

# The Keston Magazine

News of your Parish and Village



April/May 2021

# Keston Parish Church

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Keston Residents' Road Safety Group [krrsg@hotmail.com](mailto:krrsg@hotmail.com)

Front cover: View from Fox Lane at sunset by Laurence Pierce ©

Why do you look for the living among the dead?

He is not here; he has risen! *Luke 24:5,6*

# Thought for the month



## Easter and mental wellbeing

As we approach Easter we are mindful of spring, new life and a renewal – ‘mindful’ being the operative word. The practice of mindfulness keeps us grounded and enables us to check in with how we really feel deep down and what state of mind we are in. It also brings us back into the present moment, calling us away from worrying about the past or the future.

It can be difficult keeping in touch with how we are doing within ourselves and what our present state our mind is. Often, we only become acutely aware when we are in or approaching a crisis point. Many of us will currently be aware of the potential for a looming mental health crisis due to the pandemic.

A paper written by Mind in June 2020, called ‘The mental health emergency – How has the Coronavirus pandemic impacted our mental health?’ makes the following two points, amongst others:

- More than half of adults (60%) and over two thirds of young people (68%) have said their mental health got worse during lockdown.
- The coronavirus pandemic will leave a deep and lasting scar on the mental health of millions in this country.

There are several techniques or practices that can both enhance our awareness and increase the wellbeing of our mental health. They might also act as a crisis prevention measure and reduce our risk of being included in those statistics. Mindfulness is one, but others include silent meditation and prayer. These can also be used in conjunction with walking – mindful walking, prayer walking, which also enable us to take in the health benefits of the natural environment.

There are many verses in the Bible that bring hope, encouragement, reassurance, comfort and peace. But, unfortunately, in some cases when people have struggled with poor mental health these have only served to cause guilt and condemnation. The thought being, that if you read the Bible and believe then you ‘should’ be able to overcome. This ignores the love and compassion that God offers us, and that God knows that our humanity comes with earthly challenges and struggles.

It’s a bonus for us that Easter comes around each year, because this not only reminds us that ‘God loves us so much that Jesus was sent to redeem us’ (*John 3:16 – in your little books from the last magazine*), but also that the spring-like newness of life and the refreshing natural environment is available to all of us. Every day is a new opportunity to receive new life, renewal, acceptance and love.

Every day is a fresh start! Maybe today is your day to try mindfulness, meditation or prayer.

Rev’d Carol Morrison



# Cover Story



The beautiful photo on the cover is part of a landscape photo that was taken at sunset from Fox Lane by Laurence Pierce. If you have one of the Keston Calendars you will see it features as the photo for the month of April. Close up you can see the rooks' nests. They build their nests in late April and May and frequently return to the same nest territory year after year. Raucous cawing can often be heard as the birds try to steal the sticks from each other!

## Calendar Sell Out

Thank you to everyone who bought a Keston Calendar, we managed to sell all 300, making over £1,000 for much needed church funds.

A big thank you to our sellers as well, Deepak and Susannah in the Village Stores, Ravi and Elayne at the Post Office and Janet at Next Ahead. Hopefully we will soon have some engagements to write on them – including a long awaited trip to the hairdressers!



## Let's look at our mental well-being together...

It seems apparent from the reports on the television and the conversations with several people that there will be some recovery and healing needed when we eventually come out the other side of the pandemic. Your local church would very much like to be at the forefront of offering opportunities to local people to begin this process.

I have recently become a Mental Health First Aider, and have had previous experience working with people in a variety of degrees of mental well-being, and would love to start something on our church premises to aid good mental health and well-being once we are able to gather in person. I am thinking it needs to involve tea and cake, and maybe some mindfulness and an opportunity to just relax and chat in the company of others – wouldn't that be great?

I am wondering if there is anyone in our parish who has qualifications that would enable them to support this idea, that they might like to offer as a way of engaging with our community to promote mental well-being. If this is you, please do get in touch with me for a chat: Rev'd Carol – 01689 853186.





# Some random reflections on lockdown



In these rather gloomy (and dark) days, I have been thinking back to the first lockdown – particularly during the months of April and May 2020. When we had temporarily to suspend our services in church, Rev'd Carol gave us the comfort of weekly services online. During this time, I was happy to hand deliver a paper copy of the service to a few of our church family who were unable to access it online.

