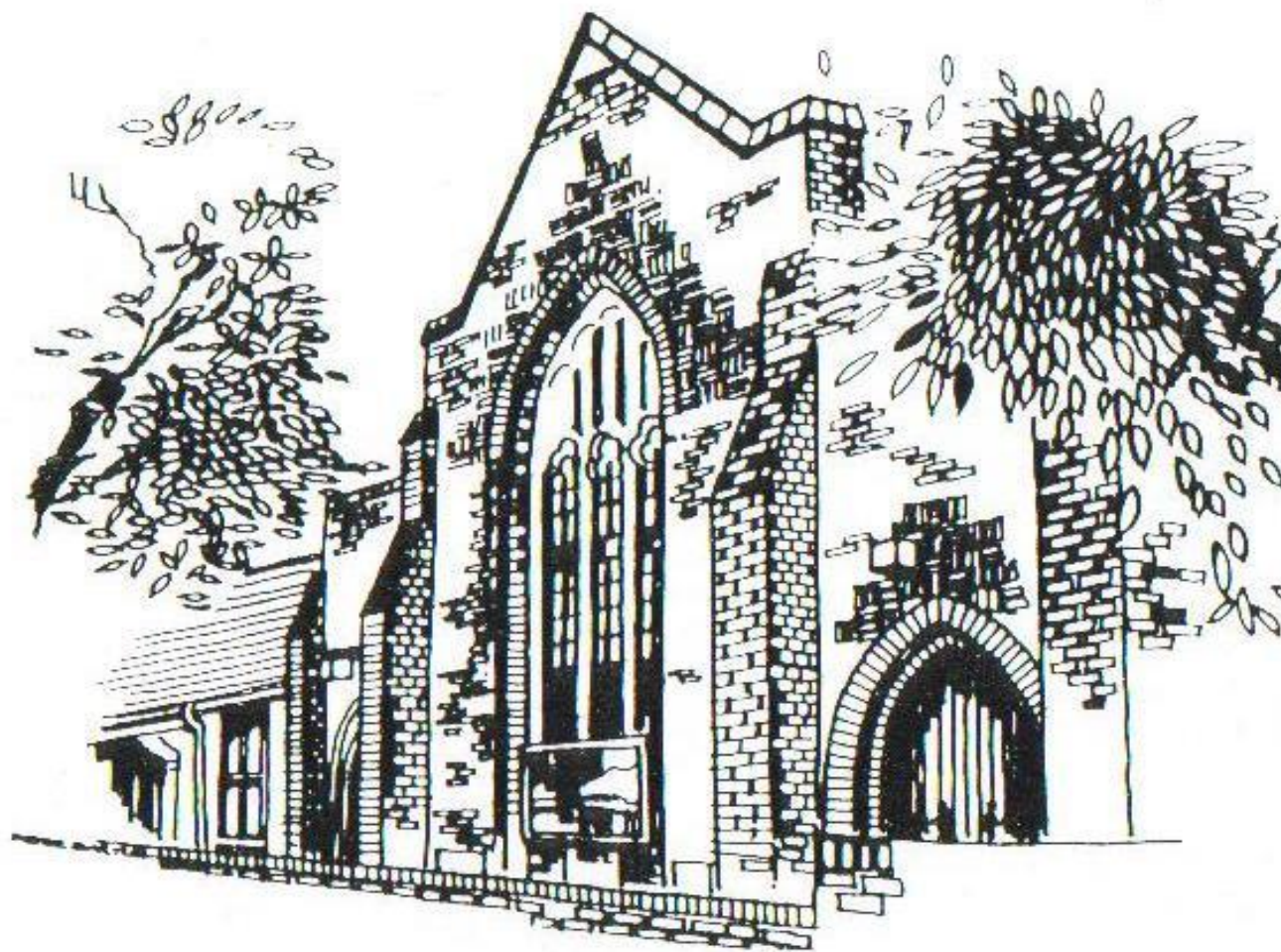




*The Magazine*  
*of*  
**Highams Park Baptist  
Church**

Cavendish Road, E.4.



APRIL / MAY 2022

## CHURCH PROGRAMME

### At the time of writing

#### Current Covid Safety Arrangements

- Please stay at home if you show any Covid symptoms- a recording of the service will be available later on the church website
- It is your choice whether you wear a mask in the building or not, please feel comfortable whatever your choice, hand sanitiser will remain available, and we are continuing with increased ventilation and cleaning
- The offering plate will be at the back of the church for your use on the way out or you can speak to Jason about other ways to contribute.
- If you test positive for Covid after attending a service please let us know so we can complete extra cleaning and circulate an anonymous information to the congregation to be more vigilant for symptoms.

If there are any concerns please approach the duty deacon.

*Details of Services are given in the Church Diary at the back of the magazine.*

Weekly Home Zoom Group is held on Tuesdays at 7.45pm. recommencing Tuesday 26<sup>th</sup> April. Please contact Sarah and Paul Raymond for details.



The deadline for items for the next edition is Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> May, 2022  
Editors : Dave & Jacquie Lyus. Email : [magazine@hpbcc.co.uk](mailto:magazine@hpbcc.co.uk)



**Cavendish Road, London E4 9NG**  
**April / May 2022**

<p><b><i>Moderator:</i></b></p> <p><b><i>Rev. Andrew Willis</i></b></p>	<p><b><i>Please contact:</i></b></p> <p><b><i>contact@hpbc.co.uk</i></b> <b><i>or</i></b> <b><i>07967 655661</i></b></p>
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**The Roller Coaster of Easter**

I wonder what Jesus was feeling. He knew what was coming, the pain he would have to bear before he could go back to be with His Father again. Mark tells how Jesus led their way to Jerusalem until they were almost there. Not trailing at the back, dragging his feet, but leading the way, before sending two disciples ahead to collect the colt for him to arrive on. They all must have been on a high to be so welcomed into Jerusalem - people shouting praise, waving branches, and laying their cloaks on the floor. What a sight that must have been. However Jesus knew what was coming next, but still he didn't falter. How bittersweet that must have been for him.

He took time to heal people, time to throw the sellers out of the temple, time to teach, time to have a meal with his friends, time to pray. But he stayed, knowing what must be done. Yes, he prayed hard, asking if there was any other way but he did not falter or run away like Jonah. What a roller coaster of emotions he must have had in those final few days.

Even today it seems like a roller coaster reaching the peak of a hill on Palm Sunday to plunge into the depths on Good Friday then to soar again knowing Jesus defeated death. Today the "Christian Calendar" is a little weird. We compress Jesus' life of 33 years into one year. Three months ago we were celebrating his birth, now, at the time of writing we are halfway through Lent where we have thought about his Baptism, and 40 days of fasting before being tempted by the Devil. Promptly to be followed by His crucifixion and resurrection, the roller coaster seems more frantic somehow.

