

Services November 2021			
Tuesday 2 nd November All Souls Day	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Revelation 7 vv 2-17 p1238 Matthew 5 vv 1-12 p968	
7 th November Trinity 22 3 rd Before Advent Blythwood Shoe Boxes	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Jonah 3 vv 1-10 p928 Mark 1 vv 14-20 p1002	
14 th November Trinity 23 Remembrance Sunday 2 nd Before Advent	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 10.50 Holy Communion Halling	Daniel 12 vv 1-3 p898 Mark 13 vv 1-8 p1019	
21 st November Last Sunday after Trinity Christ the King	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Daniel 7 vv 9-14 p892 Revelation 1vv 1-8 p1233 John 18 vv 33-37 p1087	
28 th November Advent Sunday Year C	9.30 Holy Communion Cuxton 11.00 Holy Communion Halling	Jeremiah 33 vv 14-16 p796 I Thessalonians 3 vv 6-13 p1187 Luke 21 vv 25-36 p1057	
Holy Communion Cuxton Wednesdays 9.30		Holy Communion Halling Thursdays 9.30	
3 rd November	Daniel 5 vv 1-31 Matthew 5 vv 21-26	4 th November	Daniel 6 vv 1-28 Matthew 5 vv 27-37
10 th November	Daniel 12 vv 1-13 Matthew 7 vv 13-29	11 th November S Martin	Hosea 1 v1 – 2v1 Matthew 8 vv 1-13
17 th November	Hosea 5 v8 – 6 v6 Matthew 9 vv 27-38	18 th November	Hosea 8 vv 1-14 Matthew 10 vv 1-15
24 th November	Hosea 11 vv 1-11 Matthew 12 vv 1-21	25 th November	Hosea 11 v 12 – 12 v14 Matthew 12 vv 22-37

On **All Souls Day (2nd November)**, we especially remember all those who have died in the Lord. In this parish, we remember by name those whose funerals we have conducted in the past year and those who are recorded in the Books of Remembrance at their respective Churches. Any others you would wish to be remembered, please give their names in writing to the Rector. [This was the last service we were able to hold last year before the second lockdown. It meant a lot that we could.]

On 7th November at both our services, we shall collect **shoeboxes for Blythwood**. There will be leaflets in Church with suggested contents or see <https://blythwood.org/> “We are looking ahead to our Shoe Box Appeal 2021 and to helping vulnerable communities across Eastern Europe. We trust we will be able to deliver boxes and bags to Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Kosovo, Moldova, Romania, Serbia and Ukraine. Filled shoeboxes and drawstring bags will both be gratefully received. Blythwood Care ask that each shoebox, if possible has a toothbrush and toothpaste, soap, sweets, toy/gift, scarf, gloves and hat, and some item of underwear. Thank you for supporting the Shoe Box Appeal.”

On **Remembrance Sunday (14th December)**, in order to avoid overcrowding, we shall not hold parades at our 9.30 and 10.50 services. Everybody is of course welcome to attend on this significant day. If you wish to, please wear any medals or uniform to which you are entitled.

On the 5th December, the 9.30 & 11.00 services will be **Gift Services** when we receive items suitable for Christmas hampers for people who may not have much for Christmas – tinned & packeted food within dates, toiletries, new clothing, especially for children.

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

Polar Hospitality

Thanks for letting me come and stay in your igloo. No problem. Just put your things down in the corner.

At the Opticians

Have your eyes been checked?

No, they've always been blue.



From the Rector
Remember, remember!
The fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason
and plot;
I know of no reason
Why the Gunpowder
treason
Should ever be forgot!

Actually, it probably wouldn't be a bad thing if some of the rest of this seventeenth century poem were forgot. It is not of a very forgiving spirit! Which thought raises interesting questions about forgiving and forgetting. When a person says, "I forgive you, but I won't forget what you did," you might wonder whether he truly forgives you. On the other hand, if we whitewash from history past sins and past sinners, how can we learn from our mistakes? I think the answer is that we take injustice, sin, any kind of wrong-doing very seriously. We don't brush it under the carpet, pretend that it doesn't matter, or even that it never happened, but that, like God, we take sin seriously and still love the sinner. We don't bear a grudge. We don't seek revenge. We pray for the sinner's rehabilitation and work ourselves to that end if it lies within our power. It's not easy. Hating sin, but loving the sinner cost Jesus His life.

