

THE HADLEIGH MESSENGER

November 2019



The Magazine of the
United Reformed Church, Hadleigh, Essex

SUNDAY SERVICES

10.30am every Sunday
with Holy Communion on 3rd Sunday of the month

6.30pm on 1st Sunday only
with Holy Communion

PREACHING ARRANGEMENTS FOR NOVEMBER 2019

Sun 3 rd Nov	10.30am	Morning Service	Mr Adrian Tinning
	6.30pm	Evening Service with Holy Communion	Mr Jim Clubb with Mrs Heather Brown
Sun 10 th Nov	10.30am	Remembrance Service	Rev. Jack Roche MA
Sun 17 th Nov	10.30am	Morning Service with Holy Communion	Mr John Amos
Sun 24 th Nov	10.30am	Morning Service	Major Geoff Ashdown

SUNDAY MORNING DUTY ROTAS FOR NOVEMBER 2019

	ELDER	STEWARD	REFRESHMENTS
Sun 3 rd Nov	Heather Brown	Doreen Churchill	Jean Reeve
Sun 10 th Nov	Malcolm Brown	Ann Purkiss	Kay Watson
Sun 17 th Nov	Jean Reeve [Holy Communion]	June Gargrave	Doreen Churchill
Sun 24 th Nov	Heather Brown	Janet Wimbledon	Janet Wimbledon

FLOWER ROTA FOR NOVEMBER 2019

Sun 3 rd Nov	
Sun 10 th Nov	Poppy arrangement
Sun 17 th Nov	John Rice - in memory of Barbara
Sun 24 th Nov	June Gargrave - in memory of Keith

ELDERS' MEETING

Wed 13th Nov 6.00pm

CHURCH MEETING

Thu 21st Nov 12.30pm

HADLEIGH URC OFFICERS

Interim Moderators:

Rev. Jim Tarrant/Rev. Celia Whitman

Hon. Secretary:

Mr Royston Brackin (01702 558862)

Acting Hon. Treasurer:

Mr Royston Brackin

Serving Elders:

Mr Royston Brackin

Mrs Heather Brown (01702 557678)

Mr Malcolm Brown (01702 557678)

Miss Jean Reeve (01702 554907)

Useful information

Address: 1 Church Road, Hadleigh, Benfleet, SS7 2DQ

Website: www.hadleighessexurc.org.uk

An invitation

We invite you to join us for worship and fellowship at any of our services where a warm welcome awaits. If you are in need of help that the ministry of the church can supply then be assured of our interest and concern. If you are suffering from ill health, loneliness or bereavement and feel that we could help, or if you would like to ask for a prayer or personal visit then please let our Minister or any of the other church officers know. All such requests are treated in the strictest confidence.

From the Bible – John 4:4-14a (NIV)

So he came to a town in Samaria called Sychar, near the plot of ground Jacob had given to his son Joseph. Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, tired as he was from the journey, sat down by the well. It was about noon.

When a Samaritan woman came to draw water, Jesus said to her, "Will you give me a drink?" (His disciples had gone into the town to buy food.)

The Samaritan woman said to him, "You are a Jew and I am a Samaritan woman. How can you ask me for a drink?" (For Jews do not associate with Samaritans.)

Jesus answered her, "If you knew the gift of God and who it is that asks you for a drink, you would have asked him and he would have given you living water.... Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks the water I give them will never thirst."



Letter from Adrian

Dear Friends,

In the dining room I have a fish tank in which there are a number of different types of fish that have been brought together by me to form a community. As I looked at it this morning it spoke to me of the community here at Hadleigh URC. In the same way God has brought us all together to form his church. We are all different with different backgrounds from different places but here we are to be his church.

As a boy I lived in a town in the Lake District called Ulverston. There was within the churches a real desire to reach out with the Gospel but how difficult that was. As I think about that experience, I am reminded of the words of Paul to Timothy in his second letter (2 Timothy 4:2): "Preach the word be prepared in season and out of season; correct, rebuke and encourage". It certainly felt like "out of season" work. As I listen to the experience of others during this period, I think there is a general sense that this was true on a fairly wide scale throughout the country.

However, the climate seems to have changed. It is claimed that the whole nation is now looking for something beyond itself; witness the interest in other religions. Within the church there does seem to be a general expectation of the movement of the spirit in revival power. I have been reminded of another verse of scripture from John 4:35 "...I tell you, open your eyes and look at the fields! They are ripe for harvest."

So in our exploration of Jesus's evangelism strategy this month I would like to look at the story of the Samaritan woman in John 4. Jesus was resting by the well when an opportunity

presented itself to speak of the Father's work. Jesus recognised the hand of the Father and reaches out to the woman with the gospel. We need to be aware that if we are open to his prompting God will prepare for us similar appointments and so we need to be prepared to make the most of each opportunity as it presents itself. This doesn't mean that we corner everybody we meet but rather we keep the appointments which God has made for us.

Jesus was tired; He was resting by the well when the woman came. It is easy to speak out of strength but so often it is the service we give in weakness which touches the heart and prompts a response to the gospel. Jesus uses his need of a drink to speak to her need for salvation. In many instances the church reaches out into its area as the solution to the people's problems and can give the impression that it doesn't really know what it is to have a problem and therefore cannot sympathise with the people in their weakness. Our saviour came in weakness so that he can empathise with the world.

The result of the ministry was that the woman went back to the village telling people of Jesus. As they flocked out of the village to meet him, Jesus sees the people coming and points them out to the disciples with the words, "See the fields are white unto harvest." There is a sense in which, in this instance, revival seemed to depend less on the season than upon the obedience to the spirit's prompting. When we make the most of the opportunities that God gives to us often the result is far in excess of our expectations.

Yours in Him,

Adrian

From the Editor

Welcome to the delayed November edition of the Hadleigh Messenger.

November is the month in which we remember those who fought, and in some cases died, for the freedom that we currently enjoy. Last year, I featured all the names that appear on Hadleigh War Memorial. This year, I was going to write about the War Memorial itself but have not been able to get hold of all the information I need. So, instead, I have used an article from the Hadleigh

& Thundersley Community Archive. The article concerns a local man, Len Doust, who fought in the First World War and was awarded the Military Medal. It is unusually long (for the magazine), covering three and a half pages.

