

NOVEMBER 1977

OUR VISIT TO AUSTRALIA

When I was asked if I would write about our trip to Australia I felt it would not be of any interest to anyone but our family, as our reason for the visit was to be with our son, Michael (who was in St. James's choir for many years) and his wife Carol and 18 months old baby, Ritchie. This was a great thrill of course, and they were all very well and happy. We saw little of Australia as we stayed in and around Adelaide, a great wine growing area, and very good wine it is!

Adelaide itself is an attractive city, clean and compact and well planned. Michael's home, where we stayed, was in Happy Valley a new housing area a few minutes out of the city. There are many such areas - another is Hackman, where we visited a lad from Teddington, Peter Bullen, and his wife, Wendy. They were very surprised to see us!

We found a local church which was small and old - they don't seem to have built new churches in the new areas. The first Sunday we had a 1928 communion at 9.30 a.m. The following week they introduced their new service which was a mixture of Series 2 to 3 - it was quite an occasion for them. A choir was imported to help with the music - I'm not surprised, as it was a most difficult setting. Although fairly familiar to us, I was surprised that the things I missed in the service were the very things I didn't like at first in our Series 3 for example passing the Peace to each other. It seemed so incomplete and cold without it, and being told to "stand" or "kneel" a little regimental. And I have even decided I prefer the new "Lord's Prayer". However we felt very pleased to have been there for this big day for them. The third week was Family Day, when the church was pretty full and the children were the important ones. There was a lovely informal atmosphere. Young families were the norm here as it is a young peoples place anyway.

We were very surprised to find that the pedestrian crossings in Adelaide were manned by children at junior school, but I must say, even though the standard of driving on the whole was awful, they really took notice of these children, in fact if you were an orderly pedestrian, and most were, it was a pretty safe place to be.

Our time passed too quickly, as it is hard to leave your family on the other side of the world, but it was made easier by the fact we were to have a short holiday in Hong-kong, which really was very exciting for us. First though a day in Sydney, being shown the sights - the opera-house and the bridge, etc. by Margaret Lawrence's sister and brother-in-law. Very different from Adelaide.

We had visited Singapore on our outward journey which was very interesting. In particular we were taken into a temple where it seemed they based their faith on the throw of some stones, flat one side and rounded on the other. They ask God a question and depending on the way the stones land, the god answers "God is laughing" "God is angry" "God say No" etc. till God says "Yes" then they shake and rattle a box of sticks. If they really can't get a "yes" they get someone else to throw the stones for them! It was the festival of the geese while we were there which is the time when the evil spirits are let loose. Fruit is presented and left on the altar to appease the gods and small bonfires built all over the place (perhaps to keep the evil spirits away). It was all very strange.

Hongkong was very different and very beautiful, especially at night - just like fairyland. We had a lot of very interesting experiences and, no doubt, will be talking about them for ages. Pedestrians were certainly not safe here! To us this was a trip of a life-time and we enjoyed every minute of it. Our house is full of souvenirs and our heads full of memories. Its now good to be home and back in the swim.

Eila Severn.

HAVE YOU MET THE BOWLINGS?

When a new tenant moved into 55 High Street some rather splendid photographs were turned out and subsequently found their way, via the Vicar, to me.

They showed, for the most part, splendidly and tastefully arrayed wedding-groups of about the first decade of this century. The same faces appeared in many of the groups and the families were obviously as the Surrey Comet of that day would have described them - "of the first consequence". There was a picture of a dashing young man with rifle under arm and a brace of pheasant at his feet, and another, this time "in memoriam", of a gentleman called Arthur Bowling. There is an Arthur Bowling buried in St. James's Church-yard and an Arthur Henry Bowling is mentioned in the Roll of Honour in the Parish Magazine for April 1919.

I asked my friend Gerald Heath, Hampton local historian, to consult his set of old local directories as the name somehow 'rang a bell' in my memory.

In Makepeace's directory of 1888 are mentioned H.P. Bowling, Manager of Elementary Schools and on Committee of H.H. Lawn Tennis Club; C.W.W. Bowling and the same H.P. Bowling as being on the Committee of the Primrose League, H.H. Habitation; and A.M.L. Bowling - and again the busy Mr. H.P. Bowling - as Managers of the Recreation Group.

No wonder the name rang a bell, for H.P. Bowling lived at Sacombe Lodge, St James's Road, and T. Bowling who was a surgeon - lived at Armaside in the same road. A. Bowling (Commissioner to Administrator of Oaths) lived at Featherstone Lodge, Hounslow Road (now Uxbridge Road).

