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## The Online Link St. John's Hillingdon



No. 27 Sun 20th - Sat 26th Sept 2020  
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St. John's Church,  
Royal Lane, Uxbridge UB8 3QP  
[www.stjohnshillingdon.org.uk](http://www.stjohnshillingdon.org.uk)

### Your Sunday Service Link (10.30 am):

Click on the Loving, Growing sharing Image above from Sunday 10am or on

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89481452808>

### Church Administrator: Nikki Bell

Email [stjohnshillingdon@gmail.com](mailto:stjohnshillingdon@gmail.com)

Text/Phone 07972 618584

### Vicar: Alan Bradford

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Today (Thursday 17th) is **Audrey Buckingham's funeral**. They will be driving past St John's on the way to the crematorium. If you can, please join us at 11:25am outside St John's as we pay our respects to Audrey and show our support to Margaret. We will be along the church wall at a 'covid safe distance'.

There will be a **Memorial Service to celebrate the life of Ife Ogbonna** this coming Sunday 20th at 7pm. You can take part in the service by using our usual Sunday service link, or by clicking on the 'loving, growing, sharing' image above. For a pdf flyer with link to circulate, [click here](#). Please

hold Tochi and family in your prayers. There **isn't** an outdoor service in the Memorial Gardens this coming Sunday.

Hopefully we will hear in the next few days one way or another whether we have been awarded a grant towards the stabilisation of the cupola. We will let everybody know the outcome as soon as we know on "Zoom" on Wednesday/Sunday and in The Online Link. Rick or I will also keep you up to date during the stabilisation works and survey of the timber. To allow for the work to take place and for safety reasons, as the cupola is not in the best condition, we had areas around the front of the church cordoned off.

Last week I shared how I had reverted back to using a bar of soap for washing, after many years of using liquid soap out of a plastic bottle, and now I am also using the bar for washing my hair too, and this works fine. I also wanted to share with you that I, like many of you, have also been using a toothbrush with a bamboo handle.



The toothbrush is lasting well. You can get a pack of 10 on Amazon (other suppliers are available!) for under a tenner which is a really good price, all in individual biodegradable packaging with no plastic at all. A great purchase to help our eco mission.



The churchyard team continue to do an amazing job. Thank you, Robert, for the hours you spend grass cutting and thanks also to Brian for helping with the mowing. We even have stripes! - maybe you can just about see in the photo?

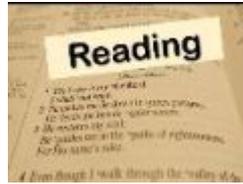
## Prayers

Along with other areas of our world, please pray for those affected by the fires in California. Please pray for those remembering Audrey Buckingham and Ife Ogbonna, especially remembering close family at this time.

Please pray for students returning to Higher Education, College or University.

In God's grace,

Alan



## Acts 16:16-40

16 Once when we were going to the place of prayer, we were met by a female slave who had a spirit by which she predicted the future. She earned a great deal of money for her owners by fortune-telling. 17 She followed Paul and the rest of us, shouting, "These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved." 18 She kept this up for many days. Finally Paul became so annoyed that he turned around and said to the spirit, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of her!" At that moment the spirit left her.

19 When her owners realized that their hope of making money was gone, they seized Paul and Silas and dragged them into the marketplace to face the authorities. 20 They brought them before the magistrates and said, "These men are Jews, and are throwing our city into an uproar 21 by advocating customs unlawful for us Romans to accept or practice." 22 The crowd joined in the attack against Paul and Silas, and the magistrates ordered them to be stripped and beaten with rods.

23 After they had been severely flogged, they were thrown into prison, and the jailer was commanded to guard them carefully. 24 When he received these orders, he put them in the inner cell and fastened their feet in the stocks. 25 About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God, and the other prisoners were listening to them. 26 Suddenly there was such a violent earthquake that the foundations of the prison were shaken. At once all the prison doors flew open, and everyone's chains came loose.

27 The jailer woke up, and when he saw the prison doors open, he drew his sword and was about to kill himself because he thought the prisoners had escaped. 28 But Paul shouted, "Don't harm yourself! We are all here!" 29 The jailer called for lights, rushed in and fell trembling before Paul and Silas. 30 He then brought them out and asked, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" 31 They replied, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved—you and your household." 32 Then they spoke the word of the Lord to him and to all the others in his house.