Our Support Lay Preacher, Adrian Tinning, is continuing his series of letters about evangelism and, at my request, Adrian has also kindly provided a short bio-pic for the benefit of readers.

Malcolm Brown



Bible Study – Thu 14th Nov 2019

This is a reminder that a new Bible Study, to be led by Adrian Tinning, our Support Lay Preacher, will commence on Thursday 14th November at 12.30pm. We will have a (packed) lunch at the end of the coffee morning, before the start of the the bible study. A hot drink will be provided.

The first session will look at Luke 1:5-25 under the title “You really should believe an Angel”. If you are able, please do join us at the start of this new initiative.

Malcolm Brown



Ron Hurrell – a man of poetry

After the inclusion last month of Ron’s letter to the Daily Telegraph about his wayward sheep, I had a brief discussion with him about poetry. Ron was a little underwhelmed by the poem by Christina Rossetti on the back page of the October edition, which, admittedly, was not one of her most well-known poems and the subject matter was rather dour. This led me to ask Ron if he had ever written any poems and led him, in turn, to send me a couple by e-mail. One of them appears below.

Harmony

I stood by the shore and saw the horizon
But not only that, I saw far beyond.
And the sea and the stars and the long gone faces.
And the voice in my heart said to me,
“Surely God lives”.

I stood on the bank of a slow flowing river
And watched, as it were, my life flowing past,
And I said in my heart, “Surely God lives”.
And the voice in my heart said to me,
“Be still and know that I am.”

I nursed my new born sleeping child
And wondered where her future lay.
Beyond my ken, outside my role.
And I answered the voice in my heart
And said, “I know.”

Ron Hurrell

Tuesday Fellowship Programme for Nov & Dec 2019

Date	Time	Meeting
Tue 12 th Nov	2.30pm	Talk: Bee-keeping by Marguerita Wilson
Tue 10 th Dec	2.30pm	Christmas Meditation & Communion

Meetings are held in the Small Hall with refreshments served at the end.

Meeting fee £2.00 – first time free

Annual subscription – £3.00

“Even if something is left undone, everyone must take time to sit still and watch the leaves turn.” – *Elizabeth Lawrence*

Family News

Ron Mallinson

Sadly, Ron passed away in Godden Lodge care home in the early hours of Friday 1st November. He had been living there for the last few months because of needing extra care to cope with severe breathing difficulties, which required access to oxygen. Jim Clubb and I visited Ron on several occasions.

Ron was a former Elder at our church and was a loyal worker here for the Lord. As well as being an Elder, he preached occasionally, ran the bible study for several years and did various jobs around the church. The small wooden cross on the wall of the Small Hall, made by Ron, will be a permanent reminder of his love for the Lord.

In recent times, Ron had worshipped at the Salvation Army Hadleigh Temple but, on occasions in the last couple of years or so, he had attended our church, usually for Communion. Ron was often accompanied on these occasions by his friendly dog, which had the ability to quickly get comfortable and fall asleep on our hard wooden flooring.

No details of Ron's funeral are currently available.

We send our deepest condolences to Ron's daughter Gillian and the rest of the family and pray that God will ease their pain at this sad time.

WHAT'S ON

A round-up of future events in the area

Sat 9 Nov 2019 - Coffee Morning at Hadleigh Methodist Church - 10.00am to 12 noon.
ditto - Local Councillors' Surgery at Old Fire Station - 10.00am to 12 noon.
ditto - Hadleigh & Thundersley Community Archive Drop-in in Hadleigh Library from 10.30am to 12 noon. Bring your old photos and other memorabilia or view articles on the Archive website
ditto - Beat & Beans Café with Friendly Folk at St James the Less Church from 10.30am to 12.30pm. Live music with coffee, tea and snacks. Relax and enjoy the music in historic surroundings. Free admission.
ditto - 2 nd Thundersley Scouts Jumble Sale at St Peter's Church Hall. Starts at 1.30pm. 50p admission.
Mon 11 Nov 2019 - Armistice Day Service outside Morrisons at 10.45am.
Tue 12 Nov 2019 - Coffee Morning & Book Sale at St Peter's Church Hall from 10.30am to 12.30pm.
Wed 13 Nov 2019 - Coffee Morning with home-made cakes at St Michael's Church Community Room from 10.00am to 11.45am. £2.00 for as much coffee as you wish and a piece of cake. Held every Wednesday.
Thu 14 Nov 2019 - Rayleigh Town Museum Talk - "How We Treated The Poor From Elizabeth I To Victoria" by Martyn Lockwood. Starts 7.30pm. Tickets £4.00 - phone 01268 773535 on Wed/Fri/Sat/Sun, 10.00am- 4.00pm.
Fri 15 Nov 2019 - The Swinging Syncopating Ukulele Band in Concert (Ukulele Band) at St Mary's Church, Benfleet. Starts 8.00pm. Tickets £4.00, phone 01268 693635.
Sat 16 Nov 2019 - Model Railway Exhibition at Thundersley Methodist Church, Kennington Avenue, from 10.00am to 3.00pm. £3.00 adult, £2.00 concessions, 50p for 5-16, Under 5s free. Light refreshments available.
ditto - Christmas Bazaar at Hadleigh Methodist Church - 10.30am to 3.30pm.
ditto - Christmas Market at St Barnabas Church from 10.30am to 2.00pm.
Wed 20 Nov 2019 - Kingsway Community Cinema presents 'The Crow (Cert 12A) at Hadleigh Old Fire Station. Starts at 7.00pm. Tickets £5.00. Book online via www.kingswaycinema.org.uk or pay at the door (if not sold out).
Thu 21 Nov 2019 - Festive Market at Kingston Primary School, Church Road, Thundersley, from 3.00pm to 5.00pm. Free entry.
Sat 23 Nov 2019 - Christmas Market at St James the Less Church - 10.30am to 2.00pm.
Sun 24 Nov 2019 - Café Church at Costa Coffee from 5.00pm to 6.30pm.
Tue 26 Nov 2019 - 'The Kettle's On' Coffee Morning at St Barnabas Church from 10.30am to 12.00 noon. Held every Tuesday.
Sat 30 Nov 2019 - Nativity Festival at the SA Hadleigh Temple from 10.00am to 3.00pm. See a variety of nativity scenes; reflect on the true meaning of Christmas. Activities for children, quizzes for all. Refreshments served.
ditto - Christmas Market at Hadleigh Old Fire Station - 10.00am to 4.00pm.
ditto - Community carol singing and switching on of Hadleigh's Christmas lights at 4.15pm by garden area by St James the Less Churchyard.