Kelly's Directory of 1895 gives a Mrs. Bowling living at Heathfield, Park Road and another Mrs. Bowling at St. Kilda, Windmill Road; also Henry Bowling-Trevanion at Sacombe Lodge. By 1889 there was no mention of Bowlings or Trevanion although we know from the magazine the family was still in the village during the first world war and I am told that there were Bowlings in Hampton until recently.

The young lady who saved the photographs became very interested in tracing the family and also wondered if there were any Bowlings about who might be very interested in receiving photographs of their ancestors.

Does anyone know who the elderly lady was who lived until recently in 55 High Street and to whom the photographs may have belonged? I would be very interested to hear.

Does Bowling ring a bell with you too?

Margery Orton.

THE HARVEST SUPPER

After a very pleasant Harvest Welcome Service my family and many other parishioners of St. James's made our way to the Hall to partake of the good things provided by our Lord for our annual Harvest Supper.

Greeted amiably by Pam and Trevor, 90 or so people entered the hall to share in this celebration. The tables, arranged for all sizes of groups, looked most attractive with flower arrangements very artistically displayed. The waiters soon made sure everyone had beverage of their choice - beer, shandy, cider, lemonade, squash - and when all had arrived Ron Bridges made an address of welcome and issued kindly instructions for collecting food so as to avoid a crush - senior citizens first, little 'uns last. The children were very good awaiting their turn patiently. Seymour said Grace before the food was served.

My goodness! What a splendid buffet was provided for us. Meat first:- ham and sausage roll, cold beef or liver-pate (all three if greedy like myself), and then self-service to all the appetising salad dishes and dressings. This was followed by delicious fruit pie and cream and coffee.

To round off the evening they had managed to acquire the services of that girl of many rôles, Ruth Mills, to lead us in a camp fire sing-song. Just to warm us up she commenced with a little piece called "The Jay Bird's Whooping Cough", a rhyme in which the audience participation consists of saying the rhyme and jumping up each time the word 'Whoop' is mentioned (four times in close succession and made more difficult by using it as a round). Singing Carols, not with words but with animal noises, and only when conducted, is quite difficult, especially when the noise you make is changed from time to time to confuse the issue, but, singing Cockles & Mussels to the traditional tune and to the Ash Grove tune simultaneously is even more of a feat if accomplished. Ruth concluded the evening with rather a beautiful song she learnt in Canada. It was written by Russell Harrison and its simplicity aptly provided food for thought:-

"Let me be a little kinder, let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me, let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary just a little bit more cheery,
Think a little more of others and a little less of me.

Let me be a little braver when temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder to be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker, with a brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbour and a little less of me.

Let me be when I am weary just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better those that I am striving for.
Let me be a little meeker with a brother that is weaker,
Think a little more of others, think a little less of me."

Where else could one spend an evening in such harmony but with one's family of God, provided as we were with such wonderful food for our whole being. Thank you so much all those whose efforts and hard work make such evenings possible.

Yvonne J. Childs

YOUNG FAMILIES GROUP

We have had a number of interesting speakers lately - most of them from within our own parish, and we are most grateful to them for giving up their time and coming along to talk with us. We realise that it is quite demanding, and tiring, to "hold forth" above a room full of young babies and toddlers, but we mums do appreciate having the opportunity to think about something out of our ordinary routine.

We have tried to organise ourselves on a co-operative basis lately, so that we all take a share in running our activities, and it does give us all a chance to mix and chat freely, although there are generally plenty of chances now that we have a number of toddlers coming along!

Our Badminton and Keep Fit groups have now started, but could do with more support - on alternate Fridays, at 2.30 p.m. in the Parish Hall. Again young children and babies are welcome with their mothers.

We will shortly be discussing our subjects and speakers for next term, so if anybody has any ideas, or can offer to come along, we would be pleased to hear from them.

C.R.

EMILY MAY WINTLE

It was with real regret that we heard of the sudden death whilst on holiday, of Miss Emily May Wintle (Wink to her friends) at the age of 86.

She was one of our oldest parishioners and had lived locally all her life. To those who knew her well she stood uncompromisingly on the side of right versus wrong. Things were either black or white to Wink, there were no shades of grey in her philosophy. She was what is known as "a character"; always outspoken and astringent and possessed with a certain wry sense of humour.