Anyway, November is a month for remembering. Most of us probably enjoy Fireworks Night without thinking too much about the fact that it is a celebration of the thwarting of a major terrorist incident, but there are two solemn commemorations which we still take seriously. [It was Queen Victoria who decided that official public thanksgiving for the defeat of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 had gone on long enough and had the special service dropped from the Prayer Book in 1859 – along with King Charles the Martyr, and the Restoration of Charles II].

On 2nd November, All Souls Day, we remember before God all those who have died in the Lord – in this parish naming those whose funerals we have taken in the last year, those recorded in our Books of Remembrance and any others we're asked to remember publicly. They live on in our hearts and memories and in the difference they have made on earth. Even more importantly – infinitely significantly – they are recorded in the

Lamb's Book of Life and live on in the love of Jesus for ever.

On Armistice Day and Remembrance Sunday, we remember those who died in the two world wars and in subsequent conflicts.

They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

We will remember them.

Those words are a very moving aspect of our Remembrance Sunday commemorations. Yet their significance has changed over the years in which even I have been saying them. When I was a boy, there were people present at Remembrance services who had known personally the people commemorated on the war memorials. Some had themselves fought and had seen comrades die. Others had served on the home front, hoping and praying for the safe return of the men they loved. Many still bore the physical injuries and emotional scars inflicted by war. The time came, in the first decade of the current millennium, when there were almost none left who remembered the Great War and had personal knowledge of those who had died in it. Even so, the children of that generation knew the names commemorated and had been told the family stories of fathers and grandfathers, older brothers and uncles whom they would never meet, at least in this life.

Twenty years later, we are in the same phase with regard to remembering the Second World War: what it meant on the home front, on the battlefield, at sea and in the skies above our heads. There are people very much alive today who fought in World War II. We have friends and neighbours here in Kent who remember the evacuation from Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain, air raids, the billeting of allied troops in and around their homes and the celebrations of VE Day & VJ Day, but they are growing older and fewer.

People of my generation have parents who lived through those days of war. We have heard the stories. We know a little bit about those who didn't come back – though, in my experience, those who have been through the horrors of war don't talk about it much. They'll tell you the funny stories, the absurdities of service life, the

blundering self-importance of pompous officialdom, but they won't talk about the terrible things that they witnessed, only praying that their sons and daughters will never themselves ever go through anything like it.

But what of the generations following? How will they remember? What do the names on the war memorials mean to them? When they look around at shiny new city developments, can they see in their mind's eye people (maybe their own great grandparents) in those same cities taking shelter from aerial attack or could they even picture the bomb sites that were still around in my youth? Do they ever think of those previous generations, of the dreadful challenges they faced and the resilience with which they mostly confronted them?

Well, of course they can familiarise themselves with the story. They can be taught the history. Perhaps there are family photographs and parents or grandparents who can tell them who those people in the pictures truly were and what they achieved, but it's not the same as personal knowledge. So what can we and what can generations yet to come do to honour the pledge **We will remember them?**

There are obvious answers. We are duty bound to look after members of our armed forces and their dependents, whether veterans of the world war or of more recent conflicts. I might add that we are duty bound to look after our allies and their families – personnel such as the translators in Afghanistan.

This one is harder, but we also have to forgive our enemies – not to brush over atrocities as if they didn't matter and certainly not to condone renewed or continued oppression, human rights abuses, deliberate cruelty or the neglect of the needs of ordinary people – but never to seek for revenge and always to try to support by peaceful and constructive means the establishment and security of just and generous nations.

It is also incumbent upon us and on every generation to work for world peace. I wish I could be a pacifist, but I can't. I am afraid that there are times when our only defence is armed conflict. However, we ought never to cease to

look for better ways to resolve our differences. To serve in the military in a just cause is an honourable profession, but, in a truly just world, such service would never be needed.

Less obvious perhaps is the respect subsequent generations should have for the people who went before them and built the world they inhabit. And this respect ought to be mutual. It is too easy for us older people to go on about *young people today* and what is wrong with them, just as it is always tempting, when we are young, to think of our parent's generation as a lot of *silly old fools*. We're very judgmental, too ready to jump on bandwagons condemning others for their supposed failings. *Judge not, that ye be not judged.*

