

St Michael's, Oulton

1914-1918

November
2018



Services and Events for November 2018

Thursday 1st November: 'Women's Own'.

2:30pm at 1, Elmhurst Avenue. Members Meeting.

Sunday 4th November: 24th Sunday after Pentecost.

10:00am Holy Communion with The Venerable David Hayden .

Sides persons: David Boyce and Karen Langfield.

Monday 5th November—Bishop Alan to licence Rev. Nick Ktorides at Wymondham Abbey at 2:30pm.

Sunday 11th November: 25th Sunday after Pentecost.

10:00am Holy Communion led by Canon Peter Baxandall. Please note that this will be a special Remembrance Day Service to mark the 100th Anniversary of the 1918 Armistice.

Sides persons: Carol Keightley & Elissa Norman.

Sunday 18th November: 26th Sunday after Pentecost.

10:00am Baptism service led by the Rev Gillie Powell and Debbie Allsop.

Sides persons: Jill Pirrie and Carol Keightley.

Monday 19th November: 'Knit and Natter' Group.

1:30pm: Meet at 1, Elmhurst Avenue, Oulton Broad.

Friday 23rd November—'Young @ Heart'

A talk by Katy Runacres, Wild Learning Officer for Carlton Marshes on the local wildlife & history of the marshes. Come along and listen to this interesting speaker & enjoy St Michael's fellowship.

Saturday 24th November—Christmas Coffee Morning

10:00am—12 noon. Why not come along and join in the early Christmas fun and enjoy craft tables, bric-a-brac, book stalls, bottle stall and much more.

Sunday 25th November: 27th Sunday after Pentecost.

10:00am Holy Communion led by Canon Peter Baxandall.

Sides persons: Tim Jones and Carol Keightley.

Famous Christians

I'm pretty sure that if you haven't read any of his many books then you will have undoubtedly seen the televised adaptations of Clive Staples Lewis' children's books. C. S. Lewis was a novelist, poet and academic. He was also a lay theologian and Christian apologist known as much for his non-fiction works including *Mere Christianity*, *Miracles* and *The Problem of Pain* as well as his fictional work; *The Chronicles of Narnia*. Lewis was born in Northern Ireland in 1898. He studied at Oxford University in England. He was a close friend of fellow author J.R.R. Tolkien, where they both served in the Oxford faculty. He was a soldier in World War I serving in the Somerset Light Infantry as a Second Lieutenant where he witnessed first hand trench warfare in the Battle of the



Somme. He was raised in a religious family that attended the Church of Ireland. He became an atheist at age 15, though he later described his young self as being paradoxically "angry with God for not existing". He eventually returned to Christianity, having been influenced by arguments with his Oxford colleague and Christian friend J. R. R. Tolkien. After the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, the Lewises' took child evacuees from London and other cities into The Kilns otherwise known as CS Lewis House. Whilst many children enjoy reading *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, he was responsible for writing 30 books. However his philosophical writings are widely cited by Christian apologists from many denominations. In 1956, Lewis married American writer Joy Davidman; she died of cancer four years later at the age of 45. Lewis died on 22 November 1963 from renal failure, one week before his 65th birthday.

"I believe in Christianity as I believe that the sun has risen: not only because I see it, but because by it I see everything else." – C. S. Lewis

