

| Services at St Michael & All Angels Cuxton | | | |
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| 7 th October Trinity 19 Dedication Festival Harvest Festival | 9.30 Family Communion | | Genesis 2 vv 18-24 p5 Mark 10 vv 2-16 p1014 |
| | 6.30 Harvest Praise followed by Harvest Supper in church hall | | I Kings 8 vv 22-30 p345 Luke 8 vv 1-25 p1037 |
| 14 th October Trinity 20 | 9.30 Holy Communion | | Amos 5 vv 6-15 p920 Hebrews 4 vv 12-16 p1203 Mark 10 vv 17-31 p1014 |
| 21 st October Trinity 21 | 8.00 Holy Communion | | Epistle & Gospel BCP |
| | 9.30 Holy Communion | | Isaiah 53 vv 1-12 p740 Hebrews 5 vv 1-10 p1204 Mark 10 vv 35-45 p1015 |
| 28 th October Ss Simon & Jude | 9.30 Holy Communion | | Isaiah 28 vv 14-16 p711 Ephesians 2 vv 19-22 p1174 John 15 vv 17-27 p1083 |
| 2 nd November All Souls | 7.30 pm Holy Communion | | Romans 5 vv 1-11 p1132 John 5 vv 19-25 p1069 |
| Services at St John the Baptist Halling & the Jubilee Hall Upper Halling | | | |
| 7 th October Trinity 19 Dedication Festival Harvest Festival | 8.00 Holy Communion Jubilee Hall | | Ephesians 4 vv 17-32 p1175 Matthew 9 vv 1-8 p973 |
| | 11.00 Holy Communion | | Genesis 2 vv 18-24 p5 Hebrews 1 vv 1-12 p1201 Mark 10 vv 2-16 p1014 |
| 14 th October Trinity 20 | 11.00 Holy Communion | | Amos 5 vv 6-15 p920 Hebrews 4 vv 12-16 p1203 Mark 10 vv 17-31 p1014 |
| | 5.30 Evening Prayer Jubilee Hall | | Ezekiel 37 vv 1-28 p868 Luke 11 vv 29-54 p1043 |
| 21 st October Trinity 21 | 11.00 Holy Communion | | Isaiah 53 vv 1-12 p740 Hebrews 5 vv 1-10 p1204 Mark 10 vv 35-45 p1015 |
| 28 th October Ss Simon & Jude | 11.00 Holy Communion | | Isaiah 28 vv 14-16 p711 Ephesians 2 vv 19-22 p1174 John 15 vv 17-27 p1083 |
| 2 nd November All Souls | 9.30 Holy Communion | | Romans 5 vv 1-11 p1132 John 5 vv 19-25 p1069 |
| Holy Communion Wednesdays at 9.30 am at Cuxton | | Holy Communion Thursdays at 9.30 am at Halling | |
| 3 rd October George Bell | Job 9 vv 1-16 Luke 9 vv 57--62 | 4 th October S Francis of Assisi | Job 19 vv 21-27 Luke 10 vv 1-12 |
| 10 th October S Paulinus | Galatians 2 vv 1-14 Luke 11 vv 1-4 | 11 th October | Galatians 3 vv 1-5 Luke 11 vv 5-13 |
| 17 th October S Ignatius | Galatians 5 vv 18-26 Luke 11 vv 42-46 | 18 th October S Luke | II Timothy 4 vv 5-15 Luke 10 vv 1-7 |
| 24 th October | Ephesians 3 vv 2-12 Luke 12 vv 39-48 | 25 th October Ss Crispin & Crispinian | Ephesians 3 vv 14-21 Luke 12 vv 49-53 |
| 31 st October Martin Luther | Ephesians 6 vv 1-9 Luke 13 vv 22-30 | ALL SAINTS DAY | Revelation 7 vv 2-12 Matthew 5 vv 1-12 |

Forthcoming Attractions

7th October Harvest Festival: 6.30 pm Harvest Praise at St Michael's followed by Harvest Supper.

17th October 10.45 church hall: MU meeting with the subject Outreach.

27th October: 7.30 pm Quiz for Church funds in the Church Hall. £7.50.

11th November: 7.30 pm Concert in Commemoration of the Armistice at St Michael's.

21st November 10.45 church hall: MU meeting with the subject the Kenward Trust

1st December: Church Christmas Fayre at 10.00 am in the Scout Hall.

2nd February 2019: 5.00 pm Folk Mass for Candlemas pm at St Michael's followed by refreshments and folk music.

Copy Date November Magazine: 12th October 8.30 am Rectory.

Prayer Group Halling

For details, please contact Rev'd Ruth Bierbaum on 01622 722180.

House Group Cuxton

We meet at the church hall at 10.45 on the first Wednesday of each month to pray together and to discuss the things which concern us in the light of our faith. All welcome.

