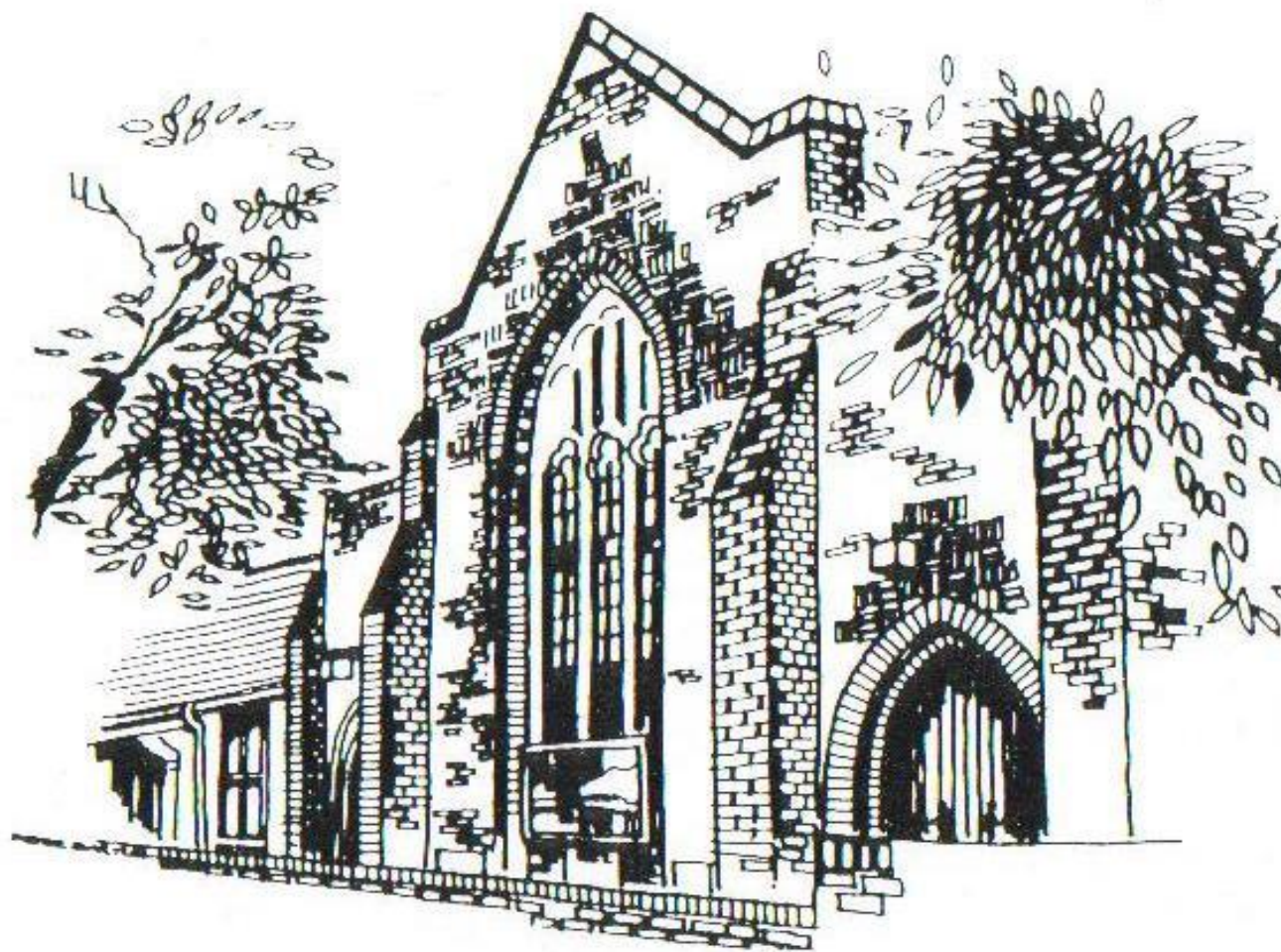




The Magazine
of
**Highams Park Baptist
Church**

Cavendish Road, E.4.



JUNE / JULY 2021

CHURCH PROGRAMME

Sunday Services

The Sunday Services are being held within the current Covid restrictions and numbers are limited. At the time of writing it is unsure when restrictions will be eased further.

For any further information please contact the Church Minister or Secretary.

Monday

Gathered Prayer 11.00 – 12.00 am at the home of Margaret Norris.

An opportunity to pray for the life and work of the Church and for the local community.

Friday:

Boys Brigade and Girls Association:
Anchors (For boys and girls in school years 1-3)
combined with

Juniors (For boys and girls in school years 4-6)
6.30 - 8:00 pm
Company Section 6. 30 - 8.30pm.

Cell Groups: The cell groups are small groups of people that meet together for friendship, support, Bible study / application. It would be great if you wanted to try one of the groups.

Friday 'Praise, Prayer and Worship'
Monthly 7.00 -8.00pm at the Church.
Contact Muneyi Antoniou or Peter Burke for details.

Tuesdays, weekly at 8.00 pm
at Sarah and Paul Raymond's House.

