



## A Saga of Remembrance:

*The graves of the crew of Lancaster No PB147 at Charnes*

## A Jigsaw Without a Picture

Walking the floor of a factory that is being closed is a very sobering experience. The noise of the machinery, the blare of the 'tannoy' and radio plus the chatter of almost 1,000 men and women is replaced with a profound silence. You are very conscious of the sound of your feet on the wooden floors and stone staircases. With all the machinery sold off or scrapped it is desolate and as the last employee of Albion Plc., clothing manufacturers in Belfast, it was for me a very sad occasion.

The Managing Director, a member of the founding family and I were making the final decisions on the few items that were still in situ. The armchairs in the boardroom went to Ballinderry Church, with the portrait of the Queen allocated to the Orange Hall in the same village. As the factory was located in Sandy Row, a loyalist area par excellence, the large

picture had enjoyed a prominent position flanked by the two War memorials. They still hung in the reception area and it was decided that they would revert to his family, as an uncle lost in the First World War was recorded on one, along with seven other employees who had died.

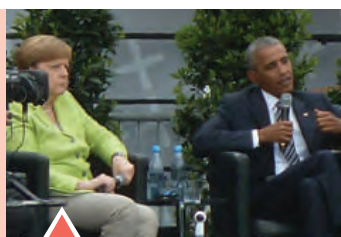
On the second memorial, only one fatal casualty was marked with a small red cross and the classic wreath of laurels: Sgt Arthur Woodrow Crooke RAFVR. I had noticed the name when I previously studied the art-work on the memorial but was taken aback when the Managing Director said that we would also have to find a home for the other record of Arthur's service and sacrifice. I had not been aware of this so we retraced our steps to the first floor which had been the original cutting room of the factory. Almost hidden, as it was mounted on a pillar painted dark brown, was a bronze

plaque with the RAF eagle above their crest with Arthur's full name, rank and date of death. It stated that he had lost his life for King and country on a bombing mission to Stuttgart in 1944. The final lines on the plaque were 'lest we forget' but truthfully he had almost already been forgotten in his former workplace.

The MD said that it was beside where Arthur had worked at the cutting table and the company had specially commissioned it.

We decided to try and trace Arthur's family and the bronze was carefully removed and put into storage as a few days later demolition work on the building was due to commence. I wrote a piece for the local daily newspaper looking for information about his family so that it could be returned to them. Unfortunately no response was forthcoming and the bronze stayed with the MD at his home.

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## A Jigsaw Without a Picture

Months later, I was walking down the main street of Moira village where I live when, I met the wife of the Presbyterian minister who said they were leaving shortly as her husband had accepted a call to Melrose in Scotland. Aware of the sales etc. the Ballinderry congregation had conducted, she asked me to come down to the manse to collect some items as they were clearing the house prior to their departure. The next evening at the manse she casually remarked that she knew that I had worked in Albion and so had an uncle of hers but he had been killed during the war. I asked her maiden name; Crooke came the reply, and in response to my question was her uncle called Arthur she said yes so by sheer luck we had found the family a mere mile from my home. She also said that the original family home had been in the

terrace of houses beside our University Road Church. The loss of their son had brought sadness to his parents and they spoke often of him but details of his death were scant. Pleased that now Arthur's memorial would become a family treasure to his memory the bronze was cleaned, mounted on a new wooden display board and it was given into their safekeeping.

The matter stayed like this for about 18 months until a staff member came into the factory shop I was then running and asked if I had seen the previous night's paper. 'No, why do you ask?' It appeared that a letter had been published from Australia looking for information on the crew of an aircraft lost during the war. The writer, whose uncle had been the pilot, was able from his research to list the crew and the rear-gunner was Arthur

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Arthur Cooke's great nephew and niece at the new monument outside the Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery at Charmes

## Editorial

We have just passed one of the most momentous commemoration dates in European history - 500 years since a monk nailed 95 complaints about the Church to a Church door. The monk was Martin Luther and his actions were the first in a whole cycle of events that brought into being Protestant Churches, changed the Roman Catholic Church, the political make up of Europe itself and shaped much German identity.

Martin Luther, the professor of Biblical Studies at the University of Wittenberg, had been struck by St Paul's words in his letter to the Romans and particularly v 17 that 'the just shall live by faith', and he wrote: 'I grasped that the justice of God is that righteousness by which through grace and sheer mercy God justifies us through faith. Whereupon I felt myself to be reborn and to have gone through open doors into paradise'.

This understanding of justification by faith put him into direct opposition of the old medieval Church practice of raising funds by selling indulgences for the forgiveness of sins. Legend has it that on 31st October 1517 Luther nailed 95 theses about this practice to Wittenberg's church door and the chain of events that became known as the Reformation began.

Without Luther's knowledge the theses were copied and printed in German and very soon gained a wide circulation. In 1521, the Church responded by requiring him to attend a Church court hearing, 'a Diet' in Worms, where after debate he refused to recant and is alleged to have said 'Here I stand, I can do no other.'

On his way home from the Diet he was 'kidnapped' by friends and taken for his own safety to the Wartburg Castle in Eisenach in Thuringia. He stayed in the castle for nearly a year and during that time translated the New Testament from Greek into the everyday German that people around him spoke. In 1522, he had 3,000 copies printed and this sold quickly and more were printed. He set to work on translating the entire Old Testament from Hebrew into German, and with the help of other translators, this was finished by 1534. But the Reformation was not all down to Luther, despite his courage and passion for the gospel. Many others, known and unknown, were part of the great movement before Luther, alongside him and after him.

During the fourteenth century, two major precursors to the Reformation were active. John Wycliffe in England was writing against abuses in the Church and translating the Gospels from the Latin Vulgate to English. His writings influenced Jan Huss, the Rector of Prague University and Preacher at the Bethlehem Chapel in Prague. Wycliffe died in 1384. In 1415 at the Council

of Constance he was posthumously declared a heretic and at that same Council, Jan Huss was burnt at the stake for heresy. Followers of Huss went on to form the Unitas Fratrum in Bohemia and Moravia, the early beginning of the Moravian Church.

Shortly after Luther's rebirth and 95 theses, sometime between 1528 and 1533, a Frenchman, John Calvin, also had a spiritual experience: 'God subdued my soul to docility by a sudden conversion'. Over subsequent years, Calvin developed his own systematic theology and in Geneva his ideas came to fruition. So began another strand to Protestantism: Calvin's friend John Knox took his ideas to Scotland and so developed the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and this migrated to Ireland and many other places across the world.