The Enquirer

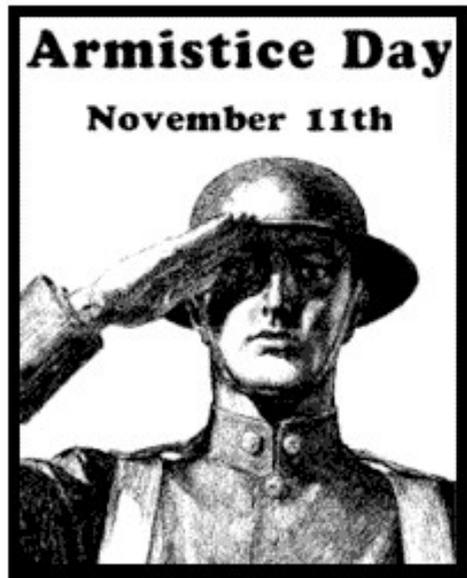
This year's Remembrance Day marks the 100th Anniversary of the guns falling silent over a war-torn world in 1918. In four years the total number of military and civilian casualties amounted to over 37 million: that's 17 million dead and 20 million wounded, ranking it among the deadliest conflicts in human history. Those numbers are truly chilling, yet it is difficult to comprehend the impact this had on the world at the time. To give some comparison, the Netherlands has a population of 17.25 million people. Very few families in Britain and Germany would have not lost loved ones throughout the four years of war. In the post war years, cities, towns and villages throughout Britain began to collate the names of their sons and daughters who had died, and funds were set up to pay for War Memorials. It is interesting to note that in 1920 there was a national census of the UK, to see how many communities, both large and small, had all their young men return home in one piece. Do you know how many there were? There were only thirty-two. In Suffolk there were two small villages, which with the 30 other communities, became known as 'Thankful Villages'. One was Culpho near Woodbridge, and the other was just down the road from here, at South Elmham St Michael. It's easy to forget the large number of military personnel who returned home who suffered from lifechanging physical injuries and shattered minds. Oulton was no exception to the rule. If you look on the northern wall of the nave you will see our own memorial to the parish war dead. It is a beautifully carved monument which was entrusted to St Michael's at its dedication on 16th January 1921. It was decided to place the memorial in the church so as to preserve its delicate carving from the outside elements. On looking at those recorded thereon you will no doubt see surnames that are still familiar to you, their ancestors still living in the proximity of the parish. These were the young men who went out in two world wars to fight against tyranny and oppression and paid the ultimate sacrifice. All of them were drawn from our local community and each would have had a story to tell. Take for example the youngest of the bunch, Charlie Fred TURRELL who was a deckhand on HM Drifter 'John Mitchell.' He was just 16 years old and was tragically killed on 8th February 1915, when he slipped and fell between moored boats at the Wellington Dock in Dover. And then there was Arthur Reeve JARVIS who was a Petty Officer on the ill-fated dreadnought battleship, HMS Vanguard. Shortly before midnight on

9 July 1917 at Scapa Flow, the Vanguard suffered a series of magazine explosions. She sank almost instantly, killing 843 of the 845 men aboard including young Arthur. His body was never recovered.

Looking at the list of casualties it may be noted that many died between the 1st July and the 16th November 1916 dates that are synonymous with the 1st Battle of the Somme. The battle is infamous chiefly on account of the loss of 58,000 British troops (one third of them killed) on the first day of the battle. History tells us that fateful July day broke fine, warm and sunny. As the sun set that evening over a broken and bloody landscape, thousands lay dead whilst the injured lay screaming for help whilst others cried piteously for their mothers.

Lowestoft was not exempt from the horrors of war. Canon Reginald Bignold was Rector of Carlton Colville between 1898 and 1944 and he kept detailed diaries of life in the parish, some of which have been published in The Carlton Colville Chronicles (now sadly out of print). On 25th April 1915 he wrote the following in his diary.

'Lowestoft has been heavily bombarded by a German Fleet. The people poured out of Lowestoft. On the Long Road, between here and Kirkley, they were so thick I had to get off my bicycle and walk. It was a very piteous sight – men, women and children all rushing along – some of them went beyond Bungay. It was most merciful that none of them was killed, as shells fell on both sides of the road. Some twenty high explosive shells fell in this Parish but did no harm here. My curate had a very narrow escape as a huge fragment fell within ten feet of him. In Lowestoft, though some forty houses were demolished, much other damage was done though none of any military importance and four persons were killed.'



It's hard to imagine what life was like in and around Lowestoft a century ago.