Let us take time to do the important things. Like Jesus, take time to pray and draw close to God.

Take time to have a meal with family and friends, take time to wonder about God's amazing world with the spring flowers waking the ground with their bright colours and the flower blossoms bursting on the trees with the promise of fruits to come. Take time this Easter to reconnect with all this but do not forget those who in recent days have had their world turned upside down, by war, illness or bereavement.

Easter brings much joy but the world still goes on around us.

Mandy

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Church Council Meeting	3 <sup>rd</sup> April
Good Friday	15 <sup>th</sup> April
Easter Sunday	17 <sup>th</sup> April
A Walk in the Woods	19 <sup>th</sup> April / 17 <sup>th</sup> May / 21 <sup>st</sup> June
Church Council Meeting	5 <sup>th</sup> May
Christian Aid Week	15 - 21 May
Church Members Meeting	22 <sup>nd</sup> May
Highams Park Spring Festival	22 <sup>nd</sup> May
Highams Park Art and Culture Trail	10 <sup>th</sup> - 19 <sup>th</sup> June
Highams Park Day	16 <sup>th</sup> July

# *Cavendish Circular*



The uncertainty surrounding Covid with the ending of restrictions, and the escalating conflict in the Ukraine have been at the forefront of our thoughts during recent weeks and much prayer has been proffered for these concerns. Prayer can achieve so much when we are struggling with life's challenges, be they in our personal lives or in the wider world. Prayer is at the centre of our

faith: the channel through which we can hear God's voice, gain strength from His comfort, and be supported at all times, and in all needs, by His unending and constant love. Prayer is the cornerstone of our faith, the first response to every situation and a powerful presence in our relationship with God. PRAYER WORKS!

In the past few weeks we have heard of several of our friends in especial need of prayer and we are grateful to Mandy and Robert Edwards, who keep the fellowship informed of them. If you have a prayer request, please pass it onto Robert (text to 07762 026381) or Mandy (WhatsApp or text to 07940 962779) or email to: [mandy.edwards@bridol.co.uk](mailto:mandy.edwards@bridol.co.uk)

Please Remember Cliff and Dorothy Tayler in prayer following Cliff's recent stay in hospital where he underwent tests and treatment for a suspected bacterial infection. Cliff is now recovering at home, but at the time of writing both have Covid. We pray that he and Dorothy recover soon and Cliff is soon restored to full health.

Emma Lewis –Azayear has been struggling with various medical issues recently and is now experiencing panic attacks. Please pray that she gets the help and support needed at this time and regains good health and peace of mind.

Friends will remember Hannah, a friend of Lucy Jones, who recently had a kidney transplant, her Father, Graham, being the donor. There were some initial complications and surgery was longer than expected but both are now home from hospital. Please pray for them during the coming weeks as they continue to recover, and Hannah's new kidney starts to function.

We continue to give thanks for the life of Michael Thorndyke who sadly passed away in January in the Netherlands. You can read moving tributes to him in this issue, following his memorial service held at our church on 12<sup>th</sup> March. We uphold Fiona, Doris, Chris and all the family in prayer as they remember all that he meant to them and ask that God's loving presence may support and comfort them in the days ahead. Recently the Church Fellowship has gifted a Floribunda rose 'Fragrant Delight' and pot to Doris in memory of Michael. We thank Dianne and Dave Kendrick for arranging this and hope to bring pictures of it in full bloom later in the year.

We recently heard from former member, David Young, that his brother-in-law, Brian Turley, has died. Brian was an active member of our fellowship some years ago before moving away, especially in helping to run our large and lively Youth Group. His considerable musical talents also added to the enrichment of our worship. Brian died after some years of ill health on 16<sup>th</sup> February, and we send our loving condolences to wife Lyn and son Steven. His funeral took place in Norfolk on 21<sup>st</sup> March.

Bob Jenkins has reported on the death of our former member, Martin Briggs, who died on March 20<sup>th</sup> after a lengthy time of ill health. Martin served as a Deacon and was part of the leadership of our Youth Group. Bob writes: 'Martin was a great Christian and a much-valued former member of HPB as Deacon and working with us in the Youth Group for many years.' We remember his wife Angela and his family as they mourn their loss and give thanks for all that he meant to them and our fellowship. Martin's funeral will take place at 11.30am on 4<sup>th</sup> April at St. Joseph's Church Catholic Church, Oxon and all are welcome. Angela would also welcome any memorabilia or memories that could be incorporated into the service. Please contact Bob for further details. There will be tributes to both Brian and Martin in our next issue.

Please continue to remember our member Hazel Ansell, Mike, and son Simon and all the family in prayer following Mike's recent stroke and recovery at home. May God surround the family with His loving support and strength while they care for Mike as he regains mobility and give them His peace and comfort as they cope with the many challenges lying ahead.

We continue to remember in prayer, and give thanks, for those who are unable to attend Church regularly at present yet still remain valued members of our church family. These include Doris Thorndyke, Mavis Grint, Marina and Margaret Enaholo, and Mike and Marilyn Robinson.

**Charity Run:** Mandy has reported on a half marathon being run by our friend Anil Chumber. She writes: 'Many of you will know Chhindo and Anil Chumber. Chhindo's husband (and Anil's Dad) was Amerjit. Sadly we never met Amerjit as he died shortly after they started coming to our church. He had Motor Neurone Disease. On 17<sup>th</sup> April at 9.am Anil is running a half marathon in Richmond Park in memory of him and to raise money for the MND Association.' We wish Anil every success in this challenging and positive event in memory of his father. Please pray for him and Chhindo in this endeavour and as they continue to remember and give thanks for all he meant to them. They would welcome your prayers and support and there is a JustGiving page if you feel able to sponsor Anil at [www.justgiving.com/nil-chumber](http://www.justgiving.com/nil-chumber).

JL

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*The Church Text for 2022*

*1 Peter 5 - verse 7 (NIV)*

*'Cast all your anxieties on God because He  
cares for you'*

## Christian Aid Week 15-21 May 2022

**Every gift. Every action. Every prayer. Every one of us can change lives.**

Drought starves. It robs women of the power to farm and grow food for their families.

Now, for the first time in a generation, global poverty is rising. Covid-19, conflict and the climate crisis are pushing more of our global neighbours into a struggle for survival.

Women and men in Zimbabwe are hungry to provide a more hopeful future. Mums often skip meals to share with their children what little food they have.



One of these mums is Jessica Mwedzi. Drought makes every day a struggle for survival. Jessica is hungry. Hungry for a good meal. Hungry to earn a decent living. Hungry to provide a more hopeful future for her family.

