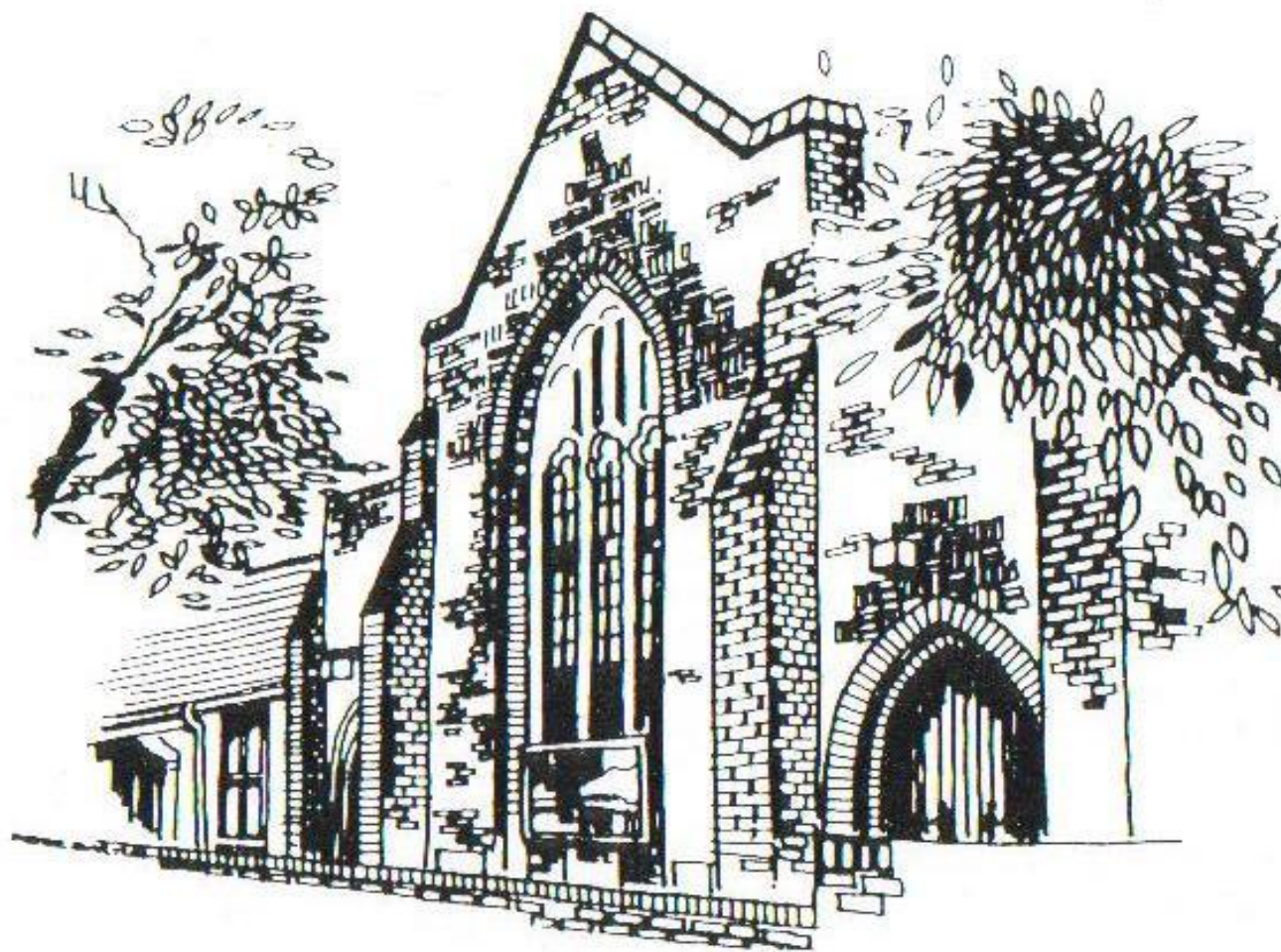




The Magazine
of
**Highams Park Baptist
Church**

Cavendish Road, E.4.



OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 2021

CHURCH PROGRAMME

Sunday Services : Following the lifting of restrictions by the Government and after discussion at the Church Meeting there are a few changes to inform you about with regard to Sunday mornings.

We would encourage you to continue to wear a face covering when moving around inside the church building. During the service the wearing of face coverings is now optional.

Congregational singing will resume. The chairs in the church have been rearranged but rows are spaced to allow appropriate distancing. We will continue to keep a list of attendees to assist with track and trace requirements.

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

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.

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 21st November 2021
Editors: Dave & Jacquie Lyus, 020 8527 1505 Email: magazine@hpbc.co.uk



Cavendish Road, London E4 9NG

October / November 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>
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Will you come and follow me?

'Come, follow me,' Jesus said, 'and I will send you out to fish for people.' Simon Peter, Andrew, James and John took him up on the offer. Their call would eventually lead to a change of profession and a role as leaders in the early Christian community.

'Follow me', said Jesus to Levi as he sat at his desk in his tax collector's booth. Levi did just that and soon invited his friends to a meal where they too accepted the call to follow the new teacher. For this group of outsiders, membership of a radical new community open to all was a whole new experience that they were keen to share.

An unnamed rich man once approached Jesus to ask what he should do to be assured of a place in heaven. The reply wasn't what he had expected. 'Go, sell everything you have and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven. Then come, follow me.' With sadness in his eyes, the man walked away. The path of discipleship presents special challenges for those with wealth and status in this world.

Down the centuries millions of individuals have heard the simple call to 'come, follow me'. For some the call is welcome and acceptance easy. Like the four fishermen and Levi's community of tax collectors their response is immediate and the commitment long lasting. For others the prospect of change makes it impossible to accept the invitation. Like the rich man, they prefer to continue with their chosen path through life and so walk away.

Accepting the initial invitation to 'come, follow me' is just the first step on the path of discipleship. The call of Jesus to each of us is personal, unique, and changes over time. There are turning points along the way where we can choose either to follow in faith or to walk away. The decision is always ours to take, both as individual believers and as a Christian community.

As we look to the future after two years that have turned our world upside down, we return to the words of Jesus. The invitation to come and to follow remains unchanged. Although the path may not always be easy, the promise of sharing in the work of God remains. This autumn, as always, Jesus invites each of us to be a part of that work in our time and in the places in which we find ourselves. Are we ready to follow, wherever the decision may take us?

