

## Baptists and Methodists together at Hampton Methodist Church



Summer 2021



Hampton Methodist Church, Percy Road, Hampton, TW12 2JT

Hampton Mission Partnership is a member of Churches Together around Hampton

Church website <http://www.hamptonmethodistchurch.org.uk>

*“Take on an entirely new way of life—a God-fashioned life, a life renewed from the inside and working itself into your conduct as God accurately reproduces his character in you.” (Ephesians 4:2 2b-24 The Message)*

Dear Hampton church families

The iconic pop culture sitcom “Friends” has lately broadcast their “reunion” and just as we are restarting our in-person worship on Sunday! Let me borrow Joey Tribbiani’s famous line: *How you doin’?*

Entering summer months, we feel relieved that we have come through May which was one of the wettest on record. Nevertheless, when we reflect upon the ministries that we offered, the weather did not stop us as the people of God who took on a new way of life, amid the challenging environment.

The Extra Mile was busy coping with the rising demand to support families. The Bike Project received more bikes to empower people travelling to different places. The Stewards’ team worked hard to reopen the church building as a sanctuary for face-to-face worship together with online streaming. The church was buzzing as well as it resumed as a hub to support local businesses to offer services for the local community.

What’s more, the amazing 21 for ’21 Spring Challenge showcased the creativity of our church family and the tremendous support from many towards The Extra Mile and Baby Basics Sunbury. A grand total of £5,290 was raised!! This wonderful surprise has not only signified the power of working together in one accord, but also witnessed that God has multiplied what we have offered and poured out his abundant blessings upon us.

We are truly thankful to God and to you. For you relied on the Spirit to guide you to live a God-fashioned life, a life renewed from the inside and working itself into your conduct as God accurately reproduces his character in you.

No doubt, we find ourselves changing in our characters, in our decision making, or even in our living environment. We are sad to see some families are leaving Hampton for their new venture; Margaret Thorn, Monika’s family, and some others are planning to move in the coming months. For some, we may find it daunting to return to face-to-face gatherings too. As God’s people, we should carry on to make sure that we are taking the right steps and following God’s will for our lives.

Whether it will be a small change or a big change, through prayer, reading God’s words, counselling with wise friends, reflecting upon different options and discerning the right timing will certainly help us take a step of faith in God.

We are bound to have more decisions to make in the coming months as we keep battling with the virus nationally and globally. Let us stay close with God and listen to him. We ask him to figure out the right timing for some major decisions and changes in our church. We endeavour to make good decisions rather than rash ones. I am praying that whatever decisions you are facing now, whether they are large or small, you shall be encouraged to live a God-fashioned life. May you willingly surrender yourself to God and allow him to surprise you in his abundance.

I love you and I am praying for you.

Peace in Christ

Kan

## A Festival Spirit

I had to pop into church one mid-week day recently. When I came out a huge 4X4 Jaguar car was parked right across the front door of the church. I wondered if it was someone waiting to do business with the Extra Mile team. I politely went round to the driver's side and a smartly dressed young man, who I have never seen before, lowered the car window.

"Are you waiting for someone from The Extra Mile?" I enquired.

"No", he said, "I am picking up my daughter from school".

"I see", I replied, "Normally, parking at the front of the church is for church users".

"Oh, I do use the church. I come for all the major festivals", he assured me.

I smiled and said, "Great, I look forward to seeing you!"

Once amusement with the conversation had worn off, I started to ponder the idea of the "major festivals" at Hampton Mission Partnership. If we were to ask students studying Key Stage 3 RE, they would tell us that the major Christian Festivals are:

-Advent

-Christmas

-Lent

-Holy Week (including Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday).

-Ascension Day

-Pentecost

But you know all that. The funny thing is that many Christians don't use the term "festival" for these events. Indeed, I suspect that many older Christians only talk of Harvest as a Festival.

Have we missed a trick?

Other major faiths extensively use the term festival for their faith events. This may help them to get these events better known in the outside community and the world in general. News bulletins will refer, for example, to the festival of Eid at the end of Ramadan. Diwali is celebrated in West London with as many fireworks as Bonfire Night, while anyone who has been in Hounslow during Vaisakhi will know just how many roads are closed for the street procession. These festivals combine worship, celebration, with often extremely colourful publicity.

Christmas is probably the only Christian festival which acts in this way. Many fear that the price we pay for it being a commercial holiday is too much, but we should be thankful for the chance to get the story of the Incarnation out to non-believers and enjoy the extra numbers at our carol services!

We, of course, do enjoy all the Christian festivals, but the Pandemic has made us realise that we do tend to shut up our enjoyment in our church buildings. It was because we were denied communal singing that on Easter Sunday we ventured out of the church. Our very good friend Nick White led the service, with Barbara acting as Worship Leader and enabling us to share a much-needed Holy Communion in the Baptist tradition. Then musicians Bronwen and Fiona gathered us around the flower festooned cross on the front lawn and we sang in praise TOGETHER!

You can see a picture of us on the front of this magazine. It was a genuinely up-beat moment, but it was more than that, for it was a key piece of witness. And, yes, it had just a bit of festival spirit.

Back at Christmas, in the grip of lockdown, we also had witnessed in the street. Talented folk had knitted a mass of super little Christmas tree angels and they were beautifully displayed on the Percy Road front wall. They were festive gifts and were greatly appreciated.

Now, we all know that the British weather will ensure that not all our services will be in the open air. (However, we do have great plans for the August 17<sup>th</sup> Messy Church!). Yet, once again the pandemic has energised us to reach out from our building into the world, this time by us using social media.

It may have just been me, but didn't Kan's brilliant Pentecost sermon have that uplifting festival spirit to it? How great then that it went out on YouTube!

Perhaps we have discovered that all our worship and devotions have a festive component both for us and the world outside. Let's use this thought as we look to develop a new website for Hampton Mission Partnership.

Let's spread the joy, share the love, deliver the compassion, sing out our praises, and bring Jesus to those who are yet to know him!

Now, where's my Glastonbury hat?