More events listed on the HELIX website at <http://www.hadleighsex.info>

Report from the Area Partnership Meeting

The South Essex Area Partnership churches meet twice yearly and the latest meeting was held at Bramerton Road Community Church (Hockley URC) on Thursday 31st October. This was bad planning as it also happened to be my birthday! This report is based mainly on the minutes of the meeting so thanks are owed to Christine Butcher.

Opening – The meeting was chaired by Rev. Gillian Thomson, the lively Minister of Bramerton Road Community Church and Basildon URC. In her opening devotions, she reminded us all that we were present to share with each other and praise God for all he is doing in our churches. Gillian said that we always need to give God space to ‘wriggle and dance’ and not to confine him with our plans, for his purposes will always prevail.

Retired Ministers’ Lunch – It was announced that the next Retired Ministers’ Lunch will be held on Thursday 12th March 2020 at The Bridgwater Drive Church, Westcliff.

Eco Church (Jeremy Flack) – There was a couple of lengthy presentations at the meeting. The first one was given by Jeremy Flack, Eastern Synod’s Green Advocate. He gave a very detailed talk about climate change and concluded by saying how much climate change and pollution will affect God’s beautiful world and how provision of food and water and sanitation will become more of a problem than it is now.

Jeremy wants every church in our region to become an ‘Eco church’ and to work out what we can do to save energy. He gave details of the Eco Church award scheme and Ian Miller mentioned that Christ Church Rayleigh URC is already going through this process. The Eco Church website at <https://ecochurch.arochoa.org.uk> has a lot of information.

Michael Benham Fund – Ian Millar, the former Ministry & Mission Advocate, then spoke about the Michael Benham Fund. The accounts for the fund were agreed.

Ministry & Mission (M&M) Fund – Alan Clifton from Kings Road URC, the current M&M Advocate, thanked all churches for agreeing to their M&M assessments for 2020. A couple of churches have agreed to give extra donations. Payments for 2019 are currently being met by all churches.

Reports and prayers for churches (part 1) – Ruth Dixon led the meeting in prayer for half the churches in the Area Partnership using previously prepared reports as a guide.

Synod Moderator – Rev. Paul Whittle, Synod Moderator, spoke at the meeting and shared three stories that emphasised the truth that God works in many amazing situations but also in the day to day mundane parts of life. Various events were also publicised.

Reports and prayers for churches (part 2) – Suzanne Dunn then led the meeting in prayer for the other half of the churches. Prayer was said particularly for Rev. Naomi Young-Rodas who was to be ordained and inducted in two days time as minister of Christ Church Rayleigh and The Bridgwater Drive Church. Naomi is a daughter of Rev. Arthur Young, who was minister at Hadleigh from 1965 to 1978.

Bar’n’Bus (Jamie Sawtell) – Next, we received an interesting talk from Jamie Sawtell, the full-time CEO of Bar’n’Bus. (Until recently, Jamie was CEO of Megacentre Rayleigh and worked two days a week for Bar’n’Bus.) Most readers will have heard of this Christian organisation that carries out Youth Outreach work, but you may not realise that it has been going for 26 years. Sadly, a decision was taken a couple of years ago to stop using the double-decker bus as the cost of maintenance was proving prohibitive. However, it was agreed not to change the name of the organisation because it is so well-known.

The heart of Bar’n’Bus remains the passion to meet with, listen to or help youngsters as necessary. The team’s vision is to place a pioneer youth worker into each geographical area and hopefully this will include going into secondary schools. One to one mentoring, especially in schools, is also an aim. The website address is www.barnbus.org.uk.

Rev. Colin Hunt – Rev. Paul Ellis, the Minister for Hutton & Shenfield Union Church, informed the meeting that Rev. Colin Hunt had recently received his certificate for 25 years’ service in the URC. (Colin is the husband of Beryl, who was our Interim Moderator for four years earlier this century.) Our congratulations go to Colin.

Next meeting – The next Area Partnership meeting will be held on Thursday 26th March 2020 at Hutton & Shenfield Union Church.

Malcolm Brown

The love of God is greater far

The love of God is greater far
Than tongue or pen can ever tell.
It goes beyond the highest star
And reaches to the lowest hell.
The guilty pair, bowed down with care,
God gave His Son to win;
His erring child He reconciled
And pardoned from his sin.

*O love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure –
The saints' and angels' song*

When hoary time shall pass away,
And earthly thrones and kingdoms fall;
When men who here refuse to pray,
On rocks and hills and mountains call;
God's love, so sure, shall still endure,
All measureless and strong;
Redeeming grace to Adam's race –
The saints' and angels' song.

*O love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure –
The saints' and angels' song*

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

*O love of God, how rich and pure!
How measureless and strong!
It shall forevermore endure –
The saints' and angels' song*

Frederick Martin Lehman (1868-1953)

Frederick Martin Lehman was born on 7th August 1868, in Thüringen, Germany. His family emigrated to America when he was four and he lived for most of childhood in Iowa. He studied for the ministry and married Emma Louise Dermeyer on 3rd January 1891. They had at least eight children. When Lehman moved to California in 1917 he needed to turn back to manual labour for a living. According to a booklet he wrote in 1948 about the history of the hymn, he wrote the first two stanzas and the chorus as he meditated during work breaks. His daughter helped with the music. It is recorded that the third stanza appears in a book entitled "A Book of Jewish Thought" by Rabbi Hertz. The Rabbi attributed the words to a poem written in 1050 AD by Meir Ben Isaac Nehorai for the synagogue Pentecost celebrations. Lehman died on 20th February 1953 and is buried at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, California.