Odd Jobs

Did you hear about the man who complained about his job drilling for water? He said, "It was well boring." Did you know that the worst place to work is the job centre? You can get the sack and you still have to go in the next day!



The Best Year to be Born

Apparently, the best year to be born was 1952. So I was two years too late! Born in 1952, you'd missed both world wars and rationing. You were delivered by the National Health Service, which would continue to look after you *from the cradle to the grave*. You got free school milk and vitamins. You benefitted by the universal provision of primary and secondary education as per the 1944 Education Act and school dinners for 5/= (25p) a week. If you went to university, your tuition was paid for for you and you received a means tested maintenance grant to live on. When you went to work, you could probably expect to continue in the same line of employment till you retired, quite likely with a clock (now you no longer needed to worry about the time) and a final salary pension. Once you'd paid enough *stamps* (National Insurance Contributions), you were entitled (without any means testing) to unemployment benefit or sickness benefit if you needed them, and a retirement pension from the state. The last workhouses closed soon after the war. The ruthless capitalists of the previous hundred and fifty years were gradually being replaced by more paternalistic employers who took employees' well-being seriously (if only to get more work out of them with less grumbling). Manual workers were very likely to belong to powerful trade unions who looked after their interests and welfare. The worst of the slums were being replaced with high quality council houses let out at very fair rents. House prices and mortgage availability were such that you didn't have to be very rich in order to own your own home. Even the high inflation of the 1970s (when you were in your twenties) helped you. If you borrowed money at a fixed rate of interest, the

chances were that your income would grow at a much higher rate and you'd have no trouble paying off the loan.

By contrast, some people say that the very worst time ever to be born in this country is in the last twenty or so years. I find that very hard to believe! I wouldn't have fancied being born in the Middle Ages or Victorian times. I can think of much worse places in the world today than England to be born in. It's tempting to ask what children and young adults have got to complain about.

Although, things were much better in the 'fifties and 'sixties than they had ever been before, I doubt if many people would want to go back to those days. I think we were one of the better off families in our village and we lived in a new bungalow, but only one room was normally heated, and that by a coal fire. At first, there was no washing-machine, spin drier, vacuum cleaner, refrigerator or telephone. We didn't own a car and the village bus service was far from great, the nearest station a ½ hour walk. We had a television, but there was only one channel and it didn't broadcast all day and all night. When we got a set with a second channel, you had to get up and cross the room to turnover! The hardship was unbelievable! Seriously, there were a lot of people much worse off than we were, doing dirty and dangerous jobs for very low wages, living in very poor accommodation without any security of tenancy. Upset the landlord and you were out on the street. For many people, bathrooms were non-existent and the lavatory was down the garden.

So why do people say that it is so hard for young people today and that we were the lucky ones? Why do we read about rising rates of depression

among young people, self harm and even suicide? One reason might be that things were generally getting better as I was growing up. I remember the arrival of the 'fridge, the vacuum cleaner and the washing machine, all in my first eight years of life. We got a car and a 'phone and central heating a little bit later. Life was improving for most people. Wages generally rose faster than prices. Each cohort growing up was better off than its parents' generation – which is what most people want for their children. That's no longer the case. Prices are going up more quickly than wages. Adult children are very often worse off than their dads and mums were at their age. There is much less optimism about. The country seems to be going downhill instead of up.

Also, of course, we were brought up not to complain. If you cried, a parent or a teacher might threaten to give you something to cry about. If we were unhappy, we wouldn't have said. *Mustn't grumble. Look on the bright side. Keep a stiff upper lip.* People nowadays are encouraged to be more honest and open about their emotions. Today they would admit to being depressed. Not so many years ago, we wouldn't have. Maybe the reason today's young people seem less hopeful is because they are more honest? I don't think that explains everything about this feeling that young people today have never had it so bad, however.

So what might explain high rates of unhappiness in young people who, for all their troubles, have many more material goods, are generally healthier and far more comfortable than any previous generation? Here are some possibilities.

One is the breakdown of the traditional family in which, ideally, people care for one another, no matter what.

Another is the insecurity young people experience with regard to housing and employment. There are very few jobs for life left. Vicar is one of the few! You might have to work several jobs in order to survive, none of them offering sick pay or holiday pay or much in the way of a pension. Houses are expensive to buy. There is a shortage of social (council or housing association) accommodation and too many people find themselves paying high rents for substandard places to live in with little security of tenure.

Our education system continually monitors, tests and examines young people, keeping them under pressure all the time, sapping the fun out of childhood, while also cutting back on the humanities, such as music and art, and games and physical education, which are as vital to our well-being as those subjects which we have to study in order to be employable.