Every November we are encouraged to remember those who fought in two world wars and those who even today work to preserve a fragile peace in a turbulent world. I have been privileged to have travelled through some of Europe's notorious theatres of war with the Suffolk Police Battlefield Tour Group. At the conclusion of those trips we always held a simple act of remembrance during which one of the party would read the first verse of Siegfried Sassoon's war poem 'Aftermath'. With your permission I would very much like to share it with you now.

Have you forgotten yet?...

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,

Like traffic checked while at the crossing of city-ways:

And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow

Like clouds in the lit heaven of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,

Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.

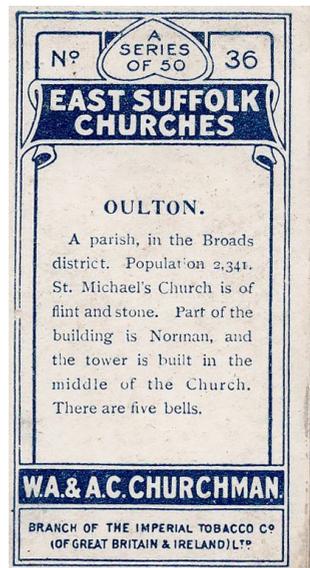
But the past is just the same--and War's a bloody game...

Have you forgotten yet?...

Look down and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.



Browsing on Ebay the other day I found this cigarette card issued by Churchman's of Ipswich showing St Michael's church. Interestingly they chose to photograph it from the northern side. The series was issued in 1917 and was one of 50 cards in the set.



The Inquisitive Mind of a Child

(A poem for Remembrance Day)

Why are they selling poppies, Mummy?
Selling poppies in town today.
The poppies, child, are flowers of love.
For the men who marched away.
But why have they chosen a poppy, Mummy?
Why not a beautiful rose?
Because my child, men fought and died
In the fields where the poppies grow.
But why are the poppies so red, Mummy?
Why are the poppies so red?
Red is the colour of blood, my child.
The blood that our soldiers shed.
The heart of the poppy is black, Mummy.
Why does it have to be black?
Black, my child, is the symbol of grief.
For the men who never came back.
But why, Mummy are you crying so?
Your tears are giving you pain.
My tears are my fears for you my child.
For the world is forgetting again.



In the News

Christian fair trade business Traidcraft may stop selling goods

Traidcraft plc is in trouble. With very poor recent trading figures and despite enormous efforts by the staff and management and Fair Traders, it warns that the present model for the company may be no longer viable. Traidcraft's charity branch, Traidcraft Exchange, will continue to support farmers and lobby government through its charitable arm, and the decision about closing the trading arm is still in a consultation period and not final.

Traidcraft plc first started in 1979, selling fair-trade coffee, sugar and chocolate as well as rugs and handmade baskets from Bangladesh. They went on to sell fair-trade clothes and wine. Most of us remember them from church stalls and markets. Their aim was to keep a close link between producer and purchaser. A spokesperson for Traidcraft said: 'Traidcraft plc's mission to put the principles of fair trade into commercial practice is not, in any sense, fulfilled but we appreciate that it is time to consider new approaches.'

C of E warns: there is 'no Planet B'

The Church of England is continuing to voice its concern over climate change. Following news that the summer of 2018 was the hottest on record in England, and the UK's joint warmest overall, The Bishop of Salisbury, Nicholas Holtam, the Church of England's lead bishop for Environmental Affairs, said:

'It is becoming difficult for even the most resolute of deniers to ignore the devastating impact of climate change. While in the UK this has meant an uncomfortably warm summer, elsewhere people are already dying, crops are threatened, marine and land ecosystems are dying out and climate change is affecting everyone, no country is escaping unscathed.

'We have a narrow window where it is not too late to do something about climate change, and to protect God's creation for generations to come. But we must act decisively, and act now, as individuals, communities, countries and as a global family. There is no Planet B.'