33 At that hour of the night the jailer took them and washed their wounds; then immediately he and all his household were baptized. 34 The jailer brought them into his house and set a meal before them; he was filled with joy because he had come to believe in God—he and his whole household. 35 When it was daylight, the magistrates sent their officers to the jailer with the order: "Release those men." 36 The jailer told Paul, "The magistrates have ordered that you and Silas be released. Now you can leave. Go in peace."

37 But Paul said to the officers: "They beat us publicly without a trial, even though we are Roman citizens, and threw us into prison. And now do they want to get rid of us quietly? No! Let them come themselves and escort us out." 38 The officers reported this to the magistrates, and when they heard that Paul and Silas were Roman citizens, they were alarmed. 39 They came to appease them and escorted them from the prison, requesting them to leave the city.

40 After Paul and Silas came out of the prison, they went to Lydia's house, where they met with the brothers and sisters and encouraged them. Then they left.



## **My Story; Unmasked - By Henry Slamaker**

### **Part 1 of 4**

No one is born hidden; we don't pop out with masks on. So at what point do human beings start putting up walls, protective barriers and 'masks' of pretence to hide behind? The thing is, these masks and other protective shields we erect around us don't just keep other people out. Often they bind us and lock ourselves in. Trapped by the very design we invented to keep us safe, which can end up being quite damaging. Personally, I think it happens slowly over time, once we become aware of our vulnerabilities. Those are discovered by experiences and influences highlighting them; Worldly expectations in society and many other factors play a part. I am no different from anyone else. I learnt from a young age that it is usually in my best interest not to show any kind of vulnerability or weaknesses. Some of my barriers and masks have even come from learning scriptures in the Bible whether that is through other Christians' teaching or myself just opening up the book and reading.

My childhood was a mixed bag of fun, danger, being bullied, loss and my own stupidity..... Lots of stupidity! I was born the day before Guy Fawkes night in 1973. I remember always wanting fireworks for my birthday but never getting them because I was too young. Until one year when my Dad bought sparklers - I hated them! Sometimes we genuinely want things until we get them and realise they are not quite what we imagined them to be.

We had a 3 seat settee when I was really young and I spent many a day jumping on it, off it, and between it and the chairs. In fact, I don't remember ever walking in the living room, only jumping. I also remember there was a shelf above said sofa that connected with my head far too many times. My Dad ended up taking it down! Yes I was told to mind the shelf, to be careful and even told to stop jumping. I was like some kind of Kangaroo child.

We had an alley between our house and our neighbour's house. I am not sure how old I was when I met Ben, the boy next door, but I know I was in nappies. Actually, I was in a very wet nappy which dangled down under the weight and I had a bottle in one hand. I stood looking out through the gaps in the back garden gate when Ben came to see who was peering at him. He was in plaster casts pretty much everywhere. I wanted to make friends so I did what my parents did when they wanted to have fun and make me laugh. This was the day I regret the most. You see, my parents used to pretend that they had stolen my nose by doing a thumb trick. Most people know this little trick. I literally grabbed his nose and tried to pinch it off of his face. To my horror he cried out and pulled away, lost his balance and fell backwards. His sister Rachel was in their back garden and saw me do this. Of course she came over and was very cross. I don't remember the whole of what she yelled at me but it was something about how mean I was picking on a disabled boy who had just got out of hospital after he had been hit by a car. Also she then picked on me for my nappy. Something about all the peeing but I can't remember. I just remember that that was the day she nick named me Mean Pee'n. That stuck with me all through childhood. So I had learnt that people only care about what things look like, and let's face it, I did look like I randomly reached through the gate and pinched the nose of a born disabled boy, with plaster casts on both arms and legs as well as some bandaging of some kind on his body. Sometimes motives and intentions are un-provable and hidden whether they be good or bad.

It wasn't long after the nose incident that I had the traumatic experience of chopping my pinkie finger off in the hinge of a door. Technically my Mum chopped it off. I was just silly enough to put my finger where it shouldn't have been. I don't remember the pain at all. I do remember all the hospital visits. First they tried to get the bone to reattach. It wouldn't and there was also not enough skin left to encase it which complicated things further. So I had gone around with my finger in a plaster cast and then the hand wrapped in a bandage for months and all for nothing. Then they decided to take the top bit of bone out. I spent a long time with them growing the skin on my finger. They then rolled it and sewed it over. They said the scar would be hidden beneath

my nail and part of it is. The only give away that the finger isn't a full one is that the top part above the scars either side of the nail is too squishy, having no bone but rolled skin instead. The nail is way below the normal length as it stops at the scar, which I can see as I know it is there. Lastly, even with the top built up it is still quite a bit shorter than the equivalent finger on the other hand. I have no idea how long it all took and my memory is foggy on the details, but I spent the best part of a year unable to use my left hand properly and I was left handed originally. I am now mostly right handed but not for everything.