In England, William Tyndale was also determined that ordinary people should be able to read the Bible in their own language. In 1524, he left England for Germany where he ended up in Wittenberg. The first New Testament in English was printed in Cologne and smuggled into England in 1525. Although Tyndale was arrested and burned at the stake for this, in 1536 his influence was considerable. Ann Boleyn owned one of his New Testaments and she in turn influenced Henry VIII.

Later still Nicholas von Zinzendorf, the leader of the renewed Moravian Church in the seventeenth century grew up in a Lutheran household and brought this pietistic background into the Moravian Church. Two hundred years after Luther's Bible was printed, John Wesley in 1734 went 'unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter to nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for my salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine and saved me from the law of sin and death.'

The Reformation was not one single event but a process of change over many years. Although we are a 'pre-Reformation' Church dating from 1457 we are part of that broad process of Reformation. We share a passion for the individual encounter with God through Jesus Christ, for the idea of being saved by the grace of God, and for an intelligent reading of the Bible. May we rejoice in the past, but not worship it or the individuals involved, and be clear about taking the principals forward into the future.



Sr Sarah Groves  
Gracehill and Ballinderry

Crooke. Arthur's niece in Scotland was informed and we sent all the details we had to the delight of the correspondent from Australia. One piece of information still eluded us all as the records listed the crew as having 'No Known Grave'. This no doubt would have caused some added distress to all the families involved. Information was available on the mission. The Type 111 Lancaster, No. PB 147 had taken off from Elsham Wolds in Lincolnshire joining 494 other aircraft on a raid to bomb Stuttgart. On the return trip the bomber stream had been attacked by a force of over 200 German night-fighters and PB147 was one of the casualties. Shot down over Alsace and as no precise date could be established Arthur was listed as killed on the 28th/29th July 1944.

Arthur was just 20 years old so he must have in fact never even completed his apprenticeship in the factory before joining the forces. As conscription did not apply to Northern Ireland enlisting was a voluntary action on his part. Arthur would of course been working on uniform contracts and it became a tradition that the girls put notes etc. into the pockets of the uniforms as they were packed wishing the wearer good luck. No doubt Arthur had a rousing send off from the factory girls. Little information was available at the time, so his mother and father had no information as to what had really happened to their son, or even if he was buried which might have given them some consolation.

Much later we received another letter which came from Australia saying that the wreckage of the aircraft had been found by a group looking for downed World War Two aircraft. It was in a wooded area of the Vosges in France, which had actually been German land during the war and this probably accounted for how little interest the local authorities had taken of it in 1944 with Germany on the point of collapse. The

bodies of the entire crew were now recovered and arrangements made for internment in the nearest Commonwealth war graves cemetery which was Charmes. The local population had not forgotten the sacrifices made on their behalf and in remembrance turned out to honour the crew as they were finally laid to rest. The fire-brigade turned up with the local band, school-children, civic officials, and arrangements had



Rev and Mrs Crawford being given the plaque by Ralph Fetherstow, last Managing Director of Albion

been made for a RAF bearer party organised by the Air-Attache in Paris to do the final honours. Arthur's niece and her husband were able to attend - the end of a long journey of family remembrance.

Arthur, the rear-gunner was interred in Grave No. 16, the Captain in No. 17, but the remaining crew, no doubt because of the way the aircraft had impacted, were buried together in graves Nos. 18/19: all in row A. They had come from England, Wales and Northern Ireland but now rest together all far from home in France. The graves are marked with the standard Portland Stone Head-stones but at the entrance to the cemetery another memorial was erected in contrasting red marble and it is decorated with the image of a Lancaster flying through clouds and a plaque with all their names. This was unveiled in 2004, sixty years after the

crash. Relatives travelled from across the world for the ceremony. Listed are: Joseph Barton Moss ... Ronald Redfern Hardy ... Michael Frewen Oliver ... Stanley James Honour ... Neville Braddlaw ... Clement Basil Osborne ... Arthur Woodrow Crooke ... Basil Osborne, the youngest at only 19. They have moved from being a tragic wartime statistic 'No Known Grave' to a place of peace and remembrance. On Arthur's headstone below the bare

official words of rank, name and number are the words 'Your memory will linger forever until we meet again'.

I was speaking to a neighbour about the story when she told me that Rev and Mrs Crawford's daughter just lived in the next village but had no further details. The next day, when out for a walk in Moira with my grandson, I decided to call into the local Presbyterian church and told the story to date to the caretaker. He remembered Rev and Mrs Crawford well and after a chat vanished for a

period and then gave us the contact details of Arthur's great-niece. When I spoke to her she was not only able to provide more details, mostly in French, but photographs, and finally the original bronze plaque from Albion which had been taken from the wall from Arthur's place of work. It had been carefully brought to her home when the family home in Melrose was given up on the death of mother and father. Her brother has his great-uncle's service medals and also a piece of no. PB147 - a type 111 Lancaster of Bomber command. The jigsaw is complete.

**At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.**

**Br Henry Wilson, Ballinderry**



## Mission and Society Committee invite everybody to a One day workshop focussing on renewal and growth in the British Province

**At Ockbrook  
Saturday 10th March 2018 at 10.30am to 4pm**

**Drinks provided, please bring your own lunch**

**Further information from**

**Mark Dixon (Chair) mdixon68@hotmail.co.uk  
Elisabeth Hollindrake (Secretary) e.hollindrake@btinternet.com**



# Kirchentag

The German Protestant 'Kirchentag' is a grass root movement that brings not just Protestant Christians, but people of all background and faith together. It 'seeks to bring together people asking questions about the Christian faith. It aims to encourage responsibility in the church, to equip them for witness and service in the world and to make a contribution to the worldwide Christian community.' (From the Preamble to the Kirchentag Statutes)

The 'Kirchentag' was founded in 1949 in Germany, soon after the disaster of the National Socialism. The initiators of the 'Kirchentag' with a German landowner called Reinold von Thadden-Trieglaff at their heart, came to the conclusion that Churches in Nazi-Germany did not fight decisively enough against Hitler, the Nazis and their ideology. In order to prevent history from repeating itself they started a grassroots movement that would address issues which people are concerned with in Germany and worldwide.