Rosemary

Cavendish Circular



In recent weeks Fellowship Hall has been able to truly live up to its name as, once again, after many months of being unable to join together over refreshments informally, restrictions have been lifted, enabling us to share in fellowship. The hall was conceived and built originally to provide more space for meetings and socialising and work commenced on the

building of Fellowship Hall in 1955. It began to be used when only half had been completed in September 1956 by various organisations including the Sunday School which had increased greatly by then. The hall was finally completed and dedicated in September 1960 and since then it has been used for many events: meetings, wedding receptions, Christmas parties, special meals, Sunday-School groups, the Crèche, and much more as well as the all-important after-Church refreshments!

On Sunday, 19th September a very special, and rare, event took place when family and friends gathered to celebrate Doris Thorndyke's 100th birthday! She had reached her Centennial the previous Thursday and this was our opportunity to rejoice with her on this wonderful occasion. Delicious refreshments and a splendid birthday cake completed the happy occasion, and it was lovely to catch up with friends old and new and meet Doris's family. You can read much more about the event further in the Magazine and we once again send Doris our congratulations, love and best wishes for the future.

A sadder, albeit inspiring, gathering took place at Church just ten days later when family and friends gathered to celebrate and give thanks for the life of Joan Meunier. Joan had been in hospital for some weeks before passing away on 5th September. After the Committal a Thanksgiving service was held at HPBC on 29th September, when family members recalled Joan's life with treasured memories, special readings and hymns she had loved and we gave thanks for all she had meant to us. Joan had played a large role in the life of our fellowship over many years, and also within the wider community, and while we were sad to mourn her passing, we remember her with gratitude and great affection. We send our loving condolences to Chris, Tim and Cathy as they mourn her passing, and remember her life. You can read a tribute to Joan further in this issue.

We understand that Toby Player is settling very well in his Assisted Living Home. We continue to remember him, together with Wendy, Gary and Gemma as they support him in this new chapter of his life and pray that he will find the experience fulfilling and that the family will adjust happily to this change. We ask God to watch over him and guide and support all those who continue to care for him day by day.

We have recently held in prayer neighbours of Dianne and Dave Kendrick who have been in particular need, and whom they have supported faithfully over many months. Nigel, a close neighbour, passed away recently after a period of serious illness which he bore with great courage and grace. Another close neighbour, Helen, died just a few days later, also after a time of illness. We pray for God's blessing on the families of Nigel and Helen as they mourn their loss and give thanks for the faithfulness of Dianne and Dave as they continue to support and care for the families as is their need.

At the recent Church meeting held on 26th September our Minister, Rosemary, announced that she would be retiring at the end of this year. Her last Sunday at Church will be on 12th December and further information will be available later. We thank Rosemary and Ray for the gifts they have brought to our Church life and pray that God will guide and support them as they enter this new chapter in their lives and settle into their new home. Details about Christmas services and other arrangements will be available over the next few weeks. Please also pray for the continuing life of our Church as we enter into a time of Interregnum, guiding and supporting the Church Council and all those who have particular input into decision making. JL

Harvest Festival

Another small step on the road back to normality was the celebration of our Harvest Festival at the end of September. The items donated were later passed to Highams Park Food Aid which was set up to provide food to people in Highams Park and Chingford needing support in obtaining food supplies during the COVID-19 pandemic. Some of the COVID-19 lock down restrictions have been lifted but many people are still in need and Highams Park Food Aid continues to support them. They are a joint venture between local community organisations. More details can be found at their **Website:** <https://www.hphub.co.uk/>



A VERY Special Birthday

September 16th 1921 was a Friday and a quiet day for news – searching online records brings up little of interest. However, for at least one set of proud parents it brought a new person into the world – and that person was Doris who later married Alf and became a Thorndyke. We are delighted that she is celebrating her centenary and becomes one of approximately 13,330 such people in Britain and one of approximately 530,000 worldwide – but to us she is one in a million...

Some of the more unusual things that happened in that year were:

The first recorded public performance of the illusion of "sawing a woman in half" is given by English stage magician P. T. Selbit at the Finsbury Park Empire variety theatre in London.

The Australia national cricket team, led by Warwick Armstrong, becomes the first to complete a whitewash of the touring England team in The Ashes, something that will not be repeated for 86 years.

The 1921 Women's Olympiad (the first international women's sports event) begins in Monte Carlo.

Margaret Gorman 16, wins the Golden Mermaid trophy at a beauty pageant in Atlantic City, New Jersey; officials later dub her the first Miss America.

The wildly successful silent film *The Sheik*, which will propel its leading actor Rudolph Valentino to international stardom, premieres in Los Angeles.

White Castle Hamburger restaurant opens in Wichita, Kansas, foundation of the world's first fast food chain.

Chanel No. 5 perfume launched by Coco Chanel.

The first BCG vaccination against tuberculosis is given, in Paris, France; the recipient is a newborn child.

To move back to 2021 and a very important birthday and the celebration that followed:

Doris was very pleased to receive many cards and good wishes on her birthday – the Church sent flowers – but all this was just a rehearsal for the main event...

On Sunday 19th September Fellowship Hall was able to properly live up to its name for the first time in many months as it hosted a party for family and friends. The tables and chairs set out much in the way they were in days gone by for refreshments after the Sunday Service.

The difference was in the number of people and some faces less known than usual – and amidst it all, sitting in her wheelchair (which seemed to be acting more like a throne) was the guest of honour holding court as newcomers came to give birthday wishes.



Doris may be a little frailer than she was twenty years ago – but only in body – her mind and spirit are undimmed, and she was determined to enjoy the moment. It was a time for talking and reminiscing – catching up with people you may not have seen for some time. People at HPBC seem to be very good at this! Then came the word that the excellent array of food which was laid out was not just for decoration but 'would you like to taste and enjoy it'. Thus the sound of conversation decreased for a while as people did, indeed, enjoy it.

Her eldest son Michael then stood and talked about the family memories of which there must be many... *He said 'I have only known Mum for the last 74 years of her life. What she did in the first 26 years I only know by gossip and hearsay. Mind you, I think her Sister Renee might also be able to provide*

some stories.

Mum was 18 years old when the Second World War began and 24 when it ended. These are formative years and compared to today's "norm" for those in their late teens and early twenties which usually means University or other training, her training was in personal survival and grafting for her country, making parachute flares, or developing reconnaissance photographs. Puts things into perspective, I think.