Quite early each Sunday morning I would set off and walk down Commonsides for the start of my short round trip. The atmosphere was utterly magical. As we all know, the sky seemed so incredibly blue at the start of that lovely spring. There were very few cars, and the roads were so quiet. Just an

occasional horse rider or cyclist. As the weeks went on, I was able to observe all the different flowers, (and particularly wild flowers), that were gradually coming into bloom. We went from daffodils in the gardens and blossom in the trees, to bluebells and later cow parsley in the lane. I remembered the patch of bright white stitchwort, (lovely to think that my mum used to call these flowers “star of Bethlehem” – the old country name for them), and later on the precious group of cowslips in the grass. I said it was quiet – but the sound of bird song in the early morning was deafening and wonderful.

I remembered vividly the words of a favourite song that we used to sing at school:

*“By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o’er me”, and went on:  
“While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is spreading,  
and the bloom on the meadow betrays where May has been treading;  
while the birds on the branches above, and the brooks flowing under,  
are singing together of love in a world full of wonder.  
Now with a breath that is deep-drawn, breath of a heart without care,  
I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the open air.”*

Every single word seemed to ring true and I reflected how lucky we were in Keston that I could more or less find a different, lovely path to walk each day.

Well... fast forward eight months, and here I am in January/February when once again (sadly) we have suspended our services, so I am setting off on my happy Sunday morning delivery walk once again.

What a difference! Dark and gloomy early mornings. Many more cars, and walkers enjoying their welcome coffee at the coffee shops. And... other lovely sights too. One morning after freezing fog, the silver birch trees, rimed in frost, looked like fairyland. And usually meeting someone I know – or a cheery wave or a chat. Once again I reflected how lucky I am to live in a friendly, lovely community, and that the beauty is still all around us. And above all, (despite the ever present news of the virus’ progress), there IS hope all around us... we only have to look at the pale, brave snowdrops pushing through, the catkins bouncing on the hazel trees and the signs of daffodils already coming up. Thank God for his hope and comforting presence, even in the dark times!

Angela Godfrey

# An Empty Tomb Instead

They came to the quiet garden  
In the early morning gloom,  
And there in the shadowed darkness  
They found an empty tomb.

They brought their scented spices  
To anoint the hallowed dead,  
But found, to their amazement,  
The living Lord instead.

Their hearts were heavy-laden-  
Bowed down with deep despair-  
But when they lifted tear-dimmed eyes  
Lo, Jesus was standing there.

They thought all hope had ended  
With Calvary’s dying breath,  
But they found a powerful Saviour,  
Triumphant over death!

O that wonderful Easter morning,  
In a garden sweet with dew,  
He came from the grave – a world  
to save  
To live and reign anew.

So oft in the midst of sorrows  
When hope seems cold and dead  
With lifted eyes, we too may see  
An empty tomb instead!

Anon

## Easter Anagrams (Answers on p18)

- |    |                  |                                 |
|----|------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1) | Airy odd fog     | - - - - / - - - - -             |
| 2) | Rags see get     | - - - - - / - - - -             |
| 3) | Coin uric fix    | - - - - - - - - - -             |
| 4) | Brunch so toss   | - - - / - - - - - / - - - -     |
| 5) | Apples rust      | - - - - / - - - - - -           |
| 6) | Acid air just so | - - - - - / - - - - - - - -     |
| 7) | Torch frowns on  | - - - - - / - - - / - - - - - - |
| 8) | Hen irises       | - - / - - / - - - - - !         |

# My Faith Journey

Reading these articles for some years, I have realised that many contributors have chosen to rehearse the moments of their greatest personal discoveries, frequently when they first acknowledged to themselves their belief and faith in Jesus Christ as their own Saviour, as the Son of God. Several years ago now, at a tutorial discussion for trainee Lay Preachers, I was asked if I would explain to the group what my “WOW” moment had been, the moment when I had “got it”. Lay preacher or not, I couldn’t, because I didn’t, so all I could do was try to explain.

I was not brought up in a markedly ‘churchy’ home but even as a young child, I **always knew** my own personal God to whom I could talk, with whom I could argue, with whom I laughed and whom I never doubted for one moment. I did the usual ‘Sunday’ things for those days, attended various Sunday Schools, a Junior Church and then Crusaders. Then, when I was in the GCE year, I played a desultory game of hockey, (left back), every Wednesday afternoon becoming friends with a much better player than myself, (right back), who was full of chatter about the Young People’s Fellowship to which she belonged at the Congregational Church in Widmore Road, Bromley. Before long I joined her, somehow including the 45 strong church choir!