It was also in 1949 when the Council of Protestant Churches in Germany issued the 'Stuttgart Declaration of Guilt' which stated, 'Through us infinite wrong was brought over many peoples and countries. That which we often testified to in our communities, we express now in the name of the whole church: We did fight for long years in the name of Jesus Christ against the mentality that found its awful expression in the National Socialist regime of violence; but we accuse ourselves for not standing to our beliefs more courageously, for not praying more faithfully, for not believing more joyously, and for not loving more ardently.'

The 'Kirchentag' became a continuous wake-up call in East and West. More Churches and other groups became involved over time. The Moravian Church was and is present in this movement as we are very much aware of the one world we live in and the responsibility we share together. From the beginning our Moravian Church brought care for the soul and the body, mission and the concern for our world together. It is therefore not surprising to find a variety of Moravian events on the programme of the 'Kirchentag'.

During the time of the divided Germany 'Kirchentag' were held in East and West Germany, but as soon as the division



© Br Joachim Kreusel

came to an end the 'Kirchentag' of the two parts of Germany came together again. All the way through it was a place where people could examine their consciences, form their opinions and become more critical and alert.

The 'Kirchentag' in Berlin in May 2017 brought over 100,000 people together, amongst them about 7,000 international guests, and 5,000 volunteers helping wherever needed. Discussions on social, ethical and political issues took place, involving high-level politicians and academics, church leaders, and many more. Bible studies, prayers and theological debates, classical music, jazz, rock, pop and gospel, comedy and theatre performances, exhibitions, meditation and big open-air events were all part of it, eventually culminating in a big open-air service.

The Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, Thabo Makgoba, gave the address during this service. Reminding people of the 500th anniversary of the Lutheran Reformation in Europe he called on the participants to be radical in their giving away of love. And following up Martin Luther Kings' dream he said, 'I have a dream for the world: that one day soon all the narcissistic, nationalist, isolationist ramblings of our current times will disappear. I have a dream that there will arise a global awareness that we are of one humanity. I have a dream that we will all sit together to decide: 'What is in the best interests not of this or that group, but of all of society?' I have a dream that your children, and mine, will one day live in an Africa and in a world that has an abundance of unlimited and equal access to education, to health care, to water and sanitation and to economic opportunities.'

Reformation is not just an historical event, but it is carrying on today.

I could talk about further events like the conversation between Barak Obama and Angela Merkel (just one short thought I took away from this: We live in a world where we cannot isolate ourselves ...), I could talk about music and theatre events I attended, but I thought I would touch

a bit more on one event which made me think a lot: a conversation between Sheikh Ahmad al-Tayyeb, Grand Imam al-Azhar, Kairo/Ägypten and Dr. Thomas De Maizière, Home Secretary of Germany.

Both agreed on the following points:

- 1) Christians and Muslims cannot avoid each other (and there is no need for avoiding each other either).
- 2) Together we need to develop an ethic of the religions.
- 3) Tolerance can only be developed if we have a creative (not a destructive!) argument with each other.

Both leaders talked about the 'House of the Egyptian Family', a project run by the University of Al Azhar with the aim to bring Muslims and Christians closer together. The project started five years ago and is led in a six monthly alternation by the Grand Imam of Al Azhar and the Coptic Orthodox Patriarch. Thomas De Maizière pointed out that the development of one of the best mobile phone apps against extremism came out of it. It is sad that projects like this hardly hit the headlines of our news.

I would like to close this article with another quote from Archbishop Thabo Makgoba,

'God's love is a love so wide and deep we can never fully comprehend it. As Paul says, 'For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face.' But until the time comes when we see God face to face, what we can do is to strive to make our lives - my life and your lives - a mirror of God's love for the world. Does our neighbour, the foreigner, the refugee, my enemy, see in our lives something of God's unconditional love?'

Br Joachim Kreusel

Ockbrook

# Moravians in Wales

On returning from a week in north Wales I fell to wondering why, given the strength of non-conformism in the Principality, the Moravian Church never achieved a stronger presence.

The Great Awakening of the early part of the 18th century was a time of active evangelism in the Moravian Church. This was also a time when the Methodist movement was spreading rapidly in Wales. In fact the impetus for a Moravian mission in Wales came from one of the founders of Welsh Methodism, Howell Harris, an Anglican clergyman who had attended Moravian meetings in England. It was at his encouragement that the Brethren sent evangelists across the border. An initiative in Pembrokeshire in the 1740s under William Holland, John Gambold and John Cennick, all men of substance, met with considerable success. A settled congregation with a minister was established in Haverfordwest in 1763 and a permanent church building acquired two years later. At one time there were no fewer than 40 Moravian societies (groups of worshippers outside church congregations but under an ordained minister) in the surrounding areas.

Pembrokeshire is in that part of Wales known as 'Little England' where English had been widely spoken since the Middle Ages. Missions to English-speaking areas just over the Welsh border were also made by members of Leominster congregation but these areas were, again, English-speaking. Welsh-speaking areas, in particular north Wales where Welsh-speakers were likely to have no English at all, presented far more of a challenge.

The Moravian congregation in Bristol, where one third of the membership was from Wales and where occasional services were held in Welsh, sent the first mission to north Wales. William Jones arrived in Denbighshire in 1757 where he was later joined by Edward Oliver, another Bristol member.

Regrettably neither Jones nor Oliver appears to have had the qualities required for such a task. Jones once described himself as 'a good for nothing creature' and few of those who had to rely on him seem to have disagreed. Oliver was a moderately successful preacher in Welsh but had little taste for responsibility and, at the same time, had to earn his living as a carpenter to support his family. After Oliver's death in 1777 another Welshman, David Mathias took over the north Wales mission by which time it was already faltering. Although moderately successful he had a quick temper, would tolerate no opposition and fell out with congregation members. He eventually left to take up the position of minister at Haverfordwest. Moravian supporters in north Wales rapidly dwindled, being described at the time as like sheep without a shepherd. Good organisers and preachers in Welsh were hard to come by and a knowledge of Welsh did not prove to be a guarantee of missionary ability. By the early 1800s the cause was irredeemably lost. In contrast the Methodists had by that time built over 200 preaching houses, the majority in predominantly Welsh-speaking areas.

One factor in the lack of success in Welsh-speaking Wales hinges on the use of Welsh, a challenge which the Moravian Church never seems to have fully met. The contrast with Methodism here is quite striking.