Mark Gilks



## Memories of Pam Goodwin

Soon after I met Pam at Oxford, she took me to see her parents, who lived in Silhill Hall Road, Solihull. Her father, Frederick G. Histon, was a minor industrialist, with a factory in Cecil St, Birmingham, where he made aluminium cooking ware (Histon Evercool). He needed to check that I wasn't a fortune-hunter, for I was not well off. (I came from a Methodist working-class background, my father looked after mentally ill patients at Friern Hospital, then called Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and after my mother died and he re-married, he forced my grandparents and myself out of the family home. The stress of this brought about my bed-bound grandmother's death).

Pam was one of twins, born prematurely, in 1928. Her sister died soon afterwards of whooping cough, and a second sister was born four years later. Pam went to Ruckleigh School in Solihull, and was head girl in 1940, and then went to King Edward VII School in Birmingham. At school she showed aptitude for the piano, but because she had a lazy eye and for a time wore an eye patch, she had no aptitude for sport. Surgery was tried to correct her eye, but it was unsuccessful. As a young teenager she had a long gash in the front of her leg – and she had it stitched without a local anaesthetic! During the war her father's factory made shell cases, and at night he was a fireman with the NFS.

She said that at school she experienced inappropriate teacher pressures, so that she became fearful of doing anything (I had experienced something similar from my father). The stress had adverse effects on her health for a time. She went on to the Birmingham School of Music and qualified as a music teacher. She found classroom teaching too stressful, so she took up secretarial work, working, for instance, at one of the Birmingham hospitals.

I believe it was Crusaders that brought her to faith in Christ, as a teenager. This may have been at the time she was at a house-party at the Salvation Army centre in Sunbury.

She moved to Oxford, and carried out secretarial work at Merton College, then at Pembroke College, and she attended St Ebbe's Church. We met at an after-church house meeting, late summer, 1962. Sometime later we started dating and got married in the Methodist Church, Solihull on February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1964.

We had bought an end terrace house in Oxford (100 Victoria Road), and Pam gave up working, while we rescued my grandfather for a time from his old people's home. He was very strong and carried out essential garden maintenance that was completely beyond me. I continued with my research work at the Radcliffe Infirmary until the unit closed in 1967, taking my doctorate in 1964. During this period John and Paul were born.

We then spent two years at Yellow Springs, Ohio, while I carried out enzyme research, and we attended the Methodist Church there (the Chairman of the District did his best to get me to candidate for the Ministry). Anne was born there.

We returned to Oxford in 1969 after Pam's mother died. I got a research job at Queen Charlotte's Hospital in Hammersmith, which meant commuting. Pam decided that we had to move from Oxford, and she spent a lot of time house-hunting in West London, before we settled on Ormond Lodge, 84 Ormond Avenue. We moved there shortly after Pam's father died, and after Liz was born. We immediately linked up with Hampton Methodist Church.

George Emeleus (who was responsible for bringing us together, in Oxford in late 1962) writes from Australia:

"I remember Pam as a gentle person, and very keen to learn and share in Bible-based Christian fellowship. I can also confidently say that Katie (his Methodist landlady), and I too, were very happy that you had been led to each other, and that you were committing to a life of discipleship together. As a young single man, also young in the faith, the example of couples devoted to each other and the Lord was highly significant, and something to be greatly desired!"



Jenny Chubb says,

“Dear Pam, What a lovely, warm, caring person. She loved her friend Jesus with every ounce of her being; she loved Brian with a deep and enduring love as she did her children, John, Paul, Elizabeth and Anne. She was a home maker and always welcoming. Both Brian and Pam were exceptionally good to me when I was first converted. They took me under their wing and put all the foundations of my faith in when no-one else was able to speak with me as I was so messed up and would snap anybody’s head off! They persevered and took the full force of my then character such was their love of Jesus. Pam, just like my mother, felt that her role in life was to support her husband so that he was free to be who Jesus wanted him to be and to exercise the ministry the Lord had given him. These home makers are a vital part of life and we would be lost without them. I am eternally grateful to both Brian and Pam who not only loved and supported each other but many others besides. Loving, correcting, supporting despite the many difficulties of damaged characters.

Sadly as we all know, when Pam was diagnosed with vascular dementia, we started to lose the Pam we all knew and loved. At first slowly but towards the end very quickly. Much to my amazement she still knew who I was and I would speak with her each week but for less time each week. She always asked how I was and always offered to pray for me. She was still thankfully able to play her beloved piano even if she started to forget many other things and repeat herself endlessly. How blessed was Pam to have had such a loving and devoted carer in those last years in Brian. I am eternally grateful and blessed to have known Pam and experience her loving ministry down the years. A faithful, loving disciple of her best friend Jesus. Well done good and faithful servant who has now entered her eternal rest. You will be greatly missed.”

Lynne Richardson says

"I cannot remember the first time I met Pam (and Brian of course) but it would definitely be in my early 20's ... and that's a while ago! Pam was always there, quietly, by Brian's side. She would have had regular conversations with my late parents (Ray and Gladys Tucker) about how we all were and always interested in how we were getting on in life.

Later on she and I would talk about their growing family (i.e., her grandchildren etc) and requests for prayer would flow between us. More recently (say in the last 5- 10 years) she faithfully supported Brian whenever they came to Sunbury, with her beautiful playing of the keyboard. Towards the end of her time doing this, our main job together was to get the angle poise lamp in just the right spot for her to see to play.

She was a gentle soul and so willing to share her blessings and her love for her Lord. I am blessed to have known her."

John Latham says,

"Pam and her family worshipped occasionally at the United Reformed church, Hampton Hill. Her kindness, interest in others and gentle friendship was highly valued – not least at our small evening services. When asked she generously played the organ, always seeking how best to make the music help the worship."

Margaret Thorn says,

"I moved with my family to Hampton in 1981 and the following year, after becoming a member of HMC, I joined the Sunday School team taking over from Olive Nattrass and joining Ethel Clark in the Junior section. Reg was the superintendent and Pam was in the Infant section with Jeannie Trotter.