The generation which fought the Second World War was very idealistic and effectively gave us the NHS and universal education at least to the mid teens, mounted a massive house-building programme designed to provide decent homes for all and created the welfare state as we know it. They also fought for freedom in general and for freedom of speech in particular. Even had there been no war, life for many of our parents' and grandparents' generations would have been much harsher and tougher than it is for any of us today. I don't like to hear them condemned for their supposed non-woke attitudes by privileged younger people whose relatively comfortable lives are the fruit of the labours of those who went before them. Neither do I like the way our freedoms regarding what we do, what we say and even how we think are progressively being taken away from us. During the war, my father read Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. He wanted to know what we were up against and one of the things for which we were fighting was the freedom to consider ideas for ourselves, rather than have the government or the mob or "public opinion" place limits on what we can talk about. We progress by being open to the whole range of possibilities and considering them rationally in the light of the evidence. This is our heritage honed by the philosophers of ancient Greece, Christianity (especially perhaps Protestant Christianity) and the European Enlightenment and it is an aspect of what our forefathers fought for. There ought to be no room for the so-called culture wars. We should

treat one another with respect, even when we are quite sure that the other guy is wrong.

There will come a time when the D Day landings are as remote as the Battle of Waterloo and Pashchendale as distant as Agincourt, but hopefully we won't forget the terrible lessons of war nor the fact that the people who have fought in all these battles down through the ages are real people *subject to like passions as we are*. [James is using that expression of the prophet Elijah and the amazing things which he accomplished in his lifetime, but James' point is that we are all human beings and, in prayerful relationship with God, we can all achieve greatness.] There comes a time when the departed are no longer remembered by anyone alive on earth, but that does not mean that they have ceased to exist or that they no longer matter.

I began this article by talking about remembrance. One of the blessings I experience as a result of having lived here so long is the memories I have. There are things we have done recently. There are happy memories of what we have done in the past. There is the joy of things accomplished. There is sadness as I remember my family members and friends and former parishioners whose company and fellowship I have enjoyed here, but who now worship on another shore. There is sadness, but it is a sweet sadness. *Tears have no bitterness*. We are taught by St Paul *not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in him*.

Sometimes, when I am praying in our parish churches, I think about those who have gone before us and who prayed in these very same places. There are many whom I remember with affection. There are people from a generation or two back, whom I never knew but of whom I've heard a great deal from those who did know them. Then, there are all those generations who worshipped where we worship now over many centuries. I sometimes think of William Laud (especially when I pray the collect for parliament which he wrote) praying where I pray now for the



This is the lych gate at Halling. You probably can't read the inscription which is *Mors Ianua Vitae*. Who knows what it means? I'd also like to know, if anyone does know, why so many of the inscriptions at St John's are in Latin!

brief time he was Rector of Cuxton. When I use the 1662 prayerbook (which I generally do when I am on my own), I think of the fact that I am praying in nearly the same words as those which have been used in these churches since the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. I think of those who attended the Latin Mass in the Middle Ages – different customs, different ideas about God, but the same God. I sometimes think of the challenges our forefathers faced and overcame and of the joys which they must have experienced. And I think of them as not lost and gone forever, not ghosts fading into the mists of history but as having joined that *great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, (who) stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb* which St John was shown in his Revelation and which he describes in chapter 7 of that book.

There is a prayer which we often use at funerals which really sums up what it is all about. It's ultimately what I'm here for as rector - to play a part in God's plan for all my parishioners to be included in the final consummation for which it longs. What you need to do, what we all need to do if we want to share in this is to *believe on the Lord Jesus*. Roger.

ALMIGHTY God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: We give thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching thee, that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

From the Registers

Baptism:
19th September

Joshua Eli Scott

Bearsted

Laurence Curnow RIP

Parishioners were sorry to hear of the sudden death of Laurence Curnow on 24th September. As a boy Laurence had sung in the choir and as an adult quietly supported in the background his parents Malcolm and Doris in their service of the church, helping particularly to keep the church hall in good order. He will be sadly missed.

PERCY PIGEON'S PERCEPTIONS

Good day to you all. We shall soon be off on our next break to Halling. We go every so often to the river side. Halling is a pleasant village - a mixture of old and new. Upper Halling has a farm shop and some good fields of promising crops. We - a group of family and friends - fly down with perches en route at the White Hart for good pecking in the garden, then to the new McDonald's perhaps - rich pickings! but our first real perch is in Ferry Road on the surgery roof. Then down to the riverside walk. This is often a culinary productive trip though frequently interrupted by runners or people with dogs or babes in buggies. The fishermen shake off their lunchtime crumbs for a good snack for us. Just occasionally there is discarded bait to provide us with nutritional protein. We are also planning a ceremonial fly-past of the house in the High Street which has just received a blue plaque to commemorate the life and heroism of Sergeant Harris awarded the Victoria Cross but killed in the battle of the Somme in WWI.