The deadline for items for the next edition is Sunday 25th July 2021
Editors: Dave & Jacquie Lyus, 020 8527 1505 Email: magazine@hpbcc.co.uk



Cavendish Road, London E4 9NG

June / July 2021

| | |
|---|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">Minister:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Rev. Rosemary Eaton 21, Warboys Crescent, Highams Park, London, E4 9HR</p> <p style="text-align: center;">☎ 020 8523 5056</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Church Secretary:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Ruth Underhay, 249, The Avenue, Highams Park, London E4 9SE</p> <p style="text-align: center;">☎ 07593 421214</p> |
|---|---|

The anointing at Bethany

A short time before Jesus was arrested, he was a guest at a meal hosted by a man known to us only as 'Simon the Leper'. As the meal drew to an end, a woman entered the room carrying a jar of expensive perfume. To the surprise of those gathered at table, she proceeded to break the jar open and then poured its contents over Jesus' head.

In response to the self-righteous indignation of the other diners, Jesus explained the meaning of her unusual action and commended the woman for the beautiful gift she offered that day. This well-known story is recorded by Mark in chapter 14 of his gospel. The woman is not named but she has never been forgotten.

As our world begins the slow process of recovery from the impact of COVID-19, grief and mourning continue to shape both our individual lives and our experience as part of the wider communities in which we live and move. Millions of those who have died across the world are nameless to all but those closest to them. Like the unnamed woman who anointed Jesus at Bethany, they will be remembered whenever the story of the pandemic that changed the world is told.

In memory of her

Many things have been said of her. Some thought her impulsive, others said reckless. She was accused of wasting scarce resources, of depriving the poor of much needed help. Cruel and unkind words were spoken. Words that now seem ugly...unworthy...spiteful...contemptuous.

Today the words are strikingly different. Today I listen as some of those who were once quick to speak in condemnation describe my dear, sweet, gentle friend as a visionary. One who saw the way things were moving so clearly on that day that she did the unthinkable. A woman of the deepest faith and utmost devotion to our Lord. The one who will always be remembered whenever His story is told, so it is said.

Here today, at her funeral, they speak in memory of her. All the old faces are here, at least those who are left, and there are younger folk too.

They come to pay their respects to someone whose life was both example and inspiration to so many in our community. To one who was both encourager and guide for those born late into the faith, after the tragic events that took place in Jerusalem all those years ago. They come, as I do, to give thanks for the life of a woman so full of grace, and faith, and a love for others that she just couldn't help but spill it over all those whose lives she touched. She will be much missed.

She was no-one special. A simple woman...uneducated...without wealth or fame, but with an ability to perceive...to understand...to feel. And to act. She was unconventional in a quiet sort of way and not easily deterred once she had set her mind on a course of action. So it was that day and so it remained for all the years I knew her. Unassuming, graceful, delicate but with a determination to fulfil her calling that was both impressive and unshakeable.

I asked her once why she had done it. I wondered why she had gone there...why such extravagance...why her? Why, why, why? She looked at me with those dark, soft eyes of hers and said simply, "I wanted him to know." That was it. She wanted him to know.

I have pondered those words for years without fully understanding. What did she want Jesus to know? And what was it she knew that others didn't that night? Had she had a premonition...a sense that the tide was turning against him? Or did it just look that way after the event? Whatever it was, something both beautiful and momentous happened in that room in Simon's house and she was the catalyst.

On an impulse, I bought perfume today. Later, when I return home, I will open the bottle. I will remember our Lord and the night he accepted one woman's gift of sweet perfume with grace and with words of prophecy. And then, in memory of her, I will weep for my loss and for the loss of the world.

For those with internet access

A recording of this reflection is available here:

<https://www.hpbc.co.uk/church-news/church-notice/#In-memory-of-her>

In memory of her formed part of the Sunday Supplement in Lent. The full series of reflections, readings and music is available here:

<https://www.hpbc.co.uk/the-sunday-supplement/Lent-2021>

Rosemary

Cavendish Circular



As restrictions are gradually lifted, it has been good to once again gather at church, either inside or in the garden, while adhering to current guidelines. You can read about our special Whit Sunday service, held in the garden, further in the Magazine. The music group led our singing and we were joined by the 17th PALS Battalion Band who had marched through Highams Park before returning to play outside Tesco's after the service. We were blessed with good weather during the service and it was good to be able to sing our praises while following social distancing of course!

It is not often that we have to record, in one Circular, the sad deaths of members, but also rejoice in reporting a marriage and a birth. During the last few weeks we have been saddened to hear of the deaths of Doreen Chandler on 31st March (reported in the last issue) and June Tresarden on 17th April. Both Doreen and June were faithful members of our fellowship over many years and there are tributes to them both in this issue. We send our loving condolences to the families of Doreen and June, as they mourn their passing and give thanks to God for their lives.

In our last issue we rejoiced with our good friend Jan (néé Smithers) as she married Alan Webb on 20th February in New Zealand. Jan has now sent a report and pictures of the happy day which you can see further in the magazine. We wish Jan and Alan every happiness in their life together and look forward to the possibility of seeing them later in the year when they pay a visit to England.

We also rejoice with Steve and Karon Jenkins as they proudly announce the birth of their granddaughter Summer Phoebe Star Hilton on 30th May. We send our warmest congratulations to parents Rebecca and Adam together with our prayers for God's blessing on the family in their future life. You can see a message from Steve and Karon later in this issue.