Despite a childhood drifting through various denominations, I had never

become part of a church. I did know what I believed but as my young adult life became dominated by examinations, the Youth Club, then the church choir, I began to formulate what it all meant. I was and still am a happily confident Christian: I have my own very definite ethic and boundaries but I cannot get too uptight about aspects of different denominations because I am sure **God loves us all**. It is how we treat and respect others – all comers – that matters to Him, not whether we do or do not bow to kiss a relic or

differentiate between men and women ministering to us, provided we respect that some do care very much.

Many years later, I love being a Lay Preacher, (at Bromley URC), although it is over four years since my church had a minister and so I’ve

led morning service about 25 times each year; as well as understood things like the legal responsibilities of Church Trustees, employment law and also plan for how COVID will or will not allow the church to be ‘open’! So if you don’t have a ‘Eureka’ moment but just a simple, basic assurance that ‘I believe’ are you a better or a worse disciple of our Lord? I don’t know and now I don’t think it matters to God who graciously accepts us all. What we can do is love and work for each other because **we** are now Christ’s hands and feet for him here on earth...



Judy Davies



# Christie Spencer Interiors



Christie Spencer Interiors are the designers of Heathfields Cafe in Keston. They are a business partnership between Gaynor Christie, (left on the photo), and Gail Spencer, (right), who live and work in the heart of Keston village.

We first met through mutual friends and when finding out we were both interior designers we decided to collaborate...after all there's only room for one Interior designer in the village! We decided to form Christie Spencer Interiors whilst working on a project in Keston Park in 2017.

We got into interior design through different routes. Gail studied textile design at university and then moved into interiors working her way up the ranks in various top London Design Studios working on hotels and residential projects globally. Gaynor's background is more hands-on. Having worked previously as a specialist interior decorator on renovation and new build projects, she took the natural transition into interior design. She had over 15 years experience working on residential projects before meeting Gail and setting up Christie Spencer Interiors.

We loved working on the design for Heathfields, our first commercial project together. (See photo below). Paul, (Gail's husband), set the brief: he was looking to create a place that was warm and inviting, where the customers felt as comfortable having coffee in the daytime or a glass of wine in the evening. We went for an eclectic rustic feel with warm earthy tones and statement chandeliers. It hasn't been the start that we had imagined for Heathfields, however, once they are allowed to open inside again we hope people will love the space we created.

Being an interior designer is very rewarding – it's a real privilege to be trusted with the design of our clients' homes. We get great pleasure from creating not only beautiful looking spaces but also homes that function and better meet the needs of their owners. During the pandemic this has never been more important, with people spending more time at home it has been really satisfying to help people enjoy the space around them as much as possible.

We provide high end bespoke interior design services in London and Kent. We have worked on projects in Keston, Beckenham, Bromley, Chislehurst, Bickley, Oxted, Westerham and Banstead. For further information please see [www.christiespencerinteriors.co.uk](http://www.christiespencerinteriors.co.uk).



# Church Services and APCM

We are now back in church for our Sunday services – we are operating a strict booking system, therefore please book with Tricia Coward or Rev'd Carol, (details on inside front cover), if you wish to attend any of the services. Services will still be available to view on YouTube via a link on the church website [kestonparishchurch.org.uk](http://kestonparishchurch.org.uk). For those interested in the work of the church our Annual Parochial Church Meeting is going to be a continuation of the service on 16th May, please remember to book. Thank you.

CW = Common Worship

## **28th March**

10.30am

## **Palm Sunday**

Service of the Word with palm crosses

## **1st April**

7.00pm

## **Maundy Thursday**

Holy Communion

(with the recent renewed interest in the Book of Common Prayer this liturgy will be used at this service)

## **2nd April**

10.00am

10.45am

## **Good Friday**

Walk of Witness from Keston Village sign (in groups of 6)

Prayers and Readings in church (dogs welcome)

## **4th April**

10.30am

## **Easter Day**

Holy Communion (CW)

## **11th, 18th & 25th April**

10.30am

Holy Communion (CW)