We Will Remember Him

Chairman of Oulton Parish Council, Brian Hunter talks of an Oulton Broad lad who made the ultimate sacrifice 36 years ago:

An Oulton Broad 19 year old young man and Private in the 2nd Battalion the Parachute Regiment David Parr was mortally wounded during the Falklands conflict of 1982. He lies in a secluded grave in St Michael's churchyard where every Remembrance Day on November 11th wooden crosses bearing poppies are laid.

Never forgotten by family, friends and the community of Oulton Broad, the very special day of remembrance is a time to remember albeit his short time in life but to celebrate his service to our country during which he paid the ultimate price.

A pupil of the then Lowestoft Grammar School now the Ormiston Denes Academy, David was very keen and able at physical and sports activities. Accordingly, a bursary fund is established, and as a lasting tribute of remembrance two sports trophies are awarded in his name every year at a special school assembly.



The Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher at the time of the Falkland conflict respectively called the paratroopers 'our boys', and it is indeed fitting that we in Oulton and Oulton Broad remember David in that vein and celebrate his service to our country.

His niece Helen Parr has written a book about David's time as a paratrooper serving in the Falklands and about the Parachute Regiment. Entitled 'Our Boys' it is a remarkable account of the Falklands conflict in general and in particular David's involvement. The book is published by Alan Lane and is available from Waterstones in Lowestoft. (ISBN 978-0-241-28894-8)

'May I dedicate this short summary to the late Sue Parish who faithfully delivered the Oulton Parish Church magazine to me and folk in Oulton Broad. She also came with the Oulton Happy Circle Club to our away visits and events'

Brian Hunter.

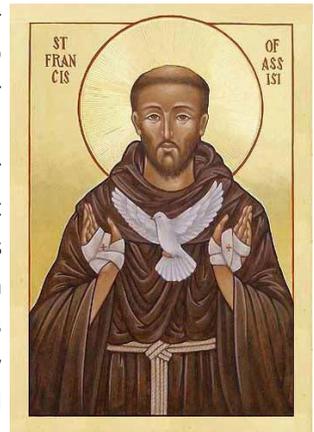
Pause for thought.

This month John continues with his the life of St Francis of Assisi.

St. Francis stayed for a while with the Benedictines in Gubbio; he worked in the kitchens washing up. The only clothing he had was a hair shirt and a tabard. One day he happened to bump into the Abbott in the cloisters and asked him if he could have an old cloak nobody wanted, but the Abbott refused Francis any thing. So Francis in the hair shirt and the tabard walked back to Assisi. He went to the broken down church of St. Damien, which still continued to need a lot of repairing. With the help of some locals gradually the church became fully usable again. Francis spent a lot of time in prayer and worship and grew closer and closer to God. People began to notice that Francis was becoming more and more content and happy. He begged for bread each day, going from door to door. Francis had nothing and yet he had never felt so rich, he noticed all God's creation, which God had provided for all people to enjoy; and yet people didn't seem to notice the wonders God had provided. Francis would stand in the own Square and speak. Eventually, the entire city was eager for Francis to speak and came to listen in crowds, the townspeople felt that those words were what they needed to hear and they would go back to homes with calm and peaceful souls. They saw him as someone who had discovered a treasure and wanted to share it with all people. There was a rich man who lived Assisi called Bernard, he watched Francis carefully, and knew that he too wanted that peace, that contentment, that treasure that Francis seemed to have found. One day Bernard decided that he would find out for himself if Francis really had changed, if he really had found a deeper way of living. Bernard invited Francis to his house for a meal. When the meal had finished he invited Francis to stay the night. Bernard had two beds put in one room. As soon as Francis got into bed it seemed as if he fell to sleep immediately. Bernard got into bed and when Francis thought Bernard was asleep he got up and extending his arms out in the shape of a cross slowly and softly Francis began to say, My Lord and my God. Throughout the night Francis prayed and watched.

The next morning Bernard said to Francis. Brother Francis, the Lord has made me wealthy, it seems that my wealth has cut me off from the Lord, and I want the Lord to be my treasure. How do I do this?' Francis decided that they should go to Communion.