Finally, we thank our member Marilyn Robinson who has recently relinquished her role as Flower Secretary after very many years wonderful service to our fellowship. You can hear more from Marilyn further in the Magazine and we thank Many Edwards who has kindly taken on the role of arranging the Church flowers each week.

Jacquie

REMEMBERING DOREEN CHANDLER

The following is taken from the eulogy given at Doreen's funeral, by her nephew, Peter.



Auntie was Aunt to four, Great Aunt to seven and Great, Great Aunt to four. Sadly, she never had the chance to meet the latest generation, as she had become unwell at about the same time as the first was conceived. She would have loved them.

This was a lady that loved classical music, as evidenced by the vast collection of LP's and CD's that we had to dispose of when clearing her flat. Apart from Wimbledon, she didn't like sport, this being the source of very disparaging comments whenever we wished to watch anything on the TV. She took great pleasure in the family and their achievements, putting me up when I was on courses in London and Andrew when he was researching for his books in London.

Doreen was born in Buckden, in the old County of Huntingdonshire; the eldest child of John and Grace Chandler. She often said that her two younger brothers, or particularly my father, her eldest brother, tormented her in her childhood. On the flip side, my father says that she was most put out when he arrived, as she was no longer the centre of attention! I would like to share with you the thoughts of Eric, her youngest brother, when he was asked to contribute to the memories. He says:-

'She was our big sister. Always that. It was a close knit family where we had very little except necessities and each other. That always seemed enough.

Formal education finished at fourteen in our village school and Doreen went to work in the drapery department of the village store. She always wanted to be a nurse and at eighteen, after a few months as a Nursing Auxiliary in Cambridge, she went to Bedford to train. There she qualified as a State Registered Nurse - taking the Matron's Prize for the best practical nurse in training. From there she went to London to qualify as a State Certified Midwife. This gave her experience of home nursing which led to work as a District Nurse and Midwife. So she went on to gain qualification as a Queens' Institute District Nursing Sister. Eventually, the strain of doing the district round after a night delivering babies became too much so she dropped the midwifery. Outside of work she had a life. She always loved singing and she used her clear true soprano in the Selwyn Singers for some years. She was member and, for years, part of the Church Council, in the Baptist Church at Highams Park.

In retirement there were new opportunities. A move led to her worshipping and singing in the choir at St Peter's in the Forest. Always skilful with a needle she engaged her artistic talent in beautiful embroidery. She took art classes, joined an arts club and took great delight in splashes of colour and form.

In the last years all these activities had to be scaled down. Lack of sensitivity in sight and touch took its toll and she drew back with dignity and little complaint. She often said she had had a good life and had done what she wanted. In many ways, her life reflects the age through which she lived. It can never be repeated and should be remembered and treasured.'

From an early age our parents would take us to stay with Auntie at 87 Friday Hill, the house that she occupied as the District Nurse for the area.

We would travel by steam train to Kings Cross where Doreen would meet us and then escort us back to Chingford. This was in the days before the Victoria line and so was a bit of a trek, especially the walk from Chingford station back up Friday Hill. 87 was at the top of the hill. We were introduced to the play equipment in Pimp Hall Park which was just round the corner and, on a Sunday, we would take the long walk up to Ridgeway Park where we would sit and watch cricket and, even better, take a ride, or two, on the model steam trains that ran in the park. I believe they still run. And then there were the walks into the Forest, just across the road from number 87. Out onto the plain and around Connaught Water.

During our stays Auntie would take us up to the smoke to go sightseeing, almost every day. We visited all the main museums, although not Art galleries, I recall. Among the sights were St Pauls, Tower Bridge, Tower of London, Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, Changing the Guard at both Buckingham Palace and Horse Guards and to the top of what was then called the Post Office Tower. Unfortunately we were only able to have a coffee at the top and not a meal in the revolving restaurant (which was rather pricey!). Anne and I felt really lucky to be able to have these experiences; experiences I am reminded of every day when I go upstairs at home. At the top of our stairs hangs an embroidery depicting all of the sights. This was a wedding present from Doreen to Julie and me and so one of her early works. Eric mentioned her needle skills and I know that many of you have seen and maybe own one of her works that she made in retirement. I believe that all of her work was either designed by herself or based upon photographs of places she had visited.

In retirement, in addition to the painting and embroidery, Doreen became, probably, the most travelled of this Chandler clan, visiting the Holy Land, Yugoslavia, Turkey and the USA, I believe New York, to name a few. USA was her last trip, which, apparently she did not really enjoy. For several years in later life Auntie would come back to Huntingdonshire for Christmas and her birthday, when we would enjoy her company over many a long meal, she was very good company. I recall, when we were involved in a meeting to work out where she could be housed, she was asked if she had any children. In a most dismissive way she replied "No, I was too busy for all of that". Too busy she may have been, but she had plenty of time for Anne and me and the rest of the family.

Eds. Note: We are so grateful to Doreen's niece, Anne, who supplied us with these lovely memories of a much-loved Aunt. Doreen was a faithful and committed member of our fellowship at HPBC over many years, serving in several capacities: not least for long periods as an Elder and Deacon.



