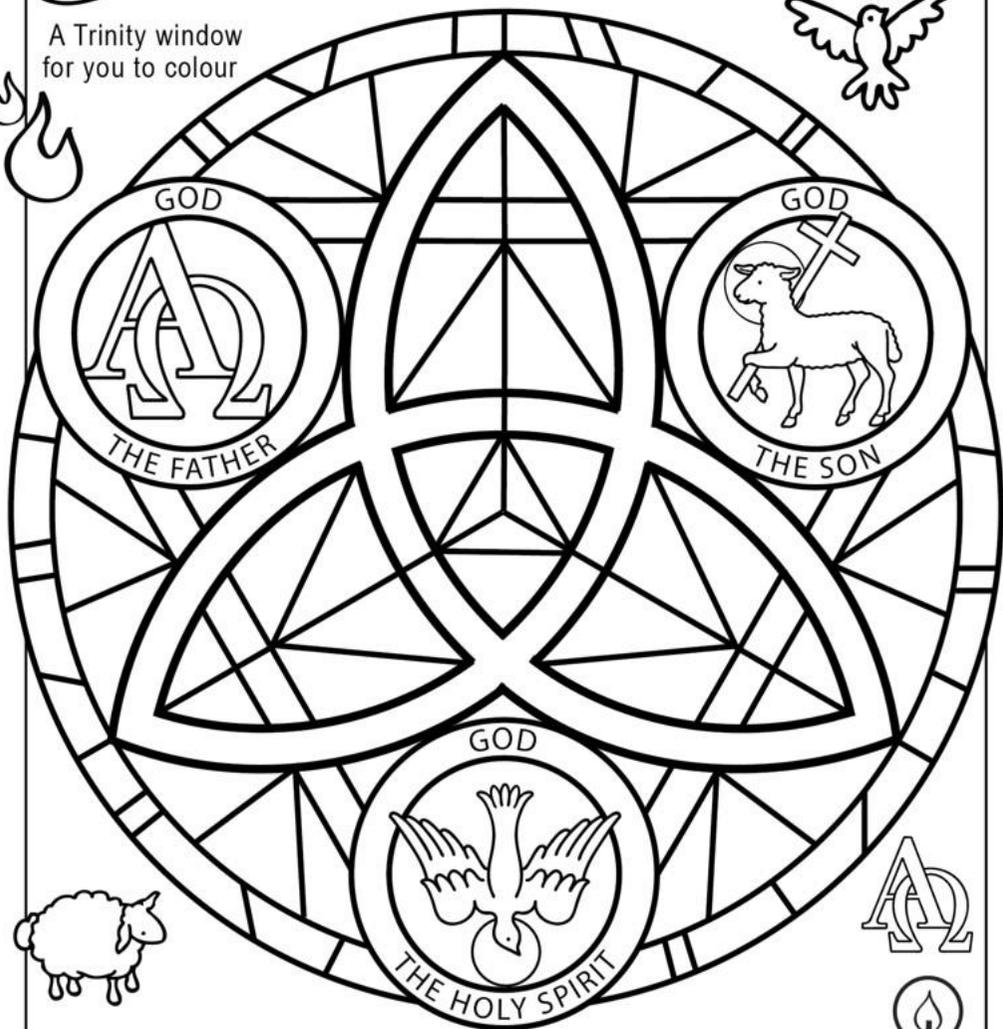


"May the *grace* of the Lord **JESUS CHRIST** and the *love* of **GOD** and the fellowship of the **HOLY SPIRIT** be with you."



2 Corinthians 13:13

A Trinity window for you to colour



The Bible teaches us that God is three persons in one:
GOD = FATHER and SON and HOLY SPIRIT