I was so blessed to have Ben next door as my best friend until mid teens when his family moved house. Despite that horrible incident, somehow we ended up so close. We played football every day. Ben couldn't run around due to disabilities so he always wanted to be goalie. My younger brother and I did all the running around in the generous width of the alley space. The goal was my Dad's double door garage. It was wide enough to fit the car in the middle and have shelving either side and in front of the car. So we had a good play area! Ben's sister, Rachel and my sister, Samantha used to join us part way through our match, much to our annoyance. They would turn our football game into girlie games such as football rounder's, football tag, football tennis, and football cricket to name but a few. They would compromise with us with all sorts of merging of other games with football just to make us agree to include the girls. Secretly we liked playing with more people and some of the games we invented together were pretty awesome and unique to us. No one else ever played football rounder's with a cricket bat, drain pipe bases and a tennis ball with rules that didn't make sense half of the time. For example; you were out if the ball was lost in a tackle and goal scored by the other team player. Keep in mind that it was two teams but made up of one runner and one tackler, with Ben neutral in goal. It is even hard to explain! I got to tackle the ball with my brother and the girls got to run in a square from drain pipe to drain pipe while Ben got to be goalie basically.

Later on when I had learnt some gymnastics at school, and Ben was too tired to play, Samantha, Rachel and I would play the acrobat game. It was a simple game where they each took an arm and a leg, swing me back and forth until they got up lots of height and speed, then they would let go at the top of the swing; sometimes feet up, other times head up. I would then do some front and back flippies, twists and so on, and land on my feet. I loved it. More jumping but with some cool flips! The only thing I hated about it was that Rachel added to my nick name. So where I was Mean Pee'n, I became Mean Pee'n the stunt machine. Loved the game, hated the name! This game came to an end when I got too tall and heavy and as they were swinging me pretty fast my back hit the concrete floor and took a huge amount of skin. Oh sorry, I should have mentioned that this game was always played in the concrete alley. Yes we had a grass front garden, but no one ever thought 'maybe it would be better played over a softer landing'.

My 2 older sisters and I used to get one day travel cards, the old paper kind, and travel around all day long on the underground. There were separate carriages on the Metro and Piccadilly lines back then and the doors between them were not yet alarmed. In fact, I wonder if we may have contributed to the alarmed doors system being introduced. We would spend the entire day going from one end of the tube trains to the other while it sped along, both above ground and under in the dark tunnels; leaping from one carriage to the next, which seemed such a huge distance for me as a very young child. I was not even old enough to say words like Piccadilly without it sounding rude and my sisters laughing at it. Of course they kept asking me to say it too! We called this game train surfing. It was really more like jumping than surfing. There was one danger filled moment where I didn't quite make it across to the next carriage properly. One foot barely had my toes in the next carriage and the other foot hovered over the moving joint holding the two carriages together.

With one hand holding on to the previous carriage and the other flapping about uselessly; unable to reach the new carriage. My heart pounding and my eyes drawn to the tracks whizzing past at super speed below, I couldn't pull myself back into the old carriage, nor push off from the old carriage enough to succeed to the new carriage. I was stuck and the only outcome I could see happening was a messy and rather painful, squishy fall. Just as I felt the toes of my foot which had barely made the new carriage slip off, my eldest sister grabbed and yanked me so hard by what presented as just a useless to me arm until that very moment. I was hurtled into the new carriage at a shocking velocity with the fingers on the other hand, which had fearfully gripped

tightly to the old carriage door handle, stinging as they had been ripped away from that which they had been clinging to.

Our family didn't do crying, we were not the kind of family that showed emotion of any kind. So I sat there, in an almost empty tube carriage, desperately holding it in as I nursed my painful hand while my sisters were clearly cross with me. They sat apart from me to argue over whose fault it was, but they didn't stay mad at me too long and we soon resumed playing on the trains like they were toys in our own back yard. How I made it through my childhood still alive and with all my limbs still attached remains a mystery. I did learn that not everything we think to be useful to us is actually useful. Sometimes it causes us to stumble, pain, or even to fall if we don't let go of it. Likewise, sometimes the things we overlook, think are not useful or under estimate about ourselves often prove to be worth embracing and pursuing.