Dr John Davies's book *Antiquae Linguae Britannicae* (1621) had encouraged the Welsh to believe that Welsh was a pure and sacred language given them by their ancestor Gomer, the grandson of Noah and that God had thereby ordained that they should communicate with Him in this tongue. Indeed, since 1563 it had been a legal requirement of the established (Anglican) Church to provide services in Welsh in Welsh-speaking areas. There was, therefore, high expectation for the full use of Welsh in religious worship. A high proportion of Welsh-speakers were, moreover, literate in their own language following the extraordinary work of Griffith Jones, an Anglican clergyman closely associated with Welsh Methodism, who set up a series of charity schools which taught thousands in Wales to read the Welsh Bible and other religious literature in Welsh. By his death, in 1761, some 45 % of the Welsh population, had become literate in Welsh.

The only two specifically Moravian ventures in the Welsh language appear to have been Zinzendorf's Berlin Letters translated into Welsh by a member of Bristol congregation and revised for publication by John Gambold in 1760 and a Welsh hymnal of 38 pages also published by Gambold in 1770. In the words of Jenkins, author of *The Moravian Brethren of North Wales*, the hymns were 'wooden' and 'hardly likely to hit the popular taste'. The hymnal was not widely disseminated and it is not at all clear when and how it was used. Only two copies are known to have survived. It is worth noting that the Methodists considered Gambold 'unskilful' in the Welsh language.

Meanwhile Welsh Methodist hymnbooks had been appearing in Welsh since at least 1740. An 1802 edition of 226 hymns included not only translations from Wesley, but many Welsh originals by William Williams of Pantycelyn, a great Welsh hymn writer (Guide me O thou great Jehovah is his best known hymn in English translation) and an important literary figure in Wales. It was reprinted five times in 12 years and followed by an expanded version of 421 hymns in 1817. A Methodist biblical commentary appeared in Welsh in 1770 which sold out within a year and several books of Welsh sermons by the Methodist Daniel Rowland had appeared by 1775. It is sadly ironic that the Moravians, who elsewhere excelled in familiarising themselves with the local language and producing relevant religious literature, should not have made better use of those skills in Wales.

Other factors were certainly involved in the failure of Moravians to set up permanent congregations in Welsh Wales. They were certainly slower off the mark than the Methodists and the fact that Griffith Jones was associated with Methodism must have been an advantage in the spread of that denomination.

It may also be significant that Welsh Methodism is 'home-grown'. Unlike the Wesleyan Methodism predominant in England, Welsh Methodism is Calvinist with a belief in predestination and thus rather distant from the theology of the Moravian Church. Despite at least 35 visits to Wales by John Wesley, Wesleyan Methodism with its belief in free grace made little headway in Welsh-speaking Wales. Wesley knew no Welsh and relied on Calvinist Welsh speakers.

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# Moravians in Wales *continued*

The fact that Welsh Methodists remained within the Anglican Church until 1811 must also have given an organisational and financial advantage over Moravians and, of course, the Moravian aim of inspiring existing congregations rather than founding separate churches had a profound effect. Inevitably many in local societies who might have remained Moravians in a settled congregation withered away over time.

These further factors help explain why, even in English-speaking Wales, membership was never significant. The only church which lasted for more than a few years was Haverfordwest which closed its doors for the last time in 1962.

The maximum membership there was in the late 18th century when it stood at about 120. This was reduced to 66 in 1871 and 18 in the 1950's. David Evans, in an unpublished thesis on the Moravians in South Wales, suggests that an absence of native Welsh ministers (only two Gambold and Mathias, both in the 18th century, were Welsh) cannot have helped the cause.

**Adrian Wilsdon**

*With thanks to Lorraine Parsons, Moravian Archivist*

## Fulneck school pupils overcomes stroke to win place at Leeds Trinity University

Peter Davey had just started his lower sixth studies when he suffered a stroke as a result of a rugby injury.

The dyslexic teenager, who was 16 at the time, spent ten days in Leeds General Infirmary, but returned to Fulneck School and his studies just two weeks following his injury. And the stroke did not deter him from playing rugby, the sport he loves.

Today, Peter, who gained Distinction-Star-Distinction in BTEC Sport, and is going to read sport and exercise sciences at

Leeds Trinity University, said: 'I owe everything to Fulneck School, especially its Learning Support Unit, which has helped me through everything.

I'm very much looking forward to going to Leeds Trinity University, and, naturally I will be continuing to play rugby, union and hopefully league.'

Peter is pictured with Kathy Dunn, Fulneck School's head of Learning Support.

**David Simister**  
*Fulneck School*



© David Simister



## Stedfast Camp 2017

*Fearless Walkers on Snowdon*

© Sr Sandy Smith

Bath Boys' Brigade (based at Bath Weston) and Girls Brigade (based at Coronation Avenue) joined with Charlton Kings Girls' brigade and Taunton Boys' Brigade for a week's camping at Dyffryn Ardudwy in north Wales in August. It was a long drive for us all but we arrived safely on the Saturday evening. Everyone settled into their tents and friendships were renewed and new youngsters got to know everybody.

On the Sunday we went to the local church together for a lovely service followed by a roast lunch. In the afternoon we headed to the beach as it was a lovely day.

We went swimming in the sea followed by a game of rounders and lots of fun. In the evening we had our 'drumhead Service' led by Br Paul Holdsworth (our Chaplain for the week) after which Br Paul did a Sunday Bible Quiz.

Monday was a day in Barmouth at the sports hall and shopping in the town. In the evening we had a 'FunScience' evening led by Cress, Managing Director of 'FunScience' and her assistant Maggie.

On Tuesday we went to Slate Caverns and Harlech Castle and in the evening

we visited Harlech swimming pool and had a large inflatable which was great fun. Wednesday was a Snowdon walk led by Br Paul which was a great success. On Thursday we held our usual competitions and prepared items for the concert that evening. The concert was a real success with lots of talent shown.

Friday was a day of different kinds of workshops which included crafts and flower arranging and in the evening we all dressed up for the final dinner and prizes. Bath Girls Brigade won the best tent, all eleven year olds, and were surprised and happy. They also

won the best camp item. Saturday saw us all packed up and ready to come home.

It was a really good camp and the girls and boys enjoyed themselves. The weather was unpredictable and there was a lot of rain and wind but also a lot of fun. Next year we will be going to Chideock near Bridport and we look forward to another year of fun and fellowship together.

**Sr Sandy Smith,**  
*Bath Coronation Avenue*

© Sr Sandy Smith



*2nd Bath Girls' Brigade and their winning Tent*

## Remembrance Sunday Monologue:

# An Unknown Soldier

I am a man without a name. I had one once. I had a mother, a father a sister and a big family, but now I am a man without a name. I am a soldier. I am a hero. I am a victim. I am a number among many who lost their lives protecting those whom we love from the evils of others. I am a casualty of the Great War, The War to End All Wars. At least, that's what I hope I am. For after seeing the things we've seen, losing the friends we've lost, how can man ever go to war again? Listen and learn from my story so that no more men, women or children will die surrounded by violence and hate, no more people without a name.