Adam was just three when we moved and so joined Pam and Jeannie which he enjoyed and Fiona being six was happy with Ethel. We all have happy memories of Sports Days, outings and the Christmas parties. Pam was a gifted pianist which was a valued asset for our hymn singing and parties. The team had weekly preparation meetings at Reg and Ethel's home and so got to know each other well over the following years. Pam was faithful and dedicated to serving her Lord.

She was a kind and gentle Christian lady and always volunteered to do the washing up at any church event! Visiting Brian and Pam's home you were always welcomed most hospitably. She held a special place in the life of HMC."



2011 Hampton Carnival. We won a 3<sup>rd</sup> place rosette in the best stall competition.

## Reflections on “21 for 21” Spring Challenge

Since moving to the manse, both Kan and I have discovered a new love of road biking! We have been inspired by the sheer number of cyclists who whizz by daily on their way through Lower Sunbury along Thames Street. As a healthy eco-friendly mode of transport, and as an exhilarating change to lockdown neighbourhood strolls, we quickly became hooked!

So when the “21 for 21” Spring Challenge was announced to help raise money in support of the tremendous work of the Extra Mile Hampton and Baby Basics in Sunbury, Kan and I enthusiastically signed up to cycle for 21km for 21 consecutive days!

By nature of setting a Challenge for ourselves, we had never cycled further than 15km in one go; and, we had only been casual weekend riders - usually just once-a-week on Saturday mornings if the weather was sunny! But like most of the nation, we were motivated by the ‘Sir Captain Tom can-do-it and so-can-we’ mentality and so we set about our Spring Challenge with vigour.

Even before we took to our bikes, the pledges of sponsorship from generous church members, friends and family were amazing. Along with such generosity, quickly came the realisation that we could not let anyone down who had sponsored us and given such tremendous support and kind encouragement. With over £1,000 generously given, we definitely had to complete the challenge come rain or shine! Indeed April showers and gales did come during the 21 days of the challenge, but we persevered and prevailed!

As Christians setting ourselves goals and challenges can be helpful. Sometimes we need to shake up our routines and introduce something extraordinary or exhilarating into the mix. In your quiet time with God, pray that God will use you to do something new for Him. Perhaps God has already been challenging you to do all that you can for Him, but we have been putting it off because we think we’re not worthy, rather than trusting in His will. It is certain that we all have God’s mission and purpose for our lives, and we all have our unique gifts to offer. How is God challenging us today? What is it that He calls us to do that will bring the good news of Jesus Christ to those around us? Perhaps it’s a phone call or card to ask how someone we’ve lost touch with is doing or a commitment to diving deeper into His Word or sharing your testimony with a friend.

Our Lord Jesus is truly alive and walks with us - the power of the Holy Spirit is with us as a burning flame - God the potter is forever moulding and shaping us and will guide us through our challenges! And so we also need to challenge each other to step out beyond our comfort zones and be Christ’s light to the world. Just as I felt I was accountable to those who had sponsored my spring challenge, it was helpful to share our goal or targets with our church family or house group. Not only will our brothers and sisters in Christ encourage us, but they will also pray for us to succeed too!

With love in Christ,  
Tim Yu



## 21 hour sponsored silence

The children and I decided to push ourselves for this challenge as we wanted to raise as much money as possible, so we decided to do a 21-hour sponsored silence which started Friday after school and continued through to Saturday lunchtime. I think we underestimated how hard this would be, especially for the children aged 9 and 11, as what was great fun at first, laughing using basic sign and writing silly messages on blackboards, soon became quite difficult and sometimes frustrating. Times such as wanting to call somebody, answer the door, or just even get each other's attention had its challenges. We not only raised a great amount for BB and TEM but we also realised how much we take for granted the gift of speech and communication. It was a difficult but rewarding challenge for all of us but we're glad we did it and we celebrated finishing with lots of chatting, singing and laughing.

Helen Hill

## 21 hour marathon

My go-to fund raising activity is to put my trainers on and start pounding the streets. I lost my running mojo during lockdown but I wanted to make a contribution to the 21 for 21 challenge. I am the Chair of Baby Basics Sunbury and doing nothing wasn't an option when I knew how hard our volunteers have worked during COVID-19 to support mums and their babies.

Andy and I decided to embark on the ultimate lockdown challenge from our sofa. A movie marathon to beat them all, following the journey of a ring to rule them all. We went full-on Tolkien! Over 21 hours we watched all three Hobbit films and the Lord of the Rings trilogy (extended versions naturally). To make it fun, we dressed up as Hobbits and ate our way through a menu of Middle Earth inspired food.

Andy did a mini review of each film on Facebook and I tweeted our progress throughout the day, complete with photos. This ridiculousness raised £840 for Baby Basics and The Extra Mile. Both projects do amazing work for families in our local community and across South West London. I'm pleased we were able to make a contribution to this work.

I'm hanging up my elf ears and I've dusted off my trainers. My next fundraising attempt will be "an unexpected journey" on foot - maybe I'll run to Mount Doom.

Philippa and Andy Dye

## 21 cards and letters

In March I had a lovely time writing 21 letters to friends I would normally have seen during the year or to whom I send Christmas cards. I tried to make each card special to the recipient. I explained about the 21 Spring Challenge but didn't ask for sponsorship.

I had some lovely replies via text, email and cards. 'I really enjoyed reading your letter. What a lovely thing to do. You made my day.' I even had an unexpected visitor on the doorstep with a donation. My amazingly generous friends sent £256! Thank you all.

Liz Windaybank

I had no idea what I was going to do for the 21 for 21 to raise money for The Extra Mile and Baby Basics. Liz mentioned she was sending cards to various people so I decided I would 'borrow' her idea and do the same.

I chose 21 nice cards and then made a list of family and friends to send them to. I then wrote some information about TEM and BB and printed it in rainbow colours. This was then stuck inside each card and I sent them out in 3s and 4s every few days in March.

I was amazed by the response and the final total raised was £458.00 and all with very little effort on my part!!

Wendy Salmon

For the Spring Challenge I made 21 greetings cards of the same design but with varying colour schemes. Usually I would make a card with a particular recipient in mind so this was a bit different, being more like a production line. To make them look a bit more professional I put each of them in a cello bag and included an insert to explain why the card had been made in order to spread the word about Baby Basics Sunbury and The Extra Mile.