**'My children crave a good meal, but I can't provide.'** Jessica says. **'It pains me to send them to bed hungry.'**

Your gift could help Jessica grow drought-resistant crops. You could help her set up a water tap on her farm and learn how to grow food in the harsh climate. She'll turn her dry, dusty land into a garden of hope.

This Christian Aid Week, you can be one of the hundreds of thousands of our supporters who give, act and pray – stepping out in love for our global neighbours. With you by our side, we won't stop until everyone can live a full life, free from poverty and hunger.

From envelope collections to walking 300,000 steps in May, Christian Aid Week brings people together as one community helping those living in poverty to transform their own lives.

This Christian Aid Week (15-21 May), please:

- **Give** generously to help women grow crops that survive in the drought.
- **Act** and raise your voice for justice. Join our Loss and Damage campaign.
- **Pray** that families will stay strong during tough times of drought.

**Together, we can turn hunger into hope.** Join us at [caweek.org](https://caweek.org)

## A Tribute to Michael Thorndyke by Ellie Newton and Jamie Thorndyke

Thank you all for being here with us all today to celebrate the wonderful life of our Dad and Grandad. Jamie and I are going to share a few of our favourite memories of you, Dad.

It was only in September we were here with you celebrating Nan's 100<sup>th</sup> Birthday and Nan had received her special letter from the queen. You had taken her on a trip down memory lane to Walthamstow Market and Nan was delighted that you had met one of the original Market stall holders that she and Grandad used to buy from every week. On Nan's birthday you made a really lovely speech in her honour. It was always so good to hear you speak at family events and I hope I can do you proud today as we talk about you and celebrate your life with friends and family.

You had such a wonderfully caring manner and a silly sense of humour Dad. There are so many funny photo's that I have found from over the years; you doing silly poses and pulling funny faces. You always made us laugh and smile. You always displayed such modesty and never took yourself seriously; many never knew how much you achieved throughout your life because of this. Your strength, determination, courage and the complete unconditional love you gave us makes me feel incredibly proud to call you my Dad.

I'm sorry I didn't inherit your keen interest in science although I think that is improving since I did my GCSE's. That being said there are so many interests we did share; some of my earliest memories of you include your love for travel, shoes, hats, clothes in general, running and music. My very earliest memory of you is when we lived here in Highams Park, it was 1982 and you had shaved off your beard after having had one for so long- I cried as I thought you looked so different. I also remember your trip to Hong Kong that year and I cried as you were away for a while and I missed you so much; it was the best feeling when you returned home on a Friday night and I was allowed to stay up and was so excited that you were home. You brought us back some traditional Chinese pyjamas, I liked my silk red ones, they were so nice, and as a four-year-old I was delighted.

I also remember your shoe and boot collection from an early age, particularly cowboy boots, penny loafers, Dr. Martens, brogues and loads of trainers! You wore a piano tie and had so many shirts, and ties, including boot lace ones that you got in the USA. Do you remember in your 'father of the bride' speech you made at our wedding? You referred to my large shoe collection, but you definitely beat me there!

Running was another thing we were both keen on. You took part in the East London 10K in 1985 and recently sent me your medal. You had written the time you ran it on the back of the medal, I was really impressed with the time. In 1987 we ran the Windlesham fun run together; you ran all the way with me and I ended up winning the Under 10 trophy!

You were such a keen runner, there are lots of memories of you, running for running clubs and training for events regularly, having a GD special sitting at the bottom of the stairs when you got back sweating.



You even ran in Oregon USA around the same running track that Mary Decker was training on (for anyone that remembers the 1984 LA Olympic games).

On one of our most recent chats you told me that your best time ever in a 10km was 32 minutes, that is good going. You also ran the London Marathon in the 90's and sent me that medal in the post, I love that you did that! Continuing the sports theme, I remember you coaching Doug's football team Curley Park Rangers throughout the years he played there, his team mates liked you better than the Manager and always asked me how you were at school, I felt so lucky and cool. Thanks for taking me on trips around the country playing basketball and netball, you did this for me and Doug through our teenage years and also took part in Dad's cricket matches with Will. Moving on to later years, in 2002 and your move to Sweden, you achieved your dream job as Director and Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences Chair in Experimental Marine Biology at Kristineberg Marine Research Station in 2002, not forgetting you were awarded the Linnaeus Gold Medal from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences for contributions to the internationalization of marine infrastructures

We all loved it in Sweden. I was looking through photographs the other day and realised we had been going to Kristineberg since 1982, most summers spent there for 3 weeks at a time, loads of fun times, Nan and Grandad, Chris Cathy and the kids. Do you remember our very early morning trips out on rowing boats to catch mackerel, it was about 5am we had to get up but it was worth it. All of us including Dean have enjoyed the fishing out there even if I did upset Jamie once when I hit a mackerel over the head to knock it out! Dad, you will be so pleased with the plans that they have for Kristineberg, given your instrumental role in the international development of marine research stations, they are setting up a research fund in your name that will be managed by the academy of science and allow young researchers to come to Kristineberg to study.

Most recently you found love with Fiona and continued your travels around the world, settling in the Netherlands. It has been a wonderful time for you, thanks so much to Fiona.

You were always part of my life day to day, and it still seems so strange that you aren't going to pop up in my messages, on the phone, face-time or in person. Thanks so much Dad for being a constant support throughout my life. You were there always even recently during the pandemic: taking science lessons with Sam and Lucy over zoom calls we arranged every week in lockdown. Nobody would have known the struggles that you had of late with your health because you carried on regardless and lived your life to the full- you never gave up. Thank you, Dad, you have been the most amazing father, and the biggest gift that you gave is that you believed in me, showed love, support all the time. I love you so much.

Now Jamie will talk about you, Granddad or GD (the name that you wanted to take on instead of Granddad at the age of 49) I can't say I blame you. Jamie then paid tribute to his much loved 'GD' remembering him with much affection and thanks for all he meant to him.

## **My Bruvver**

My earliest memory of Mike was when I must have been about 3 years old, and we were living in a small flat in Thorpe Road Walthamstow. Mike must have been playing pea shooter fights in the street. For those of you not old enough Pea Shooters were narrow metal tubes that you could blow dried peas out with and hit other people. Anyway I remember Mike grabbing me and saying 'quick hide behind the hedge'.. and I don't remember getting hit! At a similar age we were both taken to something like The Royal Tournament and there was a huge Army Tank on show. Mike clambered in and I was crying to go after him but apparently, and I know that's hard to believe now, I was too small! So mum kept me quiet by getting me an Ice Cream.