Her talents at singing and embroidery augmented our worship and we have included a picture of the beautiful Communion cloth which she made and which is still in use today. Doreen was a regular reader of our magazine and enjoyed keeping in touch with all the events and news of our

fellowship. We remember Doreen with great affection and give thanks for all she contributed to our fellowship over many years. JL

And The Band Played On

May 23rd marked another step on the road to normality - in fact that should be a march on the road to normality! A sound was heard in Highams Park which has been missing for some time - the stirring music of the 17th Pals Battalion Band. They formed up in The Broadway and marched down Selwyn Avenue towards the Church - this was nearly scuppered by a large van making a delivery which moved off just in time! Many people came out of their houses to watch the stirring sight and hear the music.

At the Church the band joined the socially distanced congregation in the garden for a service which included what has become the Boy's Brigade hymn - 'Will Your Anchor Hold'. We were very fortunate that the weather was kind to us and the sun almost shone. After the service the Band formed up again and marched up to Tesco's. In the area by the side of the store they regrouped and played to a good number of people who had gathered. Steve Jenkins took the opportunity to relate the history of the band and described some of the places that they had played over the years followed by a request for any budding musicians to come and join...

Unfortunately the music had to be cut short as it started to rain but it was very good indeed to hear the music again.



Thanks to Rob Edwards for the above picture.



CHURCH FLOWERS

After over a year it was lovely for Mike and I to attend the Church Service last Sunday as we have both had our 2nd vaccine. The pandemic has meant that I have not been able to see to the Flower Rota and I thank the angels who have been providing flowers for the front of church during the time that it has been able to function.

It seems it is the right time for me to hang up my secateurs etc. Thank you so much to everyone who has contributed in the past years in any way. We have had a lot of fun and fellowship and it is a huge privilege to have had so much contact with God's creation, the beautiful flowers.

About 30 years ago, Judy Rowsell a previous very active member of the church and good friend, asked me to take over the Flower Rota and co-ordinate festivals. I thought I would try it for perhaps three months and you know what can happen if you take on any church job!! I could not have done anything without the help of Mike who was the chauffeur and helper with so many jobs.



Thinking some years back, we were very adventurous and for ten years running we had a theme for the Harvest Festival. These were Bible texts, the Parables and Miracles of Jesus, favourite hymns, flowers of the world, the Creation, favourite poems, significant places in the life of Jesus and his 'I Am' sayings. The

church congregation certainly appreciated the amazing creativity of the arrangers. Thank you so much to Jenny who in the last few years has co-ordinated the Festivals and to Sheila, who year after year, has produced stunning creations for the front of church festivals. Lastly, thanks to Mandy who has taken over the Flower Rota.

Mike and I are looking forward to seeing everyone again, singing hymns and perhaps having a chat over coffee and cake!!

Marilyn.

Remembering June Tresarden

This is taken from the Eulogy read at June's funeral which was taken by Rosemary.



June was born at Forest Gate Hospital, West Ham and lived in Stratford until she was 11. In the early 1950s, her family moved to Custom House and then to Highams Park to live above the shoe repair shop run by June and Carole's father. June attended Sidney Burnell School and went on to work at Halex, where she met Alma Pike who would be her lifelong friend.

Seeking her independence June took a rented room in Chingford. From there she moved to the house in Cavendish Road that in time she bought as the sitting tenant. Later, June and Alma bought the bungalow in Buckhurst Hill that was home to each of them for the rest of their lives. They enjoyed living at 'Jalma' and often hosted social gatherings for their friends.

June retired early due to the onset of Multiple Sclerosis. Despite her physical limitations, she continued to make the best she could of life. June attended Spring Harvest as part of the group organised by Margaret and Geoff Norris. Trips to the opera or ballet were shared with Alma. Malta was a favourite holiday destination and European river cruises were a great pleasure.

June joined the congregation at Highams Park Baptist Church in her early teens and became a member there following her baptism in 1960. She joined the Girl's Brigade, later becoming captain. Her faithful service to the 1st Highams Park Company is remembered by many and we give thanks for all she contributed over the years to church life.

Two bible readings were important to June in her life as a Christian. Psalm 23rd and a single verse from the gospel of John: *For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.* Recently, at Easter we remembered the cost of that great love as we told once again the story of the death and resurrection of Jesus. Throughout her life, June trusted in the God who raised Jesus from the dead. Today, as we remember her life and mourn her death, we take comfort in the knowledge that she is now safe in the keeping of the Lord she followed for so many years.



Eds Note: June was a speaker at Church women's groups and also regularly spent time at a local McDonalds restaurant, talking to others, many of whom were young people, about her faith and offering support and encouragement. Dave and I have very happy memories of enjoying time spent in the garden that she and Alma shared in Buckhurst Hill, during our annual Church Open Gardens Day.

We usually ended up in the quiet beauty of their garden after a busy day, enjoying a cup of tea and chat with them which was always interesting and full of laughter. June's quiet presence and steadfast faith were evident throughout her long membership of our fellowship and we missed her when frailty and ill health prevented her attending worship some years ago. We give thanks for June's life, her continuing witness to others and the faithfulness of her work in our fellowship.



*Congratulations
are in order!*

Karon and I are extremely pleased to announce that our daughter Rebecca gave birth to a healthy baby girl on Sunday afternoon at Princess Alexandra Hospital, Harlow weighing in at 5 lb 14 oz... introducing Summer Phoebe Star Hilton. Mother and baby doing well, which is great to hear - particularly following the loss of dear Max four years ago yesterday. Rebecca and Adam are looking forward to bringing her home.