Editor's note: The words of this wonderful hymn were read out by Adrian Tinning during his sermon on the morning of Sunday 3 November. Adrian thinks it may have appeared in a Billy Graham song book.

The Blood is the Life

Len Doust's own story of events leading to the award of his WW1 Military Medal

This article is taken from the Hadleigh & Thundersley Community Archive website. It was edited by the late Val Jackson but is based on a personal account by Len Doust, kindly provided by Len's son, Tim Doust.



L.A.DOUST No 156799
Driver L.A. Doust113(8)
/A/Brigade ACRFA



Taking ammunition up the line by mules to advanced battery on which occasion I was honoured with the Military Medal.

Horribly frightened, yes he was horribly, humbly frightened. 'Oh God! For Christ's sake don't let me be killed or maimed. Don't let me lose my arms and legs!' He muttered it over and over – the same words. His brain was clear. He knew what he wanted and he wanted it as he had wanted nothing else... his life... his body.

'Oh God! for Christ's sake don't let me be killed or maimed! Don't let me lose my arms and legs!' He dreaded death, extinction but he dreaded more the shrieking horror of an arm blown off. What does one do if an arm is blown off? It doesn't hurt at first, they say. You don't know it has happened for a minute or more. Just a screech through the air and you lie felled by the wayside, dumb with horror and blood pouring.

His teeth chattered. His clenched jaw could not hold them still. Inside his head they sounded a weird kind of jangle. It was the blood. He could see it there, in the centre of the track. A body dressed in dull olive-fawn, coated with grey mud, untouched apparently but by the neck a little pool of dull red, which by very contrast of colour, drew down his eyes.

He was past. Good! He held his jaw firmly for a minute. Dragging on he solemnly started again. 'Oh God, for Christ's sake...'

'Curse the mules! Why didn't they come without dragging? He'd get killed soon. The air was full of noise; distant booms, whining screeches overhead; sharp reports as shrapnel burst; vicious shrieks of near-falling shells; and worst of all, those tiny whirrs and instant sharp taps telling of shrapnel fragments. Twice he heard a 'whizz' and a 'ping', a piece of hot ragged metal had hit his

'tin-hat'. He didn't jump. He was too numb. There was a heart-leap and he hurried in his prayer: 'Don' le' me ge' killed!'

Why weren't there some others about? He ventured to look around. There on his right was the shattered wood. Not a living soul in sight. At each side of the wooden track, built on piles, was sprinkled and in parts piled, debris: waggons, stretchers, corrugated iron, planks – all smashed and splintered; dead horses near to bursting; dead men looking gruesomely like the grey mud modelled into human likenesses. These did not terrify him; merely giving the accustomed chilled bewilderment. What struck his soul and paralysed his mind was the fresh red blood.



All along the track lay newly dead men; their attitudes repulsive but not frightening; their grey faces showing clearly they'd been bled. And by nearly everyone lay the horror – blood, which gave him such fear as to stop his prayer and make him long to run. Yes, he would have stamped back if he had had the vitality to do so. But he had started forward now and was too numb to turn. He was going to die. Of that he felt nervous but prepared for. But to be ripped and gashed and torn... It wasn't dying he feared, but being killed. 'Curse the mules!' No, he mustn't curse or God wouldn't look after him. Mother and Father were praying. They wanted him back whole. 'Oh God! for Christ's sake and mother and father's sake, don't let me be killed!'

The mules with their loads of shells (four apiece, 4.5 gun ammunition) came to a dead halt, ears back, muscles vibrating, fore-legs rigid. They also feared blood. They also minded not death. And before them the wooden track had burst asunder.

In the chaos of destruction lay the remains of an ammunition waggon, also six horses and three men bleeding – dead. How long? Perhaps five minutes.

Roused by the mules' refusal to budge, moved to indignation at their stopping, the youngster (he was only nineteen and had come straight from school to bloodshed) damned them between his shaking teeth. He had been drifting into partial numbness, just moving his steps beating time to the rhythm of his prayer. And now a jarring note of stoppage. He ground his teeth with rage as he tried to drag the beasts over the shell-holes and round the men.

They would not go forward. Worse, with eyes ringed-white and staring, they slowly backed. With an energy born of fear, the fear of stopping – of going mad, and, with splitting brain, of drowning himself in a stinking gas-filled shell-hole, he seized the rein of the second mule and tied it to the other's bridle. Then laying the front mule's rein over his shoulder, he pulled, pulled with a frantic fear of blood.

Jerkily he forged ahead, but what was that? Hooves hurrying on the wooden track? He swung round and saw the rear mule lumbering unsteadily down the way he had come. The driver saw nothing funny about it. All he knew was that he had to catch the thing and to make it go past that heap of death, as he had to go.

Racing down the track, holding his one mule by the rein, he saw the first living being. It had a red band on its arm and it was dodging into a dugout where the track divided. A little comfort came to him. He was not in the world of dead men, killed men. He had no sense of envy at the man's sudden disappearance into safety. Obviously he couldn't get into a dugout with two mules.

Ha, there was Geoff, standing bewildered at the parting of the ways, stricken with the uncertainty of vague fear. He had called his two mules, Geoff and Jim, after two boys in a story of his boyhood. 'Geoff, Geoff, all right old boy – keep calm – keep calm – now then – come on then – come on.'

Slowly he retraced his steps, came to the hole of blood, made a large detour round it and across the sea of shell-holes – thick yellow-grey mud. Then the barrage came down upon him again, with devitalizing heaviness. 'Oh God, for Christ's sake don't let me get killed or maimed,' he started again. He was back to his nerveless rigid tramp; his hands clenching the reins; his teeth vainly trying to clench; his whole body tense with fear. He passed

by more blood, and sickness swept through him. More blood, shells, trembling fear, parrot prayer!

The track was uphill now, up towards the ridge. His battery was somewhere around here, on the right. Yes, just about here. He tramped slower, his bewildered mind could not think what to do. The shelling thinned perceptibly. No one in sight. Suddenly an officer appeared from beneath the mud. To the weary artilleryman he seemed a heavenly angel, and, as if to bear this out, the officer carried a heavenly message. 'Hello, what are you doing here?' he cried; the lack of welcome in his voice sounding very sweet.