I joined up when I was 16. Like many of my friends I wanted to help my country and fight in the great and glorious battle against the evil Kaiser and I wasn't going to wait till I was 18 to go and win the war because by then the whole thing might have been done and dusted. They said it'd probably be over by Christmas and I didn't want to miss out. I had grown up hearing great tales of heroes fighting great battles and winning glorious wars. I had heard all about Nelson, Wellington and Drake and listened as their glorious victories were told as a fantastic adventure. I had seen all the posters telling me that I was the one they wanted, and asking, "Who's absent? Is it YOU?" and I had no doubt in my mind, no hesitation at all that as soon as I could pass for 18 I would join the long queues at the recruitment offices and join the glorious fight. I had worked in a mill from when I left school at 14 and it seemed like going off to war would be a bit of fun. A break from the norm and like an adventure holiday. I'd never been abroad before. Six months or so spent with my friends by my side sounded like a brilliant break from the boredom and humdrum of normal life.

Many of my friends had already signed up and were off fighting. Some were 18 but many of us were younger. Some of them you could tell were not yet 18 but that never seemed to stop them from getting signed up and shipped out. Some of the people in the queue told me that they were going to use a false name so

their parents wouldn't find out. That wasn't for me though but still I didn't tell them I was going. I thought it would be a nice surprise. I thought they'd be proud of their little soldier, as they always used to call me, finally going off to help his country. I wrote to them when I was all signed up and it was too late for them to stop me and they told me how proud they were. Mum worried, but that's mums for you. I'd planned on writing to them again when I got to France to tell them where I was and how the fight was going and even how many of the Kaiser's men I'd killed. But by then, everything had changed.

Once I'd passed the medical we were kitted out and headed off for training. Training seems like a generous word to use for what we received in order to prepare us for war. All the senior soldiers and instructors were needed overseas and so many older and retired officers were brought in to handle the training. I was to be in the infantry and the man charged with our training was some old man in his mid-sixties who looked like



he'd drop dead while we were out on parade. That's not as far-fetched as it might seem as we'd all heard stories of some other instructor actually having a heart attack while doing a drill. This was nothing out of the ordinary though. In our camp there was even an old Cavalry officer brought back who weighed over twenty stone and who had to have a special loading platform to get him onto a horse. But these were the kind of men charged with training us. As part of basic training we used to do 25 mile marches in full kit that weighed 55lbs and learnt basic war skills like how to shoot and how to fight with a bayonet. We spent endless hours on drills listening to the officer's bark out orders that we'd have to obey instantly.

Every day began with prayers and a reading from the bible. I had always gone to church ever since I was a baby. It was the done thing back then and most of our neighbours and all my friends attended the local parish church. When I was confirmed I had received a bible and it was one of the first things I grabbed from home when I made my way to sign up. I used to read it in the evenings when training was done. It made me think of home and gave me the strength to carry on fighting. The vicar particularly liked telling the story of Joshua and how he had destroyed the walls of Jericho leading God's warriors to a mighty victory. It was one of my favourites too growing up and now as we prepared to be heroes ourselves in a mighty God blessed quest to rid the world of evil, it seemed fitting and right.

Finally we were told we were ready to be shipped out. I didn't feel ready. I wasn't a very good shot, I was cold and damp from sleeping in a tent over the winter and I didn't yet feel like the brave warrior I'd seen in all those posters around the town. But we were told we'd get extra training on route and so off we went ... to war.

When we arrived I clutched at my bible pressed in my pocket. I knew instantly, this was no holiday, no adventure and nothing I could have done would have prepared me for what I saw. The first thing that hit me was the mud and the smell. We arrived and headed straight into the trenches.

We had been given trench waders, a sort of boot, which we were told would keep us dry and our feet clean. These were only a half boot half canvas creation that failed in its basic goal, to keep us dry or clean. As soon as I stepped foot in the trench I landed in a puddle of brown water that went straight through my waders and made me walk with squelch. Then I saw the rats. Lots of rats all running around as the latrine had overflowed into the trench. I was sick. The sheer smell along with the rats and everything, I just couldn't take it all in. This was not what we were expecting. The war had been going on for a whole year and the news at home was that things were going well.





That we were close to victory and it would only last a short time now. That's why I rushed to join up in the first place but as I looked around I knew, this war was far from over. We had been lied to. Tricked, manipulated and now, trapped in this place. There was no place to run. No way out. Men had been shot for even talking about it. We were stuck in hell.

Hell seemed the right word for this place and you could see what it had done to my fellow brothers in arms. Gone were the heroic faces of brave warriors smiling as they fired off another round closer to victory. They were replaced with faces that were empty of emotion, tired and sullen and covered in dirt. I could see disease all around me. Trench foot was rife caused by the dirty freezing water getting through our waders and rotting our feet away. Trench fever was around too with men huddled in one corner shaking with fever and then there were some who just stood there blank, the noise and the chaos just too much for them.

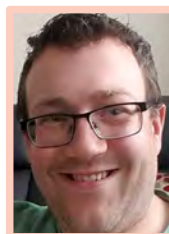
The noise was deafening. From the booming of the canons to the sound of machine guns ripping through the air but there was one sound that all the men fear most of all. The sound of the whistle. The whistle that would mean going over the top. Before I arrived I longed to hear that whistle. Like the horns blown by the priests at Jericho this whistle would mark the moment we leapt into glorious battle. But I soon learnt there was nothing glorious about battle. It was dirty, horrible and deadly. There were bodies strewn around the trench of people they'd just not been able to bury yet. Their eyes looked shocked and empty as if that truth had dawned on them too late. War is not glorious, war is hell.

Then the whistle blew for me and we readied ourselves on ladders ready to venture into no man's land and move us forward towards victory. But no man there perched looked excited or happy about that whistle. Rather faces of fear and resignation were upon them. My thoughts turned to home. Of the things I'd done and the things I'd yet to do; of my family left behind and the open fires we would sit around at wintertime

all warm and cosy telling each other stories and reading of heroes and victories. How I longed to be there. Then the second whistle blew and awoke me from my dream. I clutched once again to my bible and then knowing we had no choice and little chance, off we all leapt and the machine gun roared. I ran as hard and as fast as I could and I saw the enemy lines. I saw men fall, I saw men leap into the air and scatter... then I saw the stars. I had fallen. I reached down and felt the warm dampness of blood from my chest and then I reached to my bible once more and as I lay, I remembered another passage. No longer the story of fighting and victory at Jericho but instead the words of Jesus rang in my head, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." And as my life ebbed away I clung to those words with all that I had and I prayed to the God of love and of peace.