She will be remembered for her work in many different fields. Firstly in that of nursing. She was Commandant and longest serving member of Detachment 88 of the Red Cross, the oldest detachment in Middlesex, and saw service in World War One. Many aspiring to nursing skills through the years will remember her as their Nursing Tutor, first at Normansfield and then at Hampton Court. She was awarded various medals - one by King George V - for long and meritorious service and was summoned to Buckingham Palace on several occasions for the same reason. She used her nursing experience to help others and many of us, myself included, remember with gratitude her unstinting help during periods of illness. At her advanced age she regularly accompanied the O.P.W. holidays, equipped with first aid requisites "to look after the old people", many of whom were fifteen years or more younger than she.

Wink was a Founder Member and constant Committee member of the Hampton Hill Old People's Welfare Committee since its inception by St. James's Church in 1953. She was actively concerned with the Saturday afternoon teas and in knitting and sewing - for she was a fine needlewoman - both for the O.P.W. and the Darby and Joan Club. She was never happier than when caring for other people to which end she dedicated her whole life.

She will be greatly missed for she was indeed a good and faithful servant both to the God in whom she so steadfastly believed and to her fellow man.

Margery Orton.

DEANERY INTERCESSIONS

November

- 20 The Mayor and members of the Borough Council
27 Schools and Colleges in the Deanery

December

- 4 The Chapel Royal, Hampton Court
11 Homes and Day Centres for the elderly

SOME DATES TO NOTE

November

- 12 14.00 Mothers' Union: Deanery Jumble Sale in support of Overseas Work (Parish Hall, Wilcox Road)
13 REMEMBRANCE DAY: Sunday arrangements as usual, with the addition of the British Legion Parade Service at 10.58. Welcome Service at 16.30.
14 10.30 Editorial Board (21, St. James's Road)
15 20.00 Tuesday Club - as on every alternate Tuesday (W)
16 07.30 Holy Communion; 19.45 Newcomers' Party (Hall)
17 08.45 Holy Communion (St. Anne's Chapel, LEHS); 20.00 Prayer Meeting (69, St. James's Avenue)
19 14.30 Scout Group Christmas Bazaar (Hall)
20 STEWARDSHIP SUNDAY: Sunday arrangements as usual, but there will be refreshments and an opportunity to raise points and ask questions after 16.30 Evensong, at which the Reverend George Wood will preach. All non-pledged offerings today for the work of USPG.
22 20.00 Prayer Meeting (75, Burton's Road)
23 07.30 Holy Communion; 20.00 Liturgical Committee (63, Park Road)
24 20.00 Wayside Monday Centre Management Group (19, St. James's Road)
30 SAINT ANDREW'S DAY: 19.15 Holy Communion

December

- 1 All-day leaf-clearing and tidying-up in Churchyard
5 10.30 Editorial Board (21, St. James's Avenue)
6 08.45 Holy Communion (St. Anne's Chapel, LEHS); 20.00 Properties Committee (151, Uxbridge Road); Prayer Meeting (75, Burton's Road)
7 07.30 Holy Communion; 14.30 Mothers' Union Branch Meeting: visitors warmly welcome. Special speaker on 'TV and the Family' (W)
8 20.00 Parochial Church Council (W)
10 Paper Day - centred on Wayside 08.30 - 10.00
11 DEDICATION FESTIVAL : Thanksgiving for the consecration of our church-building on Dec. 11 1863, and for all that it has meant to succeeding generations. Sunday arrangements as Usual. All non-pledged offerings for good causes outside the parish.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

I have just had staying with me one of my innumerable Danish relations - a young third cousin on her way back home after a year and a quarter of working, with no pay, among young drug-addicts and alcoholics in a community near Toulouse. (The British equivalent of her name is Lorna).

The young non-addicted helpers' work amongst the others and none but themselves know which are helpers and which the helped. Most of the young addicts come from well-to-do French families - father too occupied in making money to keep pace with the high standard and cost of living to have time to get to know and love his children; mother, either working herself or engaged in a round of social undertakings to fill in her time. plenty of money and precious little else - certainly no inspiration towards effort. Then there are the children of the lay-outs - knowing no other way of life, rejecting the only one they know. All of them misfits in a life of which they thought so little that they were prepared to chuck it away, one way or another.

How did the community work? Work is the operative word. That and discipline. As soon as newcomers were capable, physically and mentally - or even before they seemed so - they had to support themselves in the community, or at least to try. If they refused, they left. There are no "fixes", no drugs (some of the most difficult cases were those who had had treatment and were now hooked on the treatment!), no alcohol; just soothing tisanes, practical understanding, a willingness to sit by the side of the sufferer and share the suffering with him and help him to kick the habit by love and caring in abundance. Lorna said reflectively as we said "goodnight" the first evening with us, "You know, I've been used to kissing 40 people good night and good morning in real love and affection, I'm going to miss it I know."