'Ammunition, sir', said the youngster, his own words seeming to be spoken by someone near him, someone very weak and frightened. He felt disgusted with the voice, also disappointed, for he had made a great effort to speak easily and firmly.

Then came the message direct from heaven. 'Get to hell out of this boy!' 'What about the ammunition, sir?' he loitered, goodness knows why. Perhaps he was too tired to turn back, even to move, without a definite push.

'Put 'em on the side, put 'em on the side and,' with a rising voice, 'get out, get out boy.' The angelic order gave him power. He, slowly at first, lugged the shells from their stiff canvas cases and dropped them on the track side. 'Right O, sir,' he said in a much improved tone.

The officer gave a wave of the hand and vanished suddenly beneath the mud. A shrapnel shell burst perilously near and low – one of the small white puffs, not so dangerous as the great black ones, but with vicious sharp twang as if a string had broken in a mighty harp.

With a kick and a wriggle he was on Jim's back. Not a comfortable seat for he had neglected to move the coarse canvas packs which spread over the saddle. Perched uncomfortably on the packs, not troubling to find his stirrups, he swung his mount round and set off at a steady trot.

Much more likely to be hit by a shell, with miles of danger before him; yet his heart beat steadily and he stopped praying, for was he not on the way down from the line.

As he trotted he heard more mighty harp strings burst; he heard the curt pings of the sharp little pieces driving their way into the wooden track. He did not care; and Geoff and Jim did not care as they clattered over the heavy planks with earnest gusto.

Soon came the fear. Blood. There it was on the track, drying dark. The mules swerved and lost

their even stride. Onwards at a clumsy canter but now fearful; praying again: If he was killed now! 'Oh God, for Christ's sake...'

He reached the bend. Now straight before him stretched the Menin Road. He hated the track. He saw in his mind the hole in the track and the blood. He would not return that way; straight on for him.

The shelling ceased but for a few seemingly chance shells dropping at a distance and in various directions, as if the enemy were merely using up a few left over. Here was the Menin Road. He slowed his mules to a steady trot, found his stirrups, breathed easily. He even thanked God for not letting him be killed or maimed. He still had his arms and legs.

Then out of the grey sky fell a rasping shriek filling his ears. Acting instantly, instinctively he threw himself down against the side of his mule – CRASH – right on him. He was off the mule, sweeping along the road – one foot in a stirrup – bump, bump, bump – this was the end. The mule's hoof struck his free leg, just missed his face. Finis – killed or maimed.

Stillness – he was lying upon the road. Of course he was dying. There was a great hole in him somewhere, with blood running. He'd never stop it; better lie and go unconscious.

But a minute later he found energy returning. Stiffly he stood up. Thoughtfully and fearfully he felt himself, his back, his legs, his stomach and neck. Out of the ditch another mud-coated figure was climbing. 'That was a near 'un,' said the figure. 'Yes, I don't think I'm hit; but I... I think I'm smashed up a bit. 'Thought it had got me,' said the other.

Each thought of himself only. War makes no change in human beings. They don't turn into angels either when alive or dead. They don't turn into devils. Their natures become more intense, but do not change in substance. Selfishness is predominant; cruelty common; comradeship rare and, still, the most precious thing on earth. Life is simpler, that is all. Friendship becomes crystal clear in its value; cruelty has no danger of appearing excusable; selfishness is obviously universal and sadly natural: obedience to the letter of laws, written and unwritten is the prevailing occupation of all.

Our youngster, the artillery driver, was busy picking a small piece of shrapnel out of his hand. He nearly smiled at the thin stream of blood, it was so small.

And now a G.S. Waggon appeared in the distance, approaching rapidly; going down the line. What words of import were those two: 'down' and 'up'. Down the line' or 'up the line' – heaven or hell. This G.S. Waggon had two colonials on the dickie, two more inside; the horses were at full trot, nearly a gallop.

'Hi! Hi!' shouted the little muddy men standing at the side of the battered road. Quickly they sensed the waggon was not stopping for them or anything. They were not shocked or disappointed. 'Every man for himself,' was as much the motto in war, as in business, may be more so. 'Blinkin Aussies,' they muttered with the natural insular bias; knowing well that their own countrymen held no sinecure in unselfishness.

The waggon rattled towards them. They jumped back to the road edge and, as it passed, made a running leap for the back-board. The artilleryman, kicked and bruised, hung on hopefully. They would pull him in if he hung on. But it seemed years, to his mind, before a face looked over and a hand reached down.

With an effort which was nauseating, he struggled up, his arm grazing on the edge of the back-board and his leg throbbing violently. A lurch and he was in the waggon. He looked back at the way he had come. There lay his mule, Jim, a few yards on from the spot where he had fallen. As he looked, another shell smashed down onto the very spot where he and the other fellow had examined themselves so fearfully.

The shelling faded. The Aussies steadied their horses to a trot. The waggon passed a small detachment of labour corps with spades and picks – thin weak looking men – mostly over forty – draped in straggly waterproof sheets and muddy steel helmets – they resembled a party of tramps rather than soldiers of a world empire. There were signs of the mornings 'strafe' back here. Fresh shell-holes with acrid smell and four ambulances stationary outside an advanced dressing station.

Soon they approached Ypres. A huge shell dropped in the square. He knew it was in the square by the sharp crack of metal against the cobbles. The waggon pulled up at a general canteen, coated with sandbags and corrugated iron sheeting. All, excepting one driver, went in and drank coffee. Each paid for himself, for money was scarce among the Tommies and the Aussies sat by themselves.

As he came out he met four fellows from his unit. They had taken a load of ammunition from the

main dump to an advanced one. 'Hallo Len,' one called cheerfully, 'where've you been?' 'What ho! Mac.' he replied. 'Up the line. I reckon you can take me back to camp. I've had enough,' and he climbed into their waggon.

'Where's your mules, Len?' asked the Scottie, as he tightened the girth of his saddle. 'Killed,' said Len, 'and so was I nearly.' He stumbled to a corner and dropped on to a piece of waterproof and shut his eyes. Red haze swirled before him, a blood-red haze which darkened to a dull blackness.