What do I remember of my early years when she would have been in her Thirties? Mostly food: bacon Roly-Poly, Custard made with my brother Chris's NHS dried milk powder, actually very delicious.

She was (and still is!) a worker, always busy doing something and when we moved to Selwyn Avenue, she developed a great flair and love for gardening which she retains to this day.

She is a "worrier" especially about the family and has remarkable intuitive skills! Always asking if you are alright, and I have lost count of the times she has asked me if my back was OK!! Her Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren have many funny stories to relate.

On September 16th this year, the day of her 100th Birthday, I took her on a surprise trip to Walthamstow High Street "The Market". She first went to the Market as a child looking for "specs" from the greengrocer stalls. For as long as I can remember she has been there at least once a week, right up until her recent mobility issues a couple of years ago. My original idea for her Birthday outing was to have lunch at Manze's Pie and Mash shop. This I recall from my childhood as a regular stop off. Unfortunately, it was closed so we had coffee and a custard tart at a nearby coffee shop. Mum told me then, "Just as well it was closed, might have been too rich for me"!!



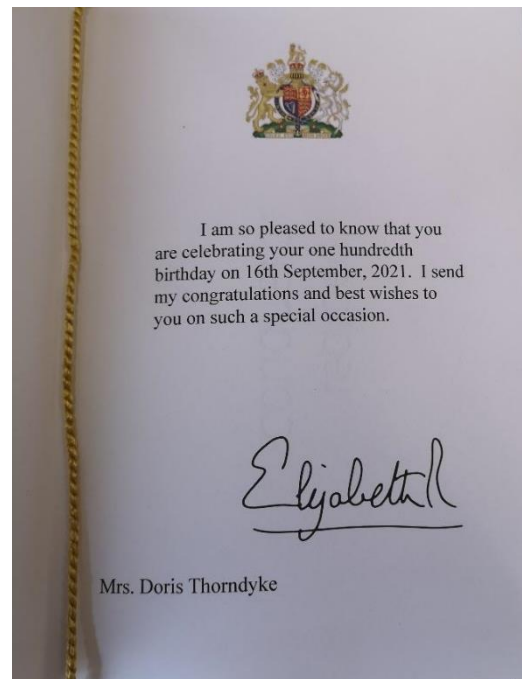
We carried on our stroll around the stalls and at one point she told me "Oh let's just go up here and around the front of this stall". It was a stall selling cut-price branded cakes, biscuits, sweets, and soft drinks. "Hello" she called to the older stall holder, "remember me?" The stall holder looked up in some surprise and replied, "well I never, it's been a long time, how are you?". "Yes, it has been two years," said mum. It turned out this was "DER John" so called because when my mum and dad went together to the market his stall was outside the DER TV Rentals shop! Since then, he has always been known to all the family as "DER John" and where she would buy biscuits and treats for us all, especially the grandchildren.

In my most recent years I do have something very special to thank her for. That is my wife, Fiona! She has known Fiona for far more many years than I have, and it is through mum that Fiona and I met and got together.

This celebration on Sunday 19th September with our family and the Church Family is very special for us all. Our family has much to thank the Church Family for. Especially in the recent "Pandemic years". Church members have played a significant part in her support and enabling her to maintain her undeniably positive outlook on life. On behalf of all of us, I thank you very much indeed. As for the lunch party itself, mum enjoyed it immensely, meeting people she had not seen for years, and she has not stopped talking about it since! It was a wonderful day!

He also thanked the many people that played a part in the day to day helping Doris keep her independence – as he said he 'would not name names but they knew who they were and how grateful Doris and the family were to them'. Jacquie then described how she had long memories of Doris and, of course, Alf her sadly missed husband. Doris at 100

'Michael recently reminded me that, out of the HPB Fellowship, I have probably known Doris longer than anyone, apart from her family of course. What a blessing and privilege it has been for me to have that link going back down the years to my childhood! I don't know just when I first met Doris, but I must have been very young indeed. Doris and Alf were long time members of the Old Baptist Union group of Churches, as were our family, and they worshipped at the Church in Wood Street. My Uncle John was a Pastor and baptised Doris; my father later became a Minister, eventually becoming Pastor of the Wood Street church.



The OBU was a tight knit group of Churches affiliated to the General Baptist who also met up together to worship and share fellowship several times a year at Weekend Conferences, Youth Rallies and even the occasional youth holiday. Indeed, one of my lasting memories of these conferences is having to sit through three full length sermons in one service – perhaps we were brought up more hardily then! A happier memory is of the Youth Rallies where we would meet up with friends and enjoy dramatic sketches with a Christian theme, musical items etc. Indeed, this is where I first met Michael and we all enjoyed fun and fellowship with some great hymn singing! Doris and Alf were always fully involved in these occasions and especially obvious was their interest and concern for the young people – eager to hear what they had to say, wisely refraining from commenting, but always interested in their lives and plans for the future.

As I have said, my Father eventually became Pastor of the Church where Doris and Alf worshipped, and my parents held them in great affection and regard. How often have I heard Mum and Dad say, after a potentially fraught meeting, or tense situation, "Thank Goodness Doris and Alf were there!". Often, quietly in the background, they would be just where they were needed, saying the right things, and seeing the help that was needed before anyone else! A lifetime of Christian duty and a deep concern for others was evident in all they did and was done in such humility. Alf was, of course a vital member of the Male Voice Choir which my Father led. I can still hear his fine tenor voice lifted in praise and how lovely it was when he and Doris became members of HPB in later years and joined in our worship where I could enjoy it once again! Incidentally, another lovely link for me with my parents was when I met up again with Fiona, who joined HPB when we were both young Mothers! As a child I had known her parents as her father was a lay preacher who had often taken the service for my father in his absence.

In later years, as Doris has continued alone, we have watched her overcoming health issues and increasing frailty with her usual cheerfulness and common sense. We have enjoyed her stimulating company during our afternoon home groups at Sheila's when her intelligent insight and vast Bible knowledge has added greatly to our discussions and she has continued to be a faithful, committed and vital member of our fellowship despite Covid restrictions and advancing years. In one of the Zoom Group meetings recently I mentioned that one of my favourite hymns is "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and this hymn I think perfectly encapsulates how precious I feel these ties are that have bound Doris, Alf, Michael, Fiona and all of us together. So, I would just like to finish by quoting a few lines from this hymn and thank Doris for all her friendship, care, wonderful Christian witness and inspiration down the years.

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.

The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.

We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear.

And often for each other flows the sympathising tear.

