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The Online Link St. John's Hillingdon



No. 29 Sun 4th - Sat 10th October 2020
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St. John's Church,
Royal Lane, Uxbridge UB8 3QP
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
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I don't know if you have a favourite season of the year. I always find that a difficult choice as I think that there is something lovely and special about each season. Winter with celebrating Christmas, time with family, seeing houses decorated with lights, the New Year ahead, and wrapping up in warm layers on crisp cold days. Spring with the blossom, the daffodils, the signs of new life, and celebrating Easter. Summer with the sunshine and with daisy covered lawns, the

long days of daylight and hopefully a trip to the seaside. Autumn with the rich coloured falling leaves that crunch when you walk through them, collecting conkers and pine cones, and watching the fireworks in the dark evening sky.

Ecclesiastes 3:1 says 'There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens', and now we are in a new season as Autumn is here.

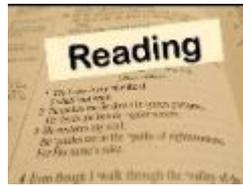
On Monday, we went out to collect some conkers. There were plenty of these shiny brown jewels underneath the trees, some were scattered on the ground after bursting out of their shells, some were covered underneath the crisp fallen leaves, and some were partly hidden still wrapped in their green prickly cases.

Conkers remind me of childhood, of looking for the hidden treasure scattered in the layers of fallen Autumn leaves. I was thinking about how there is a hidden treasure in each one of us. Sometimes we peep out beneath a prickly shell, sometimes we get covered underneath layers of life, sometimes we are more open revealing the hidden treasures within each of us. God has placed his treasure within each of us, the Holy Spirit in our hearts. God has also put talents, gifts and abilities within each one of us.

The word 'hidden' means to hide away, such as a great treasure. Years ago, precious possessions would be hidden away to protect them. I was thinking about what treasure, what is precious, that we can hide in our heart. Something we can hide in our heart is God's word, 'I have hidden your word in my heart' (Psalm 119:10). Reading God's word and praying can fill our hearts and minds with a lasting treasure, a treasure that can permeate into every part of our lives, 'for where your treasure is, there your heart will also be' (Matthew 6:21).

This Autumn, appreciate the season we are in. Have fun looking for conkers, and walking through the crisp, colourful fallen leaves. Look out for the wonders in nature around us. Even though there is still coronavirus with uncertain times, there is still a beauty and a purpose in this season. Appreciate the hidden treasure God has placed within you, and appreciate the hidden treasure in each other. And treasure God's word in your heart.
Happy Autumn!





Acts 18: 1-17

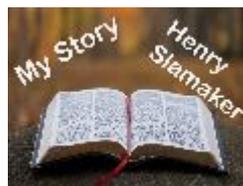
18 After this, Paul left Athens and went to Corinth. 2 There he met a Jew named Aquila, a native of Pontus, who had recently come from Italy with his wife Priscilla, because Claudius had ordered all Jews to leave Rome. Paul went to see them, 3 and because he was a tentmaker as they were, he stayed and worked with them. 4 Every Sabbath he reasoned in the synagogue, trying to persuade Jews and Greeks. 5 When Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia, Paul devoted himself exclusively to preaching, testifying to the Jews that Jesus was the Messiah.

6 But when they opposed Paul and became abusive, he shook out his clothes in protest and said to them, "Your blood be on your own heads! I am innocent of it. From now on I will go to the Gentiles." 7 Then Paul left the synagogue and went next door to the house of Titius Justus, a worshiper of God. 8 Crispus, the synagogue leader, and his entire household believed in the Lord; and many of the Corinthians who heard Paul believed and were baptized. 9 One night the Lord spoke to Paul in a vision: "Do not be afraid; keep on speaking, do not be silent.

10 For I am with you, and no one is going to attack and harm you, because I have many people in this city." 11 So Paul stayed in Corinth for a year and a half, teaching them the word of God.

12 While Gallio was proconsul of Achaia, the Jews of Corinth made a united attack on Paul and brought him to the place of judgment. 13 "This man," they charged, "is persuading the people to worship God in ways contrary to the law."