Len awoke in camp. Yes, he was safe. There were the horse-lines, lined with mules, the tents with their circles of raised earth to protect the sleeper from bomb and shell and there was his red-faced sergeant-major so disagreeable-looking and so jovial-natured (a foreman plate-layer in civvy life).

He saw Len and strolled over, 'And where have you been eh?' he questioned.

'Up the line' replied Len, tersely and tiredly. 'Up the line, eh! and where are your mules then, eh?' the Sergeant-Major was prone to the amen of 'eh'.

'Dead' said Len. 'Killed – shell on the Menin Road.' 'What two of my best mules? dead eh?' Len said nothing, put up his hand to show it covered in blood.

'Ah, well' added the Sergeant-Major 'can't be helped now, eh? Go and get that hand tied up and get into kip.' Len turned, limped painfully into his tent, with its floor of wet mud, crept under his dirty damp blankets. He was not killed or maimed. He shut his eyes and said 'Thank you Lord'.

By Len Doust

Editor's note: I am aware that there are several readers of the Hadleigh Messenger who knew Len Doust and I am hoping that they will write a few words about him. Len is buried in the graveyard of St James the Less Church.



Dumb Heroes

THERE'S a D.S.O. for the Colonel,
A Military Cross for the Sub,
A medal or two, when we all get through,
And a bottle of wine with our grub.
There's a stripe of gold for the wounded
A rest by the bright sea-shore.
And a service is read as we bury our dead,
Then our country has one hero more.
And what of our poor dumb heroes
That are sent without choice to the fight.
That strain at the load on the shell-swept road
As they take up the rations at night.
They are shelling on Hell Fire Corner,
There's shrapnel just burst in the Square,
And their bullets drum as the transports come
With the food for the soldiers there.
The halt till the shelling is over.
The rush through the line of fire.
The glowing light in the dead of night.
And the terrible sights in the mire.
It's the daily work of the horses
And they answer the spur and rein.
With quickened breath, 'mid the toll of death.
Through the mud, and the holes, and the rain.
There's a fresh treated wound in the chestnut,
The black mare's neck has a mark.

The brown mule's new mate won't keep the same gait
As the one killed last night in the dark.
But they walk with the spirit of heroes,
They care not for medals or cross,
But for duty alone, into perils unknown,
They go, never counting their loss.
There's a swift painless death for the hopeless,
With a grave in a shell-hole or field,
There's a hospital base for the casualty case.
And a Vet. for those easily healed.
But there's never a shadow of glory,
A cheer, or a speech, in their praise.
While patient and true they carry us through
With the limbers in shot-riven ways.
So here's to 'Dumb Heroes' of Britain,
Who serve her as nobly and true.
As the best of her boys, 'mid the roar of the guns
And the best of her boys on the blue.
They are shell-shocked, they're bruised, and they're
broken,
They are wounded and torn as they fall,
But they're true and they're brave to the very grave,
And they're heroes, one and all.

Captain Theodore A. Girling VS (1876-1919)
Canadian Army Veterinary Corps.
Poem written near Ypres in 1916.



‘Sights and stories from the Holy Land’



Derek Estill, Moderator of the United Reformed Church General Assembly, tells of his experiences in Israel/Palestine...

In September, twenty two United Reformed Church

members, including myself, went on a ten-day educational visit to Israel/Palestine, to see and hear for ourselves about life there – particularly for Palestinians. While we visited holy sites, our visit was principally focused on Palestinians – hearing about their lives, and the challenges they face day to day.

Bethlehem – Our trip started in Bethlehem, where we visited the Church of the Nativity, met a local Palestinian family that run an olive wood-carving business, and heard their account of tolerating deliberate provocations in light of threats from Israeli authorities. While in Bethlehem, we also met with the Rev. Dr Munther Isaac, who serves as Pastor of the Lutheran Christmas Church. Dr Isaac talked about the life of Palestinians, making it clear they feel like strangers in their own historic land. He gave many examples of the physical, emotional and religious difficulties they face.

Christians now make up only between 1% and 1.9% of the population, and the circumstances drive people to leave the country to seek a better life. There are few opportunities for Palestinian young people growing up in communities surrounded by a wall that means those inside the wall do not have freedom to move about without first getting a permit from the Israeli authorities. Such permits have to be applied for well in advance. Palestinians are not allowed to use Tel Aviv’s airport and must travel to Jordon to be able to fly to another country. Being surrounded by the wall, and suffering restrictions and lack of facilities – we were told – makes it feel like living in a prison.

Settlements, refugees and olive trees – We visited Ramallah – another Palestinian area – which was surrounded by a separation barrier/’the wall’. We saw a Palestinian refugee

community and heard first-hand about the hardship, frustrations, anger and feelings of hopelessness that Palestinian refugees face, caused by living as a refugee in one’s own country, without resources or representation.

We also visited a YMCA organisation and heard about its joint advocacy initiative, the Olive Tree Project, which seeks to protect and maintain control of Palestinian olive tree farmland. The initiative aims to make sure that Palestinian-owned olive groves remain in Palestinian ownership, despite aggressive actions by Israeli settlers, who continually try to take it over to build illegal settlements.

The word settlement for me conjured up a mental picture of a small group of temporary houses. In fact, the settlements are now well-established towns, with every conceivable facility available, including ample water. They are desirable places to live because of the favourable support and services provided by Israel – support and services that are not available in Palestinian towns. The contrast between the Israeli settlements and the Palestinian towns is immense. Settlements are in the West Bank – and are therefore illegal according to the International Court of Justice – but are encouraged by the Israeli authorities.

Farmers, worship and more – On another occasion, we visited a project run by Parc (Palestine Agricultural Relief Committee) – an agricultural development programme helping Palestinian farmers establish their own fertiliser using animal dung. On this visit, we were welcomed and well fed by Palestinian villagers, who were so pleased to see us and to tell us their stories. We were also able to meet a minister of the Church of Scotland serving in Jerusalem, and hear about the Church of Scotland’s work in the Holy land.

We attended a service at St George’s Cathedral, led by the Archbishop of Jerusalem. Next, we visited a Bedouin village in the desert to the east of Jerusalem, hearing about the lives of people there, and the difficulties they face.