From sorrow, toil and pain, and sin, we shall be free;

And perfect love and friendship reign through all eternity."



Then everybody joined in a rousing chorus of 'Happy Birthday to You' and a toast was drunk to Doris. This was followed by a slice of the birthday cake. The card received from the Queen was circulated and admired – for most of us it may be one of the very few times that we see one...

All the time that the celebrations were taking place a series of photographs from Doris's long life were shown on the wall of Fellowship Hall and there was more time for chatting. - and this was put to good use...

We must thank all those, especially the family, for making the afternoon so memorable and we are sure Doris enjoyed it all. She had said that

she did not want any presents but would be happy if people would make a contribution to The Alzheimer's Society or Haven House.



The pictures show Doris with her very good friend Jharna, with her younger sister Renee (a mere stripling at 93) and with Great Grandchildren Sam and Lucy.

Doris has asked us to pass on her sincere thanks to everyone who helped celebrate her centenary.

She was overwhelmed by the good wishes expressed by all, especially in joining with her at her 'surprise' party on the Sunday following her birthday. She is so grateful for the loving best wishes she received...

Joan Amy Meunier - 12th July 1923 - 5th September 2021



Joan was born in East London and grew up in Clapton. Following the early death of her mother, Joan and her younger sister Doff (Dorothy) were brought up by elder sister, Kitty. Her father, Reginald, was a warehouseman for a grocery firm. Joan left school after getting her matriculation and, due to the outbreak of the Second World War, did office training and took a job locally. A better paid job at Imperial Tobacco soon followed. Given Joan's later opposition to smoking this now seems ironic. The experience of nursing her father as he died of lung cancer affected her deeply.

During the war years, Joan served in the WRNS with the Fleet Air-arm. While working at the naval base in Warrington she met two other WRNS, Dorothy and Margaret, who became life-long friends. Joan's job was repairing aircraft radios. She was undaunted by technical things and enjoyed finding out how things worked. Following in her father's footsteps she picked up all sorts of skills – including fixing household electrics – by just watching, learning, and having a go. After the War, Joan did emergency teacher training and began work at Queensbridge Secondary School in Hackney teaching Maths, Needlework and P.E. (particularly netball). It was at school that she met René, also newly qualified as a teacher. On 22nd July 1950 the couple married and went to live in Joan's father's house in Clapton. The birth of Chris the following spring meant Joan had to leave teaching. A year later Joan and René moved to Hollywood Way in Highams Park where she spent the rest of her life. As Chris, Tim and Cathy grew up, Joan grasped opportunities to change. With all three safely off to school, she returned to teaching at the local Infant School. She was able to take Tim to school there and meanwhile to teach in another class. Joan became a pillar of the school, often relied on by the Headmistress, Miss Bailey, but never wanting to be officially recognised as her deputy.

As teachers, Joan and René both worked very hard, but made the most of the opportunity for family holidays. These were about discovery, learning, adventure, and activity. There were cycle tours in the UK, Ireland, and Holland and school trips organised by René in France, Germany and Switzerland. Joan especially enjoyed walking in the hills. She may have grown that love on her Swiss honeymoon, where she sampled the culture and met the family of her new husband, but she was no stranger to the English hills, where she and her ex-WRNS friend, Margaret had shared a holiday organised by the Co-operative Holidays Association. Family walking and trekking holidays, including an epic fortnight youth-hostelling along the southern half of the Pennine Way, began as soon as the children were old enough.

At home, family life involved listening to lots of radio programmes and gardening, both at home and on the allotment. Travelling around was by bike, tandem, bus or trains. There was no car, no TV and for many years no fridge – a gallon-sized jam tin buried in

the ground at the end of the garden kept the milk fresh. By the time Cathy returned from university, Joan had decided to learn to drive, and they had bought a little green car. René had no inclination to learn himself, but Joan wanted them to have the freedom that driving could give. Always one to do things properly, Joan took evening classes in car maintenance. Her detailed notebook with hand-drawn diagrams starts with how to safely change a wheel, progresses rapidly to include how the engine works and finally shows how to tune the carburettor. Joan was always willing to use the car to take older ladies swimming, give lifts to doctors' appointments, and run other errands. Long-distance journeys didn't daunt her, so long as she had René sitting beside her doing the map-reading and navigation. They were able to visit friends and relations as distant as Devon, attend musical weekends on the south coast and to take their grandchildren away for weekends, giving the parents a break. Once the three children had left for university, Joan and René developed their shared love of travelling. Each adventure was documented in a notebook by Joan while René took photos. On returning home, Joan created a scrapbook travel-log telling the story in both pictures and prose that enabled the whole family to share in their wonder and their discoveries. Together the couple made visits behind the Iron Curtain, went trekking in the Himalayas of Nepal, walked on the Great Wall of China, and cruised the fjords of Norway. They didn't seek luxury, avoided well-known resorts, and used small tour providers. They loved making their own plans and finding their own way as much as possible. Joan never wanted to be extravagant, but rather loved to meet and get to know local people, their food, traditions, and languages. René was a natural linguist, but Joan made the effort to learn both French and German through evening classes, skills she kept up well into her nineties, practising and making some very good friends through those classes.

Joan was a very active person who loved doing things with other people. As a loyal member of the tennis club she won a couple of championship trophies. Scottish country dancing, which she had learned at school, was a joy and all three children were introduced to Highland dancing classes in Blackhorse Road, Walthamstow. When Cathy took up this interest and arranged Bulgarian and International dancing weekends, Joan and René were frequent attendees.

After retiring from teaching, Joan continued to volunteer at Handsworth Primary School, listening to readers and helping in other ways. She spent much of her week 'helping the old people', many of whom were not as old as she was! She loved to keep in touch, often dropping in to see individual friends who might be lonely. Joan was a loyal, hard-working member of the Sunday Lunch Club organising group. She didn't take lunch there herself but would do a lot of the back-room jobs and then would scurry back home to get a dinner ready for her and René.

Joan had a strong Christian faith but was very sensitive to the different faith backgrounds and individual personalities of others. Brought up in the Church of England in Clapton, she chose Highams Park Baptist Church because of what it offered for children. She wanted René and her children to have the freedom to be themselves. Joan was committed to the idea of an inclusive, ecumenical church and gladly attended other non-conformist or Catholic services, believing that they all had something to offer.