There is a possibility that we are so risk averse when it comes to children that we give them the impression that the world is a nasty, dangerous place where they can never feel secure. It is never safe to trust anyone, never OK to relax your guard. For reasons of *health and safety* and *stranger danger*, we can so restrict the freedom of young people that they don't get to experiment, to take chances, to make their own friends, indeed to become themselves and make their own way in life.

Then there is the issue of the internet and social media. These are very real blessings and have opened up all sorts of possibilities for us, tremendously enhancing our lives. But, as always, there is a downside: cyber bullying, grooming, fake news, pornography, terrorist sites, the pressure always to be better than (or at least as good as) everybody else among your hundreds of "friends". Some hateful sites actually encourage self harm and suicide. There are forums in which people suffering from anorexia or anxious about their sexuality or gender confer sometimes helpfully but only too often exacerbating their fears.

There are all these possible reasons if young people are unhappy today. The most significant of all, however, is perhaps the decline in religion. Most young people claim not to believe in God. (And whose fault is that?) They don't know how to pray. They don't know hymns. They don't know the bible stories. Most are not christened and certainly not confirmed. They are deprived of these vital resources for living a fulfilled and happy life. Let me explain.

Knowing God enables us to form proper values. What matters? Is what really matters the way you're rated on social media? Or by your friends or even your family? Is it what you look like? Is it how smart you are? How athletic? How rich? How

many qualifications you've got? They all do matter a bit, but what really matters is you. God made you. God loves you. Jesus died for you. God has a plan for you life. If you know God, you can keep things in proportion. What matters in this world? People matter. Knowing that, you know you've always got Someone on your side, Someone there for you. Knowing that God loves you, surely you can love yourself. No need to feel insecure, no need to self harm, no reason for suicide.

Religion gives us values. We recognise beauty and wisdom and truth and all the things that really matter because they are properties of God. Knowing that I matter, I know that you too matter. I am of infinite value. So are you. So these are the values by which we aspire to live. I am what I am by the grace of God and so are you what you are. So the way I treat you has to be the way I would want to be treated myself. Love sums up all the law and the prophets. Because God loves us, we are set free to love Him and to love our fellow human beings and to care for the wonderful world which He has made. We used to sing at Thursday's children, *I am my beloved's and He is mine and His banner over me is love. I am safe and secure in the Rock of all ages and His banner over me is love.* Think about it.

As rebellious teenagers (and sexagenarians) we might sometimes think that rules are not really about right and wrong. They are just thought up by powerful people to make us conform to their wishes. Ultimately, however, law is defined by God's Justice. Anything less is in need of correction.

Faith enables us to value things rightly, to make sense of our lives. It's the answer to who we are and why we're here. Faith also supplies the resources which make it possible to live a fulfilled life. You need never feel alone. Jesus is absolutely dependably your friend and brother. You're never alone. You've always got Someone to talk to. God is always ready to hear you when you pray. He's never too busy. There's never a time when He just isn't interested in what you've got to say. He fully understands you and He does give you the help you need. He might not give you what you want, but He does give you what you need. You can read His Word in the Bible. If

you are baptised (and in most churches confirmed) you can receive Jesus the Bread of Life in Holy Communion. You are nourished by Him. You receive His pledge. You are given the grace to become more like Him.

We often say that prayer is ACTS – Adoration, Confession, Thanksgiving and Supplication. When we Adore God, we are acknowledging that we are not the centre of the universe. There is Someone infinitely greater than me. My life depends not on me but on Him and He will never let me down. So I and you never need feel weighed down by the circumstances of our lives. We are not alone. As we also used to sing, *He that is in us mightier is than all that be against.*

We all have things in our lives which we're ashamed of. We do some very foolish things. We do bad things. We fail to do the good things we know we should do. We let other people down. We let ourselves down. Maybe we're depressed about what rotten people we are. But God loves us as we are, sinners that we are. Jesus has done everything necessary for our redemption. *If we Confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.* We can always start again with a clean sheet. *Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.* All that adolescent guilt can be washed away. All we have to do is to Confess our sins to God in faith and we receive a free pardon, a new beginning, washed clean.

Thanksgiving. When we stop and think about our lives, we are richly blessed. We have so much to be thankful for. It's so much more positive to stop moaning about what's wrong with our lives and to celebrate what's right. To give thanks is to bless – to bless God, to bless ourselves and to bless other people. When you realise that everything you have is a gift, you realise that it is a gift to share. *Freely, freely ye have received; freely, freely give.*

Finally Supplication. Whatever your worries, share them with God. He loves you. He's listening. He cares. He understands you better than you understand yourself. He knows what's good for you.