## **2nd, 9th & 16th May**

10.30am

Holy Communion (CW)

## **23rd May**

10.30am

## **Pentecost**

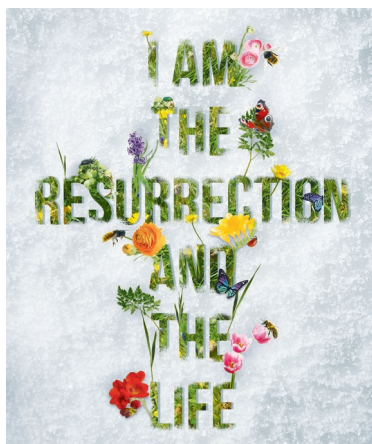
Holy Communion (CW)

## **30th May**

10.30am

## **Trinity**

Holy Communion (CW)



John 11:25

# From the Registers

## **Funerals**

4th February

John Percival Trickey (aged 83 yrs)

22nd February

John 'Colin' Abram (aged 85 yrs)

2nd March

John Alfred Barker (aged 93 yrs)

# In Memoriam: Miriam R



Miriam Robinson was born on the 25th November 1925 in the Lewisham Municipal Maternity Home, Rushey Green, Catford. This was right in the middle of the depression. Her father owned a share in a garage and worked there and was also a racing car engineer at Brooklands. On the day she was born, his business partner walked away with all the money and left the family without an income and looking for jobs.

During the 30's mum was a schoolgirl and the family moved to Downham. She won a scholarship and with that a place at Bromley County School for Girls. Soon after, the family moved to Bourne Vale in Hayes and in 1942 she left after Matriculation and with credits in French and German.

It was the middle of the war in 1943 and she decided to sign up to join the Army. After four years working in the Ordnance, she left as a Lance Corporal. During that time her work was mainly administrative and dealing with paperwork and requisitions. She was put in charge of a group of English speaking German POW's who worked in the offices. She often spoke about that time and the friendship she developed with some of the prisoners, even keeping up correspondence with one soldier long after the war was over.

The 1950's was a busy decade in her life! After working in London for a few years in 1951 she decided, (against her mother's wishes), to take up nursing and started training at Farnborough hospital. It was Staff Nurse Robinson that attracted our father's, (Eric Rogers), eye one day when he was leaving his office in Locksbottom. Soon after they met, they were cast as husband and wife in an amateur dramatic performance called "The Gates of Hell", a joint production of the Hayes and Keston youth groups. A short time after in 1955, they married for real, living in Glen Gables in Keston Park and then we made our appearance.

After our early years, Keston, and in particular Keston church became very much part of her life. Dad was the Lay Reader and mum became one of the Sunday School teachers as well as joining the choir. She volunteered to help with many local groups, including regularly providing transport, teas and cakes for the Over 60's club well into her 70's and long after she had qualified to be a recipient of that care!



## ogers 25/11/1925-27/2/2021

The 1970's was a very sad and difficult decade as that was when dad became seriously ill and then died in 1974. Six months later she lost her mother Ivy. For mum it was a time of lots of challenges. Apart from coping with looking after two teenagers on her own, learning how to run the business managing Keston and Farnborough Parks and running an Estate Agency, she also built a new family home for us in Keston Park.

After we had married and left home she decided it was time for another new home, built this time just for her needs, in Commonsides, Keston. She had shed much of her business responsibilities and found time to devote to the community and the church. Mum became a Churchwarden and then after lots of training went on to become a Pastoral Assistant. The new role involved many visits to homes and families around Keston village so she became very well known by many parishioners. She was particularly pleased with the design, technical and fundraising assistance that she was able to give to the project to build the new hall next to the parish church.

In 2000 mum decided after 70 years of singing it was time to hang up her chorister's robes. Since the age of 11 she had sung in numerous choirs and other groups; 15 years at Hayes church and 35 years in Keston church as well as madrigal groups, the Keston Wives and lots of other community group choirs.

She always had lots of time to enjoy and share with her three grandchildren and was especially pleased when she

became a great grandmother three times. When she married she had become a step-mother to Hazel Sieviewright and her two sisters, whose families grew to offer her nine step-grandchildren, 17 step-great grandchildren and to date 12 step-great-great-grandchildren!