She also had great respect for people of other faiths and, as the years progressed, she increasingly spoke about seeing God's spirit at work in all sorts of ways and all sorts of people. It was His kingdom coming on Earth that she was constantly looking for.

The reading from Philippians (Chapter 3: vs. 12 -14; Chapter 4 v. 8) speaks of a lifelong journey towards a heavenly goal. As we remember Joan, we give thanks for all that she meant to us in life, and we celebrate all that she achieved on her journey. As we grieve for our loss, we take comfort in the knowledge that Joan is now with the God she worshipped and served for so many years. This, the great hope of the Christian faith, gives us courage as we continue our own journeys towards that same heavenly goal. *Taken from the Eulogy given at the Service.*

Included in the Thanksgiving Service were the following poem and quotations which were amongst Joan's favourite inspirational words:

The Living Christ

*Not merely in the words you say,
Not only in the deeds confessed,
But in the most unconscious way,
Is Christ expressed.*

*Is it a very saintly smile,
A holy light upon your brow?
Oh no, I felt His presence when
You laughed just now.*

*For me, 'twas not the truth you taught,
To you so clear - to me so dim,
But when you came, to me you straightway
Brought a sense of Him.*

*So, from your life, He beckons me,
And from your heart, His love is shed,
Till I lose sight of you and see
The Christ instead.*

From 'Indwelt' by Beatrice Clelland

'At every dawn you call me and breakfast is communion'

*'Lord, save me from worrying so much about myself that I have
no energy left to think about others.'*

The Zoom meeting hosted by Paul and Sarah Raymond has started again. As an introduction Paul sent the reflection printed below. Brian Draper produces a weekly reflection that can be seen on YouTube and he is also a published author and makes short films – as he writes on his webpages ‘*You might have heard me on BBC Radio 4’s Thought for the Day, on the Today programme. It’s a good indicator of what I try to do: help people of all faiths and none to see the world from a creative and engaging spiritual perspective. In 2 mins 45 seconds!*’

We felt that you might like to read it too...

What Matters Most



"When one season fades and another edges into view, we can find *ourselves* in quite a state of flux, too. It's not always easy when the world turns and life shifts away from what we're used to; it takes adjustment, even to get the kids to school again, or to return to working in an office.

Yet times of transition can also help us to reflect and re-evaluate; to find our bearings, and, if we're mindful in the moment, to ask 'What matters most?' It takes some nerve, but when we do, I'm sure we're better placed to shift the quality of our changing world for good, instead of being merely at its mercy.

Right now, the obvious transition is from summer to autumn, and personally I hope to bring some of summer's tranquil energy – 'He leads me beside still waters; he restores my soul ...' – into busier times; perhaps even to *be* the still waters for others, God willing.

Practically, I've loved the nourishment of holiday reading, and the relational blessing of board games, and I want to keep on ... keeping the phone off. I hope you've reconnected with soulful rhythms of your own.

But this season of flux resonates, too, with a deeper shift that's still on-going - the radical disruption that began in our first days of lockdown, and from which the dust has yet to settle. It's true, the shock of the "Stay at Home!" months may slowly be receding, but we've been through so much - from the pain of isolation, distancing and loss to the happier gains of new ways of connecting, working, living, *being* - that surely, we can't act as if nothing ever happened deep within our soul.

During lockdown, I asked myself five 'questions for a time of change', to reflect periodically on what felt almost impossible to express:

What's life like, now?

What do I miss, of the old?

What can I welcome, of the new?

What 'practice' keeps me true (such as prayer, a daily walk, hobby, etc)?

What am I learning, about what matters most?

You may like to take yourself back into your own experience, for a few moments, with one or two of those questions to help.

We may not have answers, even now. But as the poet Rilke believed, it can be enough to live the questions. 'Live *everything*', he said, and the answers will come, in time, through that very act of living.

In the meantime, I've realised I can trace a golden thread of truth, woven by God through others into my own experience of the pandemic: for what stays with me, embodied in their many acts of living, their kindnesses, encouragements, creativity ... is the very 'faith, hope and love' of scripture. I've seen it with my eyes, now, and felt it in my heart: 'these three' *do* remain, when all has come, and gone.

And if the greatest of these is love, perhaps all that matters for now, and always, is the love we bring to this turning, shifting season of our life."

How did they do it?



Sunday September the Fifth managed to be a gloriously sunny day unlike the general cloudy weather we had experienced for some time! How the organisers (The Friends of the Highams Park) managed to book such great weather we shall probably never know. But an afternoon of normality in our still troubled times attracted a greater number of people than I had seen at previous Picnics. Groups of people were scattered about, many enjoying what it said on the tin i.e. a picnic. If you had failed to bring supplies there were a good number of stalls happy to provide different kinds of food and drink. There were, of course, a number of societies that had information stalls - including the Highams Park Society promoting Highams Park Day 2022 - and craft stalls. In other words the usual mix that makes the Picnic such a great afternoon out. There was music of differing genres - the close harmony singing in the style of the 40's and 50's seemed very popular. We must not forget the dog show which attracted a large audience. We now look forward to 2022...

DL



The Kendrick Never Fail Cake!

We are assured that, as its name suggests, you can never fail to produce a brilliant cake. The Editor's take no responsibility for this statement!

Ingredients:

*100g/4oz glace cherries
220g tin of pineapple in juice
100g/4oz butter
350g/ 12oz mixed fruit
175g/6oz soft brown sugar
225g/8oz self-raising flour
2 eggs*

Method:

*Chop the cherries and the pineapple (keep the juice).
Put in a pan with the pineapple juice, butter, fruit and sugar.
Heat to melt the butter but do not boil.
Leave to cool, then beat in the flour and eggs.
Preheat oven to 170C / 150 fan oven / gas 3.
Line an 20cm / 8 inch round tin with baking paper; put in the mixture and bake for about 90 minutes till firm and a skewer comes out clean.
ENJOY!*



This could well serve as an excellent option for your Christmas Cake!

In the last two issues we have brought you stories from people who lived in the prefab estate on what is now The Highams Park. We conclude with two more memories:

Chrissy Hopwood recalled the golden days at Highams Park

I have such rich memories of growing up on the estate with my best friend Trish, who lived directly behind us. Trish and I both moved there when we were three, and soon discovered our birthdays were exactly one week apart, and from then on we became inseparable.