And finally, the unbeliever has no hope beyond this world. Life's like a pint of beer. When

you've finished it, it's gone for ever. Everything you achieve crumbles to dust and ashes. Eventually, you will be forgotten. But if only people knew God, they would have eternal life and know that what awaits us beyond the grave is

infinitely more than what we shall have to leave behind when we go. What this generation needs above all things is exactly the same as what every previous generation has most needed – the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ. Roger.

Psalm 139: O Lord, thou hast searched me out and known me : thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, thou understandest my thoughts long before. Thou art about my path, and about my bed : and spiest out all my ways. For lo, there is not a word in my tongue : but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether. Thou hast fashioned me behind and before : and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me : I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go then from thy Spirit : or whither shall I go then from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, thou art there : if I go down to hell, thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning : and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there also shall thy hand lead me : and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me : then shall my night be turned to day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear as the day : the darkness and light to thee are both alike. For my reins are thine : thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made : marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well. My bones are not hid from thee : though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect : and in thy book were all my members written; Which day by day were fashioned : when as yet there was none of them. How dear are thy counsels unto me, O God : O how great is the sum of them! If I tell them, they are more in number than the sand : when I wake up I am present with thee. Wilt thou not slay the wicked, O God : depart from me, ye blood-thirsty men. For they speak unrighteously against thee : and thine enemies take thy Name in vain. Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee : and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee? Yea, I hate them right sore : even as though they were mine enemies. Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart : prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me : and lead me in the way everlasting. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

Quiz for Church Funds

Saturday 27th October 7.00 for 7.30 pm

Teams 6-8, £7.50 per person includes ploughman's or come as an individual & join a team

Book with Roger 01634 717134 roger@cuxtonandhalling.org.uk

Poverty and Hope

‘ The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has sent me; he has sent me to bring good news to the oppressed, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and release to the prisoners.’ – Isaiah 61:1

Time and again, the Bible reminds us that God longs to bring comfort to the most vulnerable people. By giving to our Poverty and Hope Appeal, you are playing a part in this saving work. We believe that the love and grace of God can transform lives – in Kent, and around the world. Your generous gift will bring hope to those who need it most. You'll be speaking up with communities in the Democratic Republic of Congo, and bringing new opportunities to families living in poverty in Burkina Faso. You'll be improving the lives of people living with HIV in Zimbabwe, bringing hope to children in Sri Lanka, and supporting disadvantaged young people right here in Kent. bit.ly/PovertyHope. There will be envelopes for our contributions in church bring back at Harvest Festival or any time up to Christmas.

Remembrance Sunday 2018

This year is the 100th anniversary of the armistice which ended the fighting in the so called Great War. This makes Remembrance Sunday even more important than usual this year. In the church we shall do things slightly differently from the way we normally do them and both local parish councils will be putting on special events.

Because of the way the dates of Easter have worked out, Sunday 11th November this year is the same Sunday as Sunday 10th November 1918 – Trinity 24. This means that we shall be using the same collect and readings as would have been used in the village as the Armistice was about to come into effect. This gives me a feeling of solidarity across the generations.

The stained glass window depicted is in Lower Halstow church.

Halling



There will be a celebration of Holy Communion at St John's at 8.00 am. I shall use the 1662 rite and the service will be substantially the same as it was on this Sunday 100 years before.

At 10.50, there will be a Parade and Act of Remembrance in a service of Morning Prayer. I am inviting village groups and societies to contribute appropriately to this service – possibly with readings, music or drama. Within reason, it is up to them. We shall remember by name those commemorated on the War Memorial and wreaths will be laid. After the service, we shall parade to Forge Green.

The Parish Council are arranging events in the afternoon and, as usual on a second Sunday, there will be tea in the Jubilee Hall at 4.30, followed by Evening Prayer at 5.30.

Cuxton

There will be one service in the morning at 9.30 am. This will be a Parade and Act of Remembrance in the context of Holy Communion. We shall remember by name those commemorated on the War Memorial and wreaths will be laid. In the evening, the Parish Council are arranging the lighting of the beacon and there will be a Concert in Commemoration of the Armistice in St Michael's Church at 7.30 pm.

Both

It is hoped that the bells will be rung at 7.05 pm in solidarity with bells all over the country as they were rung on this day 100 years ago.

If you have any pictures or artefacts you could lend us for exhibition, they will be displayed at Cuxton or Halling as appropriate.

St John's Draw: £10 each to Mr Head (2), Mrs Farrow (25) & Mr Silver (77) – drawn by Mrs Tapson. Please contact Betty Head if you would like to take part in the St John's Draw.

St Michael's Draw: £10 to Mrs Bogg (24) & £5 each to Mr Wells (17) & Mr & Mrs Beaney (5). Please contact Mary Pitt if you would like to take part in the St Michael's Draw.

Riddle

A man and his son are in a road accident. The father is killed but the boy is rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. The surgeon says, "I can't operate on this boy because he is my son." Who is the surgeon? Answer last page.