Steve Jenkins



“Crowd pleaser” carrot cake tray bake



This is a great recipe.....(adapted from Good housekeeping) . Bear in mind, the rabbits love carrot tops so I always have a surplus of carrots).A firm favourite with Dutch friends and colleagues - who often request this one. It is a great one to share. A moist and “more -ish” tray bake.

Fiona

For the cake:

200 ml sunflower oil

225g light brown soft sugar

4 medium eggs

Grated zest of 1 orange, plus juice of ½

2 tsp ground cinnamon

1 tsp mixed spice

225g self raising flour

1 tsp bicarb of soda

200 g grated carrot

125g sultanas

25g chopped walnuts (optional)

For the topping:

200g icing sugar sifted

150 g full fat cream cheese (Philadelphia)

50g unsalted butter

1 tsp vanilla extract

25g chopped walnuts (optional)

Directions

1. Preheat oven to 170°C (150°C fan) mark 3. Lightly grease and line a 20.5 x 30.5cm (8 x 12in) rectangular roasting tin with baking parchment.

2. For the cake, whisk together oil, sugar, eggs, orange juice and spices in a large bowl. Sift over flour and bicarb and mix until smooth. Stir in the orange zest, carrots, sultanas and walnuts, if using, until combined.

3. Scrape into prepared tin, smoothing to level. Bake for 45min or until a skewer inserted into the centre comes out clean. Leave to cool in tin for 10min, then lift on to a wire rack and leave to cool.

4. To make the topping, beat icing sugar, cream cheese, butter and vanilla extract in a large bowl with an electric whisk until smooth. Spread over top of cake and scatter over walnuts, if using. Slice and serve.

SHARE and ENJOY!

Ed's note: We are sure that readers will remember the tales of the rabbits Peter and Evie which appeared in the December / January edition of the magazine.



Allan and Jan's Wedding

Our wedding took place here in Taupo, New Zealand, on 20th February this year. Although we had originally planned to get married later this year, after I had returned to the UK to pack up and sell my flat, it soon became clear, with the onset of a second Covid wave in the UK, that this was not the best plan.



Actually, it was a lovely elderly friend at church who gave us the push to get married,



when I told her I was planning to return to the UK in February, to pack up and sell my flat, probably leaving Allan in NZ. She asked why we were waiting, just get married and take Allan with you! So we prayed about it and it soon became clear that this was the right thing to do. Our plans just fell into place so easily and Allan's family were happy too.



We had a beautiful day for our wedding at the Baptist Church here in Taupo. It was about 25 degrees, sunny and with very little wind, which is unusual for Taupo. We had 100 guests attending and it was good to have so many of our family and friends sharing our special day with us, although sadly, none of the Australian guests were able to come, due to there being Trans-Tasman travel restrictions at that time.

My cousin Bruce escorted me up the aisle to 'Trumpet Voluntary.' We chose 'Joyful, Joyful, we adore Thee' and 'Love Divine' as our hymns. We left the church to the Wedding March.

I had two bridesmaids: my cousin Glennis and my long-time friend, Glenys, both of whom I had been bridesmaids for at their weddings. Allan's two sons, Kelvin and Matthew were best men and Allan's two grandchildren, Kaitlyn (8) and Justin (6) were flower girl and ring boy respectively.

Our official photos were taken beside Lake Taupo, and afterwards, we had our reception at Wairakei Resort. We then stayed the night, courtesy of the resort.



The next day, we had an open home and had many of our guests call in for tea, coffee, savouries and wedding cake. It was a chance to spend time with those who had come from out of town.



The following Wednesday, we headed off to Chateau Tongariro, a beautiful old hotel, built in the 1920s, and situated at the bottom of Mt. Ruapehu. We took a ride on the gondola to the restaurant at the top of the mountain a couple of times, where we enjoyed spectacular views and wonderful buffet food. On other days, we enjoyed exploring the local area, both in the car and on beautiful bush walks. The Chateau is known for its fine dining so, needless to say, we made the most of the beautiful restaurant.



On the last day of our honeymoon, we visited The Forgotten World of Adventures. We travelled along a disused railway line, which was originally built in the 1800s, to transport coal from the mines.



It is now a tourist attraction, which you can travel along in carts which resemble golf buggies, through some of the most spectacular rural scenery that NZ has to offer. We travelled in our own buggy, stopping every few kilometres to hear interesting and amusing stories about the area, from our knowledgeable and entertaining guide, who travelled in the front buggy.

We would like to thank all those who took the time to send us congratulatory engagement and wedding messages. Your cards and emails are very much appreciated. It is still our intention to return to the UK later this year, to pack up and sell my flat, so we look forward to a visit to HPB. In preparation for this, we have had the first of our Covid vaccinations and will have the second one in mid-June. In the meantime, we hope and pray that, as the UK slowly returns to a more normal way of life, that you all stay safe and well.

Jan Webb

We live in a time of rare privilege:

A time where new edges and new horizons

And new possibilities are egging us on...