I lived in Troubridge Road which is one of the few remaining roads, and leads directly to the little cafe now known as Humphries, but was then known as the Sunday School. Every Sunday afternoon between two and three, we all used to troop over there and sit on the wooden forms or chunky wooden chairs, have a story and sing hymns accompanied by the rickety old piano, all under the gentle care of Mr Brewer. The highlight was the annual Sunday School outing when we all used to pile on the coach and go to Maldon for the day. Other than that, the nearest we came to a seaside, which is what we counted Maldon as, was the short stretch of sloping mud leading down to the water's edge to the right of Troubridge Road which we lovingly called "The Beach". We did not realise it at the time, but we were unbelievably lucky to have such a rich environment to grow up in. Our whole lives were lived around the lake and forest. We fished for frogspawn in spring, made dens inside the Hawthorns or climbed like monkeys up the tree which soon became known as the Monkey Tree, and which is still there to this day. We were carefree and daring taking risks which would never be allowed for today's children. Trish and I once made a den, at the end of a garden, that backed onto Forest Glade next to the River Ching, and Trish's mum, my adored Aunt Peg, used to clean for the owner. He was a magistrate, and we lived in constant fear of being caught and sent to prison for life if we were ever discovered trespassing. We even planted flowers outside our den, in what we regarded as our very own secret garden. We were very daring, and I wonder what he thought when he eventually discovered our den at the end of his garden where the fence had surprisingly broken down, and magically, a path had suddenly arrived leading into it.

I like to think he would have smiled, as one Christmas we went carol singing and knocked on his door with our rendition of Silent Night, and He opened the door. We were alarmed. But he smiled and said - our faces were much prettier than our singing, and gave us half a crown, a huge amount of money for us. So perhaps he did recognise us after all, as the two den builders who had completely taken over and transformed the end of his garden.

All happy, golden days. Trish and I still keep in contact all these years later and count ourselves as extremely lucky to have had such a paradise to grow up in.

Rob Rance's parents were the first family to move into the estate in 1947.

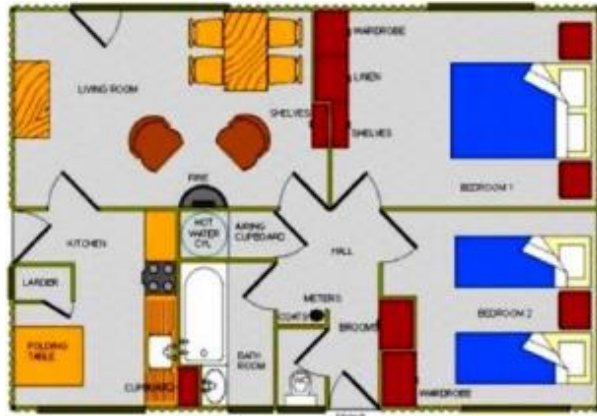
150 AIROH aluminium and 26 ARCON asbestos clad prefabs were built on the Highams estate during 1947. Using copies of the original council plan, plus Hale End ward Polling District records, I was able to add road names and numbering, to produce an estate plan that now hangs in Humphreys Café. This hall was our Sunday school/ community hall and appears to have been associated with an AA gun emplacement there during WW2. There was an air raid shelter next to it, and our son Scott said that during renovations of the old hall, rail tracks were found when digging the floor up. There is a photo of a 1953 Coronation party behind Troubridge Ave, where you can see the old hut and shelter. This is also in Humphreys along with various old family photos.

My parents, William and Rose Rance, were the very first family to move to the prefab estate during 1947, into No.1 (of 6) Troubridge Avenue. I was born early 1948 and remained there until I was 5. You could run straight from it, across the grass down to HP lake, where my older half-sister did go swimming in, despite cows going into it as well. Many of my cousins would visit, as they lived in flats in Walthamstow. My brother made dens to hide in and carved a giant footprint in the dirt to scare other kids away. My father ran a darts club in the community hall and there is a photo of his cups and shields, me as a cowboy, my brother, sister and a cousin, dressed as red Indians, outside our prefab. We could get lovely ice cream, lollies and drinks at the 'Boat House', as well as hiring a boat to row around the lake. My sister dug up a small object in our rear garden, which I found in a drawer when I was about 10. It turned out to be a Roman coin, so there may have been an encampment there. We moved to an Oak Hill council estate house, but it was only a few hundred yards away, so we still played around the lake and in the forest. It was a wonderful place to have grown up in.

In 1942, a new Royal Navy destroyer, HMS Troubridge, was adopted by the community of Walthamstow and the name was used for two of the street names on the estate.

My now wife Mary, moved onto the estate in 1954/5 and lived at the other end of the estate. She used to go fishing with her father and her mum would bring them a cooked breakfast by the lake. She and friends used to go 'scrumping' the fruit trees in the back gardens of the 'big houses' behind where she lived. She remembers 'Pop' selling groceries from his old estate car and letting the kids sit on the tail gate while he drove around. There was a van that sold vegetables and also a man, who would cycle around selling ice cream from a large box on the front of his bike.

By 1961 many families had moved/been moved into Walthamstow council houses, and the prefabs started to be demolished. The last people to leave were Eleanor and Edward Tomlin and their dog Paddy, from 8, Troubridge Road. They wanted to stay in Woodford Green, so refused to be re-housed elsewhere. There was an article in the local paper showing her walking their dog and just a few prefabs still standing.



All approved prefabricated units had to have a minimum floor space size of 635 square feet (59.0 m²), the parts a maximum of 7.5 feet (2.3 m) wide to allow for transportation by road, and to house a 'central service unit'. The prefabricated bungalows quickly acquired the shortened name of 'prefabs' which endures to this day

156,623 temporary prefabricated bungalows were produced in Britain under the 1944 Temporary Housing Programme. They were erected across the UK between 1945-9 from one or two on bomb sites to large estates of 500 and more. It was anticipated that after 10 years they would be replaced with permanent housing. Although the majority of prefabs were demolished, a few thousand survive still inhabited over 70 years later.

Each prefab contained a fitted kitchen (with refrigerator, cooker and water boiler for washing clothes), an indoor bathroom with heated towel rail, toilet, fitted cupboards and a back boiler which provided constant hot water and a rudimentary vented hot air heating system to the two bedrooms. The bathroom and kitchen were 'back-to-back', connected by the central service unit. Prefab bungalows were detached and had gardens all round. The prefabs were painted magnolia, with green windows.



DL

The Home Front

As November approaches we look to remember those men and women who have been injured physically or mentally and those who paid the ultimate price in wars or other conflicts. Perhaps slightly forgotten are those who stayed at home 'keeping the home fires burning' as the song goes.