Wise Words From a Former Archbishop of Canterbury

Donald Coggan: *My scientific education was so weak that I thought that copper nitrate was a policeman's overtime pay.*

From the Registers

Baptism:

9th September

Lennon Waddington

Wedding:

25th August

James Douglas Baldock & Emma Louise Julie Standen

Cuxton

Funerals:

21st August

Iris May Kennard (90)

formerly of Halling

30th August

Jacqueline Ada Polley (96)

formerly of Halling

The Pilates Element

Pilates is a body conditioning exercise programme suitable for all ages and abilities. My classes are friendly, fun and enjoyable.

Emily Pollington, member of FHT, qualified instructor.

Pilates classes are held in the church hall on Tuesdays from 6.30-7.30 & 7.30-8.30 pm. For more information, please contact instructor Emily Pollington, 07940233296, emilypollington@btinternet.com Also on Facebook.

Please book through website

<https://the-pilates-element.pilatesnearyou.co.uk/>

Pray For Victory?

By 1917, there was a strong feeling in some quarters that there ought to be some official sponsorship for a Day of Prayer and Thanksgiving to Almighty God to invoke His aid in bringing the Great War to a victorious end. This eventually took place on the fourth anniversary of the outbreak of the war – 4th August 2018.

Archbishop Davidson spoke of how never before “in the history of the country have the King and Queen and the two Houses of Parliament joined officially, as we join today, in one solemn act of prayer and confession, thanksgiving, commemoration, and resolve.” The day was observed in churches throughout the land with special provision both at Morning and Evening Prayer and at Holy Communion. A few days after this, the British Army and our allies began their march to final victory in November with tremendous successes in the Battle of Amiens. Much of the first three years of the war had been a terrible stalemate in which hundreds of thousands on both sides sacrificed their lives for small advances only to be forced to retreat a short while later. The beginning of 1918 had seen alarming German successes. After the Day of Prayer, the tide turned. But what are we to make of that? The whole subject raises questions for me which I cannot satisfactorily answer completely. What do you think?

Some people would say that it was just coincidence. There is no God or, if there is a God, He doesn't interfere in human affairs. That certainly gets round the other awkward questions I'm about to raise, but it's a chilling thought. We're on our own. There is no help for us beyond what we can achieve ourselves. This life is all we get – even if our lives are cruelly cut off on the battlefield. There is no ultimate meaning or purpose in who we are or what we do. Surely that cannot be so!

You could say that God does exist and does hold the whole world in His hands, but that our prayers make no difference. His plans are inscrutable to us and why would He change them because we asked Him to? Such an attitude seems to make nonsense of one of the most basic things we do as human beings. Prayer

comes naturally to us, as naturally as breathing. All kinds of people pray, great men and women. Jesus prays. Prayer can't be pointless. It means something to pray – though obviously not bending God's Will to ours. But is it right to pray for victory in battle? War is surely evil. How can we ask God to bless us when we go to war? A substantial number of Christians are pacifists. They believe that it is always wrong to fight and would never go to war. Most of us, however, believe that there are circumstances in which it is our duty to fight for what is right, to defend the weak, to protect the poor, to safeguard our own homes and families, our country from the ravages of an invader. You should never pray for success if you're doing wrong, but, when you believe you're doing right, it is natural to ask God to help you. So, if you believe that it is right to fight, it is natural to pray that you will win. How else could you, as a Christian, go to war? But surely the enemy also were praying for victory. Didn't they believe that they were fighting for the right? Yes, many of them were and did so believe. When we pray, we leave it up to God to decide how to answer our prayers. We don't tell Him what to do. We pray for grace for ourselves to do what He wants us to do. There's a lot of soul-searching to do before we sign up for a fight, but we're also citizens of the country we live in. We have a loyalty to our sovereign and to our fellow countrymen. If our country is fighting in a cause which we are not convinced is just, we may experience divided loyalties, not sure whether to fight alongside our compatriots, to be a conscientious objector or even (in extreme cases) to fight for the other side, like Bonheoffer and those other patriotic Germans who plotted to assassinate Hitler.

Does God take sides? There are plenty of instances in the Bible where He certainly does. God is on the side of His own people. He is on the side of the righteous. He is on the side of the poor. So can we assume that God will always support the good guys in any war and that the victors must therefore be the righteous? It's much more complicated than that. No-one is righteous (except Jesus). It's hard to believe that any country involved in a war has nothing to be ashamed about. We were certainly guilty of actions which would be very hard to justify in both world wars – including the use of poison gas and the deliberate bombing of civilians. It is highly significant that the service used on 4th August 1918 included confession. Neither side deserved to win. All of us are entirely dependent on God's mercy.