When last there we were interested to see the littl'uns at school, but not wearing their smart uniforms. Turns out it was , "Jeans for Genes" day, but the squabs were very happy.

It is good to have a change of scenery, but so good to come home to the crazy ash tree in the rectory garden. The weather has been poor this year but we pigeons adapt with only a small shrug of the feathers. We are not fond of any precipitation though as it curtails all our activities. We so hope the winter will be a kind one for us all. We see you wrapped up in woolly layers and sturdy footwear and are so glad we avoid all that kerfuffle with our inbuilt insulation.

As always the church in Halling - St John's - gives us a good vantage point. We can see across the muddy river to Wouldham church. Of course we pigeons are really larger doves, which makes us very Biblical - olive branches and all that. So try not to scare us - we too are creatures of peace, not pies. Coo-coo.

Overheard on a London Bus:

"I've just opened a factory making bridal wear near Paddington."

"Maida Vale?"

"Dozens!"

Plant Warfare

When I made my home in Cuxton Rectory, I had great hopes for the garden. I suppose I imagined a combination of the suburban gardens I had been used to and a traditional country cottage garden. I envisaged copious crops of fruit and vegetables, flowers in abundance and flower beds maintained to such a standard that weeds were seldom seen and at once pulled out if they dared to show their leaves above ground. The lawns would be immaculate. There was a large circle in the grass which had obviously once been a flower bed and I thought I might restore it to its former glory. Maybe there would be a pond.

But this was not to be. The moles made sure that the grass was very far from immaculate. More recently, they have been joined by badgers with the same determination. Then there is just so much of the Rectory garden. It takes ages to do anything. It is just not possible for one man to keep the grass cut, the hedges trimmed, the weeds under some sort of control and to attend to the plants, besides running a parish. The soil is really quite infertile, chalky and shallow. Because the soil is so shallow and there are so many tree roots,

it very soon dries out in the Summer and even tough plants like Phlox begin to droop and lupins succumb. While I had some early success with dahlias, begonias and brassicas, a later proliferation of slugs consumed them, devouring such cabbages and sprouts as escaped the caterpillars and pigeons. Sorry, Percy! Then so much of the garden is shaded by what are probably too many trees. Even fruit trees and ornamental flowering trees, even privet, have a propensity for dying. For all these reasons, I am wont to describe the environs of the Rectory as a plant graveyard. Plants come here to die. What grow like weeds in other people's gardens – Anemone japonica, Michaelmas daisies, mint even – barely cling to life for a few seasons here before turning up their toes and perishing.

But not all of them. Some are very vigorous indeed and fight back. Ground elder is very resilient. I was grateful to a reader of this magazine for recipes for ground elder, though I haven't yet braced myself sufficiently to try eating it. I have occasionally cooked and eaten the equally prolific stinging nettles. The young ones are fine to eat, but the old ones give you kidney stones. Picking them isn't much fun! I have wondered whether it would be easier if, instead of trying to grow the things we like to eat, we tried to learn to like to eat the things which grow naturally. There must, however, be a reason why our ancestors bred the vegetables we know and love rather than just eating the wild roots, shoots and leaves which grow of themselves. Besides, quite a lot of wild fruits and berries are poisonous. You have to know what you are doing when you go foraging.

I can't quite remember what my kitchen window used to look out onto when I first moved in. I know that very soon, at my mother's suggestion, we turned it into a sort of rockery with a lawn at the centre. This was going to be the special place where standards were maintained. I even used to cut the grass with one of those old fashioned exquisite cylinder mowers which you have to push by hand. The surrounding area was to be home to a variety of old-fashioned herbaceous plants. I think the elephants' ears were already there. I planted Michaelmas daisies, Japanese anemone, hollyhocks, Phlox, Iris, rainbow grass, lavender, Montbretia, Osteospermum, thyme, rosemary, peonies, evening primrose, St John's wort (or probably Rose of Sharon – Hypericum anyway), Solomon's Seal and I don't know what else – many of these plants being the gifts of kind friends and family. This patch has proved to be the real battleground for plants. One after the other, the various varieties and species have given way to their stronger brethren. I had thought at one time that the Osteospermum was giving a good account of itself, but all gone. I didn't believe that anything could vanquish the ornamental grasses, but I hadn't reckoned on the Hypericum genus. So little remains but the Rose of Sharon and the Montbretia. Admittedly, the yellow carpet of the one admirably sets off the orange spires of the other. The Hypericum has spread in one direction to make the lawn smaller (which saves on a bit of mowing) and in the other direction to make the drive narrower. It only remains top of the food chain, however, because I keep down the invading brambles and, this year for the first time in a big way, spreading tendrils of ivy. Ivy seems to have flourished under the unusual weather conditions we have enjoyed in 2021.