We need the courage to leap from one edge to another,

From a wall to no wall at all,

From contemplation to compassion,

From I to

We,

From ladder to circle;

From climbing to dancing;

From control to celebration;

From home as a nation

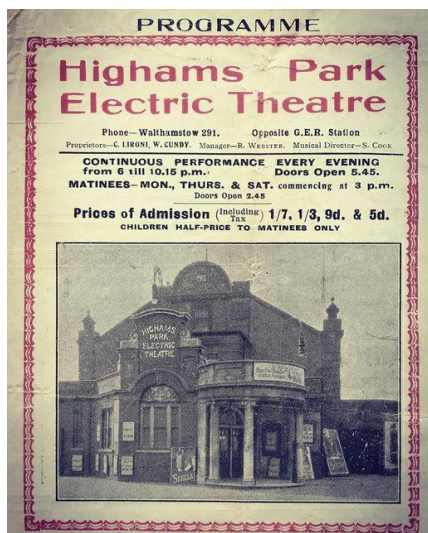
To home as global village



Matthew Fox

Higham's Park Snippets

In the last issue we noted that the Regal Cinema evolved from the Electric Theatre. There is a good deal of information on the Regal Cinema Facebook page. This includes a picture of an original programme from May 1922 i.e. ninety-nine years ago! There are also a number of pictures of the new version of the cinema as we used to know it. These include an artist's impression of the Regal as it opened in 1935.



In 1970 the Regal had its own 15 minutes of fame as one of the filming locations for a very odd thriller called *Deep End* starring a young Jane Asher and the fabulous Diana Dors.

This is also a memory that we saw the origin of - before we were married we had been out for the evening and on returning to Jacquie's home we turned into Handsworth Avenue to be greeted by a number of large lorries with film equipment and on looking back we saw that they were filming the outside of the cinema. The film has appeared at least once on television. It is not a film to stick in the mind!



1911



1935

The renovation of the cinema has uncovered some hidden gems – including some of the original 1911 cornicing. Water leaks have been unkind to it. The cornicing was covered by the later 1935 Art Deco makeover.



As part of its 1935 art deco makeover the Regal was fitted with a locally made Rutt cinema organ – a video of this being played is also shown on the Facebook page - when the Regal finally closed the organ was rescued and was installed at the St Albans Organ

Theatre Museum where it is regularly played at concerts.

It is to be hoped that renovation continues and that Highams Park once again has its own cinema.

I am not sure how many of you use the Wadham Bridge Underpass at Guilford Road but if you do you should have seen the new art work there. We often hear complaints about graffiti but this has been officially sanctioned - The project was led by Hale End & Highams Park Ward Councillors working with Justine Anderson and Chris Georgiou from the Council's Neighbourhood's team and Urbaser's Community &

Engagement Officer – Nicole Blagoeva.



It reads: 'Be Kind, Be Patient, Be Brave, Be Adventurous' – all excellent thoughts in the current pandemic.

The theme was suggested by pupils at Thorpe Hall School. It has certainly brightened up the grey wall!

The Highams Park Society are very well known for their work at Highams Park Station in keeping the flower beds and garden in general in a good state. They are working hard to get the garden looking its best to enter for TfL's Overground in Bloom competition – they won a prize in 2018 so have a track record (pun intended!)



Their hard work certainly pays off – and they are always happy to welcome new helpers – look for : www.highamparksociety.co.uk

I am sure that you are all familiar with The Highams Park, the area of greenspace by the Lake and some of you will also know that the entrance to the Park now has new gates as shown below...



But did you know that the pathways through the park were originally roadways for the prefab estate that was sited there? We know at least one person who has first hand knowledge - he writes:

Pre – Fab Memories

'Many of you will remember the prefabs that were sited in the area near the Highams Park lake. You can now find out how it was to live there – from one who knows!'

In 1947 when I was 2 years old my parents were informed by Walthamstow Borough Council that they had been allocated a Pre-Fab, 21 Fishers Avenue on the Highams Park Estate. My mother and father, Win and Fred, were delighted as my mother was expecting my brother Steve who was born in October 1947 just after we moved into the new Pre-Fab.

The Pre-Fab was a detached single storey property with its own garden and even a shed with a corrugated roof. We had two bedrooms, a lounge and kitchen and an indoor toilet and bathroom. We had electric heating, hot water and a cooker. The only problem was the winter of 1947 was one of the coldest on record. It was freezing inside the Pre-Fab and I remember scraping ice from the inside of the bedroom windows!



There were 176 Pre-Fabs on the estate and it was mostly young families who moved in after the war. I think there were around 200 children on the estate. I remember the ice cream vendor visiting the estate in the summer on his tricycle. His cooler was full of Walls ice cream cornets much to the delight of the children.

My mother was a Sunday School teacher and she would take my brother and me with her every Sunday afternoon. The Sunday School classes were held in the Community building (which is now Humphry's Cafe). I can remember singing choruses and my mother would accompany us on the piano. This building was also used for estate community events and Christmas parties.

Living on the estate gave easy access to the forest and Highams Park lake. In those days you could hire a rowing boat from the boat house and my father would take my brother and me on the lake in the summer months.

I often go to visit the Highams Park and on a hot summer's day I can still see the foundations of our Pre-Fab and that brings back many happy childhood memories!

I was asked to write something about my memories of living on the Highams Park Pre-Fab estate for a local walking guide author.

Phil Slaney

Gladys Aylward

At a recent Zoom Home Group meeting we were told the story of Gladys Aylward by Peter Burke. He had received a copy of 'A London Sparrow. The Inspiring and True story of Gladys Aylward'. He felt that it would make a good subject for a reflection – and he was right...