Walking in the desert to visit a Bedouin community

Another of our visits took us to Bethany, a Palestinian area, to visit a Russian Christian Orthodox Church school for girls. There, we heard from Mother Maria, the school's principal, about the wonderful work the school does, despite the very difficult circumstances.

Hebron and Yad Vashem – On our visit to Hebron, a Palestinian city, we met and heard from Issa Amro, a peace activist who, because of his work standing up for local Palestinians, had been jailed many times during the last year. Issa told us that in his opinion, the Israelis have a strategy of closure – closing down Palestinian communities – that makes it increasingly difficult for the local Palestinian population to live normal lives. Shops and streets were being and had been closed, and original street names had been changed to Jewish ones, Issa said. Restrictions had been put in place that limited movement for Palestinians. All this underlined Issa's overall assessment that Israelis have a policy of closure.

On another day, we visited Yad Vashem – the Jewish Holocaust Memorial and Museum. This place reminded us of the persecution suffered by Jews in the Second World War, which, of course, was truly horrendous and very thought provoking.

Galilee, Nazareth, Cana – The next part of our visit took us via Jericho to the area around Galilee. Based at Tiberius, we visited Capernaum and Nazareth. We heard from the Rev. Nael Abu Rahmoun, an Anglican priest who serves at Christ Church, Nazareth, who told us about the situation that Christian Palestinians find themselves in.

We then visited a cooperative project for Jewish and Muslim women in Cana. This project demonstrated how good work and friendship can be built between Muslim and Jewish communities. The co-op produces olive oil and basket work as well as soap – all of which are sold internationally as well as within Israel.

As we were coming to the end of our trip, we visited sites around Galilee, such as the architectural discoveries at Tabgha, the Mount of the Beatitudes, and places that Jesus and his disciples would have spent much of their time. We also enjoyed a sail on Lake Galilee.

Bible studies – Throughout our time in Israel, we were presented with a series of Bible studies led by Lawrence Moore, who sought to connect our modern locations with the biblical reality – Jesus and his disciples were living in a time of empire, the Roman Empire, and that dominated everything. Jesus' response was to challenge empire structures and to establish new ways of being that brought people to realise what God wants for us – to live valuing everyone equally, and justice and reconciliation for all. Jesus challenged the status quo, and we should do so today.

Why this matters – This blog post is a very brief overview, to give you a flavour of what was an inspirational, informative and eye-opening trip. The ten-day experience showed us something of the reality of how Palestinian communities are living, in very restricted and unjust circumstances. Those of us from all parts of the URC have learned a great deal and have accepted a commitment to relay this experience to others in our Church, through local synods, churches and other places over the coming months. It is hoped that through our talks and visits, more people will hear about what we experienced in the Holy Land, and begin to think, pray and decide how such an experience can be used.

The overriding message from those we met was that we should tell others back home about what we saw and heard. The people we met really valued our support and understanding of their situation. All of the URC participants in this trip have been significantly affected by the experience, and now want to find ways of using that experience in a positive way.



The twenty two URC representatives

Derek Estill – Posted 17 October 2019

Dr Karl and Superheating

I don't know if many others listen to *Up All Night* on Radio Five Live – you have to be awake at 1.00am to listen so possibly not too many! – but on Thursday nights, when hosted by Rhod Sharp, one of the guests is Dr Karl Kruszelnicki.

Dr Karl takes part in a phone-in and answers scientific questions posed by listeners and there are very few subjects on which he is unable to give an answer. This is perhaps not surprising given that Dr Karl has various bachelors and masters degrees in science and mathematics, astrophysics, biomedical engineering, medicine and surgery.

However, I was slightly surprised to discover that Dr Karl does not yet have a PhD. He was awarded an honorary doctorate three years ago by the University of the Sunshine Coast and at the time admitted that he is not a real doctor in the sense that a real doctor, according to the university system, is somebody who has a PhD. The term doctor, as opposed to a medical doctor is an honorary term going back to the 1600s, meaning a person of learning.

During last week's phone-in with Dr Karl, the subject of 'superheating' was mentioned and I remembered having written something for the magazine on the subject several years ago. That seemed like a good excuse to give the information another airing – partly because I was looking for something to fill this page and partly because the phenomenon can have serious consequences, which some newer readers may not be aware of and some older readers may have forgotten. ☺

The following is taken from Wikipedia:

Water is said to “boil” when bubbles of water vapour grow without bound, bursting at the surface. For a vapour bubble to expand, the temperature must be high enough that the vapour pressure exceeds the ambient pressure – the atmospheric pressure, primarily. Below that temperature, a water vapour bubble will shrink and vanish.

Superheating is an exception to this simple rule: a liquid is sometimes observed not to boil even though its vapour pressure does exceed the ambient pressure. The cause is an additional force, the surface tension, which suppresses the growth of bubbles.

Surface tension makes the bubble act a bit like a rubber balloon (more precisely, one that is under-inflated so that the rubber is still elastic). The

pressure inside is raised slightly by the “skin” attempting to contract. For the bubble to expand – to boil – the temperature must be raised slightly above the boiling point to generate enough vapour pressure.

What makes superheating so explosive is that a larger bubble is easier to inflate than a small one, just as when blowing up a balloon, the hardest part is getting it started. It turns out the excess pressure due to surface tension is inversely proportional to the diameter of the bubble. This means if the largest bubbles in a container are only a few micrometres in diameter, overcoming the surface tension may require exceeding the boiling point by several degrees Celsius.

Once a bubble does begin to grow, the pressure due to the surface tension reduces, so it expands explosively. In practice, most containers have scratches or other imperfections that trap pockets of air that provide starting bubbles. But a container of liquid with only microscopic bubbles can superheat dramatically.

Superheating can occur when a person heats an undisturbed cup of water in a microwave oven. When the container is removed, the water still appears to be below the boiling point. However, once the water is disturbed, some of it violently flashes to steam, spraying boiling water out of the container. The boiling can be triggered by jostling the cup, inserting a stirring device, or adding a substance like instant coffee or sugar.