14 Just as Paul was about to speak, Gallio said to them, "If you Jews were making a complaint about some misdemeanor or serious crime, it would be reasonable for me to listen to you. 15 But since it involves questions about words and names and your own law—settle the matter yourselves. I will not be a judge of such things." 16 So he drove them off. 17 Then the crowd there turned on Sosthenes the synagogue leader and beat him in front of the proconsul; and Gallio showed no concern whatever.



My Story: Unmasked - By Henry Slamaker

Part 3 of 4

I lived in Scotland for about 7 years, from 19 into my mid 20's. I had a job as a prawn packer. It was a time when I had no money to buy glasses and my glasses had fallen apart to the point where they were unable to be worn. My eyesight is very bad so I couldn't see well at all. I was introduced to the job with the usual warnings about fingers, and a demonstration where the line manager put a pencil near the pincers of a prawn and the prawn snapped it with its long pincers. There I was with a pallet of prawns turned out onto the table having dipped them in a water solution to make them a bit docile, picking out prawns of similar sizes and packing them side by side in small, white polystyrene type boxes while still alive and weighing them on the scale. Oh and their idea of docile was still able to crawl off of the table, assume an attack stance and chop your fingers off if you put it anywhere near. With my track record of putting my fingers where they shouldn't be and a lack of visual perception or clarity, I was an obviously perfect candidate for the job. Happy to report I still have all my fingers. Well, bar the bit that was chopped off as a child. I later got a position in the same company packing red velvet crab. I enjoyed it but where I had to

squeeze the water solution out of the chip shop style paper I had to wrap each crab in because their claws are far more deadly than a prawn claw, I ended up unable to move my fingers within a week. All the tendons that ran from the fingers to the elbow were in so much pain. Had I not been physically affected so severely I may have carried on with that job? After that job I started a hair dressing training course, but after a few months of not learning much at all so far, I discovered that I was pregnant and had already split from the father.

I lived in a YWCA hostel in Inverness prior to finding out I was pregnant. James was a sickly baby and almost died by the time he was two. It was hard to cope with a gluten free diet back then. Unlike now when there are loads of things available at lower prices than when he was 2. We moved back to Hayes/Hillingdon in 1998 and moved in with my parents for a year while I sorted out somewhere else to live. During that year I worked as a casual porter at Hillingdon hospital and a casual cleaner. Whichever had work, I took it, often working 12 hours as a cleaner and then straight away another 12 hours shift as a porter transporting patients and bloods etc around the wards and departments.

My son, James had a difficult school life. He was diagnosed with a few learning disabilities and other physical disabilities. He also had a wheelchair which was slowly used less and less until about 2007 when it was only used for long distances. You would never think that now if you were to see him but he does still have difficulties and conditions. I remember once, when he was younger. We were going to Sainsbury's in Hayes and he wanted to put the money in the trolley but the chair meant he was too low to reach. So he stood up and took about 4 steps to the trolley and back to the chair. The gasps from people around us was very audible, along with the mutterings about fraud and what I am teaching my son to do to get free money at the tax payers' expense. You know how some things are really uncomfortable and embarrassing? Well it was that enough already, but my son decided to play to the crowd. He got back out of his chair and danced. The physiotherapist had encouraged me to send him to Ballet, so you can imagine, he did the best, most beautiful and graceful one legged ballet twirl ever seen - while putting his arms out straight either side with his middle finger's up on each hand. He must have done 2 or 3 whole turns before sitting back down in his wheelchair. I would have welcomed the ground opening up and swallowing me.

People's ideas of what disabled is has always been a bit off key. It seems to be that people expect wheelchair users to be completely paralysed and incapable of even moving. When I was in junior school my Mum went into a wheelchair. It started out for long distances and as her ability got less and less rather quickly, her use of the chair increased equally as fast. Other children bullied me anyway, but they would say mean things to me about my Mum. People my mum used to stand and chat to in the street started crossing the road so they could avoid her. James however, started out less able and improved with a lot of hard work and visits to Great Ormond street hospital. He may well decline later in life I've been told, but considering we were also told he would be unable to walk at all by the time he is 30 years old, and most likely need one or both feet amputated, he is looking like he will be proving them wrong.