### **HOLIDAYS**

We always used to have wonderful family holidays either in Dovercourt, often with Dad's sister Doris and her husband Ted, Ruth and Keith. We stayed with my Dad's sister, Auntie Beth; or in Colwyn Bay North Wales where we stayed at a Guest House run by two sisters of an elderly Baptist Minister. Mike was always off looking in rock pools or in vegetation. I remember in Dovercourt he found some sort of crustacean and told me to look after it in my pocket, I was absolutely terrified and thought a horrible creature would crawl out of my pocket any minute. In North Wales he took lots of small glass pots and collected various bugs in them and preserved them with cotton wool and a drop of ethyl alcohol..

### **BIG BROTHER PRANKS**

We moved to Selwyn Avenue in 1956 and Mike used to play pranks on me. On April 1<sup>st</sup> Mike put books on the tops of doors which he left slightly ajar. When I walked around the house the books kept crashing down on my head. I could only get my own back by waiting until Mike came upstairs and I threw a load of books over the bannisters, rushed to my bedroom and locked the door! We also went to Wood Street Baptist church where Dad and Mum both run the Sunday School. Coming home on the No 35 Bus we got off at Halden Road stop and walked home. When we got to the top of Selwyn Mike would frequently grab my hand tightly and run as fast as he could home, dragging me screaming with both laughter and fear of going so fast and nearly falling over.

### **EXPLOSIVE TIMES**

There was of course the time when he blew himself up!!!! Mike was about thirteen and doing a Chemistry experiment after school at a friend's house. There had been an explosion and chemicals had gone in his eyes. He managed to walk home where upon mum rushed him round the corner to the house of the Baptist Church Minister who owned a car and drove us all to Whipps Cross. He had his eyes bandaged up for a week and thankfully there was no long term damage.

## **THE ANNOYING LITTLE BROTHER**

When Mike started to drive, he had some old bangers; his first was a Vauxhall Wyvern which would be quite trendy today and then an old Ford Popular. He regretted taking me out when I was young as I had terrible travel sickness and threw up in both cars. When he got a newer car he said to Mum "I'm not taking him in my car, he's always sick and they end up smelling disgusting !"

## **MUSIC**

He had a massive influence on my taste in music from classical, pop or Jazz, and also took me to music concerts at QMC with famous bands like Fleetwood Mac or Joe Cocker. He also took me to a massive open-air concert at Blackbush airport where we saw Joan Armatrading and Bob Dylan. We sat in a huge field in front of the stage, and it was all very friendly. At one point a weird looking chap stopped in front of a group of boys in front of us and asked "have you got any drugs'... they all laughed and said ' No.... but we've got a Cornish Pasty !!'.... well I thought it was funny!

## **THE ITALY ADVENTURE**

When I was about 21 Mike asked me to come with him, wife and a baby Douglas to Padua which is just above Venice in Italy. He was driving in his Mark 4 Cortina there to do some studying and combined it with a holiday. It was a pleasant holiday until one night Mike burst into my bedroom and shouted "I think we'd better go outside"... having stuffed my ears with cotton wool to avoid hearing Doug crying at night I had managed to sleep through an earthquake ! The next day we decided it was safer to get home to Blighty so we packed up and headed home. Mike said 'could you navigate the quickest way home?', which I did. After a few hours we started climbing up a winding mountain road, it was Mid-August and quite hot but as we drove on it started to rain... then it got colder... then sleet...got colder, then Snow !.. Mike said: 'are you sure this is correct?' 'Yes', I said: 'look at the map - we are on this road and it's the shortest to France'. When Mike looked he suddenly said' yes but the colour of the road turns red on this winding bit'..... I had chosen a route over the Little St Bernard Pass which was over 7000ft High. We carried on and at the top it was a blizzard. We reached the border post and the guard slid open a small window, asked if we were British, we nodded, and he waved us on and quickly shut the window.

I will really miss him; we had become close in recent years. We both shared the terrible Miller gene of 'Worry' and he was always there to listen to me and offer support. He said he was thankful that I felt I could talk to him about worries and he would say: ' phone me any time day or night' -and he could talk to me. I'll also miss my regular supply of weird and wonderful foreign beers of varying strength which we both had a liking for, or him testing my homemade SLOE Gin ..... But also the regular texts saying, "I've ordered something from Amazon which will be delivered in a few days"! At the end of the day I'll just miss my clever, mad, zany, supportive Bruvver!.....

Chris Thorndyke



## Tribute to Michael

from Anne Hall

It was through my very dear friend Fiona that Michael entered my life and became a dear friend too. In fact, almost six years ago, I was honoured to be a witness at their wedding, along with Doris, Michael's mum.

Fiona and Michael enjoyed a profoundly happy and fulfilled life together. Recently Fiona reminded me that eleven years ago, just before she and Michael were meeting for their first official date, that I'd said to her that if there was to be a man in her life, he'd need to be an interesting man. Well, Michael far exceeded that criterion, not only because he was very learned about the natural world and also knowledgeable and enthusiastic about a whole range of interests, but because he was able to share his knowledge and enthusiasm in such an easy and natural way. I think he was so successful at doing that because he was really in tune with people and genuinely interested in others. As I got to know him, I discovered a man who was not only very learned and highly honoured for his work, but a man who was intensely modest, open-minded and open-hearted, generous and caring – and full of humour. He could always make Fiona laugh, and that was something else which was very important for her. Michael cherished the world and life; above all, he found in Fiona the woman he cherished, and with whom he could share everything.

When he moved to the Netherlands with her, in typical Michael style he embraced everything that this new life had to offer. Cycling, of course, and exploring this new country as well as the beautiful woods and lakes around their home. He loved his life in the Netherlands. He remained extremely active, even after retirement, combining existing roles with new ones. Through his on-going university work and international contact with life-long colleagues, his support for marine conservation never stopped and remained a constant in his life. He never rested on his laurels. Several times he visited Eleuthera in the Caribbean with Fiona to work voluntarily with marine conservationists there; nearer home he volunteered his time to the city's Archaeological and Architectural Conservation project, where his special skills, empathy and collegiate way of working garnered him a whole new set of colleagues and friends. He even made time to make his very own 'Repair shed' in the garden, based on, though smaller than its TV namesake, but with identical signage. If you've watched the programme, you'll know it. Much work happened in that shed, but he still found time to make a garden that was a habitat for wildlife and for Fiona's pets.

For me, it was always a very special pleasure to be in Michael and Fiona's company, not only because of my love for them as individuals, but because the love, trust, and respect they had for each other created around them such a warm and happy atmosphere which was extended to everyone around them.

Together, they had many adventures and accomplished many things, but I think the happiness and love they gave to each other; and the happiness and love they shared with others, is their greatest and most enduring accomplishment.

## Tribute to Mike Thorndyke – by Maurice Elphick.

Mike was my PhD supervisor at Royal Holloway. I would like to mention that, together with Sam Dupont, I am writing an obituary that will provide an account of Mike's academic career and which we hope will be published in the Journal of the Marine Biological Association later this year. So what I want to say now is not so much about Mike's many academic accomplishments, but a personal account of my memories of Mike.