I asked her about results and was told that 80% of the young people when they left were off drugs and off drink, with a vision of what life could be and with the intention to seek it rather than a living death. Many succeeded.

Lucien, the leader, who conceived the idea after his survival in a concentration camp - he is a Jew - seems to be an inspired man with the gift of inspiring others. Lorna had started in France working with the Emaeus group and Lucien had come to speak about his rehabilitative work to such effect that seven of the young helpers felt that they were meant to go and help.

There were practically no facilities at first. I understand that the first community (now there are several) was set up in the grounds of an empty chateau. The community built their houses with their own hands - Lorna's hands bore witness to the hardness of the work - cultivated their food from the overgrown garden, felling trees and knocking it into shape; they mended their own shoes and the clothes that came their way; scoured the markets for left-over or deteriorating food at cheap prices. Everyone with a skill was helped either to discover what it was and to take pride in it, or to re-furbish and put to use one long neglected.

Listening to Lorna I got the impression of a great deal of self-sacrifice and self-seeking in the shared labour, un-judging understanding; of hard unremitting work and of short leisure-hours blissfully enjoyed, willing acceptance of others' troubles and their very real suffering, both mental and physical - lessened because shared. There was singing too, and laughter and above all a sense of purpose and thrill of success.

Whilst I was in France there was a T.V. programme showing the work of the community - in which Lorna figured = but I didn't know about it and so missed it. Lucien's work is now attracting much interest and help, financial and practical. But essentially it **has to be** a working, disciplined, self-sufficient community or it will fail. However, the recent new kitchen equipment, stoves and pots and pans **are** a boon. Lorna remarked reflectively that it **had** been hard feeding 40 people with one burner and one large saucepan - "but we managed - just as we managed everything else."

Is Lorna a Christian? She was confirmed, as are most Danish middle-class children, without its meaning very much. I get the impression that she could not discern the fruits of real Christianity in Danish everyday life. Living standards are very high, all is comfortable and there is little need of creature comforts. She knows that she is motivated to a life very different from the Danish norm and feels drawn to sharing herself for and with others. She hopes to set up, with other like-minded young people, a community in Denmark, and is meeting with them in France in a fortnight's time to discuss ways and means. "We shall see if it can be worked out", she says "but first we must gain more experience in all sorts of skills."

As she obviously does not appear interested in the pursuit of material gain I asked her what she hoped for in her life as she is planning it. She seemed at a loss for words so I vouchsafed, "Could it be something like love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness and self-control?" and on consideration she said that she thought that that summed it up admirably!

Margery Orton

LISTEN TO THE BAND!

The notice announcing the Band Concert on October 20 was all unconsciously nailed to our tree next to a "Say No to Noise" poster, causing much mirth to at least one sharp-witted neighbour. I hope that this juxtaposition didn't deter anybody from attending what turned out to be a most enjoyable evening.

The Richmond Band comprised about 28 instrumentalists, mainly young people from early teens upwards, who gave a performance fully as polished and glittering as any of their instruments.

The programme was nicely balanced, blending familiar favourites with less well known works, including one suite performed in this year's National Brass Band Championships.

With his baton, Malcolm Smith displayed a deft mastery which produced excellent playing, not least in the rendering of his own composition "Richmond Bridge" written for the bicentenary of that landmark, and including its own little snatch of "Water Music".

Mr. Smith also treated us to a deceptively relaxed and informative introduction of all of the items, and made light of the double blows struck when firstly his partner for a trumpet duet had to cancel following which the organist was sadly and unavoidably delayed. Ironically, he arrived just as the audience had started to disperse, literally seconds too late to give his performance.

To Malcolm Smith and his band we offer our congratulations and thanks for a memorable evening. If you missed our concert, the next one will be on Wednesday 30th November at St. Anne's Church, Kew, followed by others at monthly intervals this winter at other churches in the Borough.

And a last warm thank you to the Band for a most generous and entirely unexpected donation to our church funds from the programme sales proceeds.

J.W.G.

CHILDREN LEARN WHAT THEY LIVE.

- If children live with criticism
They learn to condemn.
- If children live with hostility ,
They learn to fight.
- If children live with ridicule
They learn to be shy.
- If children live with shame.
They learn to feel guilty.
- If children live with tolerance
They learn to be patient.
- If children live with encouragement
They learn confidence.
- If children live with fairness
They learn justice.
- If children live with security
They learn to have faith.
- If children live with approval
They learn to like themselves.
- If children live with acceptance and friendship
They learn to find love in the world.

(We are not sure of the source of this, but print it here as it was submitted to us, hoping that no copyright has been violated.- ED.)