The chances of superheating are greater with smooth containers, because scratches or chips can house small pockets of air, which serve as nucleation points. Chances of superheating can increase with repeated heating and cooling cycles of an undisturbed container, like when a forgotten coffee cup is re-heated without being removed from a microwave oven. This is due to heating cycles progressively de-gassing the liquid.

There are ways to prevent superheating in a microwave oven, such as putting a wooden spoon or ice-lolly stick in the container or using a scratched container.

Be careful out there!

Malcolm Brown

Editor's note: Podcasts of Dr Karl's appearances on *Up All Night* can be heard on the BBC website. Dr Karl has his own website at <https://drkarl.com>.

Computer Corner

Google Talk by Frank Abagnale Jr

**Interesting
video**

A talk by Frank Abagnale Jr, a renowned cybersecurity and fraud prevention expert, and the subject of the film "Catch Me If You Can", in which he was played by Leonardo DiCaprio. Frank gives the inside story of his transformation from one of the world's most notorious con men to an international cybersecurity expert trusted by the FBI. Interestingly, he has never used a debit card and recommends that you don't!

URL: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vsMydMDi3rI> or go to YouTube.com and search for "frank abagnale google talk".

Hadleigh Old Fire Station: 85 Years of Community and Place

**Interesting
website**

For those who missed it, this was a project in 2016 to celebrate the 85th anniversary of Hadleigh Fire Station. There are links to a special newspaper and a film.

URL: <https://www.acava.org/education-and-community/project/hadleigh-old-fire-station-85-years-community-and-place>

Snap2HTML

**Interesting
free
software**

Snap2HTML takes a "snapshot" of folder(s) and files on a hard drive and saves it as an HTML file, viewable in a browser. You can choose to link filenames in the snapshot to the actual files or simply use the snapshot as a record of the files. Each HTML file displays a treeview with folders, similar to Windows Explorer, and there is a simple built-in file search (using filenames). I used this recently to distribute a listing of files stored in a repository on my OneDrive cloud account.

URL: <https://www.rlvision.com/snap2html/about.php>

Word Search – Battles of World War One

In memory of those who gave their lives in battle.

P	T	P	V	V	E	R	D	U	N	Z	L	H	K	I	W	V	B	F	T
N	P	E	V	S	Z	D	N	A	L	T	U	J	L	I	R	F	N	V	P
O	I	D	T	L	M	Y	J	F	O	E	E	A	M	P	I	I	S	L	J
N	O	E	Z	O	S	A	R	S	L	A	J	R	N	E	G	O	W	H	A
N	I	G	N	J	A	N	V	N	S	A	R	R	A	S	M	V	Z	I	S
E	D	S	I	Y	T	M	N	W	Y	M	P	Y	D	M	H	K	D	R	E
B	B	S	R	V	P	I	I	O	D	I	W	J	E	R	K	E	F	D	R
O	A	F	E	L	P	R	D	E	O	I	L	O	P	I	L	L	A	G	E
S	E	Q	L	N	C	A	E	D	N	A	B	G	I	L	K	Z	M	C	I
C	L	U	U	C	N	Q	S	S	Y	S	D	N	H	U	X	M	Z	B	T
H	N	A	F	M	H	E	Q	S	T	R	H	E	U	K	F	V	R	N	N
E	H	C	V	A	M	A	D	U	C	F	H	P	W	F	S	J	N	S	E
N	M	H	L	P	R	A	R	R	A	H	M	E	I	N	S	V	E	E	M
L	N	M	O	P	E	A	H	L	A	I	E	X	N	V	D	O	I	N	R
L	R	V	R	F	W	I	B	C	E	U	C	N	S	R	I	M	C	I	A
W	Z	J	R	W	M	S	H	U	K	R	E	I	D	O	A	P	Q	S	B
B	G	J	A	Y	B	M	N	T	L	J	O	X	L	A	E	M	E	S	D
B	H	Y	I	U	Q	K	W	M	K	O	G	I	J	A	E	X	Z	E	U
C	N	J	N	S	O	L	Y	X	J	Z	K	K	X	J	G	L	I	M	B
O	L	D	E	S	E	N	N	E	I	C	N	E	L	A	V	W	E	J	X

AMIENS
ARDENNES
ARMENTIERES
ARRAS
CHARLEROI
GALICIA
GALLIPOLI
JUTLAND
KOLUBARA
LORRAINE
MARNE
MESSINES
MONS
NONNEBOSCHEN
PASSCHENDAELE
SOMME
THIEPVAL
VALENCIENNES
VERDUN
YPRES

Words may appear in any direction including diagonally, back to front and upside down.

CHURCH DIARY FOR NOVEMBER 2019

DAY	TIME	EVENT
Sunday 3 rd	10.30am 6.30pm	Morning Service – Mr Adrian Tinning Evening Service with Holy Communion – Mr Jim Clubb
Monday 4 th	Cancelled	Ladies Recreation Group
Thursday 10 th	10.30am - 12 noon	Coffee Morning
Sunday 10 th	10.30am	Remembrance Service – Rev. Jack Roche MA
Monday 11 th	8.00pm - 10.00pm	Ladies Recreation Group
Tuesday 12 th	2.30pm	Tuesday Fellowship Meeting – Marguerita Wilson Talk: ‘Bee-keeping’
Wednesday 13 th	6.00pm	ELDERS’ MEETING
Thursday 14 th	10.30am - 12 noon 12.30pm	Coffee Morning with bric-a-brac table for Christian Aid Bible Study preceded by packed lunch
Sunday 17 th	10.30am	Morning Service with Holy Communion – Mr John Amos
Monday 18 th	8.00pm - 10.00pm	Ladies Recreation Group
Thursday 21 st	10.30am - 12 noon 12.30pm	Coffee Morning CHURCH MEETING
Sunday 24 th	10.30am	Morning Service – Major Geoff Ashdown
Monday 25 th	8.00pm - 10.00pm	Ladies Recreation Group
Thursday 28 th	10.30am - 12 noon	Coffee Morning

November

When thistle-blows do lightly float
About the pasture height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note,
And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though singing so,
And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funereal rolls
Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping clatter fill
The barn with warming din.
And ho, folk, ho! though it be so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

C. L. Cleaveland

Published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, November 1877