So, what of the future? I've learnt to go with the flow rather than to try too hard to impose my will on the garden. I've introduced other shrubs into the rose bed where some of the original inhabitants have died. I've accepted that only the toughest of flowering plants will thrive and given up on the less robust species and those which are toothsome to slugs. The molluscs don't seem to like geraniums and fuchsias. I discovered some years ago that slugs don't like busy lizzies, but these then succumbed to their own pandemic. It's a fungus disease. Burn any plants affected. Get rid of any compost they were growing in. Sterilise any containers. Grow your own plants from seed if you can. That's the advice. I just gave up and planted geraniums instead. I've decided that it was a mistake not to weed between the roses in order to preserve the self-sown forget-me-nots and other wild flowers. There are far too many downright weeds. It would be hard work to dig over the whole patch to get rid of them now, though I must have done that thirty years ago. I'll think about it after next year's forget-me-nots have flowered. As for the pond and re-opening the circular flower bed, they're not going to happen! Still, I love my garden and I really enjoy looking at the different shades of greenery, the different shapes of the trees and shrubs, the flowers robust enough to come out in the plant graveyard and the wild life they attract. Food crops are just apples, rhubarb & blackberries.

Not Too Late For Representations Regarding Bush Valley Winery

You may wish to make representations concerning the proposed **winery, cafeteria, etc.** in Bush Valley. There is now a formal planning application. MC/21/2328. If you wish to comment, please do so as soon as possible. Quote the reference. You can comment using the Medway Council website. I didn't find that easy. Maybe someone will help you if it's a problem for you. You could also write to Planning at Medway Council 2021, Gun Wharf, Dock Road, Chatham, Kent, ME4 4TR. Quote MC/21/2328. Whether by post or online, all representations need to be in by **13th October**. This is an extension to the deadline. You can find out more on www.kentishwinevault.co.uk. You can also contact the developer directly by emailing to info@kentishwinevault.co.uk.



Tommy's Talking Points

Our most recent expedition to the wilds of Surrey (or perhaps Sussex, Master thought) was planned for the day on which our prolonged Summer apparently switched over into Autumn mode. We got up early and had breakfast and, as we like to do, sat in the garden while he finished his tea and toast. It was still very mild, but it was too dark for him to read his bible or prayerbook. So he decided to postpone saying Morning Prayer (which he likes to do out of doors if he's not in church) until after our morning run. Although a walk was planned for later in the day with our friend, both of us need the opportunity to stretch our legs and fill our lungs with fresh air before embarking on a long car journey.

Now, Master doesn't usually pay much attention to weather forecasts, but, when we got to Dean Valley, we met another man with a dog who said that he had set out early because the meteorologists had warned that it would rain at 7.00. This was about twenty minutes after we had left home at 6.40 and, sure enough it just then began to drizzle – uncanny prescience on the part of the London Weather Centre. The drizzle rapidly turned into a downpour and Master started to think that he would have to take seriously warnings that the day would turn out cold and wet. In fact, we carried on running rather farther than he had originally intended on the grounds that we probably would not be getting the planned circumambulation in Surrey. Actually, we often go farther than he proposes when we first set out because he enjoys running so much and he very often cuts things too fine time wise. It didn't matter that we got soaking wet. Running shorts and skin soon dry even if trainers and fur don't.

So, we said Morning Prayer indoors and then he read the paper while the rain beat down on the porch roof and he began to wonder if it would start to leak as it does sometimes when there is more rainfall than the gutters can deal with. Just before the time we should have been setting out, Master rang his friend, expecting to have to formalise cancelling the day out. But the sun was shining where our friend lives and they agreed to carry on and meet as planned. As Master put the 'phone down, the rain ceased and the sun came out. We got in the car and headed for the rendezvous – Bindley Heath Cricket Club. We didn't even get seriously lost. Master's friend had already arrived and brought the lunch. So off we set in the sunshine.