I went to Royal Holloway to study Biology in 1985 and I remember Mike as one of the lecturers that taught the first-year physiology module. Later I took Mike's advanced module in Comparative Endocrinology, and it was this that inspired me to think up an idea for a final year research project to study neurohormones in starfish. I remember going to Mike's office to present my idea to him; he had one of those very old radios with valves and classical music was playing in the background. Mike liked my project idea and grabbed a book off a shelf and photocopied a chapter for me to read over the Easter vacation – it was, of course, a chapter written by Mike himself. Over the summer of 1987 I began to work on the project with Mike's help – it was a success, and the findings of the project were published in 1989. This led on to a PhD project under Mike's supervision and the beginnings of my own academic career and many years of collaborative research.

As a PhD student I first got to know Mike well. His energy and enthusiasm were infectious and my mental picture of Mike at this time is of him wearing a casual shirt, jeans and a pair of Doctor Martens boots and walking at very high speed along the corridors of the Biology Department. - he was clearly a man on a mission. But at the same time he was always friendly and easy-going. We would sit chatting about all sorts of things – family, football, pop music and of course biology. At this time I also first saw how brilliant Mike was at mobilising other people and getting the best out of them. For example, it was Mike that made all the arrangements for a group of biologists from the UK, including me, to travel to a conference in Japan in 1991. And I remember that Mike read my PhD thesis on the flight to Tokyo – he was never one to waste an opportunity to get some work done. Mike was my PhD supervisor, but he also became a lifelong friend, and we continued to sometimes travel together to international conferences throughout the 1990s. Then when Mike moved to take on the role as Director of the Kristineberg Marine Station in Sweden in 2002, I was fortunate to have several opportunities to visit him there. And a particularly special memory is the summer of 2004, when I visited with my wife and children and Mike took us out on several memorable boat trips in that beautiful location.

Mike and I always kept in touch, although over the last couple of years or so, as for most people, it was only possible through WhatsApp chats. Just before this last Christmas we were in contact by email, and we agreed it was time for another of our evening chats on WhatsApp. Early January was a busy time for me and so we agreed to have a chat on the evening of Saturday 21st January. We talked for nearly two hours, drinking beer and wine, and catching up on our lives. Needless to say, I had no idea that this would be the last time we would chat. Looking back now I am, of course, so grateful that I had that last opportunity to talk to Mike.

When people look back on their lives, they often identify key turning points or people that changed the course of their life. For me there are two such people: one of them is my wife, Michaela, of course. The other is Mike Thorndyke. Thank you, Mike.

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There follows a poem which was read by Dianne Kendrick as part of her tribute to Michael at the Memorial Service. These thought-provoking words are worthy of remembrance.

## *The Dash by Linda Ellis*



I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend.  
He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth, and spoke the following date with tears,  
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time that they spent alive on earth.  
And now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars...the house...the cash.  
What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard. Are there things you'd like to change?  
For you never know how much time is left, that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real  
And always try to understand the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger and show appreciation more  
And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile,  
Remembering this special dash might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read with your life's actions to rehash...  
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent YOUR dash?

# A Walk in the Woods



SCAN ME

## HIGHAMS PARK

Join Tinder Sticks for a series of nature connection events in Highams Park to build your outdoor confidence and improve your mental and physical wellbeing, free funded events for adults.

**19 APRIL**

Enjoy a discovery walk around Highams Park Lake looking for signs of spring sticking mainly to gravel tracks and walking at a gentle pace.

**17 MAY**

Learn about spring wild flowers and plants around Mallinson Wood. Are they edible? What are their medicinal properties? Have a go at making nettle damper bread over the fire.

**21 JUNE**

Summer is here and how has Highams Park Lake changed? A discovery walk sticking mainly to gravel tracks and walking at a gentle pace.

**To book a place: <https://bookwhen.com/tindersticks>**

We are also running similar events at Leyton Flats (Hollow Ponds) and Wanstead Park all thanks to funding from the City Bridge Trust.



*TinderSticks*



[www.tindersticks.org.uk](http://www.tindersticks.org.uk)

*In our last issue we wrote about an idea for an occasional series on favourite hymns and worship songs: their origins and the inspiration behind their creation. This followed Mike Thorndyke's article on his own choice: **'Take My Hand, Precious Lord'** (a favourite also of Martin Luther King Jr.) which Mike researched and wrote about just before his untimely death in January. In Mike's memory we hope to continue with this series and would love to hear your favourite hymn/worship song which we will research into if possible. We thank Dianne and Dave Kendrick who have started the series by choosing two well-loved choices of their own.*



## **BLESS THE LORD (10.000 REASONS)**

(Dave Kendrick's choice)

This modern worship song which has often been sung at our services was co-written by Matt Redman and his Swedish friend, Jonas Myrin, and was first recorded by Redman in

2011 for his album: '10.000 Reasons'. Matt felt that it was the perfect fit for a song based on the opening of ***Psalm 103: Praise The Lord, My Soul.*** He lists several reasons why his heart is full of worship for God:

"He forgives our sins, heals our diseases, redeems our lives from the pit, crowns us with love and compassion, satisfies our desires and gives righteousness and justice....The point behind the song is this: if you wake up one morning and you cannot think of a reason to bring God some kind of offering of thanks or praise, then you can be sure there's something wrong at your end of the pipeline, and not His. We live beneath an unceasing flow of goodness, kindness, greatness, and holiness, and every day we're given reason after reason why Jesus is so completely and utterly worthy of our highest and best devotion."

The song has been included in many other compilations and covered by other artists. Translated into other languages it has been used in congregational worship throughout the world and has won two Grammy awards for 'Best Contemporary Christian Music Song' and 'Best Gospel/Contemporary Christian Music Performance'.

Redman was then inspired to publish a book entitled **'10,000 Reasons: Stories of Faith, Hope and Thankfulness'**. To date he has released sixteen albums, written eight books, and assisted in starting three Church-plants. Matt Redman was born in 1974 and is a Christian worship leader, songwriter and author. Converted to Christianity aged ten he learnt to play guitar at twenty and began leading worship services, releasing his first album in 1993. He helped found 'Soul Survivor' a global Christian movement and annual music festival. He is married to Beth, and they have five children. His wife has co-written songs and a book with Matt entitled: 'Blessed Be Your Name' with the hope that it will bring others to trust God and His goodness no matter the circumstances.





Dianne Kendrick's choice is this well-known and much loved hymn:

In this hymn, we contemplate the good care that our Good Shepherd gives. Even as we acknowledge that we are often "perverse and foolish," and obviously do not deserve His kindness, God surrounds us with symbols of His loving care. Truly "thy goodness faileth never."