And finally, in those last few months of the Great War, there was still tremendous suffering on both sides and huge loss of life. If God had decided to intervene on our side after our Day of Prayer, couldn't He have given us the victory quicker and with no more pain or death? First of all, I don't believe that our day of prayer would have changed God's mind. God's plans are eternal, rooted in His own nature, not susceptible to alteration in response to human please. What the Day of Prayer could achieve was to align our wills with God's Will. God respects human free will and that's one explanation of why there is so much evil in the world. He doesn't overrule us even when we go wrong. Yet God's plans are accomplished despite our freedom to attempt to thwart Him. This is another mystery I can't understand, but it lies behind the answer to all these questions – that God allows humanity the freedom to indulge in atrocities such as the two world wars and yet His purposes are love and love does therefore ultimately triumph, even if we have to wait for the next world to see it. Roger.

Almighty God, from whom all thoughts of truth and peace proceed; kindle, we pray thee, in the hearts of all men, the true love of peace, and guide with thy pure and peaceable wisdom those who take counsel for the nations of the earth: that in tranquillity thy Kingdom may go forward, till the whole earth be filled with the knowledge of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

St Michael and All Angels, Cuxton Sunday, 11th November, 2018 at 7.30pm

ARMISTICE

A PRESENTATION OF WORDS AND MUSIC

To commemorate the cessation of hostilities on the Western Front of the Great War 1914-18

Tideway Folk Group Cuxton Church Choir
with audience participation and readings

“The more we learn about war, the more important it becomes to sing about peace.”

Refreshments afterwards in the hall

Retiring collection for Service Personnel Charities



Leysdown to Harty

During this glorious summer weather I do like to go to the coast. I enjoy the warmth of the sun and the gentle cooling sea breeze whilst watching sea birds, waves and any kind of watercraft. There is a lengthy walk along the beach or promenade/path

stretching from Leysdown-on-Sea towards the little Hamlet of Harty.

My walk begins from the free car parking area just beyond Nutts Farm Caravan Park and cafe in Shellness Road, Leysdown-on-Sea. I walk away from Leysdown along the top beside the beach until I turn right at a large car park and kiosk (sadly both are closed at the time of writing). The road leads to an interesting memorial of the Short Brothers at the entrance to Muswell Manor Holiday Park. Muswell Manor is a grade 2



listed building steeped in early aviation history. It was the first headquarters of the UK Aero Club. The Shorts Brothers constructed their first factory near here and the first recorded flight /circular mile in Britain was made here by JTC Brabazon in 1909.

There is a footpath behind Muswell Manor that leads out across farmland owned by the BB4 Group. The pathway is well defined and the ground is level which makes walking so much easier.

Through several gates and beside a series of streams and irrigation channels the well signed footpath passes cereal crops on route to Brewers Hill. The dwelling and outhouses at Brewers Hill accommodate an interesting collection of animals. There are geese, chickens, pigs, dogs, a ram and a cat as well as two cassowary and two alpacas. Not what you expect to see everyday!

From Brewers Hill the concrete slab footpath leads to the Harty Ferry Road and Elliots. Turn left at this point and follow the footpath which passes Old Forge Cottage before reaching the Hamlet of Harty. There are very few houses but there is a most interesting church. The church of St Thomas the Apostle is a grade 2 listed building and is very old. It has some official listings from the 11th Century but may be older. Amazing features of the current church include the lack of electricity and running water . Lighting in the nave is provided by hanging paraffin lamps and wall



mounted lamps with reflectors. The church has been described as 'Kent's most remote Church'. It is usually open during daylight hours and is so worth a visit.

Leaving the church I walk along the road to find the next footpath, on the left, beyond a house and farm buildings. This diagonal path leads through a few smaller fields and down to The Ferry House Inn. As the name suggests this was the location for a ferry connecting Oare, near Faversham, to the Isle of Sheppey. The Ferry House Inn is a beautiful 16th Century Country Public House sitting alongside the Swale Estuary. It has excellent pub food, a restaurant, is a popular wedding venue and has 4* accommodation. The pub menu is varied and uses their own farmed beef, game shot in the location, all served with herbs and veggies from their kitchen garden.



After a most satisfactory repast it is time to resume my walk. I retrace my steps back

to Harty Church then follow left for 400yds to a sign post pointing to the right. This footpath leads down to the marshes. It is a well trodden path

that takes me to an information board about a flying pig. Go through two kissing gates to get to the path which follows alongside the estuary with great views of the Swale National Nature Reserve. This is a favourite haunt for bird-watchers. There are hides sponsored by the RSPB



to allow peaceful observations of the various ducks, sea gulls, egrets, Brent geese, white-fronted geese, swans on and around the water channels in the salt marsh as well as

predators such as the marsh harrier and barn owl.