Sue Dennison



### 21 sea creatures

What to do for The Extra Mile 21 Challenge in March, that was the problem. I don't cycle so that was out, nor was I about to take up running or anything like that. Then Liz sent me something from Embracing Age about a project knitting or crocheting aquarium creatures for care homes. <https://www.embracingage.org.uk/>

They had five care homes that were interested in having aquarium creatures. The idea being to bring some joy to people in the homes and create something sensory for them so they know their community is thinking of them during this challenging time. So, with plenty of left over wool and time on my hands I set about following patterns on Pinterest and YouTube. It turned out to be a very varied and enjoyable project. I managed to crochet several different types of fish, seahorse, two sea turtles, oyster shell (with pearl), crab, lobster, sea urchin, whale, stingray, manta ray, star fish, jelly fish, octopus, all different sizes and colours. Learning some new stitches and skills I had not had before.

Surprisingly they did all look very similar to how they were supposed to! Although sometimes fiddly and occasionally looking a bit wonky (spot the deliberate mistake with one or two); I wasn't too concerned, after all not everything is perfect is it. Every creature has its differences and flaws. (Picture at top of next page.)

Pam Harrison



### Knitted Aquariums for local care homes

This last year has been particularly hard on care home residents, so Embracing Age gave the community a lockdown challenge to help create knitted aquariums, to bring a spark of colour and joy into their lives. Many local crafters rose to the challenge, picking up their knitting needles and crochet hooks to create all things under the sea. What a colourful and amazing array of sea life we received, from coral and clams to crabs and clown fish. Aquarium tanks were donated and volunteers helped staff at Embracing Age put them all together.

Thank you to everyone who knitted and crocheted, and brought such joy, not only to care home residents but to everyone who was involved in the process. The results were magical and care home residents responded with such delight.

Tina English



## The Extra Mile

The Extra Mile has continued to work with health professionals during the lockdowns this year. There seems to have been an increase in referrals for those fleeing domestic violence and we have seen some new referrers connecting with us. We have been blessed by our supporters who have stepped up to help at a time when we needed them in the following ways:

Firstly, the 21 Challenge which was organised by Hampton instead of the annual soup lunch and raised £5290 for Baby Basics Sunbury and The Extra Mile at Hampton.

Secondly, we have continued to work with the Hampton Hygiene Bank for toiletries and essentials. Plus, other small groups such as 'Nicky's Crafting Crew' who knit pencil cases and fill them with pencils, rubbers and other items such as knitted hair clips etc.

Thirdly, Waitrose in Hampton has donated some items from their 'Give a Little Love' campaign. These were on display in the church and mentioned in a service in early May.

Fourthly, we have been successful in a bid for funds from the Local Authority for Richmond. We were awarded £1000 to spend over a 12-month period to purchase older children's clothes, stair gates and mattresses. A monitoring form will be completed next Spring to show where the money was spent and how the project has progressed.

In the Autumn of 2020 Munira Wilson, local MP, came to visit The Extra Mile to see what we do, meet some of the team and how we support local families. She was impressed by what she saw and offered her support where she could.

A recent quiz in aid of The Extra Mile took place via Zoom, led by David Priddy, and raised £430.

Finally, since this project started, we have supported well over 2000 children and families. We would like to thank the church members for their support and putting up with seeing the church not always as tidy as it might be, but rest assured it is God's work in our community that we are all supporting and carrying out.

Recently this feedback was received from a family support worker, 'Thank you so much for this support, you will really make a difference to this family. Mum is really suffering physically, mentally and financially and this help will show her that people do care. I also really appreciate this support.'

Pam Harrison



## Thank you to Baby Basics and The Extra Mile

I am a maternity support worker from West Middx Hospital based in the community. I want to share an insight into how the hard work done by the incredible volunteers at Baby Basics and The Extra Mile benefits the families I visit once they have had their newborn.

The area we serve extends from Feltham to Hanwell and includes really deprived areas such as parts of Hounslow and Southall. Many of the families I visit don't have their own home. I visit many living in 'beds in sheds', bed and breakfast emergency accommodation and home office accommodation for asylum seekers. A great many new parents live in multi occupancy homes where they literally only have sole use of one room.

A great proportion of these families have no access to public funds, no relatives and sometimes no friends in the UK. Asylum seekers have to cope on £39 a week. I see people on short term visas, single parents, teenage parents, those who have lost jobs during the pandemic, women who have escaped abuse and human trafficking.

When I bring these families the beautiful Moses baskets filled with newborn necessities it brings such joy and pleasure. Some families I am still in contact with a year after their baby was born as they continue to have a need for the basics as their child grows older. Siblings of these babies are also helped by The Extra Mile who provide me with literally a car full of items once or twice every week.

I would love to share with you the joy these donations bring and will always remember in particular the face of a six year old Indian boy who didn't own a single toy being given several bags of toys.

Without the invaluable work of your churches I don't know how many of these families would be able to afford even the basics like nappies. This is how community should work with every one helping each other. I encourage my mums who have had items, that they can also help others by donating their newborn items back when I bring them 3-6 months clothes later so they feel they also contribute to society.

A huge thank you to all the volunteers who sort out my many requests for items. Every gesture of kindness is much appreciated by families. I have even seen the 'congratulations on your baby boy' card still up in a room six months later as that was the only baby card that mum got and they felt it was personalised to them. A special thank you to the creative knitters and seamstresses who have made such beautiful cardigans, quilts and blankets with love. You have collectively made an invaluable, amazing contribution to giving so many babies the best possible start in life and showing families that they are thought of and cared about.

Alison Baker

I just wanted to say that I have been so pleased to offer all the asylum seeker families in our school a donation from your lovely charity. I delivered the last of those packages last night and the family was so overjoyed. They were genuinely surprised at the kindness, proof positive that your service is so very important. The family has the saddest and most horrific story of four years of wandering, small boat journeys and human trafficking. The little boy is most certainly suffering from trauma. It was lovely to be able to spread some joy to lives which had been so blighted by hardship and loss. Many thanks for all that you are doing.