Up until the First World War 'staying at home' was not likely to involve physical risk – of course, worries about loved ones fighting overseas was still there. Then in 1914 came the start of the War and with it a new phrase – 'The Home Front'. Something unimagined happened – the German Navy shelled Scarborough and other East Coast towns – just before 8.00 am. on the 16th December 1914 three German warships began firing on Scarborough causing much damage - more than 500 high explosive shells fell in about 20 minutes, inflicting terrible damage on buildings of every description – shops, houses, hotels, churches, schools and hospitals. The German ships then moved off at speed towards Whitby, which suffered a brief bombardment.

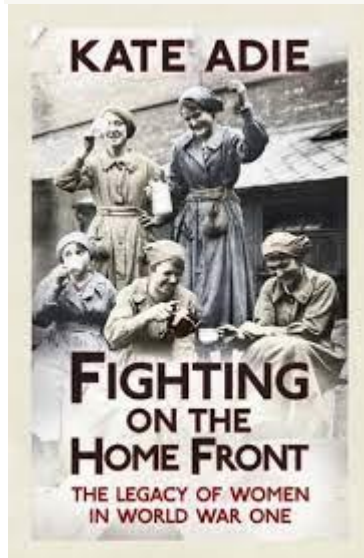
In total, 17 people were killed in Scarborough that morning, with two others dying later of their wounds. More than 80 were seriously wounded. At the same time another raid was taking place in Hartlepool which suffered even greater damage. Overall, in Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool, 137 people died. There was to be much criticism of the British Government over this incident, but the attacks led to poster campaigns to convince even more people to enlist.



As if this was not enough Britain also experienced attacks from the air – again in December 1914 an airship flew across the English Channel and dropped bombs on Dover. Later Zeppelin air ships flew many raids although they did not inflict huge amounts of damage. The defence against them was poor – they flew too high for anti aircraft guns. However, in 1916 whilst a raid was taking place around Cuffley in Hertfordshire an aircraft pilot named William Leefe Robinson tried something new – he flew under the Zeppelin and fired incendiary

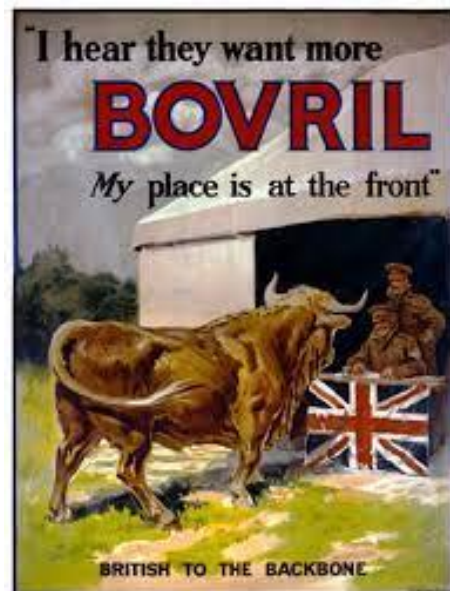
bullets into it which caused it to catch fire and plunge to earth where it burned for two days. Later in the War giant Gotha aircraft were able to cause far more damage.

But for women and those left at home what changes had the War brought? To some extent this depended on your class – such differences were very clear in the early 1920's. Some women had been fighting for the vote but once war was declared this stopped – however it was obvious that women would be expected to take a much greater role especially on the home front...



Kate Adie is well known as a war correspondent but has also written a very interesting book called 'Fighting on the Home Front'. In it she describes how women came into their own (even if only temporarily!). The more well to do people often formed committees to undertake work to bring a little comfort to the troops at the front – perhaps by knitting groups creating items such as socks which were more comfortable than the standard issue. Such women were usually well connected and knew how to raise awareness of their cause. One such woman was Miss Gladys Storey who had what would now be called 'a light bulb moment'. Her idea was 'Bovril Meat Extract' for the men in the trenches who often missed

anything like a hot meal. She sought official approval and initially funded it by selling memorial postcards of Field Marshall Roberts at sixpence a time. The press soon started carrying news of her idea and she was inundated with supplies of Bovril (she denied that this was any sort of promotional link, although the Bovril company did give donations). Before long she was getting large numbers of letters from all ranks thanking her for the supplies and it would appear that such a simple idea played a huge part in increasing morale (the idea was regenerated for the Second World War).



Soon women were taking on many of the roles previously confined to men, from bus conductresses to policewomen; and in great numbers as the so called 'ammunitionettes' in factories turning out the vast numbers of shells and other items so needed to fight the foe. What was soon clear was the fact that working in a factory was not helped by the dress fashions of the period.

This led to the adoption of (shock, horror) the wearing of trousers! It was a fact that many of the richer people with large houses were compelled to turn these into hospitals and recovery centres for the injured troops returning to Britain.

One of the recurring themes in the book is that of how women were regarded by men, especially those who had a say in the sorts of jobs that women were allowed to do. The discussions that took place about women, for example, becoming permanent police officers was treated with derision by senior policemen! They seemed to ignore the fact that volunteer women police groups had been set up in local areas (although they had no powers of arrest) and were doing a good job. Even when women were employed, they were treated as second class citizens – lower wages for doing equal jobs as men and the threat (or rather promise) that they would be dismissed when the War ended. As the War went on, (and had not finished by Christmas), some concession had to be made. It was not really until peace had been declared that recognition was made that without the Home Front and the women's contribution to it we would probably have lost the War...

The book is well worth reading and lays out in great detail all the work that was needed at home to support the war effort, much of this being carried out by women who, it must be remembered, had to keep their own homes going for their own families. Without them we may well have lost the war so we should surely remember them just as much as the men away fighting. DL



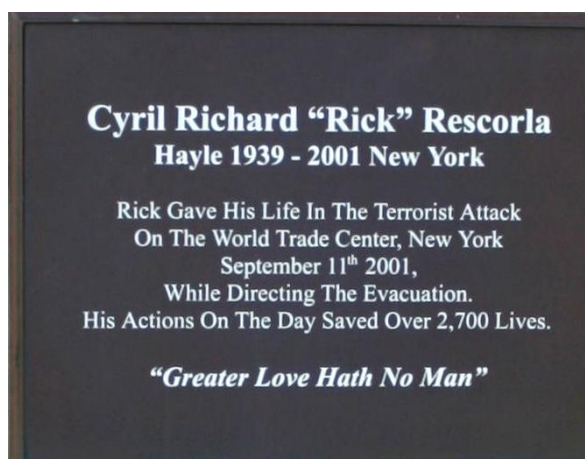
Those who fought at home or overseas – we will remember them!