The text, based on Psalm 23, was written by Henry Williams Baker, who was born on May 27, 1821, at Belmont House, Vauxhall, in Surrey. He was the son of Vice Admiral Henry Loraine Baker. Having attended Trinity College at Cambridge and becoming a minister with the Church of England in 1844, he first served at Great Hockesley, near Colchester, Essex. In 1851, he moved to Monkland near Leomister in Herefordshire, where he served for the rest of his life. When his father died, he assumed the family baronetcy. From 1861 he served as editor in chief for the Anglican *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to which he contributed hymns, tunes, and translations. "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" was first published in the 1868 edition. Other than this hymn, he is, perhaps, best remembered for the tune used with "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?"

Following Baker's death on Feb. 12, 1877, at Monkland, his friend John Ellerton reported that his dying words were the third stanza of his most famous hymn. The tune (Dominus Regit Me) originally used with Baker's hymn was composed by John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876). It also first appeared in the 1868 Appendix to the original (1861) edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Among hymnbooks published during the twentieth century for use in churches of Christ, the text for "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" appeared with a tune (Orlington), composed by John Campbell and usually associated in most of our books with "The Lord's My Shepherd" from the *Scottish Psalter*, in the 1963 *Christian Hymnal* edited by J. Nelson Slater. Today, it is found with a tune (St. Columba) of traditional Irish origin in the 1986 *Great Songs Revised* edited by Forrest M. McCann.

The Irish Centre in London has recently been issuing a daily online reflection on the subject of Lent. Paul Raymond has provided us with one which he felt was worthy of wider readership:

### Wild Beasts and Angels.....



Lent reminds us that Jesus hungered, wept, thirsted, wrestled, struggled and suffered. Lent is not a season for triumphant superheroes. Lent is a season for those who feel vulnerable, whose wilderness journeys are never easy or straightforward. It is a season where 'the shadows lengthen and the busy world is hushed', when our certainties go into the fire and burn down into ash. Lent is the season to believe the dust that we are, is already shining with Easter gold.

The gospels tell us that Jesus encountered real demons and dangers during his forty days in the wilderness, where the Holy Spirit, Satan, wild beasts and angels resided together. Alone, we'll never survive such a dangerous place. But with a companion who knows the way, we will journey through. Lent is what this journey is about for us, as individuals, as a community and as a church.

Jesus did not choose the wilderness. The gospels tell us that, *THE SPIRIT DROVE HIM INTO THE WILDERNESS*. It was not a planned desert marathon to improve his fitness. Jesus was forced, compelled and driven into the desolation of a wild and unsafe place. Jesus probably would have preferred not to go and he may have resisted. But the Spirit drove him anyway. In a way, this rings true to life for us all. Most of the time, we do not choose to enter the desert-wilderness. We don't volunteer for pain, loss, danger or terror. But the wilderness happens – despite our best efforts. Whether it comes to us in the guise of a devastating pandemic, a frightening medical diagnosis, a broken relationship, a bout of prolonged depression, a prison sentence, a hurting child, a homeless dilemma, a grief observed and endured, a struggling addiction, an eviction by a callous landlord, an aching loneliness, an invasion by a tyrant, as has happened in Ukraine - or a loss of faith. The wilderness happens, unbidden and unwelcome at our doorsteps. Sometimes, it is God's Spirit who leads us there.

Lent unfolds for us that even in our desert-wilderness, God is ready to bless, guide, heal, hold, hug, embrace, caress and redeem us during the most devastating, desert times of our human condition. Yes, our wilderness wanderings – whatever they are - can reveal the divine presence in and within our flawed and sometimes feckless humanity. Lent teaches us that if humanity was good enough for divinity, then there must be something special about our humanity. We know from the bible that God takes our desert-wilderness experiences of wandering meanderings, shadow and death and forges from them a new life of possibility, and even - a resurrection. We know from the bible that for some people the desert-wilderness lasted forty years.

The forty days that Jesus spent in the desert was a struggle of mind, body and spirit. It was a landscape that mocked his weary senses, where the hours stretched into endless nights of insomnia and haunting despondency.

We live in an impatient, quick-fix culture and this aspect of desert-wilderness is daunting, because we tire and as the poet, T. S. Eliot reminds us, we are people 'distracted from distraction by distraction.'

Jesus entered the wilderness knowing that he was beloved by God. This was his true identity. But the wilderness was a time when the memory of God's voice faded and the isolation of the desert played cruel tricks on the mind and heart of Jesus. Yet, it was in this bleak terrain that Jesus re-discovered God's unconditional love for him would never depend on external circumstances.

Lent is a school where we learn that in the desert-wilderness, Jesus chose deprivation over power, vulnerability over rescue and obscurity over honour. At every instance in which he could have chosen the certain, the extraordinary and the miraculous, he opted for the precarious, the quiet and the mundane.

Our church is still in a long stint of desert-wilderness for a myriad of reasons. Lent teaches us all that we can be loved and uncomfortable at the same time. We can be loved and vulnerable at the same time. In the wilderness, the love that survives is not soft or sentimental, but it is salvific. Learning to trust takes time. Learning to be trusted – again takes time. As a church, we are in this long time of Lent.

The gospels tell us that there were angels in the desert-wilderness. Even in the land of shadow and starvation, even in the place where the wild beasts roamed, God's agents of love and care lingered. This is a startling and comforting truth for us – once we open our eyes during Lent. Even in the grimmest places, God abides and somehow, without reason or explanation, help comes. Rest comes. Solace comes. Peace comes. Granted, our angels don't appear in the forms we prefer, but they 'visit us like the dawn from on high' to meet us at our lowest. Maybe in Lent, we should pray, HOSANNAH IN THE LOWEST.

As we begin our journey into Lent, we might start to recognise when angels touch our lives. When they minister to us, do we recognise their presence? When they caress, hold and embrace us, do we hear a new version of God's voice calling us 'beloved?' If yes, then what would it be like to enter into someone else's desert-wilderness during Lent, and become an angelic presence of listening, understanding, encouragement, support, friendship and peace for their journey?

Above all, Lent is a sacred time when we experience the friendship and companionship of the Christ whose vulnerability became his strength. Lent invites us to enter with courage the deserts that are avoided by the world. May our long stints among the wild beasts of loneliness, rejection, persecution, detraction and subtraction, teach us who we really are, the chosen children of God - who delights in us always. When the angels in all their guises whisper the name '*beloved*' in our hearts - may we listen and truly believe them.