There was another man a priest, who wanted to join Francis; he too went to church with them. After Communion, when everyone had gone Francis asked God to guide them. Francis then went to the bible and opened it three times. The first time he read, 'If you would be perfect, sell all you have and give it to the poor; then come and follow me.' Francis opened the missal for the second time and read: 'Do not take anything with you, be it bag, money, walking stick or clothes.' Francis opened the book the third time and found these words: 'If you want to follow me deny yourself, take up your cross and follow me.' The words had the force, brevity and clarity of a lightning bolt. Francis calmly placed the missal back on the altar. He then joined the other two, sensing the transcendental nature of the moment. His eye shone with the brilliance of the dawn. He stood on the highest step of the altar and said to them: 'Friends, the Lord has spoken. Comments are superfluous. Even more, a remark at this time would seem rather audacious even profane. The Lord Himself has made the decision. The Gospel will be our only inspiration and rule not only for us but also for all those who wish to follow us. Let's go brothers. May the Gospel retain all it's freshness and newness as we proclaim the Word? Glory be to God the Almighty and to you Lord Jesus Christ, whose mercy is ever present, for showing us the way and opening the doors to the world. Bernard immediately gave all he had to the poor and joined Francis, Peter also joined them. They went to a place in the woods below Assisi. The Benedictines had given them a small chapel, which was broken down the brothers mended the building, the church was called, St Mary of the Angels.' Around this church they built little huts one for each brother, where they could be alone and pray. They worked for farmer or anywhere where they could get work and for their labours were given bread (sometimes stale) and perhaps vegetables. They never touched or accepted money. The happiness, joy and love they had for all people was wonderful to see. (When I was a brother I had nothing either and the joy that gives one is wonderful. There is a freedom about it all, no money, no keys, and no doors to lock. Nothing to worry about) Francis sang and spoke. He frequently reminded his brothers 'our blessed companion Christ walks barefoot ahead of us and if we had a little bit more faith, we'd see that every now and then he turns and smiles at us.



What would our lives be without Him? With Him, we're the freest, happiest and most fulfilled men in the world; without Him we'd be the most wretched orphans on earth. Praised be Jesus forever.

Another brother came to join the first three-he was call Giles. Francis knew that with every new recruit he had to help them to come to terms with this different way of life. They went round the town begging their bread, someone once gave Francis a dead rat (Francis laughed with the man). One day Bishop Guido, who was the bishop of Assisi asked to see Francis. He told Francis that the people in the town could no longer give the brothers food-there were eight of the now. The people were poor too. The brothers started to help farmers and builders and different kinds of occupations. But they would not accept money, only food. Every day they worked with joy and happiness, but their greatest joy was to return home to the Porziuncola to be together with Francis and the others for a meal and then worship well into the night.

Next time I will tell you what happened when there were the first twelve Franciscan Brothers-then the order grew rapidly.

My Favourite Hymns

Hymns are an integral part of our weekly worship. There are those that rouse spiritual fervour both by the words and music and there are those that help us to reflect and give us guidance in our daily lives. There have been some mighty fine hymns written over the years which inspire us to sing with gusto and similarly there have been a few that well, let's just say that are a little bit leaden, that's to take away nothing of their message and sentiment. It has been interesting over the months to note what hymns have been chosen as your favourites. A year or two ago the BBC compiled a chart of the top 100 hymns and in first place was 'How Great thou Art' based on a Swedish traditional melody and a poem written by Carl Boberg (1859–1940) in Mönsterås, Sweden in 1885. It was translated into German and then into Russian. It was translated into English from the Russian by English missionary Stuart K. Hine, who also added two original verses of his own. A wonderful stirring hymn, but there is one that came in at number eight that I can rarely sing or hear being sung without becoming emotional and that is 'Abide with me' written by Scottish Anglican Rev Henry Francis Lyte. He was vicar at the small fishing town of Brixham in Devon and wrote the poem in 1847 and set it to music while he lay dying from tuberculosis; he survived only a further three weeks after its completion.