And now, I am a man with no name. A number among many who once thought that they could change the world with a gun in his hand and a stomach full of courage. I wish I had known that to change the world we need to put our guns down and no longer turn to war for war is not an answer, it is another problem. This war was called the war to end all wars and as I lay in the cold ground I hoped and I prayed that at least some good would come from this for how can we not learn from the horrors of war? I prayed for an end to war and for peace to rule in the place of hatred and for people to realise that true courage comes from loving your neighbour not trying to wipe them out. It's too late for me. I am gone. But remember me. Remember my brothers and learn from the mistakes of the past and never again turn to war for war is not heaven, war is Hell.

**Br James Woolford, Hornsey**



## Fetter Lane marks the 275th Anniversary with London Open House

Fetter Lane recently welcomed over 450 visitors to Moravian Close in Chelsea, combining the 275th anniversary with the London Open House Weekend, 16th and 17th September. Visitors were given a potted history of the site from the days of Sir Thomas More to the present. A self-guided tour covered the historical importance of the surrounding wall and our work to restore it, the history and significance of God's Acre, the newly restored and mounted heraldic shields showing the families who owned the site from Thomas More to Hans Sloane, and the whole area's ecological importance in the middle of busy Chelsea. A children's discovery sheet helped younger visitors to identify the gravestone of Nunak the Inuit boy and to find out about Christian the Lion who romped in the Close in the 1970's. Moravian Close was also home to the sculptors Mary and Ernest Gillick from 1914 to the early 1960's and it was from here that Mary Gillick won the competition for the design of the Queen's effigy on our coinage and stamps.

During the afternoon Sr Naomi Hancock gave an illustrated talk on the history of the Close including the Moravians in London, showing how the footprint of the Close had changed over the centuries to its present use as a place of worship and reflection. Local historian and archivist Ian Foster spoke about the Gillicks and their importance to the Chelsea arts scene while our conservation architect, Murray John was on hand to answer questions about the current restoration work.

Members of the congregation served tea, coffee and cakes throughout the day (thanks to Sr Norah Procter for organising this) giving us a chance to talk informally to visitors from far and wide about the Moravian Church. We were particularly happy to welcome Br Riddick Weber and his wife, Sr Jane Weber from the Moravian seminary in Bethlehem PA. Riddick is researching Church House archives and we were pleased to support his work. In fact, many of our visitors lived nearby but had never visited the Close before, describing it as a hidden gem. We hope that having found us they will be encouraged to return. Thanks to all the congregation volunteers for making the weekend such a success.

An exhibition of Mary Gillick's work (Her Art in Your Pocket) is taking place at the Henry Moore Institute in Leeds until 28th January 2018: <https://www.henry-moore.org/visit/henry-moore-institute>

**Sr Cynthia Dize**



© Br Ian Foster

## Fairfield

The 2017 Heritage Weekend at Fairfield was very successful both financially and for the number of people who visited the Settlement. Saturday saw a steady flow of visitors throughout the day, but Sunday we were extremely busy welcoming over 35 people on four of our five guided tours round the Settlement.

In the College we had an exhibition on the stage titled 'From Jan Hus to Martin Luther' put together by Br Anthony Torkington and Sr Julie Andrews. The museum was open with its 'New Look'

© Br Anthony Torkington



for 2017 with photos of recent filming that has taken place in The Settlement. The Church received visitors throughout the day and our thanks go to Stephen Mann, Saul Knights and Sr Gillian Ingham for playing the organ to enhance their experience, our church organist Br Glyn Jones was unable to play on this occasion due to a recent accident - before you all ask he is making a good recovery!

Treasure Hunts were available from Church for our younger visitors to enjoy. The refreshments, which are always well received, did a brisk trade as did the stalls in the main hall with the book stall having a record amount of sales.

Tameside has a Heritage theme each year, for 2017 it being 'Behind Closed Doors'. Based on that theme Sr Karel Lees used information from the 1891 census to produce a poster for each house in the Square saying who had lived there that year, the posters were then displayed next to each house. This proved very popular with both the residents and the visitors.

The only thing we would have liked to change would have been the terrible weather experienced that weekend, although some clever planning meant that visitors could have a 'virtual tour' if they didn't want to brave the elements.

**Sr Margery Sutcliffe**

# Heritage Open Day Reports

## Ballinderry

We enjoyed the largest number of visitors for many years and they found the special displays organized by Sr V Best very informative. Reaction ranged from one gentleman who made a home video recording of the history of the church and congregation as explained by Br Wilson to the children of a family whose highlight was our spiral staircase to the gallery. Apparently it was the first they had ever seen! One of our visitors was the curator of our local Museum in Lisburn who was looking for a picture of John Cennick for a new exhibition entitled 'The Reformation in Europe and its local legacy' and working initially with Br Wilson she was then able to include an item thanks to the work of Sr Groves. It was good to note that Cennick's work has been remembered outside Moravian Circles.

Great interest was expressed in our work and witness by all our visitors with many recording how much they appreciated the warm welcome they received from the congregation. Most of the visitors were especially taken with the world wide spread of the church and our early missionary activities as they thought in many cases we were just a small local denomination. It might be useful that in future years we produce a small leaflet linking the five Irish congregations so that over the Heritage period they could follow a 'Moravian Way'.

**Br Henry Wilson**

## Lower Wyke

The congregation at Lower Wyke has been taking part in the Heritage Open Days for the last 13 years, opening the church in 2017 on Saturday 9th September and the following Sunday afternoon. Over this period we have been pleased to welcome visitors: locally and some who have travelled long distances to revisit and recall their time in the Sunday School, former members of the congregation, life in the village with their families or researching the church registers. We in turn learn from their experiences in the area - we regard this as two-way system of passing on and receiving information.

This year, our minister Sr Jane Dixon and I took part in a 60 minute interview on the local radio station promoting the event and the Moravian Church - we also took along a selection of our favourite music.