T.V. AND THE FAMILY

It was bound to happen; last month we heard that an “expert” had “researched” the matter and discovered that there was a correlation between violent behaviour in some people and violence depicted in some T.V. programmes. Many ordinary people had suspected this for quite a while. Certainly no-one can doubt that T.V. has, for the last twenty years, been an important influence for good or ill, on all our lives. Whether the influence is in fact good or ill must depend to a certain extent on who, at the receiving end, is using it and how they are using it.

On Wednesday December 7th. Mrs Brooke, who has done much work about T.V. on behalf of the M.U. will be coming to talk to the Branch. Anyone in the Parish who is interested to hear what she has to say will be very welcome that afternoon.

C.H.B.

PARIS

Some day I'll go to Paris,
An ambition I have nursed,
I've just to hear her mentioned
My heart feels fit to burst.
I'll walk the Champs Elysee
I'll climb the Eiffel Tower.
Go slumming on the left bank
See the chestnut trees in flower.
I'll enter in the Notre Dame
And see the famous Arc.
Lots of other sights I'll see
Like Paris after dark.
I'll ride upon the Metro
Walk beside the Seine
If I ever get to Paris
I won't come back again.

Phyllis Bell

PAUSE FOR THOUGHT

In this morning light
I seem to be obsessed
with worries about money.
I have hardly noticed if the sky is cloudy,
of if the sun is shining.
I have eaten breakfast absent-mindedly,
I am finding it hard to concentrate,
Like a man lost in a maze.
Every corner I turn brings me up against a dead end,
or another bill.
Lord of the morning. I am in your presence, I need your help,
calm my mind.
Lord, have I got things out of proportion again? Why do I let things get on top
of me?
When I think of my family and how much they mean to me,
When I think of the love I receive,
How stupid it is to be depressed by a telephone bill.
When I think of your creation, the sky is just as endless,
the sea as wide and fathomless as it was yesterday, and will be tomorrow.
Deep down I know that the world will not end because of a rates demand.
Lord of the morning, help me.
Lord, help me to keep my balance,
Keep alive my sense of humour,
Help me to laugh at myself
And my ridiculous fears,
Lift me out of my maze of petty worries,
Relax my fretful mind
With its small concerns
And show me the largeness of life
That I might be grateful
In the knowledge that I am rich
In basic fundamental things,

I am alive, I love and I am loved
What's a few bills?
Lord of the morning
Thank you.

(adapted by Monica Heaford)

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR

Sunbury methodist Church is not a hundred miles from Hampton Hill, but it was too far for most of the good people of St. James's to get there. Which was a pity, for quite apart from the interest there was in this new-1975 - church complex, the service itself was memorable I cannot attempt to redistill its quintessence, but must mention that the Rev. H. Morten who gave the address [he is the Secretary of the British Council of Churches], put a very telling edge to the theme of Love Your Neighbour: how about when your neighbour is National Front or S.W.P; how if he is a school-leaver for whom there is no hope of a job? Mr Morten said that he had spent some years early in his Ministry in India working among students and was influenced by other religions that he came in contact with. He likened the experience to going on a journey: if you wish, you can always come back to where you started from; in the end you are not the same as if you had never made the journey.

The opportunity to attempt such a journey is now right on their own doorstep for many English people. Getting to know Hindu, Moslem or Pentecostal neighbours was probably easier if the invitation to meet was from group to group rather than from individuals.

In the course of his remarks, Mr Morten introduced us to some of the recent publications of the Council Of Churches. When we have reading space in church perhaps this is some of the reading matter we could include, for example:- "Understanding Inequality"; "Child in the Church"; "Devolution"; "Why do We Feel Alienated?".

BAPTISMS

C.H.B.

September

25 Neill John Cotton, 105, Uxbridge Road
Elaine Marie Forder, 2, Browning Close
Richard Stephen Morley, 137, Wordworth Road
Sian Elizabeth Phelps, 258, Hanworth Road

October

23 Samantha Jane Drewett, 32, Pigeon Lane
James Anthony Iles, 19, Howard Close
Michael Christopher Wiltshire, 13, Seymour Road

MARRIAGES

October

8 Tudor Davies to Judith Anne Cronk
15 Robert James Staples to Susan Katrina Tallent
22 John Philip Corney to Helen Kay Sutcliffe

BURIALS

October

24 Frederick Leo Carpenter, St. George's Hospital, Semington,
Trowbridge, aged 84 years
Emily May Wintle, 3, Roy House, Roy Grove, aged 86 years
(interment of ashes in Garden of Rest)