Fran Hooker

Deputy Headteacher, Heston Primary School

## The Mood of a Nation

I'm living in my Levi's jeans,  
Don't need a suit in quarantine!  
The slippers never leave my feet,  
On-line from home is how we meet.

It's optional to brush my hair,  
At these four walls is where we stare,  
On Thursday nights we clap aloud,  
The only time we see a crowd.

Eclectic is the shopping trip,  
With Weetabix and mustard dip,  
No milk, no bread, but cheese is there,  
So let's break out the camembert!

On Saturdays we sit at home,  
And stare at kittens on our phones,  
To exercise we walk the stairs,  
Or hallway jog, because it's there.

The pigeons tease us from outside,  
With birdseed feasts and strutting strides,  
They'd best watch out and keep an eye,  
Lest one of us makes pigeon pie!

We've cleaned the house and cupboards all,  
With nowt to do we climb the walls,  
It's movie night - Oh, not again!  
We've seen this one four-score-and-ten!

And Eurovision's cancelled too,  
No cheesy songs, no odd reviews,  
The heckling comments were such fun,  
We'd score nil points, or maybe one!

With longer hair we're staying in,  
No barber shops, no public gyms,  
Not growing fat, our on-line shop,  
Was just half-filled with not a lot.  
Our order plan, one hundred pounds,  
Was fifteen quid, we later found.  
No aubergines, just petit pois,  
And no baked beans, just French Boursin!

My neighbour's budgie's learned new words,  
Its long laments are overheard,  
The cat's gone mad, it climbs the drapes,  
The puppy dog tries to escape,  
The bunny rabbit makes no sound,  
The hamster's wheel goes round... round...  
round...

Llandudno's streets and alleyways,  
Are overrun with goats at play,  
The plants and shrubs don't last the night,  
When Billy comes to take a bite,  
Of Blodwyn's flowers, Gwyneth's blooms,  
And Dafydd's blossoms pink and blue,  
The gardeners they do despair,  
It sure makes one pull out one's hair.

But nonetheless we persevere,  
With British grit and ginger beer,  
In comfy pants, with slippers on,  
And fifteen films of Carry On!

So don't despair, 'tis very wise,  
To stay at home - it saves more lives,  
And whilst we're in, I think I'll try  
A little piece of pigeon pie!

Written by Rachel Brown at the start of the pandemic

## Lockdown heisst Lockdown, egal in welcher Sprache!

But Lockdown has, in many ways for us at least, been far from shutting out and looking inwards. In fact, looking at the experiences we've had since Lockdown, we could take a positive viewpoint and call it 'Open-up'!

But what cannot be forgotten as we reflect on the last year and a half, is that we live a very privileged and fortunate life here in Germany. We have a big house with a garden and it is located in a small, sleepy village, nestled in the valley of the Wiesental River, the gateway to the Black Forest, with its vast blanket of rolling green hills and dense, pine trees rising up to altitudes of over 1000m above sea-level. It is a mountainous terrain with its highest peak, The Feldberg (only 30 minutes' drive away from our house) being the highest German mountain outside of the Alps.

My Dad, Mr Willem Sandberg, will happily confirm that walking in this area can be strenuous! I made him tackle a local 'peak' called the Hohe Möhr (literally translated as, 'The High Carrot') a few years ago and I don't think he has ever quite forgiven me. The irony was, that having battled up the ever-winding zig-zag path to the top, he refused to scale the tower at the top which offers the weary walker a tremendous reward of breath-taking views towards the Swiss Alps, the city of Basel and the extensity of the Black Forest it heralds! (see photo) Never mind Dad, maybe next time!!

It is this context, however, in which we have had the luxury to live and it is FANTASTIC!!

The first thing that springs to mind during Lockdown, therefore, is how much the forest has 'opened up' for us. Having been a very fervent runner, complications caused during an operation in 2019 to remove varicose veins from my right leg, has left me unable to run without pain. This has been something I have struggled to deal with, but, at the same time, I am a firm believer that, through hardships come strength and tenacity. They force us to see life in a way we hadn't done so before. I am reminded that my operation could have gone so terribly wrong, that I mightn't be here to tell my story today; for that I am eternally grateful. I am reminded that, albeit compromised, I still have legs which function. I can walk normally, I can jog with regular stops to allow my leg to recover and I can still take in the beauty of what lies around me when I do this. There is a part of me which wonders whether God is speaking to me through what has happened. There is an irony to my situation; I still get cross and frustrated hearing the voice inside me that shouts "I loved to run, I was good at it and it was a huge part of my identity and it has been so cruelly taken away from me, this is SO UNFAIR!", but then I realise, that life isn't fair. No one chooses to get sick for example...but it happens. And then I realise that I must look at the positives and at the things that I CAN do!! I sometimes even laugh at the irony of it all, that this operation happened to go wrong with the one person for whom running had meant so much and I wonder if God's gentle voice is saying, "slow down and see the wonder of what is around you, stop looking at speed, distances and heart rates"...something that I would never have 'allowed' myself to do in normal circumstances. I also wonder if I will someday speak of a healing, whether physically or mentally, which will help others to deal with the disappointment of losing the ability to do something they love and having to focus on something new...which finally brings me on to, "The Mountain Bike Date Night"!!

I have a wonderful sky-blue Canyon Mountain Bike, and this has been amongst my greatest joys during Lockdown. I don't have to stop because of my leg and the best part about it, is that Mark built his own mountain bike over the Christmas holidays, so that we could go out and embark on new adventures in the Black Forest TOGETHER!! We have established a great Friday night routine called our Mountain Bike Date Night when the Forest becomes our playground and the choices are endless!! Far from being 'lock-downed', we can 'max-out'!! We have experienced everything the weather can throw at us -from hot, humid sunshine to freezing gales, rain and even deep snow, which, after several attempts to continue skidding and falling off in the snow, finally forced us to push our bikes to the top of the mountain!! And before anyone asks, no, I am not considering an E-Bike at any time soon. Until such point as my leg gives up completely, I will keep on pedalling my beautiful Canyon to the peaks of the Black Forest and beyond!! It is, for me at least, a matter of pride which helps me balance the disappointment of my compromised running experience!! And those who know me best, will know that I am extremely stubborn and will only give up when all other possible avenues have been exhausted.