Gladys was born in 1902, one of three children to Thomas John Aylward and Rosina Florence, a working-class family from Edmonton, North London. There is a blue commemorative plaque on the house where Gladys lived at 67 Cheddington Road, London N18. From her early teens, Gladys worked as a housemaid. She attended a revival meeting at which the preacher spoke of dedicating one's life to the service of God. Gladys responded to the message, and soon after became convinced that she was called to preach the Gospel in China. She felt that she had a calling to go overseas as a Christian missionary, and after some time she was accepted by the China Inland Mission to study a preliminary three-month course for aspiring missionaries. Due to her lack of progress in learning the Chinese language she was not offered further training. This did not diminish her wanting to be

a missionary. Then she heard of a 73-year-old missionary, Mrs. Jeannie Lawson, who was looking for a younger woman to carry on her work. Gladys wrote to Mrs. Lawson and was accepted if she could get to China. She did not have enough money for the ship fare, but did have enough for the train fare, and so in October of 1930 she set out from London with her passport, her Bible, her tickets, and two pounds ninepence, to travel to China by the Trans-Siberian Railway. She eventually arrived in Yangcheng, Shanxi Province, China after being held by the Russians, but managed to evade them with local help and a lift from a Japanese ship. She travelled across Japan with the help of the British Consul and took another ship to China.

On her arrival in Yangcheng China, Aylward worked with an older missionary, Jeannie Lawson, to found The Inn of the Eight Happinesses, - the name based on the eight virtues: Love, Virtue, Gentleness, Tolerance, Loyalty, Truth, Beauty and Devotion. There, she and Mrs. Lawson not only provided hospitality for travellers, but would also share stories about Jesus, in hopes of spreading nascent Christianity. For a time she served as an assistant to the Government of the Republic of China as a "foot inspector" by touring the countryside to enforce the new law against foot binding young Chinese girls. She met with much success in a field that had produced much resistance, including sometimes violence against the inspectors.

Gladys became a national of the Republic of China in 1936 and was a revered figure among the people, taking in orphans and adopting several herself. The local Mandarin called her and told her that a riot had broken out in the men's prison. She arrived and found that the convicts were rampaging in the prison courtyard, and several of them had been killed. The soldiers were afraid to intervene. The warden of the prison said to Gladys, "Go into the yard and stop the rioting." She said, "How can I do that?" The warden said, "You have been preaching that those who trust in Christ have nothing to fear."

She walked into the courtyard and shouted: "Quiet! I cannot hear when everyone is shouting at once. Choose one or two spokesmen, and let me talk with them." The men quieted down and chose a spokesman.

Gladys talked with him, and then came out and told the warden: "You have these men cooped up in crowded conditions with absolutely nothing to do. No wonder they are so edgy that a small dispute sets off a riot. You must give them work. Also, I am told that you do not supply food for them, so that they have only what their relatives send them. No wonder they fight over food. We will set up looms so that they can weave cloth and earn enough money to buy their own food." This was done - there was no money for sweeping reforms, but a few friends of the warden donated old looms, and a grindstone so that the men could work grinding grain. She risked her life many times to help those in need. In 1938, the region was invaded by Japanese forces and Gladys led more than 100 orphans to safety over the mountains, despite being wounded, personally caring for them (and converting many to Christianity).

She did not return to Britain until 1949, at which point her life in China was thought to be in great danger from the Communists – the army was actively seeking out missionaries. Settling in Basingstoke, she gave many lectures on her work. After her mother died, Gladys sought a return to China. After rejection by the Communist government and a stay in British administered Hong Kong, she finally settled in Taiwan in 1958. There, she founded the Gladys Aylward Orphanage where she worked until her death in 1970 .



Gladys's life was made into a feature film in 1958. It was called 'The Inn of the Sixth Happiness' and starred Ingrid Bergman as Gladys. The film was based on the biography *The Small Woman* (1957) by Alan Burgess. Gladys was deeply upset by the inaccuracy of the film. Although she found herself a figure of international interest thanks to the popularity of the film she was horrified by her depiction in the film and the many liberties it took. The tall, Swedish Ingrid Bergman was inconsistent with Aylward's small stature, dark hair and cockney accent.

Peter said that he had spoken to Margaret Norris and that she had thought that either Gladys or her mother had visited HPBC to speak – probably at one of the Women's meetings. There may be a record in the archives but as yet we have not managed to find it!



Resurrection and Hope

Easter reflections by Dr. Catherine Fox.

The following reflection was sent to us recently by Paul. Although Easter has now past we thought that it was well worth including it in this issue as we continue to reflect on the message of the Resurrection amid this strange world of the Pandemic which we are living through. Dr. Catherine Fox is a senior Lecturer and Academic Director of the Manchester Writing School at Manchester Metropolitan University.

'This glorious Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!' This is one of my favourite Easter hymns, but there's a gulf between my belief in the resurrection and how I am feeling. Sorrow hasn't been easy to banish in 2021. I've been searching the Gospel accounts to try and locate myself. This year I'm not Mary, hearing the gardener call my name, and with a cry of joyful recognition, hurling myself into the arms of my risen Lord. I feel more like the disciples trudging along the weary road out of Jerusalem, saying 'But we had hoped.....' I had hoped I'd be feeling different this week. Why am I so sad? After all, I believe I know how the story ends.