While he wrote a tune for the hymn, the tune we tend to sing it to today is 'Eventide' by William Henry Monk who ironically was also suffering from a terminal illness. Henry Lyte wrote many hymns during his lifetime, whilst at Brixham, including "Praise my soul, the King of Heaven" and "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken". He had always loved the musical side of worship. However what makes it all the more special to me and many other football supporters is that it's the official hymn sung at the FA Cup Final held every May at the Wembley Stadium. Why this hymn you may well ask? Well it was first sung at the Cup Final in 1927 when the match was attended by King George V as it was his favourite hymn. It then become traditional to sing it as it has for the past 90 years. The Cup Final is the highlight of English football with fierce rivalry between opposing sets of fans but for that brief moment both divergent teams and fans are united in hope signing a hymn that strikes at the very heart.



*'Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee
In life, in death oh Lord abide with me.'*

Football fan or not, I'm pretty sure this wonderful hymn stirs in our hearts hope and reassurance of eternal life in the kingdom of God.

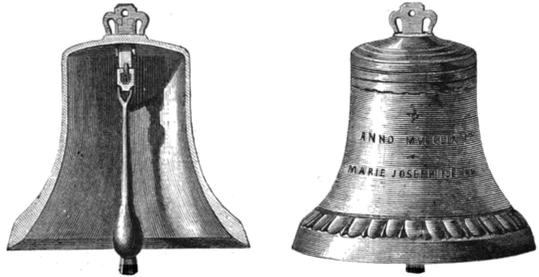
H. F. LYTE 1761
Andante
Abide With Me
W. H. MONK

1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness deepens Lord, with me a - bid e!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bid with me!

The Bells, the bells—an appeal.

As you will no doubt be aware, we have resurrected the bell ringing team here at St Michael's and the recruits are being trained by former ringers Martin Dennison and Tony Crawford. The team are making good progress and their aim is to take part in the national 100th Anniversary of the 1918 Armistice and beyond. Because the bells have remained largely silent for many years, the six ropes which you can see in the tower have deteriorated and the team are finding that they regularly break when in use. When this happens, the damaged rope is removed and replaced by Tony Crawford. Sadly, the ropes are becoming brittle and



desperately need replacing. The ringers are therefore looking for funding to undertake that restoration. We are pleased to report that they have received three very generous offers by people willing to buy a rope as a memorial to lost loved ones. That together with the limited bell fund will go a long way to providing a number of ropes, but they will inevitably have a short fall. They are therefore appealing to anyone who would like to sponsor a rope or indeed part of one to ensure the continuing ringing of St Michael's wonderful petal of bells, five of which were cast over 478 years ago. Just for your information each rope costs approximately £125 each and as each one is hand made there is a waiting list of approximately 18 weeks. Please help if you can to ensure that St Michael's bells continue to ring out God's praise over Oulton.

Thank you.

If you would like any further information regarding this appeal then please either speak to Robin Keightley or Debbie Allsop.

The Final Word

In the First World War many of the members of the army and navy were issued with The New Testament and Psalms. There are stories about what this meant to the troops including the man who was saved by his Bible as the bullet came to a halt before the book of Revelation and so missed his body.

The Psalms were the hymnbook for the worship of God in the Old Testament. Because the psalms were not simply read, but sung, they became so much more memorable. The early Christians sang and prayed the Psalms as well and this has continued to our generation although we do not use the chanting of Psalms so much as we did when I was a teenager and in the choir at St. Michael's.

The point about the psalms is we need to do more than just read them. We need to let them shape how we relate to God.