She moved to Morden College, Blackheath in 2014 and set up a new home there near to Libby. She soon settled and enjoyed the independent sheltered life in her flat and made lots of lovely new friends. After three years and a number of health issues, she moved into the nursing home at Morden and received much special care and love from the staff for which we will always be grateful.

We have appreciated all the lovely and caring messages that we have received from her friends and family. After nearly 50 years apart, we are comforted that mum will meet dad again, this time at the "Gates of Heaven".

Howard Rogers and Elizabeth Findlay



# Dooms Day and The Place of Dreams f

## Dooms day Poem

I got lost in the horror house of hell and there was dead bodies lying on  
lying on the floor. I got lost in the horror house of hell and I discovered a  
secret room. I got lost in the horror house of hell but I could not get out.  
I got lost in the horror house of hell and a earthquake started!

In the Scary city of Silent fear I hear 4 zombies were chasing me,  
In the Scary city of Silent fear I heard bombs dropping as I was running.  
In the Scary city of Silent fear the night was like the Sun had gone,  
In the Scary city of Silent fear dragons were breathing fire on me.

In the hospital of death there were parents squerking out ruby red blood,  
In the hospital of death 10000 people die every day,  
In the hospital of death spiders come out of peoples ears,  
In the hospital of death the sun only comes out at night.

In the School of doom is a terreying place,  
The School of doom has spiders for breakfast,  
The School of doom has Zombier teachers  
I HAD SURVIVED!

On these pages are just two pieces of work from Y5/6 who are in the Upper Key Stage bubble. The children are so proud of their work – and rightly so! They were creating pieces about fantastic, magical and exciting places. They were incorporating into their creative writing features to enhance their work, including abstract nouns, juxtaposition and alliteration.

Lisa Askew, Deputy Head, Keston CE Primary School

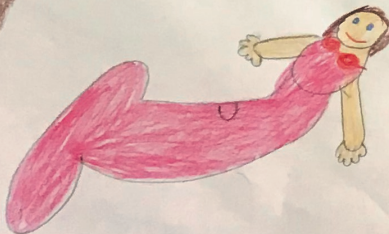
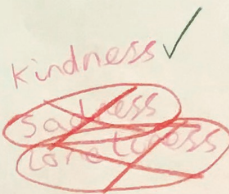
## The Place Of Dreams

I got lost in the Hotel of hope where I looked through the glass,  
I got lost in the Hotel of hope and saw unusual myths,  
I got lost in the Hotel of hope to see magical things,  
I got lost in the Hotel of hope where kindness only exists,

The Beach of beauty is home to all mermaids,  
The Beach of beauty will always watch over you,  
The Beach of beauty to see magical things,  
The Beach of beauty where you never wanted to leave.

In the Hamlet of happiness is the only place happy,  
In the Hamlet of happiness it's full of just fun,  
In the Hamlet of happiness is home to all glying dogs,  
In the Hamlet of happiness I wanted to stay forever.

In the Lake of laziness it is home to all magical fish,  
In the Lake of laziness there holds a statue,  
In the Lake of laziness your dreams can come true,  
In the Lake of laziness and wanted to stay forever.





# Helpful ideas for mental health

We may all have rather mixed feelings on reaching March this year. On the one hand, it is lovely to see the onset of spring, and vaccinations and better weather may make handling the pandemic a little easier. On the other hand, marking a year from the start of the first UK lockdown will be painful for some, especially as many of us are likely to be experiencing restrictions or ongoing hardships for a bit longer. We may need to find new ways to keep going, so here are some suggestions that draw on both science and Christian theology.

## Getting outside

Time outdoors in a natural environment is very good for you – and you can't argue with the happy hormones produced by exercise. Attending to the details of nature can also inspire awe, which has been linked to positive mood, and increased life satisfaction. Enjoying creation can also help us connect with God.

## Looking outside

If you are truly stuck indoors, try putting bird feeders outside your window so creation comes to you. This is also an act of kindness (see below)!

## Lament and praise

The Psalms are a rich resource to help us express both our grief and our thanks to God. Try reading one or two a day.

## Journaling

Keep a journal of thoughts, experiences or practices you have engaged with during the day. Constructing a personal narrative or story is now recognised as a



very powerful psychological and spiritual tool for building resilience. It is also a vital learning tool that we can go back to when tough times return in the future.