I was part of a Baptist Church through most of my parenting years. I navigated many a question about why I don't date. Why I never have a boyfriend. I even had people try and set up online dating profiles for me. I'm sure they meant well but I couldn't answer them without taking off some of my many masks and I knew I couldn't do that safely. My son was about 4 years old when I started going along there instead of the Brethren Hall we had been attending. He was diagnosed with ADHD but was not yet diagnosed with Autism. That came a few years later. He refused to go out with the other children and to be honest Brethren don't have that set up. It was too much of a change for him. So he stayed in the service with me. He had coloured pencils and paper to occupy him. We didn't really talk to people much as we usually got strange looks that made him uncomfortable. The other coping thing we took with us was a sheet. If he felt too many people were staring at him, he could hide under the sheet to create his own personal space where no one could see him. This worked great until the helpful, playful older lady in the row behind lifted the sheet one Sunday to play boo with him. She clearly meant to make my job easier. Well he screamed so loud and high pitched that even the Pastor fell silent and covered his ears wincing. It wasn't a short scream either.

When not under the cover he would colour. But because he is Autistic, the pencil nibs had to be

the same length and a really long, sharp point. Let's just say he did more sharpening than actual colouring in. Too many times he picked the quiet moments to poke the people in the row in front of us through the gaps in the chair back with those super sharp pencils. I found it so hard not to giggle when the Pastor would say things like 'let us pray' and people directly in front of us would shuffle forward in their seat. In the end I stopped taking him in the main room as it was just too stressful. Once the Balcony was built it solved that problem as there was no row in front of us. He coped a lot better up there with less people but I heard the comments about him turning up in a wheelchair and yet walking up the stairs, aided by me of course, to access the balcony seating. People actually demanded that the Elders place an age restriction of who can use the balcony which would exclude us from using it. Their reasons were out of concern of course; in case James were to fall and other safety liability issues while trying to manage the stairs he clearly struggled with. One of the Elders gave them what they wanted but made it restricted unless accompanied by a liable adult. Not just responsible or adult, but he actually put the wording 'liable adult' and as his parent, I was a liable adult. I remember that elder giving me a cheeky, wry smile and a wink as he turned around from putting up the notice at the foot of the stairs while people tried to stop me from using them. Without a single word he walked back into the main room as those complainers began to sport very different expressions from a moment ago!

Have you ever been asked what you would do if you could go back in time or had access to a time machine? There was once a sermon I attended where a lady leading it asked people that question and had left paper and pencils on the seats for everyone to write it down. Then she called upon random people to read theirs out. People came up with noble things they would do and some were even religious. While others wrote on their pieces of paper that they would go back to meet Jesus. Travel to before a disaster and warn everyone, go back to when they were a child and tell themselves they are loved, or a few put that they would use it to see a loved one again who were no longer with them. On my bit paper I had written - I'd probably use it to go back to all the cringe moments of my life and give myself a slap! Good job I wasn't called upon to read mine out in front of everyone. This was the service that changed my thinking and life for the better. It made me start thinking about God differently and learn to accept myself. Not because of that question, but the sermon.

The sermon was based on the raved about 'What would Jesus do?' saying or the bracelet trend with WWJD on them. It was about how we also read the Bible verses and passages with the same attitude; only ever asking one type of question for everything. Some examples were given; what does the Bible say? What does God think? And so on. The lady had named the sermon WWJND (What would Jesus NOT do) and I wish I could remember it enough to share with you how she applied it to parts of scripture in a way that completely opened them up to reveal more and highlighted the need to be asking more than this one type of question, what does the Bible say? I began privately looking again at everything I had learnt, but differently. I went straight to all the parts of the Bible that seemed to do nothing but condemn me, discovering for the first time, in a whole new way, that I truly am fearfully and wonderfully made, and made to love and be loved by God.

Henry Slamaker





Thoughts

"We're facing a crisis. And one that has consequences for us all. It threatens our ability to feed ourselves. To control our climate. It even puts us at greater risk of pandemic diseases such as COVID-19." Sir David Attenborough.

I watched Sir David Attenborough's "Extinction" recently because I thought that I should, especially being part of the St John's Eco Group. I found it extremely hard to watch in places, and have to admit that I actually couldn't watch some of it. It was hard to believe that the things I was (or wasn't) watching were really happening to this earth and its inhabitants, and by the people living on it, including me!

In 2016 I watched Lionardo Dicaprio's film "Before the Flood" about his 3 year trip around the world looking at the effects of Climate Change, which had a similar affect on me. I think I may have mentioned it at one of the Green group services.

Both of these films are not fictional but factual accounts of what is actually happening.