Whilst our children, Grace, Amy and Ethan have not themselves yet had the opportunity to cycle with us (largely due to the fact that they don't have mountain bikes...watch this space...!!) we also started 'The Family Run' during Lockdown. I would be lying if I said that our announcement over a lazy Saturday morning

breakfast one weekend, that a new family run might be a lovely way for us all to spend time together, get the dogs out and keep fit, was met with a euphoric squeal of delight from our children!! I guess somewhat selfishly, it also made me realise that, even with my limited leg power, I could still run at the same pace as the kids!! We started with small distances but as we got more confident, we even, yes Dad, you guessed it.... REACHED THE TOP OF THE HOHE MÖHR!!! Something I never thought I would be capable of doing!! Yes, of course, we had to take several rests along the way, but we did it nonetheless and we all felt very proud of ourselves!!

Aside from these outside adventures, life during Lockdown in Baden Württemberg, Germany, has been different to the experiences I have heard about from friends and family in the UK.

For starters, the children have had to wear face masks at school, both in the playground and in lessons. They have also not yet returned to full-time, normal days in school with their whole class. This has made life very complicated in terms of who is at home, when!! At one point, Ethan was only attending school for one and a half hours a day, which rather begged the question, why bother going in the first place?! For someone who is unfamiliar with the school system in Germany, I should tell you, that the school day in Germany typically starts around 7:30am and finishes between 12-1pm. In the primary school that Ethan attends, there is no canteen or communal eating area. The children take sandwiches and/or snacks into school, which they eat at their desks in the classroom, shortly after the first play break at about 9:30am. This can prove difficult for some children who have been in school for the first lesson at 7:30am and may not have eaten any breakfast! School days can vary from day to day – on a Monday Ethan would typically start at 9am, Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:30am and Thursday and Friday at 8:15am. Once again, the finish time alters daily; on a Monday it is 1:15pm, every other day 12:30pm. If a teacher is off sick, then children can be asked to come in an hour later and leave an hour earlier...all at very short notice! This is also the case for Grace and Amy, who attend the local secondary school. Grace has one day in the week when she finishes at 11:10am, having started at 7:45am. Needless to say, there have been occasions when teachers have been absent, and she has only attended school between 9:30-11:30am!!! Can we even call this a school day??? I think not!!

One very consistent thing which the children have had the fortune to be able to continue with and flourish in during Lockdown has been the continuation of all their music lessons. Albeit it on Skype, and despite the fact that our old iPad fell victim to falling forwards during a drums lesson, resulting in the screen smashing into many pieces, the on-line music lessons in piano, cello, guitar and drums have been surprisingly successful and the musical instruments provided a welcome distraction in the midst of home-learning and P.E with Joe sessions!!

At the beginning, when there was very little structure to the 'learning- from- home' routine, the kids also took it in turns to help with the cooking. In this part of Germany, it is far more common for children to eat a home-cooked hot meal with their families for lunch, giving time to pursue afternoon activities well into the early evening. Grace, Amy and Ethan were encouraged to help with lunch preparation any time after 11am, enabling us all to eat together, often, but not always, with Mark too! This was a lovely routine and it most certainly inspired the children to get more involved with what we were eating as well as more confidence in the kitchen. I am still slightly in shock when Amy knocks up her 'Paddington Bear tomato sauce', 'buttery scrambled eggs' and 'sticky chocolate cake', whilst Grace has perfected the art of a zingy coleslaw sauce and squeezing soft cheese and spinach into cannelloni tubes!! Not sure quite how inspired Ethan was... the only meal I remember him ever finishing, was a bacon, cheese and onion quiche and it sticks in my mind because he was wearing his swimming goggles as he chopped the red onions, so that his eyes wouldn't sting...seriously...men??!!

Our other family 'go-to' activity has been a great variety of craft; from acrylic and watercolour painting, to basic woodwork projects, Harry Potter Nimbus 2000 broom manufacture and building a house out of cardboard for the Playmobil characters, we've pretty much done it all...and it's been great fun, even if it has made it look like someone ransacked the house and turned everything out all over the floor, which then seemed to remain there for several weeks!! And this time, we couldn't even blame Granddad!! Only joking, Dad!! In all honesty, I'm probably the worst of everyone!!

In desperation, we even spent one week of the Summer Holidays, sleeping in our tent in the back garden and trying to pretend we were in the warm climes of the Mediterranean!!

So, all in all, Lockdown really HAS been OPEN-UP! I think I have come to realise that so much of what makes us happy and content is our attitude to the situation we find ourselves in. True, we live in a beautiful place and this undoubtedly helps, but we have learned to live our lives to the full despite the restrictions and I shall look back at this time, in years to come, with fondness and without regret.

To quote a Christian writer, well-loved and of great comfort to my mum, the late Rosalind Sandberg;

“Happiness is not found in circumstances or in a particular situation, but in a person. And that person is Jesus.” Joni Eareckson Tada, from her meditations book, ‘Diamonds in the Dust’.

Rhona Lockwood



## Zoë and Jon's wedding

Having got engaged in January of 2020, Jon and I started planning our wedding but put things on pause when lockdown began. Although initially we thought we would delay until we were able to do what we had originally planned, towards the end of the summer we decided that actually a smaller occasion would suit us better and we would go ahead with having our wedding whilst restrictions were still in place. Our original date of 6<sup>th</sup> March had to be delayed to the 24<sup>th</sup> April after restrictions did not allow weddings for 15 guests in early March. Otherwise everything went very smoothly- we spoke to Kan on Zoom to do our pre-marriage course and met her in person for the first time for the rehearsal, which was also the first time Jon had been in the church! On the day itself we had wonderful weather and everything went really well. It was lovely to get to see family having not seen them for so long.

