

## ***Keeping in Touch..... Number 42***

***Thank you as always to those who have sent in contributions this week. I was particularly lovely to hear from two people who haven't contributed before. The deadline for next week is noon on Wednesday. Please send anything to [c.a.curtis@ntlworld.com](mailto:c.a.curtis@ntlworld.com) if you would rather just tell us something, rather than type, then please lift up the phone to Chris or Alan—01480 350787 or pop a note through the door.***

***Cliff Downing writes that he was searching for a poem***

***to show his grandson's "soon to be" wife when we came across this other poem which he wanted to share with us.***

I wrote this poem in the 1980's watching Sheila playing with the Grandchildren in the garden blowing bubbles.



### ***BUBBLES.***

You can bubble with health,  
regardless of wealth.

These bubbles you will find,  
can bring peace of mind.

You can have bubbles in your blood,  
which will do you no good.

But a bubbly heart will intend,  
to surround you with friends.

You can have bubbles of mirth.  
regardless of stature or girth.

But to bubble with joy will last and last,  
fading sorrows of today into the past.

Bubbles can be big or then can be small,  
some can not be even seen at all.

The biggest bubble I have in my life,

Is the love for, and the love of my wife.

### ***P.S. Jan 2021***

Now my bubble has burst, but I am not on my own, I am in a small bubble, with my Granddaughter and her family, and I get hugs and kisses and help when I need it.

Yes my bubble has burst, but I am not on my own, I am in a large bubble with all of you, and I would like to thank Catherine, the elders, the editors, compilers, contributors and distributors of "inspire" for all the thoughts, prayers, and information we receive each week, I look forward it arriving. Though they do it for love, they keep our bubble inflated, would when you read this please stop, and offer up a prayer for them all, and give them a big clap in the way of your appreciation

***Cliff Downing***

Our Roving Reporter, Babs, interviewed Hadge Yeandle—socially distanced of course..... And this is what he wanted to share.....

Many of you will remember our Elder Emeritus (Bill Mahood gave her that title when she finally retired from being an Elder) Betty Yeandle who sadly passed away around a decade ago. I was interested to know how she and Hadge met and so called Hadge to have a chat.

Hadge and Betty's mothers were good friends and used to walk along the Thicket together with Hadge and Betty in their prams so they knew each other from a very young age. Their fathers were also friends, Hadge's father being the Borough Surveyor and Bill Robb was a Councillor and also served as Mayor so the families were very close. Hadge joined the army in late 1944 and was selected for a commission and trained at Sandhurst becoming a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant. He did not see active service as the war finished about when his training ended but went on to serve 3 years in the army before he was demobbed. When Hadge was newly commissioned he met up with Betty at Bill Scott's 21<sup>st</sup> birthday party which was at Styles, the then fashionable place for parties in St. Ives (am sure some reading this will remember the place) which was above where Gregg's now is. They then started seeing each other and subsequently Hadge was posted to Greece and they carried on corresponding. However, Hadge then started seeing the niece of the Romanian Ambassador and the letter writing dried up. Once he left the army, it was time for Hadge to go back to his accountancy career. In those days you had to pay 150 Guineas to be articled to an accountant and Hadge was articled to a partner at an accountancy firm in Cambridge. Betty had come back into his life when they met up again at Syd Harrison's wedding, which was held at the Free Church, and got talking together at the reception. As soon as he qualified, he asked for Betty's hand in marriage. When he asked permission from his future father-in-law, Bill Robb, Bill said they needed somewhere to live. A plot of land was found in St Audrey Lane and they managed to obtain only the 2<sup>nd</sup> post war licence to build a dwelling in St Ives and built a home in St Audrey, Lane. The whole project cost around £3500 and recently that same property sold for around £600 000,- how property prices have changed!! Betty had a senior position in Cambridge with Barclays banks where she worked closely with a director of the regional head office. Betty was then offered a promotion to a very senior position in London but would have had to move and she decided she would rather stay put and settle down with Hadge. They eventually got married on 27<sup>th</sup> March 1952 and had 3 children, Kate, Jenny and George and have 9 grandchildren, 4 great grandchildren with 2 more on the way.

**Babs Moore**

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**Right—Bill Mahood presenting Betty with an engraved glass in 2005 to mark her new status as an Elder Emeritus to mark her loyal service to the church over many years.**



### **Worship at Home during Lockdown—some thoughts from Roy**

During these last months when it has not been possible to meet in the church building I have established a pattern of daily and Sunday worship that has been inspiring, frustrating, challenging disappointing - sometimes more than one of these at the same time.

Apart from our own weekly video services (from both sides of the camera) I have made use of the URC Daily worship at 6.00am on weekdays and 10.00am on Sundays and this has been a varied offering.

A series on Genesis and another on Exodus proved extremely challenging not least being reminded of the way in which female slaves were offered to Abraham and Isaac to provide sons and then (as in the case of Hagar) discarded and sent away.

Similarly in the account of the plagues it seems that God is being blamed for Pharaoh's vacillation.