Each year in addition to the history of the Lower Wyke congregation we try to display other areas of the Moravian Church and this year we concentrated on the work overseas in the Mission Fields. We were grateful for additional items and information loaned by Sr Hilary Smith, Sr Maureen Colbert and our minister.

We were pleased with numbers attending this year, probably our best for many years, with all showing a great interest in the buildings, the history and activities within the congregation. We are now looking forward to September 2018.

**Br Peter Walker**



## Gracehill

Saturday, 9th September was another busy day in the Gracehill calendar as this was the date of our now annual Heritage Open Day.



Volunteer helpers in Gracehill Visitor Centre

© Historic Environment Division - NI Dept. of Communities

In the event the weather was not as kind as in previous years but it was more than made up for by the warmth of the welcome and the anticipation of the visitors.

Visitors were treated to talks on the history of the Settlement given by our resident expert, Sr Roberta Thompson. This served as an excellent introduction to the tours provided by our knowledgeable volunteers. There was also an opportunity to explore the recreated classroom, view the film and information in the visitor centre and to visit the old Village Shop and the former Single Brethren Home. The Country Market group provided a very welcome cup of tea and the opportunity to rest weary feet. Over 370 visitors enjoyed the day, ensuring a great success not only showcasing the Settlement to many new and returning visitors once again but also raising the profile of the Moravian Church locally and nationally.

*Br David J Johnston*

## Fulneck

The day proved a huge success, despite the inclement weather which must have cut down the number of visitors; nevertheless about 200 came. The providers of refreshments based in the Boys' Brigade building were kept busy all day.

The tours were popular and well-attended. The museum was a great attraction and had many visitors who expressed surprise at our unusual collection of artefacts. Several announced their intention to return and find out more.

The day's atmosphere was added to by the number of people dressing in traditional Moravian costume and several of them were featured in the hourly ten-minute dramatisation in the church, which re-enacted the occasion of the laying of the building's foundation stone. The vision of Count Zinzendorf and the charismatic minister Br John Töltshig were ably created to tell the story. Br Töltshig's night time hymn singing around the settlement ended in audience participation for the last two verses.

Dr Simon Lindley's organ recitals and informative introductions were appreciated, and the beautiful organ was admired by visitors many of whom made positive remarks about the church, the organ and the display of original archive documents presided over by Sr H Smith.

According to the Leeds Civic Trust organiser who made a surprise visit to see what was on offer at Fulneck, the event was 'one of the best venues in the Leeds area'.

The day raised £682.06 for museum funds.

*Br David Ingham*



## Notices

**CALLING EVERYONE  
INTERESTED IN  
YOUTH LEADERSHIP**

**We need to know who is interested in helping at Summer Camp and youth weekends. The work is hard but rewarding and contributes to the mission and ministry of the church.**

### Qualities that we look for:

Passion for young people and for God, regular church attendance (ideally a Moravian Church but we recognise that for many people there isn't one near where they live), adaptability, team working, empathy with young people, energetic and enthusiastic, creative (this doesn't mean just the arts), willing to attend training and have a DBS/AccessNI. Experience of working with young people is desirable.

Summer Camp 2018 is August 4th-11th but if you are not available then we may want you to join a weekend camp staff.

To apply contact Joy Raynor via Facebook messenger, email [joy.raynor@btconnect.com](mailto:joy.raynor@btconnect.com) or by phone **01753 553549** or **07713853184** (leave a message if I don't answer)

Applications welcome from everyone who has the energy required. Please let me know if you have been a leader at camp in the past and would like to be considered.



### And finally ... Any other business!

Congregations who have been considering twinning with another Moravian Congregation in the Unity may wish to consider an alternative. For only £60 you can twin a toilet at your church with one from another part of the world where toilets and sanitation are in short supply. Over 2 billion people have no access to a loo and have to resort to spending 1p or 2p al fresco leading to poor hygiene, disease, illness and the possibility of being attacked by predatory animals. For your £60 you get to choose where to twin your toilet and you receive a photo, with grid reference, of said loo. The village chosen is given help towards the building of a toilet, training how to look after it and information about hygiene and cleanliness. For more information contact: [info@toilettwinning.org](mailto:info@toilettwinning.org)

### Correction

In October's issue on page 119, 'United Reformed Church' was incorrectly printed as 'United Reform Church', for which we apologise, and thank Br David Bunney for bringing this to our attention.

## Congregational Register

### Baptisms

24th September 2017	Reuben James Feeney	Ballinderry
24th September 2017	Oliver Jack Feeney	Ballinderry
24th September 2017	Abby Louise Yates-Durrands	Fairfield

### Marriages

16th September 2017	Richard Evans & Alice Cronin	Ockbrook
7th October 2017	Will Hodson & Beth James	Ockbrook

### Deaths

13th September 2017	Mary Ann Vernon (Marie)	Fairfield
22nd September 2017	Joyce Flint	Ockbrook

## From Church House

### Provincial Diary for November

1	Finance Committee	Church House
4	WDC	Kingswood Sr Hoey
6-7	PEC, BMB and Estates Property	Church House
13-24	Unity World Mission Conference	South Africa
25	Youth and Children's Review	Fulneck
26	Church Service Sunday	
30	Church Book Committee	Church House

## Congregation News

### Gracehill

Everyone looks forward to giving thanks to God for the harvest in September, and this year was no exception in Gracehill. The Church looked and smelled so gorgeous for our two services, taken this year by a local farmer, George Barkley and Rev. Harold Good. Our gifted team of flower arrangers once again worked their magic to change fruit and vegetables into stunning works of art which literally took our breath away with their beauty, reminding everyone of God's goodness. The Boys' and Girls' Brigades offered their craft work which they made in previous weeks, adding another colourful dimension to the scene and sighs of appreciation could be heard from everyone as they entered the Church! There was a true feeling of Thanksgiving as we also considered those in the Caribbean, and special collections were taken for the Hurricane Relief.

Br Billie Kitson put on his auctioneer's hat again for the auction on the Monday night when, after much banter and counter bidding, £825 was raised.

Following Sr Sarah Groves' sabbatical researching the work of John Cennick, we are delighted to have her back 'in charge' among us again and look forward in anticipation to hearing so much more of the wonderful work and complete dedication of this true follower of our Lord, coming into the 300th anniversary of his birth.

*Sr Roberta Gray*

### Leominster

September seems a good time to update the wider church on what has been happening to us during the last year. David Howarth took over on an interim basis, beginning his time with us by conducting a Songs of Praise service, to which we invited Churches Together in Leominster. We had a good response and a good sing.