And it remained mostly sunny while we effected our peregrination of the Surrey countryside. We walked along a busy lane until we found the track alongside Ardenrun Farm. Our guide was last century. So we had to be alert to the possibility of changes to the route, but we found it all right. The buildings were attractive and well-maintained, the countryside beautiful as ever. The only drawback was that there were ferocious signs for much of the first part of the route demanding that dogs be kept on leads because of livestock. Only, there wasn't any livestock. Master says that rules are made these days not only to deal with bad things happening but also to safeguard against anything which might happen, however unlikely. The theory is that it is better to distrust all people than to trust them and discover that even a minority are untrustworthy. It really was a lovely walk round the fields, especially when I was eventually set free, past Crowhurst Place until we came to a quiet lane where there was a choice of routes. We decided to deviate from the original plan to visit St George's Church where we sat in the sun in the churchyard under the flag

of St George and the human beings had their lunch. We saw hardly any other people or dogs on the walk. Maybe they had taken too much notice of the weather forecast, but we did see a man with a dog in the churchyard.

After lunch, we rejoined the main walk back to the car park. There was a slight problem where the fields had been ploughed and there were no signs to tell walkers where the footpath was, only bossy notices telling them to keep to it!

The humans on our walk didn't really tackle in their conversation this time the great challenges facing the human race. It is all too difficult, they thought. I can be difficult too. There was a stile only just big enough for me to get under and I wouldn't attempt it. He got stung by nettles getting over himself, taking the lead (in both senses) and then he got stung again coming back for me to lift me over. He was not pleased. The last part was alongside the A22, which wasn't so good, but at least we hadn't got lost. We then drove home without incident, a very pleasant day out which we nearly gave up on, had it not been for the greater optimism of our friend regarding the weather.

The official guide called this walk *The Six Wives On the Trail of Henry VIII*, but we didn't see any signs of the Tudor monarch nor any of his consorts. The walk was close to the border between Surrey and Sussex and Kent. It probably was all in Surrey, but Master insisted that the countryside looked more like Sussex and that St George's Church looked like a Sussex Church. It is, however, in the Diocese of Southwark. Nothing about Henry VIII on the website, but it does claim a connection with King Harold. It is especially famous for the magnificent 4,000 year old yew tree in the churchyard. The unique iron grave slab in the church floor is a reminder that Surrey was the home of a flourishing iron industry in the days when iron was smelted with charcoal rather than coke.



Friends of Kent Churches

I was the only one this year from our parish to take part in the annual bike ride, walk or run. Thank you to all those who sponsored me. We raised £225 of which half will be returned to this parish. This year, I took a trip down memory lane, visiting churches around the Medway towns, many of which hold happy memories for me. I managed more churches than ever before (35 I think) in a shorter distance than usual because churches are still quite close packed in towns. There were not many welcomers out at churches this year, possibly because of COVID. At St Paul's Methodist Church, there was a group in the foyer which I took to be supporting the cycle ride. I barged in talking

loudly about the bike ride and how I used to go to school opposite and how we used their hall for lessons and then realised they didn't know what I was talking about and that I had interrupted what appeared to be their prayer meeting. Roger.

Harvest Festival & Barbecue

Between a Saturday of torrential cold rain and a Monday of sunshine and showers, our Harvest Festival Sunday turned out bright and sunny. Thanks to those who arranged flowers, fruit, vegetables, hops and harvest bread in our two churches. The children were magnificent in their presentation of the fruits of the Holy Spirit - love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance – all displayed on a real live lemon tree.

After their liturgy (service to God), our Bulgarian friends joined us for a barbecue outside the church hall. We shared our food and enjoyed fellowship together with a splendidly laid table set out under the marquee. Special thanks to Matthew and Julia Wells for making it all possible.

Pictures from Our Harvest Barbecue With the Bulgarians







Jokes for November

Why was the maths book unhappy?

It had so many problems.

German vegetarians really fear the wurst.

What did the bus conductor say to the frog?

Hop on.

Multi-storey car park crime is just wrong on so many levels.

What do you call a cow on a trampoline?

A milk shake.

What does it take to become a zombie?

Deadication

How do help a lemon?

Give it lemon aid.

Who invented fire?

Some bright spark, no doubt.

How does the moon cut his hair?

Eclipse it.

**Odd Job
Lady. Inside or
out.**

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Names of departed relatives and friends can be inscribed in

The Book of Remembrance

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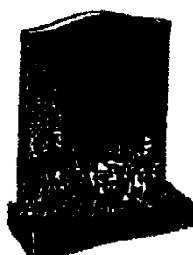
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