As a teen I enjoyed a Bible camp experience. It was there, among the rounder's, table tennis, arts and crafts, trips to the local town to play the washers game which was my favourite, that I invited Jesus into my heart and life properly. The washer's game was awesome. The camp leaders (The olds as we called them) would dress up as characters to blend in with everyday town folk or to stand out as odd if they chose. Each would have washers on them, the nuts and bolts kind of washers. We would be in groups of 3 and would have to try and spot the leaders in the town or village centre. If we found one, we would have a sentence we would have to say in order to get a washer. It was always a sentence that would make you feel embarrassed and silly if you asked the wrong person. But usually very funny! One leader dressed up as a window washer and had white overalls and a ladder. It took us far too long to realise that for hours he had been walking up and down the same street carrying a ladder on his shoulder, yet hadn't even cleaned a single window. *Henry Slamaker*





### **John Rich**

Probably the most famous person buried in the churchyard at St John's is John Rich (1692–1761). He was an important director and theatre manager in 18th-century London. He opened the New Theatre at Lincoln's Inn Fields (1714), which he managed until he opened the Theatre Royale Covent Garden (1732). He managed Covent Garden until his death, putting on ever more lavish productions. He introduced Pantomime to the English stage and played a dancing and mute Harlequin himself from 1717 to 1760 under the stage name of "Lun".



The Tomb of John Rich.



John Rich as Harlequin c.1720



His home was a large property called Cowley Grove, which had substantial grounds where the houses in Frayslea now stand (off the Cowley Road). At that time this area was part of St John's very large parish. Other residents of this house include Barton Booth, an 18<sup>th</sup> century dramatic actor whose tomb is at St Laurence Cowley and Thomas Lane, a linen draper, also buried in St John's.

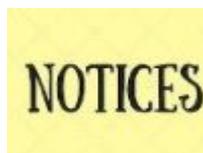
Cowley Grove is no longer standing. In its later years it was a hotel and was demolished in 1967. Does anyone remember it?

*Christine Bartlett.*



#### Help the planet

Go vegan or vegetarian If you want to help the planet and are thinking of changing your diet maybe now is the time to go vegan or if that is too drastic, vegetarian. A plant based diet would make a significant CO2 saving each year. Cattle produce high levels of greenhouse gases. They are the cause of much deforestation to provide grazing land. Smaller animals also cause problems and are worse for the climate than fruit and veg and staples such as rice, beans or pasta. There are plenty of vegetarian and vegan cookbooks, try your local library to help make the change. It may also help our health to make changes to our diet. After being at home for so long we need to take care of ourselves and it's important to make sure we keep well and eat well. You could grow your own veg and fruit in your garden or on an allotment. Contact the council to sign up. They are very popular so there may be a waiting list. Now is the time of year to plan ahead and make a start to prepare the garden for growing veg. Mark out a plot or find suitable containers in readiness. Order some seed catalogues. *Christine Rodrigues*



#### Drive Past Today.

Today (Thursday 17th) is **Audrey Buckingham's funeral**. They will be driving past St John's on the way to the crematorium. If you can, please join us at 11:25am this morning outside St John's as we pay our respects to Audrey and show our support to Margaret. We will be along the church wall at a 'covid safe distance'.

#### Memorial Service for Ife Ogbonna

There will be a **Memorial Service to celebrate the life of Ife Ogbonna** this coming Sunday 20th at 7pm - 8pm. You can take part in the service by using our usual Sunday service link, or by clicking on the 'loving, growing, sharing' image above. For a pdf flyer with link to circulate, [click here](#). Please hold Tochi and family in your prayers.

**No Outdoor Service this Sunday**

There **isn't** an outdoor service in the Memorial Gardens this coming Sunday.

**Happy Birthday**

Happy Birthday to Margaret Buckingham, who will be celebrating her 90th Birthday on Tuesday 22nd September. Sending love and prayers to Margaret and all her family as they celebrate this joyous occasion.

**CHEQUES**

Payable to:  
Hillingdon Parochial Church Council  
St. John's Church  
Royal Lane  
Uxbridge  
UB8 3QP

**STANDING ORDER**

Set up a Standing Order with your bank or building society using these details:  
Barclays Bank, 142 High St,  
Uxbridge, UB8 1JX  
Sort Code: 208916  
Account No: 20465615

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