At about the same time I was voted in as Chairman of CTiL, although I only took up my duties in the new year, as I had committed myself to a trip to South Africa. We take part in several events run by CTiL over the year, including hosting meetings and other events.

David also conducted our Harvest Festival and Christingle. MWA met regularly and acquired new members. We also hold a weekly needlework club called Busy Fingers where we make goods for sale on the hall table and also once a year at a stall. There is also plenty of chat and it is open to non-members as well.

At Easter we had a Good Friday service, as well as a Tenebrae and Easter Sunday service. Some of us also took part in the CTiL Walk of Witness round Leominster. We also welcomed a new member, Shirley Prosser, on Palm Sunday.

David managed to finish his time with us with another Songs of Praise before we welcomed Lorraine Shorten as our new minister, so she conducted our combined Harvest and Anniversary service this month. We are also bringing our maintenance of the church and hall grounds up to date. So we had an active and rewarding year.

*Sr Dilys Howard*

*Dates to  
remember!*

- 1 All Saints' Day
- 5 Bonfire / Guy Fawkes Day
- 11 Remembrance Day
- 12 Remembrance Sunday
- 12-19 Interfaith Week ([www.interfaithweek.org](http://www.interfaithweek.org))
- 13 Realisation of the Headship of Christ in 1741
- 13-17 Anti-Bullying Week ([www.antibullyingweek.co.uk](http://www.antibullyingweek.co.uk))
- 19 International Men's Day
- 19 World Day of Remembrance for Road Traffic Victims ([www.roadpeace.org](http://www.roadpeace.org))
- 30 St Andrew's Day



# From the Sanctuary

Around the 11th of November, people will be gathering around memorials and cenotaphs to 'remember'. Veterans will proudly parade with their medals; royalty will be saluting and bowing in humble sobriety; wreaths garnished with poppies will be laid in respectful silence. The last post will be played by solitary trumpeters, teetering with the final notes that end the piece prematurely in the way that war does with lives. It is a time of stock-taking. We will remember ... but why?

Some will say it is because it is our 'duty' to respect those who gave their lives for us to live free from tyranny. Remembering is the least we can do to show our individual and national gratitude for what they did on our behalf. Celebration of them, and their actions, on Remembrance Day puts their sacrifice at the focus of the nation's attention for an hour or so. We will show reverence, reflect a while, walk away somewhat more emotionally sobered, before returning to our normal lives for which, we say, they died. Would they think their sacrifice worth it if they saw how we live our lives now, I wonder? Where is the peace in the world that they fought for? The war to end all wars they said - twice ... and yet war stills goes on.

Undoubtedly, those who fought alongside the fallen, or those who lost loved ones, will profoundly remember the laughter, the

smells, the sounds and the stories. For them Remembrance Day is an anniversary - a reopening of the grief and a re-living of the past which is still very much in the 'now' on that one day in the year. But as the years pass, and the number of veterans and their remembering relatives decrease, what will the need to remember be about? After all, Britain was forever at war pre-World Wars, and we don't hold in our national psyche the need to remember them. And as Christians, doesn't forgetting play a part in our imperative to forgive? Aren't we in some way glorifying war by condoning remembering with parades and medals, sanctified with prayer and godly procession? How will our relationships with other nations heal if on one day in the year we keep dredging up the past, and unintentionally reminding them of the hurt they have done to us and to the world?

Remembrance Day is not about glorifying war. It is about abhorring war. Remembering - rather than forgetting - is an important part of forgiveness and of healing relationships. It is important in some types of relationships that forgiveness doesn't lead to forgetfulness - for if it does, it can enable 'damnation'. Forgetting atrocities leads to them being repeated throughout history. Remembering creates a barrier against repeating them. Remembering is therefore 'redemption'.

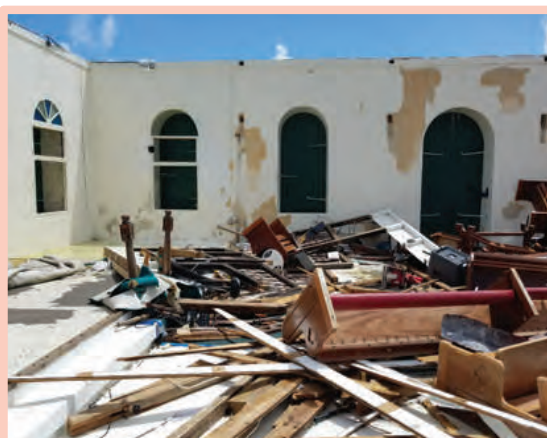


Reminding the world and ourselves of its, and our, capacity for destruction is important. It prevents complacency, and enables us the chance not to repeat the past. So, remember that when you wear your poppy with pride, you are enabling the support of those who are left. Remember that when you watch the marching of the veterans, they are marching out of respect for their colleagues, and also for your continued peace and liberation from the tyranny of war. Remember that when you observe the pomp and circumstance, and listen to the trumpeter, they are all enacting a desire for atrocity never to be repeated. They are remembering us too - for remembrance plays a vital part in our redemption and that of our precious world. Long may we continue to remember. It is our salvation.

*Br Peter Gubi, Dukinfield*

## British Mission Board (BMB) News

Over the last month the British Mission Board have put out an appeal to support the East West Indies Provinces after the devastation caused by Hurricane Irma. We are grateful that the Province has responded very generously through giving and continued prayers. While the cost and extent of the damage is still being assessed, buildings have been destroyed all across the Islands and many members have lost their entire livelihoods. All monies raised across the Province will go directly to the EWI Province. This will be in addition to £5,000 from the BMB and the £15,000 from the National Committee for Women's World Day of Prayer.



© Br Cortroy Jarvis

Sr Roberta Hoey attended the European Mission Council in September and a report will follow shortly. The council is an opportunity for collaboration between the European Mission agencies along with the American Board of World Mission.

The Unity Mission Conference will be held in South Africa between the 15th–21st November 2017. The theme will be 'Giving Heed to God's Call in the 21st Century'. The British Province will be represented by Br Michael Newman, Br Phillip Battelle, Sr Zoe Taylor and Sr Roberta Hoey. Br Bob Hopcroft will be attending as a representative of the Unity Mission and Development Board. The

British Mission Board are supporting two brothers from South Asia attending, Br Ebenezer Gangmei and Br Emmanuel Peter.

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**Design & Artwork**  
**David Bull**  
dave@redragdesign.co.uk

**Printed & Distribution**  
**G. R. Walkden**  
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