Zoë Butterworth





Congratulations to Paul and Trish on their Ruby Wedding Anniversary

## Books

### **The Madness of Grief by Revd. Richard Coles**

Revd. Richard Coles must be one of the most famous vicars in the country. He is probably the only one who has had a Number One Hit record. He is well known for his many television appearances such as “Strictly Come Dancing”, and for presenting “Saturday Live” on BBC Radio 4. His latest book “The Madness of Grief” tells of the death of his life partner Revd. David Coles. Richard retells the story with an intensity and descriptive talent that makes for an exceptionally powerful book. This is not one of those self-help books that you are advised to read when you lose someone you love. No, it’s the very opposite. It reveals the hurt and self-disintegration that grief inflicts upon you. He pulls no punches and is brutally honest about David’s drinking and the rows they had because of his addiction. In reading the book I was swiftly moved from sympathy to empathy, and a strong desire to want to hug him.

It is telling to see who tries to comfort him at this dark time, such as a traveller lady in the hospital waiting room, in sharp contrast to the vile hate mail he received on David’s death by so called “Christians”.

When I am impressed by a book, I like to recommend it, and get others’ take on it, but I need to be careful with my recommendation on this book. Please don’t get me wrong I think the book is outstanding. However, if you are grieving now, I would suggest that you wait a while before you pick it up. When you do I have absolutely no doubt that you will understand what Richard has gone through and feel at one with him for his love and loss.

Mark Gilks

### **Hope is coming: a true story of grief and gratitude by Louise Blyth**

I heard about this book on Songs of Praise at the end of March in an episode all about hope. Louise and her husband George were happily married with two little boys when their world was turned upside down... 33 year old George was diagnosed with advanced cancer. Louise says that faith didn’t feature in their lives at all, then one night, at the end of her tether, she drove around the country lanes and screamed at God to show himself if he was real.

What happened in the following days she describes as a ‘crazy supernatural miracle’ after an inexplicable series of events and all the terrible pain George had been experiencing left him, and his final days were peaceful, leaving her with an unshakeable faith in Jesus.

Louise speaks frankly about losing the love of her life and being widowed so young and how sometimes there are no answers to why things happen in our lives. The things she experienced I can only describe as uncanny God-incidences. I heartily recommend it.

Liz Windaybank

The Circuit Book Club meets again on 30 July. The book is The Salt Path by Raynor Winn. Contact Jill Fraser for further details.

## Messy Church Online

Way back in January, the Messy Church team met to discuss plans going forward. As we had recently found ourselves in yet another lockdown our options seemed limited. Meeting in person didn't seem to be possible for quite some time and going online seemed to be our only option. We weighed this up carefully: do we go ahead and do something online, fill that gap, reach out and make contact through the e-ether? Or do we bide our time and conserve our energy for when we're able to be back in person, offering no half measures but instead returning in a blaze of Spirit-fuelled glory to give as much as we had before, if not even more? These were questions I had wrestled with for every project ever since I came back from maternity leave in November.

With no definite conclusion reached we decided to meet again when the covid situation would – hopefully – be clearer. Not long before Easter we came together again to talk Messy Church. By this point it had been over a year since our last Messy Church and we were feeling its loss even more keenly than before. The promise of restrictions being removed by mid-June we tentatively set a date for our first in-person Messy Church (17<sup>th</sup> August, incidentally, save the date!) but what about in the meantime? It was too late to do Easter, and June half term sat between the two golden restriction easing dates, meaning in person was not impossible but certainly difficult.

We returned to the idea of going online. By now we were all dab hands at online worship and had various resources and expertise at our fingertips. It would be a great way to involve people and promote the August date at the same time. We decided to set a date - 1<sup>st</sup> June – around the theme of Pentecost, which felt significant to do. When it came to crafts, we decided that packs could be made up with craft materials to have available for families to use, a very real and physical way to give to our Messy families if we couldn't be together in person.

We also realised that we could get some of the church families involved with doing the crafts, and how that would add an extra dimension of relationship. Our two superstar film families, Benis and Mimi-Mirai and Sue and Jac, willingly agreed to be part of the video, putting their best crafting feet forward and recording how-to videos for us to use. I also snuck in a video of my son Dain counting to 20 in Arabic as a link to different languages spoken at Pentecost.

The plan had been to make the video a live video, just like with Sunday worship. However, the tremendous tech men that would have facilitated this weren't available on the day and with Sunbury's #SundayKidzClub video due for Sunday (if you're not familiar with this I recommend taking a look through Sunbury Methodist Church's YouTube channel, especially if you have young kids!) plus a preaching appointment to prepare for I didn't have the time to learn a new technological language before the Tuesday so I decided to create a pre-recorded video to premiere on YouTube at the agreed time instead.

Although mostly dormant now my animation degree comes into its own when it comes to video editing and I worked tirelessly into the nights and early mornings in the run up to the big premiere to get the video right. Again, experience with #SundayKidzClub made this second nature as I worked my way around the industry standard software, though at just over an hour long it was certainly the biggest project I had ever worked on.

Meanwhile the amazing team at Hampton Mission Partnership had also been working just as tirelessly, counting out beads, putting googly eyes, feathers and little pre-cut beaks into bags, cutting paper and splitting up the sack of tissue squares into individual packets. On paper, it sounds like hours of work but the team – as always – seemed to have everything pulled together and ready in no time at all. In the weeks leading up to the big day these packs adorned the table by the church doors for people to come and collect (and collect they have – to date there are only 2 packs left out of the 30 that were made!)

When the big day came everything felt – for me – calm and relaxed. After all, the main bulk of work had all been done beforehand. Having the pre-recorded video premiere rather than presenting a video live turned out to be the perfect way to do it, as Tim was unwell on the day and couldn't have had the kids for me to do a live video. On the day 12 families tuned in to take part, and to date the video has been watched a whopping 65 times! It's difficult to narrow down where some of these have been viewed from but I pray that God works in the lives of those who have watched and that it may lead them into a relationship with Christ and that they feel they can call upon the Holy Spirit themselves, as the disciples did on that very first Pentecost.

Our first Online Messy Church was an enormous success, and it looks like it's reached out to many people. Hopefully this will also be our last Online Messy Church and we can instead enjoy seeing families back through the doors in person to get messy and learn about God's love in a hands-on way.