John Cullen

*We are sure that many of you will have fond memories of the celebration for Doris on the occasion of her hundredth birthday. We are delighted that her sons Michael and Christopher had the excellent idea of undertaking to record her memories. We are equally delighted that they wanted them included in the Church Magazine. Part one follows and makes wonderful reading – soak up the nostalgia...*

## **When I was young:**

### **Doris Florence Thorndyke , nee Miller**

#### **Recollections of a Centenarian. Part One**

I was born on 16th September 1921 in Thorpe Road, Walthamstow, the second child of Victor & Eliza Miller. They lost their first child at birth.

I was christened Doris Florence, most likely after Florence Nightingale the famous nurse from the Crimean War. My dad had served in First World War, was gassed and had wounds in both the arm and leg and almost certainly had what we now know as "Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome" but not recognized then.

We lived in a downstairs flat and my Auntie Rose and Uncle Ernie lived upstairs. They only had one son who was about 19 or 20 so I ended up living upstairs with them as my mum had a baby about every 18 months. Eventually I had three sisters, Rene, Joan and Jean and three brothers, Victor, Jim and George.

Families were very poor in those days and there was not much work about for men. Dad worked as a bricklayer in the building trade building schools and roads but in bad weather when it rained or snowed, he could not work so did not get any money. The government did help a bit and mum used this to get meal tickets for groceries like milk ,bread and margarine...no luxuries.

As I lived mostly with Auntie Rose (picture left) I was fed much better and had butter and Jam and nice clothes. When I was 6 or 7 Auntie Rose's son emigrated to Australia, for a cost of only £10. Shortly after this Uncle Ern passed away, I'm sure



it was something to do with wounds from the First World War. So, after this Auntie Rose decided to go to Australia and join her son. No one told me she was going until much nearer the time to go when she took me to Gamage's Store in London and bought me a lovely doll dressed in Ski clothes, which I treasured for years. Once she had gone, I had to live downstairs with the rest of the family. I found out that Auntie Rose had wanted to adopt me and take me to Australia but of course mum and dad didn't want to lose me so I stayed.

It took me a while to get used to cheaper food and second hand clothes. Most people in the area were exactly the same, quite poor with families of seven or eight children.

We could not afford good shoes so went to school in plimsoles even in the rain. We all wore clothes handed down from other people yet were happy.

I remember that every Monday morning sister Rene and I would take a carrier bag and 10 pennies and go the local bakers and buy a bag of left-over cakes, Miss Pegram owned the shop and was kind to poor children, cakes were a luxury and it didn't matter to us that they were a bit stale!

Mum and Dad then moved to Gosport Rd which is near Walthamstow High Street Market and I went to Markhouse Road School. Market stalls stayed open until 10pm in those days and used to auction meat off at the end so Dad would over go and see if he could get some cheap meat. I also remember going there with my brother Vic with a bag to try and get any old bruised or damaged fruit and vegetables.

Sometimes we went on errands for neighbours and earned a farthing or half penny which we would spend in the sweet shop and get a few sweets or sherbert dabs.

Schools were very strict and if you stopped away the school board man would come and knock at the door and tell mum and dad off unless you were ill.

You had to pay for a doctor so often we just waited until we got better unless it was something catching as we all slept together. Once Rene was in hospital with Diphtheria but that was later on when Rene and Joan were evacuated during WW2.

We then moved from Gosport Road to Brandon Road off of Wood Street, near the Station. From there we were near the forest. There was a Public House by the forest and a large pond (Hollow Ponds) so we could all play safely. Vic was always climbing trees and making swings from bits of old rope. We would take a bottle of lemonade made from water and crystals and a few jam sandwiches. Sometimes we would take an old sack and me and Vic would drag it through the water, it was muddy, but we didn't care and we would catch little tiddlers and put them in a jar with pond water, tie a bit of string around the neck of the jar and carry it home. The tiddlers soon died so we would go up again when it was sunny.

Vic was very daring and was always cutting his feet on broken glass and have to go to hospital to get it stitched up. A policeman would bring him home and tell mum and dad that he had cut his feet again! He was very adventurous and in later life joined the commandos in WW2.

We also used to play skipping in the road as there was hardly any traffic, but mum would stand one side and another mum the other side just in case something came down the road. The boys would make go carts from old orange boxes from vegetable stalls and wheels from old prams. As families were big in those days there were always old prams about. We also played hopscotch on the pavement squares. We also played 'gobs' which is throwing 5 stones up in the air and trying to catch them all.

We all went to Sunday School every Sunday afternoon; most children did this because in the summer the church would take the children on an outing to the seaside by coach or train and poor families could not afford holidays.

We would all try and collect old jam jars and bottles as the rag and bone man would come around and pay a half penny or penny for them. He had a horse and cart and would ring a hand bell shouting 'any old iron'. A man also used to come around the streets with a barrel organ, he would stop, turn the handle and we would dance around it. This was the only music we had apart from the piano at school. Mum would give him a penny if she could afford it. I think much later mum and dad got a radio

If you were good at Sunday school, you would get a sweet. We went to the Mission Hall at the top of our road (Brandon Road Mission), it had a tin roof which was very noisy when it rained. It was next to the railway line and when trains went past the noise drowned out the singing, but we enjoyed singing the choruses.

I remember when weather was very bad Dad could not work so he would take his shovel in a sack and go over to Woodford where richer people lived and ask if they wanted snow cleared from their paths and drives to get a shilling or two. We were all still happy and as the eldest I would often look after the younger children. I was at Joseph Barratt School which was behind Wood Street Baptist Chapel. I was quite good at school especially History, Geography, English and spelling. I enjoyed Arhythmics (dancing in time to music) I was good at all sports and would play netball for the school. When I had to change into PE clothes, I would always be last to change as I was embarrassed for other children to see my stockings and they often had holes in or would have the feet stitched up with extra material as we couldn't afford new ones.

I had to leave school and start work when I was 14, mum and dad were pleased as it got a bit more money coming in. My first job was in an engineering company making screws on a machine, but I didn't enjoy it. I then got a job in Fulbourne Road working in photography for Kodak Ensign sorting and checking all prints that people had taken into Boots for developing.

I went to Wood Street Baptist Chapel as they had a youth group. The boys and men had a Cricket Team and every Saturday we went to Chingford Plains by train with all the cricket gear, food and flasks of tea. About four other Baptist churches had cricket teams so we had matches. Alf was a good bowler and Ernie Emmins was a good batsman. In the winter on Saturday nights, we would meet in the church school room and play darts and snooker and have really good suppers. I was in the Sunday school and Alf's sister, Ethel, was my teacher, she was very kind. When I was 17 or 18 I got really friendly with Alf and we started going out together. Alf's friend Ernie Emmins was also courting my friend Irene so we all used to go out together. We used to go on outings to the seaside and also the Cinema to see films.