This is a lovely long footpath that leads to the Hamlet of Shellness. The Hamlet of Shellness is at the most easterly point of the Isle of Sheppey and is a small private isolated coastal settlement next door to a naturist beach. The footpath follows along the beach with a nice breezy walk back to the Shellness Road and the car. This circular walk is approx 7miles but it can be extended by walking further into Leysdown or including a swim in the estuary. A lovely day out.

Holly Croft

The Seasonal Steps of our Seers – October

St Faith was a second century Christian who, along with her two sisters and mother, was martyred by the Emperor Hadrian. In many parts of England the funeral processions of unmarried girls (and sometimes bachelors) were defined by carrying garlands of white flowers which were displayed in the church with a pair of white gloves to symbolise the purity of the deceased. New maiden garlands, as they were called were dedicated on St Faith's Day (6th October). Those maidens contemplating marriage would ask for St Faith's help in securing a suitable husband.

*O good St Faith, be kind tonight and bring to me my heart's delight;
Let me my future husband view, and be my vision chaste and true.
Old English Folk Rhyme'*

October 10th is the day in folklore on which blackberries should cease to be picked because it is thought that the Devil poisoned them by spitting on the fruit on this day. Before the calendar change of 1752, this was St Michael's Day and as he was responsible for the action of throwing the Devil out of heaven and in folklore the Devil landed in a blackberry bush and he poisoned the fruit in anger. In truth blackberries are past their best by the month of October because colder nights have set in, but blackberries picked on the day before are traditionally made into special tarts or jelly on Devil's Blackberry Day to spite him.

A fair was once held in Ely in St Audrey's chapel where cheap bobbin lace was sold off. The quality of this lace was of such poor quality It became known as 'St Audrey's' which over the years became 'tawdry' apparently giving the term for cheap and nasty items.

*One time I gave thee a paper of pins, another time a tawdry lace,
And if thou wilt not grant me love in truth I'll die before thy face!*

In Somerset on the last Thursday in October is Punkie Night and this may be the origin of the use of the pumpkins at Hallowe'en. The story goes like this. A number of men from Hinton St George got very drunk at a nearby fair on this night and were unable to find their way home. The women of the village went out to round up their inebriated husbands taking with them punkie lanterns to light and guide their way home. The punkie lights are made from mangel-wurzels and are usually extremely elaborate. They are easier to carry and not as frightening as the pumpkins used at Hallowe'en. Nowadays it is the children who make these lanterns and parade through the village with them to collect money and singing the Punkie Night chant:

*It's Punkie Night tonight, it's Punkie Night tonight!
Give us a candle, give us a light; if you don't you'll get a fright!*

Hallowe'en is the evening before All Hallows or All Saints Day (31st October) but because its origins are shrouded in mystery and superstition it is often associated with mischief and magic. It is a time for staying by the fire and perhaps telling fortunes, but ghost stories and talk of evil often became part of the evening's festivities. Traditionally it is the evening when witches fly abroad, goblins and other dreadful creatures are at their most active and the dead are said to rise from their graves, but this is all shrouded from the stories of times long ago. Often fires were lit on hillsides to ward off evil spirits and the practice of lighting turnip or pumpkin lanterns to do the same at dwellings is a tradition that still has quite a following today, but often this is more for decoration than for disposing of evil or unexplained things.

*Heigh ho for hallowe'en when fairies oft are seen,
Some black and some green. Heigh ho for hallowe'en!*

In England in past years village children would dress up in disguises and go around the houses collecting apples, nuts and sweetmeats. Children earned their prizes by performing a party piece or by householders recognising the character disguise. The practice from America called 'Trick or Treat' is similar, but this needs to be carefully organised by adults as it may cause offence or be frightening to people not prepared for it.

JGB



Tommy's Talking Points

We had to postpone the next section of the Saxon Shore Way for a couple of weeks and perhaps it was a good thing we did. The original date proved to be one of those very hot days. Master just managed half an hour of light cutting back in the garden before dinner and then decided to spend the rest of our day off sitting reading in the shade. The day we actually went was pleasantly warm and not too hot and it didn't rain. So it was perfect.

The last few times, we've met Master's friend on the same train at Strood and gone farther east on each occasion. This time we took the train as far as Herne Bay. It is quite a long way from Herne Bay Station to the beach. They thought that seaside stations should be nearer the sea, but surely, I thought, they need to be near the railway line. Anyway, we walked down to the front and went on a bit of what's left of Herne Bay pier, the landward end as we didn't fancy swimming out to what was the end of the pier before the middle part was destroyed in a storm in 1978. We saw a statue of Amy Johnson, the famous aviatrix whose death is described thus in the *Daily Mirror*: Amy was 37 when, on January 5, 1941, she flew through snow and freezing fog, with a broken compass, to deliver a new Airspeed Oxford plane [for the RAF] from Blackpool to Oxfordshire. She had defied orders to stay put. The flight should have taken 90 minutes but four hours later she crashed off the Kent coast near Herne Bay. Some people believe that she didn't drown, but was accidentally killed by one of the ships sent to rescue her.