The music both from our own and the URC services has been varied - from classic hymns sung by a congregation of hundreds in a cathedral to Modern songs that constantly repeat a few words (usually from Scripture) to "gospel" music and singers who pay little or no attention to the words"

*Amay .....zinggrace.....*" and elaborate the music of composers far more able than they are themselves.

I have learned again to say "Forgive us our debts" in the Lord's prayer and to appreciate statements of faith that speak to our own age.

All in all I am sure this has been to my benefit and I shall continue with these varied offerings until we can once more meet as God's People in that place sanctified by the prayers of generations who have met and worshipped since the 17th century.

### ***Christmas Flooding—a plea from Stewart***

*If you were affected by the recent flooding at Christmas, now is exactly the time to write to or email your Cambridgeshire County Councillors and relate any observations from the actual day or any concerns you may have about possible future flooding. Cambs CC are convening an extraordinary meeting of the Cambridgeshire and Peterborough Flood & Water Partnership in February to start collating all the comments and observations received from residents. Any photographs could be helpful.*

The County Councillors representing St Ives are Kevin Reynolds ([Kevin.Reynolds@cambridgeshire.gov.uk](mailto:Kevin.Reynolds@cambridgeshire.gov.uk)) and Ryan Fuller ([Ryan.Fuller@cambridgeshire.gov.uk](mailto:Ryan.Fuller@cambridgeshire.gov.uk)). Letters for the Councillors should be addressed to: c/o Shire Hall, Castle Hill, Cambridge, CB3 0AP.

### **Jigsaw Support for Sally and Nev**

A big thank you to those who provided jigsaws to entertain our bubble of three during the long dark evening and rainy days. Heather and Graeme lent some with bright multi-coloured pictures easier to sort than the dark Vermeer we borrowed from the library. The one below shows Shakespeare's London including the Globe theatre, which we visited a few years ago with our granddaughter. We were intrigued by Mary's WASGIs mystery puzzles mentioned in KIT and may tackle one of these later in the year. For now, new year projects including decorating and decluttering mean our jigsaw craze is on the back burner.



*Irene calling.....*

## **FUTURE NOT PAST**

It's hard to keep your chin up  
When the news around is sad,  
It seems to me that everywhere  
The world is going mad!

There's Trump and his incitement  
Of protesters full of rage,  
Who then stampeded Washington  
'Cos Biden turned the page.

The next day it was Russia  
Where the battling crowds arose,  
And now today it's Holland  
Keeping policemen on their toes.

Covid 19's bad enough,  
But variant's are evolving,  
And all across our great big world  
The virus is revolving.

Will there ever come a time  
Of normal life returning?  
We have to make the best of it,  
New normal's most concerning.

The vaccine help is hopeful  
And they're speeding up the shots,  
As we all await the letter,  
We're the have, and we have nots.

But always there are two sides,  
There's the wrong and there's the right,  
Mistakes, yes, there's been plenty,  
But let's keep the end in sight.

We'll focus on the new world,  
Making mindfulness our goal,  
Let's learn to work together,  
Cherish each and every soul.

cc IRENE CARTER

## **Shine, Jesus, Shine**

*Having not heard this in a while it cropped up Songs of Praise a couple of weeks ago and Nicola used it as part of our worship last Sunday. It always takes me back to a memorable day back in (I think) 1992. The URC was opening its youth centre at Yardley Hastings in Northamptonshire and Songs of Praise was to be recorded outside in the early evening. It was in the early days of Just Sharing and probably the first outdoor event we attempted. It was almost the last!!*

*The Coxes and Curtis's loaded up cars and we'd borrowed a tent or gazebo type thing to give us some shelter in case it rained. We were placed at the side of the main street so there was nowhere to anchor said tent! And it leaked!*

*Yes, it did start to rain, and we found our stock under the tables was in danger of being ruined by the torrent streaming down the road. All stock had to be stacked up on the trestles for safety.*

*Despite all of this we had a successful day and we packed away feeling we'd done a good job spreading the Fair Trade message.*

*So eventually we made our way, rather later than most, to the field where Songs of Praise was being recorded. We were all given multi-coloured ribbons to wave above our heads when we came to the last hymn, Shine, Jesus, Shine. BUT it was now very drizzly and the light rapidly fading. We recorded the said hymn enthusiastically enough the first time, but the producer wasn't happy and so we had to do it again and again as it got darker and darker and we all got wetter and wetter! A memorable day!*

The next Zoom coffee morning will be on Thursday 11th February from 10:30 to 11:30. If you've not been before please ask Barbara to add you to the mailing list.





## **Some of life's conundrums .....from Philip**

Now some important philosophical questions on life ....

Why do supermarkets make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front?

Why do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a diet coke?

Why do banks leave vault doors open and then chain the pens to the counters?

Why do we leave cars worth thousands of pounds in our driveways and put our useless junk in the garage?

Ever wonder why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin?

Why can't women put on mascara with their mouth closed?

Why don't you ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavoring, and dish washing liquid made with real lemons?

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why isn't there mouse-flavoured cat food?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

You know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?

Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?

Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?

Ever tried to open a packet of biscuits with your bare hands?

Why is a boxing ring called a ring?

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?

Now that you've smiled at least once, it's your turn to spread the stupidity and send this to someone you want to bring a smile to (maybe even a chuckle)...