Bronwyn Coveney



## Confusion Land

This week the lockdown rules were eased,  
Our freedoms now are all increased,  
To garden centres we may browse,  
Oh yes, we can now leave the house,  
For more than just a grocery shop,  
Or daily stroll around the block.

And yet I find I hesitate,  
To seize the chance to liberate  
Myself from life inside the house,  
For I have many safety doubts.

A person may now meet one friend,  
And go on walks that never end.  
But distancing from side-to-side,  
On paths that are not one yard wide,  
Does seem a task impossible,  
When meeting many's probable.

Some go to work with jobs resumed,  
But say that it might be too soon.  
The leaders say to drive alone,  
And skip the bus in central zones.

Yet Sadiq Khan's put up the charge,  
To enter London in one's car,  
Eleven-fifty was the price,  
Now fifteen quid per day, how nice!

In Wales they're using traffic lights,  
To indicate to folks what's right,  
While locked-down Scotland stays at home,  
The Irish now are free to roam.

Some protests too have broken out,  
At Hyde Park Corner where they shout,  
Alleging plots, conspiracies,  
Of Covid virus and 5G.

And then there's school, what's going on?  
Will some resume, and some stay home?  
One wants to follow all the rules -Would  
someone please say what to do?!?

Yes, things have changed, restrictions eased,  
But only half of me is pleased.

Yet silver linings do persist,  
At least the A14's been fixed  
At Felixstowe, eight months ahead!  
(What will we moan about instead?)

The pub-quiz, too, has not relaxed,  
We still earn points from random facts,  
Of famous people's oddities,  
And details of the lives of bees.

Yes, with the changes made of late,  
We still have much to celebrate,  
From Captain Tom to VE Day,  
And on-line quizzes left to play.

So brew a cup of Yorkshire's best,  
And put your worried mind to rest,  
The quiz is on, c'mon, let's Zoom...  
And see you all so very soon!

Written by Rachel Brown at the end of the first lockdown

## A Tale of two Families (An update and apologies for re-using a similar title)

It has been the best of times - it has been the worst of times!

This is an update to the life of the Sandberg and Lancaster families, following my article in the October 2020 magazine.

The Lancaster family want to stay in Hampton - they love it here and of course Ruth grew up here. However as house prices in the Hampton area make this difficult we have made the decision that we will all stay living in my house. This means that the house will be extended and refurbished so that we all have our own space. The construction work will take approximately 9 months starting in July. During this time I will be moving in with my sister in Bedford (from August 2021) although the Lancasters will stay in the Tudor Road house.

As I will be away from Hampton I will still be able to take part in the services at Hampton Mission Partnership on YouTube (if that continues), but I will try and join up with Priory Methodist Church in Bedford - this is the church that I attended with my mother, brother and sister when I was growing up and we lived in Bedford.

Ruth and Adam have joined St.Michael's Church in Fulwell, because they have children's activities and kids' groups at the services. Both the boys have settled in well in their respective schools in Hampton, and Joseph will be starting at Hampton Juniors in September. Both the boys are keen on sport, and have joined the Hampton Hill Cricket Club - they also play football and tennis at school.

It will be good when I can once again visit my other daughter Rhona and her family in Germany, or when they can visit me, but current restrictions prohibit this at the moment. Looking forward to the next 18 months and hopefully returning to more normal life (whatever will be considered normal in the future!)

Willem Sandberg



## A-Z OF MY DAY AS A VOLUNTEER COVID-19 VACCINE CLINIC MARSHALL

**Anticipation**...on the faces of those waiting, the face of the nation –  
“it’s nearly my turn!”.

**Bravery**...but one or two nervous, a much-needed elbow bump, a “well done, you did it”, a part of  
the service.

**Calm**...in the room, from the start to the end.

**Data**...the tap! tap! of the keyboard, incessant, relentless.

**Energy**...of the practice staff as they draw up syringes one after the other; as quick as a flash, no  
time to draw breath.

**Fresh air**...a chill in the hall, come rain, snow or frost, it was keep coats on, warm socks!  
**Greenwood** Centre...a centre for community, our hosts, boy what stars!

**Hand** Sanitiser...galore, by the entrance, the exit, the windows, the door.

**Impatience**...I saw none at the clinics, just calm friendly folk. Delays met with a smile, a shrug or a  
joke.

**Journey**...so many on a journey, who knows what they’d been through these past 14 months...

**Kudos**...not what we’re after, nor the reason I’m writing this. I want to tell you my story, a story to  
savour, a memory to hold on to and to just give you a flavour.

**Laughter**...oh there was plenty!

**Masks**...now a big part of our lives (for some, a bit of a woe), for how much longer, who knows...

**Nurses**...questioning and checking, before jabs went in arms.  
**One** Thousand people jabbed on one single day!

**Polite**...without exception not a bad word, it’s true, just kindness from all those who came through.

**Queuing**...with patience, lost in their thoughts...relieved, hopeful (some seemed quite vacant).

**Refreshments**...much needed, much welcomed. Provided by friends, by Greenwood, by  
businesses: cakes, biscuits, buns, drinks, chocolate and sandwiches!

**Stations**...three at each station - clerks, nurses, marshalls; computers and stickers, long lists of  
names, NHS numbers.

**Tired**...but thrilled to be part of this journey, to be making a difference...

**Unbelievable**...a feeling of euphoria at the end of a clinic, on the sofa, exhausted with my cold gin  
and tonic!

**Volunteers**...that’s me on a rota of fifty or so marshalls: two in the car park, one at the door, one at  
each admin desk, two at the exits, two writing vaccine cards, one saying “bye bye”.

**Wiping**... oh, I nearly forgot: two marshalls gloved up and ready to leap, disinfecting and cleaning  
when folk left their seat!

**Excited**...to be a part of this effort. For how long we don’t know...for as long as it takes.

**Yellow** High Vis. Jackets...directing the queue, outside in the cold, a friendly male crew.

**Zeal**....the energy and passion with which staff do their jobs, devotion, their focus, their love which  
will heal.

Louise Bools

*Forever grateful NHS.*



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