Greater Love Hath No Man....

than this: to lay down one's life for one's friends.

Probably few will know the name Rick Rescorla but he has a very unusual memorial in his home town of Hayle in Cornwall... We were lucky enough to spend a week near Hayle this August. The town is not set directly on the coast but on an estuary of the Hayle River which empties onto the St. Ives Bay. We had gone shopping and decided to walk along the river which flanks the town. As we walked, we saw a large block of granite set into the grassy area alongside the river wall. It carried a plaque that said:



Cyril Richard Rescorla was a soldier, police officer, and private security specialist of British origin. He served as a British Army paratrooper during the Cyprus Emergency and a United States commissioned officer during the Vietnam War. He eventually rose to the rank of colonel in the United States Army. Once he left the army he had a job on Wall Street and became a vice-president in charge of security at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. After the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, Rescorla worried about a terrorist attack on the World Trade Centre. In 1993 there was a bomb attack at the Centre and Rescorla gained credibility and authority after the bombing, which resulted in a change to the culture of Morgan Stanley. Rescorla wanted the company out of the building because he continued to feel that the World Trade Centre was still a target for terrorists and that the next attack could involve a plane crashing into one of the towers. He recommended to his superiors at Morgan Stanley that the company leave Manhattan office space. However, this recommendation was not followed because the company's lease at the World Trade Centre would not terminate until 2006. At Rescorla's insistence, all employees (including senior executives) then practiced emergency evacuations every three months.

On the fatal day of the attack on the World Trade Centre his worst nightmare came true – he saw that the first plane had hit the North Tower of the Centre and felt that it was more than likely that another hitting the South Tower, where he worked, would follow.

Rather than pay any attention to the orders, issued by the Port Authority, for people to stay at their desks, he immediately set about systematically ordering Morgan Stanley employees to evacuate. He directed people down a stairwell from the 44th floor, continuing to calm employees after the building lurched violently following the crash of the second plane 38 floors above into Tower 2 at 9:03 a.m. Even a group of 250 people visiting the offices for a stockbroker training class knew what to do because they had been shown the nearest stairway.

After successfully managing to get most of Morgan Stanley's 2,700 employees out of the building, he went back into the building ignoring the comment of one of his colleagues that he had to get out as well, Rescorla replied that he would leave once he could be sure all his colleagues were out. He was last seen on the 10th floor, heading upward, shortly before the South Tower collapsed. His body was never found.

Rescorla was honoured with the White Cross of Cornwall, an award from his native Cornwall, in 2003 by the Revived Cornish Stannary Parliament.

In 2009 a statue of Rescorla was unveiled on The Walk Of Honour at the National Infantry Museum at Fort Benning, Georgia.

On September 11, 2019, President Donald Trump announced that Rescorla would be honoured with the Presidential Citizens Medal.

It is very appropriate that the phrase 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends' has been used on Rick's memorial - it comes from The Bible in John 15 v13. It could also be seen as recognising that Jesus laid down his life for others. *DL*



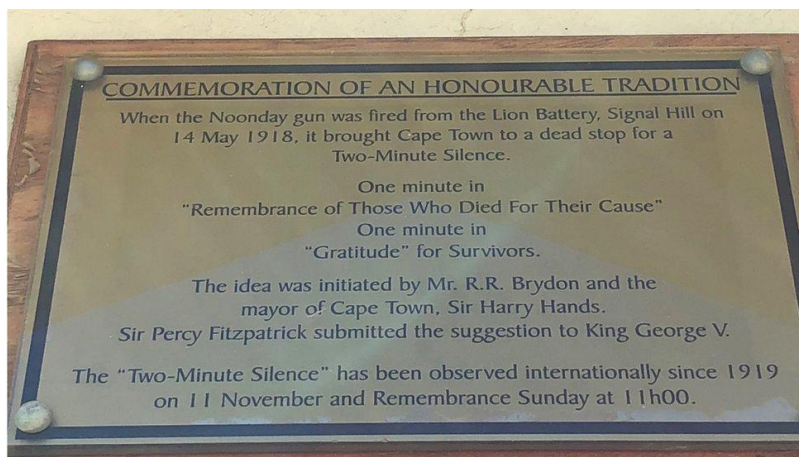
The Two Minute Silence...

A two-minute silence on Armistice Day has been observed since the first anniversary of the end of World War One in 1919. But what is perhaps less well known is that the idea for the silent reflection came from a Scot who lived in South Africa during the conflict. Robert Rutherford Brydone was born in Edinburgh's New Town in 1862 and was a pupil at the city's George Watson's College.

During World War One Mr Brydone, by then in his 50s, was a member of the town council in Cape Town and was actively involved with the recruiting meetings in the City's Drill Hall. At a meeting held early in 1915 it is reported a man in the audience said: "You will forget us as soon as we are gone." Mr Brydone is said to have promised that the city would not forget its sons during their absence and as an outward sign, he arranged a monthly meeting to remember the soldiers fighting in Europe.

In early 1918 Mr Brydone and Cape Town mayor Sir Harry Hands decided to take the remembrance further - the death of Sir Harry's eldest son in the war led them to consider new ways of marking soldiers' sacrifice. Mr Brydone suggested the firing of the city's Noonday Gun could mark a "pause" in activity during which people could pray for the men fighting in the war. Mr Brydone and Sir Harry organised an area of the city where the traffic would be brought to a standstill for the duration of the pause and the first silence was observed at Cartwright's Corner in Adderley Street on 14 May 1918. As soon as the city fell silent, a bugler sounded the Last Post and The Reveille was played at the end of the midday pause.

It was repeated daily for the duration of the war and only ended in December, after the conclusion of the conflict. The stated aim of the pause was silent remembrance, fulfilling a debt of honour to the fallen and demonstrating to those who survived that the sacrifice of the dead did not go unnoticed or unappreciated. Another South African, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, is rightly credited as being the driving force behind the annual two-minute silence on Armistice Day. He took the idea to King George V who introduced it on the first anniversary of the end of the war and it has been repeated around the world ever since.



In Cape Town there is a plaque entitled "commemoration of an honourable tradition"

We still respect the idea of a two-minute silence, although at some sporting occasions to remember a person involved in that sport who has died, a period of clapping is now used. DL