*We hope that we may be able to continue this fascinating tale in future issues.*

## *Highams Park Snippets*

When we became the magazine editors some years ago, we inherited a few copies of the original magazine which seems to have started in October 1932. The magazine at that time was somewhat smaller in size than today – it was, however, a monthly issue and was printed by The Hale End Press in Cavendish Road. It included a Pastoral Letter and reports from the various groups and events that had taken place as well as a very full Diary for the coming month. Perhaps more interestingly for looking back in time was the fact that it contained several advertisements from local companies.

We know from comments received that our readers like to hear about Highams Park past and present. One area that we have covered in the past is the shops that people may remember. One that is often noted is Gill's the drapers but there is another less remarked upon that was a close neighbour of Gill's – that is The D.C.S.A. But who were they?

It appears that they usually took a half page monthly advert which gave details of the seemingly vast amount of clothes that they stocked. Perusal of these adverts eventually resolved the mystery of the initials – they stood for 'Direct Clothing Supply Association' which would seem to imply there was more than the one shop. The usual point of information in these times is to Google the name – this returned nothing – a rarity these days.

One of their adverts indicates how they wished to be viewed...

Are you ambitious, or are you content to be one of the crowd? Do you want success in your business career and social circle? If so, you must be different from the crowd, and wear distinctive clothes; not an ordinary suit as worn by an ordinary "Mr. Season Ticket," that has been obtained from anywhere, but one of the D.C.S.A.'s "Truly Tailored" Prosperity Suits. Specially made for your individual requirements at their local depôt, at prices from 50s. to £5 5s.

For pleasure and distinction in your sports and leisure time, get real flannel trousers and a smart comfortable sports jacket. The "real goods" are waiting for you at 505, HALE END ROAD (by the level crossing). Buy your clothes in HIGHAMS PARK and get satisfaction.

THE D.C.S.A. LTD.

To give a fuller flavour of their stock we have included a selection of adverts:

**The D.C.S.A. Ltd.**  
**Tailors, Hosiers and Juvenile Outfitters**  
" GABS " and FLANNEL TROUSERS from 5/11 to 21/-  
SPORTS JACKETS and BLAZERS (Newest Patterns)  
Boys' Flannel Suits from 5/11. Suits to Measure from 50/-  
Shop locally and get **SATISFACTION**  
**505, HALE END ROAD, HIGHAMS PARK**  
(By Railway Crossing) Telephone: LARKWOOD 1597

**The D.C.S.A. Ltd.,**  
*Tailors, Clothiers & Gent's Outfitters.*  
**Special Xmas Display now showing.**  
Dressing Gowns, 15/6 to 35/-.  
Shirts, Scarves, Ties, etc., in great variety.  
Gifts packed in Fancy Boxes Free of charge.  
*INSPECT OUR WINDOWS*  
*before you buy "him" a gift elsewhere!*  
Suits and Overcoats to Measure.  
**505, Hale End Road, Highams Park.**  
(BY RAILWAY CROSSING). PHONE: WALTHAMSTOW 1597.

**The D.C.S.A. Ltd.,**  
**Men's & Boys' Clothing Specialists.**  
**SUITS TO MEASURE** from 50s.  
Boys' Strong School Suits from 10/6.  
**Best Value in Shirts,**  
**Underwear, Hats, etc.**  
**COLLAR SERVICE:**  
Your collars replaced when worn out free of charge.  
**505, Hale End Road, Highams Park.**  
(BY RAILWAY CROSSING). PHONE: LARKSWOOD 1597.

**The D.C.S.A. Ltd.,**  
(Direct Clothing Supply Association).  
*The Noted Local*  
**Tailors & Outfitters.**  
**BEST VALUE**  
in  
**SHIRTS,**  
**UNDERWEAR**  
**HATS, etc.**  
**Boys' Strong School Suits**  
From  
**10s. 6d.**  
**Men's Suits to Measure**  
From  
**50s.**  
*Better than Town Value in All Departments.*  
**505, Hale End Road, Highams Park.**  
(BY RAILWAY CROSSING). PHONE: WALTHAMSTOW 1597.

Those were the days...



Some more advertisements for local shops – how many do you remember?

English Beef and Lamb. Finest Chilled Beef. Canterbury Lamb.  
Dairy-fed Pork and Veal.

**A. C. GIBBONS & SON,**  
High-class Family Butchers,  
**487, Hale End Road, E.4.**  
'Phone: LARKSwood 1800.

We deliver daily in Highams Park, Chingford Hatch, North and  
South Chingford, Woodford.  
Prompt personal attention to all orders.

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Repairs at shortest notice. Price, Quality, Craftsmanship – the BEST

**H. A. BRUTON,**  
*High-class Boot and Shoe Repairer,*  
**479, Hale End Road, E.4.**

Leather and Grindery seller. Dog Collars, Leads, Whips, etc.  
Straps of all descriptions. Footwear requisites.

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**BATSONS, LTD.**  
Decorators' Stores.  
Lawn Mowers cleaned and set, collected  
and delivered.

PLUMBERS, HOT WATER FITTERS  
DECORATORS, Etc.

**23, Winchester Road,  
Highams Park :: E.4**

Everything for  
Home and Garden  
'Phone: Larkswood 1452

WALLPAPERS,  
PAINTS.  
Pattern Book sent free  
on request. Papers  
trimmed gratis.

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**THE BAKER OF DISTINCTION.**  
**A. P. MOLL,**  
'Phone: LARKSwood 2411  
**18, Winchester Road, E.4.**

Families waited upon  
daily.

Bride and Birthday Cakes  
a speciality.



Moll's as it is now – unfortunately not a Baker of Distinction anymore

## **CHURCH DIARY**

### **April**

Sunday 3rd	10 am	Morning Service Led by Amanda Edwards
Thursday 3rd	7.30 pm	Church Council Meeting
Sunday 10th	10 am	Morning Service for Palm Sunday Led by Rev. Andrew Willis (our Moderator)
Sunday 17th	10 am	Morning Service with Communion For Easter Sunday led by Dr. Paul Davis
Sunday 24th	10 am	Morning Service Led by Peter Burke

### **May**

Sunday 1 <sup>st</sup>	10 am	Morning Service Led by Amanda Edwards
Thursday 5th	7.30 pm	Church Council Meeting
Sunday 8th	10 am	Morning Service Led by Leo Cheng (husband of Winchester Road Church Minister, Hilary Cheng)
Sunday 15th	10 am	Morning Service and Communion led by Sarah Raymond
Sunday 22nd	10 am	Morning Service Led by Jason Close
	11.30 am	Followed by Church Member meeting
Sunday 29th	10 am	Morning Service Led by Robert Jenkins

### **June**

Sunday 6 <sup>th</sup>	10 am	Morning Service Led by Amanda Edwards
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