Our faith in the resurrection is easy to mock. We saw this in Holy Week, in a tweet from Prof. Alice Roberts: 'Just a little reminder today. Dead people - don't come back to life.' Rather oddly punctuated, I thought. Like an instruction to dead people anywhere, in case they were planning on waking up to party in the park over the Easter break in defiance of Covid restrictions. Human intellect can't gain any traction on the resurrection. We can only extrapolate from what we know, and picture a kind of radical resuscitation, a jump-starting of a body dead for three days - and we know that can't happen.

All sorts of hopes have died in the last year. This milestone of the second pandemic Easter has felt to me like an anniversary of all that we've lost.

We had hoped that it would be over by now, that Church wouldn't still mean sitting in masks, few and far between, unable to receive the cup, share the Peace, or sing 'This Glorious Eastertide' together. We had hoped we'd be back to normal by now, that we'd have got our old life back. Our old life resuscitated, jump-started, turned off and on again. As you were, everybody.

We will never be as we were. Resurrection points ahead, to what we will be. What we will be has not yet been revealed. But we are God's children now - right now, even if we are trudging along a weary road, with the wild rumours of angels gaining no traction on our intellect, darkness coming and our hopes dead and abandoned. I conclude this journey is purposeful, that there's no shortcut to Easter joy this year for me. My eyes have been kept from recognising the stranger who draws alongside and keeps me company as I weep, and listens to me saying: 'But I had hoped....' Until the moment comes - and I believe it will - when I recognise my little hopes transformed beyond all recognition into my one Hope, standing before me breaking the bread of heaven.

Seen on the back of a car recently:

1 CROSS

+

3 NAILS

=

4 GIVENESS



Cruciverbalism

Following on from previous articles on words and numbers I will try to combine the two:

If you are one of the many people who take pleasure in completing a crossword puzzle you may well understand the meaning of this word - the definition is 'the compilation of crosswords' - it thus follows that as a puzzler you become a 'cruciverbalist'.

The phrase 'cross word puzzle' seems to have first been used in 1862 in America but it did not refer to the crossword that we know today but to a form of a 'word square' which is formed by a group of words arranged such that they can be read both vertically and horizontally but with no shaded squares. The first crossword as we now understand it is generally considered to be the 'word-cross' puzzle created by Arthur Wynne who was an English journalist working in America. It was printed in 'The New York World' in December 1913. The new idea obviously caught on and was taken up by other publications. By the 1920's it had become firmly entrenched, even leading to a book of puzzles being produced - complete with a pencil to fill in the answers!



Perhaps an indication that crosswords had become part of everyday life was the inclusion in a Punch magazine cartoon, in 1925, about 'The Cross-Word Mania'. The caption reads; A man phones his doctor in the middle of the night, asking for "the name of a bodily disorder of seven letters, of which the second letter must be 'N'".

The first British newspaper to print a crossword was the Sunday Express in November 1924. However, in some circles the idea of such a puzzle was looked down upon and it was hoped that as a fad it was dying out. A letter printed in the New York Times in 1929 noted that "Together with *The Times* of London, yours is the only journal of prominence that has never succumbed to the lure of the crossword puzzle". This situation was not to last and on February 1st 1930 the first puzzle appeared in the London Times newspaper...

In the early days of crosswords they tended to be of the 'word substitution' kind where the answer has the same or similar meaning to the clue - and then came the cryptic puzzle! Here you have to work out the answer from a seemingly unconnected group of words - it may be an anagram or a word contained within other words - an example is 'A type of deer found in Blenheim Palace' - the answer is impala (Blenheim Palace).

If you do this type of puzzle you soon have to learn the 'shorthand' of clues - but new ways of producing clues still seem to appear - lately the NATO Phonetic Alphabet has become more popular - where, for example, 'Uniform' indicates the letter 'U'.

The Times crossword is possibly the best known of its kind and has over the years merited some comments - one such is The "Provost of Eton who was said to have boiled his eggs for the length of time it took him to do the crossword". If that was me the egg would be totally inedible and would probably have exploded... For those of you who enjoy the television series about Inspector Morse you will know that he places great store by completing the Times crossword (and spoiler alert) uses a crossword clue to finally reveal his first name - the clue is 'My whole life's effort has revolved around Eve' and the answer is 'Endeavour' - the result of a Quaker upbringing and his father's interest in Captain Cook and his ship of that name.

In times gone by when I used to travel to work by train to Liverpool Street I used to attempt the Times crossword and on only one occasion, (out of a vast number of journeys) by some strange twist of fate, did I understand the clues and complete the puzzle by the time the train drew into its destination.

Since the initial reticence at including crosswords in newspapers and other publications there has been a minor explosion in different types of puzzle for us to pit our brains against. The Times for example now has three pages devoted to puzzles of various kinds - although its famed 'proper' crossword still appears separately on the back page. Amongst others, you can tackle Sudoku puzzles of varying degrees of difficulty or Codewords where you have to allocate each letter of the alphabet to numbers 1 to 26 and being given just the answers to 3 letters have to complete a crossword grid using all the other letter/number combinations by a knowledge of words. All seek to baffle the mind - and usually do!

In these strange times it is perhaps thought that we may have more time to spend exercising our brains rather than just sitting at home...

DL