I have eaten food from far off countries, whether wrapped in plastic or not, bought the clothes that I liked and could afford, thrown away unwanted items, turned up the heating when I was chilly, taken a very long bath, planted the flowers and plants that I liked, and watered the garden to keep them all looking healthy, driven my car and taken plane trips. All without thinking what affect these "normal" things were having on other people and the planet.

I have, and still do, believe that each of us can try to help in our own small way, and that that **does** make a difference but I do find it all very overwhelming, and am now of the opinion that it is really the governments of the world that have to make a difference. We can also help in this by writing to our M.P. and perhaps signing petitions from people like Greenpeace and Friends of the Earth, encouraging, pleading, and even sometimes demanding that the Government take Climate Change seriously and act accordingly. *Brenda Thomas*



The De Salis family

One of my treasured possessions is a book about the local history of this area entitled "Hillingdon Through Eleven Centuries" written by Rachel De Salis and published in 1926. She evidently was a very keen historian and put together this 103 page book by obtaining information from a wide range of historical records. She says rather modestly in her introduction "It is my earnest hope that these pages may be of interest to the dwellers in Hillingdon and some slight help to future historians".

Rachel lived with her husband Cecil and her 14 children at Dawley Court. This house was on the corner of Corwell lane and Harlington Road and the land extended all the way back to the West Drayton Road. 2 of her sons (George & Jerome) were killed in action in the 1st World War and their names appear on our memorial board in the Lady Chapel. Sadly the house is no longer standing but there is a photo of it below. Quite an imposing residence! The lodge house is still standing in the Harlington Road (near Merrimans Corner).

The De Salis family originated in Switzerland and it was Jerome De Salis that came to England in 1730. There is a family vault at St Peter & St Paul Harlington with 6 De Salis generations buried there. However from her book Rachel De Salis seems to be very fond of Hillingdon Village and the church so it's my guess that the family worshipped at St John's rather than Harlington.

Christine Bartlett.



Dawley Court, Hillingdon c1890



The De Salis Family.



Samaritans Purse Operation Christmas Child

At the end of August I shared with you via the online link that St John's will again be supporting this amazing charity.

The Covid -19 global pandemic has disrupted everyday life for millions of people all around the world. Samaritans Purse have looked into ways in which they can modify their collection and processing, following strict government guidelines so that the process is safe and to ensure that boys and girls around the world know that they have not been forgotten during this time of fear and uncertainty.

This year it would be great to reach out and give a gift to as many children as we can. In preparation for this I have ordered plenty of boxes, so you longer need to worry about wrapping up the boxes. I have also ordered plenty of the leaflets which explains how to pack your shoebox. If you would like to support this appeal please contact me via email on stjohnshillingdon@gmail.com or by phone on 07972 618584.

I am happy to drop and pick up boxes following government guidelines.

All completed boxes will need to be ready for collection by w/c 8th November at the latest.

You can also pack a shoebox online by giving a donation of £20 and Samaritans Purse will pack a shoebox for you, just click on this link for more information <https://shoeboxonline.samaritans-purse.org.uk/> *Nikki Bell*

NOTICES

AGM

Our **AGM** will take place during our morning service on **Sunday 18th October at 10:30am**, via Zoom.

An Annual General Meeting (AGM) is a chance for us to reflect on 2019 and elect our Church Wardens, PCC members and this year our Deanery Synod representatives.

The AGM usually takes place by the end of April. The Diocese issued a statement extending all PCC members, remaining in post until at least October 2020.

Bishop Sarah released further instructions recently that all churches must have completed the AGM by the end of October 2020, with instructions for how to conduct an AGM via Zoom and other platforms.

If you would like to stand for any of the positions, or would like to propose someone, please do email or phone Alan (07847672599) to find out more about what's involved and so that we can simplify the process and administration during these unusual times of the coronavirus, social distancing and not meeting in church. *The links below show the normal forms that are involved, although we are looking to simplify this process, so that proposers and seconders don't need to use the same form. Alternatively email or call Nikki for further details or if you have any questions.*

Church Warden Nomination Form [Click Here.](#)

Deanery Synod Nomination Form [Click Here.](#)

PCC Member Nomination Form [Click Here.](#)

CHEQUES

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

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Set up a Standing Order with your bank or building society using these details:
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