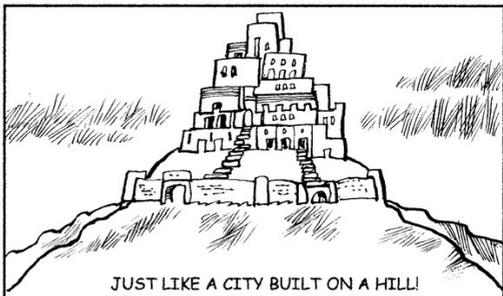
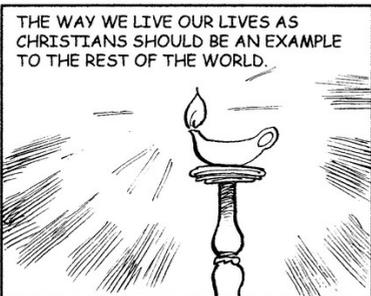
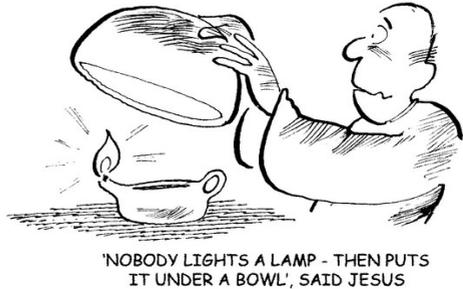
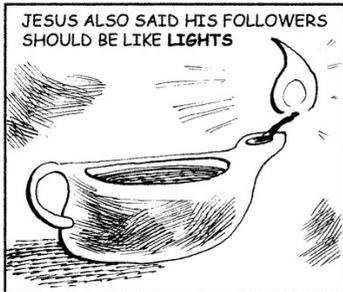
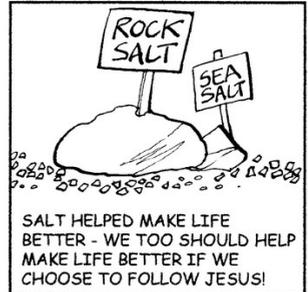
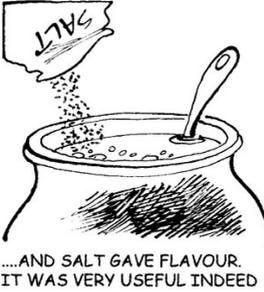
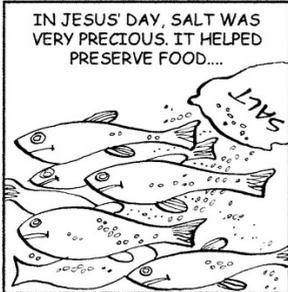
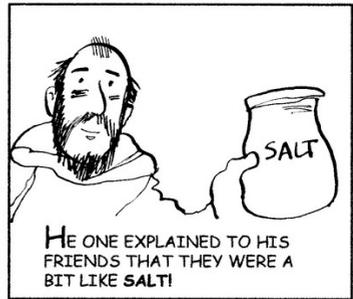
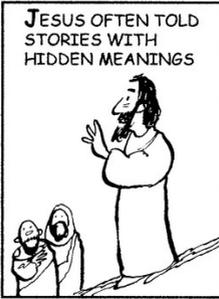
Psalm 91 became known as The Soldiers' Psalm. It says that 'no harm will come to you, no disaster will come near your tent. For God will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways.' I can imagine many being disillusioned by this especially in the First World War as they were wounded themselves or saw their colleagues killed. But the Psalm was speaking of the fact that ultimately not even death can separate us from God's love.

I have just bought the latest album of the Christian songwriter Stuart Townend. He wrote some of the songs on that album after his brother died of cancer. The song, 'I will wait for you', is based on Psalm 130. 'Out of the depths I cry to You; from darkest places I will call. Incline Your ear to me anew, and hear my cry for mercy, Lord. I will wait for You, through the storm and through the night. I will wait for You, for your love is my delight.'

Over the generations the Psalms speak how we feel, whether it is pain, joy, forgiveness or anger. God is there with us, loving us to the end.

David Hayden

The tale of the Salt and Light



If you have any contributions for the next monthly publication, please send your material to Robin Keightley.

robinkeightley175@btinternet.com