Anyway, we then headed east along the promenade. There were plenty of people about, some in the water, and dogs. You can walk a long way in that direction, though dogs aren't allowed on the beach for much of the way and have to be kept on leads on the promenade. When I was finally set free, I made lots of friends – children and canine companions. Where the promenade runs out, the beach is shingle, and, the men not fancying walking on that, we ascended the very low cliff and walked along through the grassy meads at the top of it. We came to Reculver with its famous twin towers, used for centuries as an aid to navigation in the Thames Estuary and restored by Trinity House at the beginning of the nineteenth century for that reason. The Romans had a fort at Reculver and the Anglo-Saxons built a church. Again, there were so many people and dogs that I was spoilt for choice and did worry Master a bit by enthusiastically running on ahead rather too far.

Technically, the Saxon Shore Way heads south from Reculver down across the marshes towards Sandwich. Thanet was an island in Saxon times and we should have missed it out as we did Grain and Sheppey. However, the men really wanted to walk along that lovely path to Minnis Bay and see the delights of that holiday island (Master's boyhood holidays anyway) and, besides, we had been warned that the Saxon Shore Way to St Nicholas at Wade was poorly signposted and very overgrown. The plan was for them to have a pint in the *King Ethelbert* at Reculver and then to proceed to Birchington for dinner. But the special at the *King Ethelbert* was skate. So, inevitably, there we stayed while they had lunch. The last time I

lunched there was with a different friend of Master who couldn't finish her liver and bacon and passed them on to me. No such luck this time. Skate is better than liver!

When Master could finally be torn away after another pint and lemon pie with ice-cream, we continued our journey to Minnis Bay. I've been there before with the Mothers' Union outing. We saw lots of people on bicycles and quadricycles which you can hire at Minnis Bay. Master always complains whenever we go there that the buses no longer go as far as the cafe and there are no longer any open top Guys to take you to Palm Bay (56) or Pegwell Bay (69). We saw the flat where his family stayed on holiday when he was a little boy and then had to walk to Birchington Station, again quite a way from the sea! The indicator board there is so angled that it can't be read in the afternoon sun. However a regular passenger told us that a train should be along in five minutes and so it was and we were home for tea just after six. Another excellent day out. Next time I expect we'll walk the route of the good old East Kent Coastal service to Palm Bay and probably Ramsgate and maybe, one day, Pegwell Bay!






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At 106, Charles Drive

On Thursday **25 October**

From **2 pm** for tea or coffee and doughnuts and/or
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We've had a good Summer here in Cuxton and Halling. We've spent a lot of time out of doors either in the garden or walking in the local woods and fields. On warm summer evenings, we've sat in the garden till around 9.00 pm, him reading, me keeping a close eye on what's going on – people on the path to the churchyard and their dogs, cats, foxes and badgers in our own garden. The days are getting shorter now. We go indoors after Evening Prayer. Our morning walks start later or begins in the dark, depending on when he feels like getting up. He needs to be careful though about walking in the dark. He tripped over a root and hurt one of his bad knees. It's still not too cold, however. People wearing coats see Master as usual without one and say they wish they'd left theirs at home even if it is Autumn. I wear the same coat the year round. Speaking of Autumn, as I put paw to keyboard mid September the leaves are just beginning to change colour. The experts say the autumn colours won't last long this year because of the dry Summer. Early morning, there are sometimes beautiful mists and fogs. One day in Bush Valley, there were pockets of an ethereal mist in the depressions in the ground – thin enough to see the underlying colours of grass and soil. Another morning, the Medway Valley was so full of a bright thick fog that you would have thought it was winter snow if you didn't

know there was a river there. If it's warm, we sometimes sit out in the gloaming. One night he thought he saw a bat, but they don't usually come singly. So perhaps it was a bird late going home. Plenty of dragonflies, though none so far perching on Master in his deckchair as they often have in other years.. Hips, haws and sloes in the hedgerows. The blackberries appeared to be dying of drought in August, but have made a great comeback since. He found the flower book and the tall plants with blue flowers at Upper Halling are chicory. There are so many kinds of trefoil, vetch and clover in the book that he would have to take it with him to sort them all out. There have been plenty of them with lots of other flowers too and they're just as beautiful even if you don't know the names of them! You need to be a bit careful, however. A study showed that most people couldn't tell hemlock from cow parsley. Tommy the Rectory Spaniel.
ANSWER TO RIDDLE: his mother.