## Acts of kindness

Helping or encouraging someone else is obviously a good thing to do in itself, but it also has a very positive effect on the giver – spiritually, mentally, emotionally, and even physically. Whichever way you look at it, finding new ways to show kindness to others can be a very effective way to help ourselves feel better too.

## Gratitude

Gratitude is another natural drug – in a sense – that can help us feel better. Try keeping a grateful diary, adding a few things each day.

## Laugh, sing, make music, dance

All of these activities are deeply rooted in our physical and mental makeup. You may have forgotten how great they feel, especially in times of sadness, but we can learn from children who do them very naturally.

I hope these ideas may help bring us closer to God, each other, and to His creation.

Dr Ruth M Bancewicz for Parish Pump

# What I Do



## COVID-19 – on the front line

My family and I have lived in Keston for the past 10 years, throughout this time I have worked as a Consultant in Emergency Medicine, (A&E), at Lewisham Hospital; for the past two years I have been the Clinical Director for the department.

My experience with coronavirus started in December 2019 when our Microbiology Consultant phoned to advise me that there was a new virus affecting people in a city called Wuhan in China. We needed to ask every person who came to the department whether they had been to Wuhan within the past two weeks. I wasn't too concerned as we had been through a similar situation with SARS and Ebola which never really came to much in the UK and we were able to deal with it.

It soon became apparent this was not going to be the case with COVID-19, the virus was new and therefore no one would have immunity to it. Additionally, because the virus was new there were

no protocols or standard procedures on how to treat it and of course no vaccine.

We carried on carefully screening people based on an ever-increasing list of countries they had travelled from. On the 9th of February 2020 Lewisham Hospital had the first positive case of coronavirus in London. The procedure for any positive cases was for the patients to be transferred to one of several infectious diseases units across the country. By the time we had our 3rd patient test positive, many other Trusts across London were also seeing positive patients. The standard protocol then changed to treat on site, so we started admitting patients into the hospital.

With the first wave of patients the fear of the unknown was indescribable. We did not know much about the virus, with no cure or even protocols in place on how to treat patients to get the best outcomes. Along with patient numbers rising we did not know if the personal protective equipment was going to keep us safe, and we were concerned about our families and whether we would give it to them. Unfortunately many of our staff became unwell, with some of them requiring admission to intensive care. We had no idea if we were going to cope with the number of patients coming through the door or have enough hospital beds for everyone who needed it.

One of the hardest measures we had to take was to restrict relatives coming in with their loved ones, this was particularly difficult especially when patients were very unwell. It was a very sad but necessary step.

As the departmental lead I was extremely concerned for the mental

health of my staff, we experienced some amazing support from the local community and beyond which really helped with morale, we also arranged for a pastor with counselling skills to come in on a weekly basis to talk to our staff about their experiences and we created a 'wellness room' for staff to sit in quietly and allow time to reflect.

During the first wave we saw a big drop in the numbers of patients attending with other medical complaints, of particular concern to us was the drop in mental health patients. At Lewisham Hospital we see a lot of people who are in crisis. We were concerned how this particular group were coping, were they getting their medication? How were they accessing help when they needed it? Once we were over the peak, we saw a big surge in patients presenting with known mental health issues and many presenting for the first time, in particular young people, the isolation from their social circle being profound.

The second wave began just after Christmas but this time we were far more prepared, we had guidelines in place for managing patients depending on the severity of their illness and we had the equipment in place. Although we saw more patients with COVID this time and unlike in the first wave when we saw a big drop off in other issues and illnesses it was not so profound this time. The department was therefore extremely busy, one of the main concerns being protecting those patients who did not have COVID from the ones that did. We had to run and staff two almost separate departments for COVID and non COVID patients.

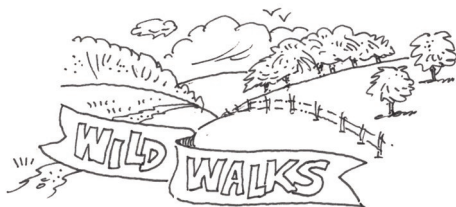
One of our biggest challenges this time was with the number of staff that were affected; sometimes we were having to manage with a third of our nursing workforce missing. The positive thing was that we knew that lockdown had worked in the first wave to cut patient numbers.

I have been amazed how our staff have coped, they have been extremely resilient despite multiple new guidelines and policies to ensure our patients get the best care and to keep them as safe as possible, and everyone has just got on with it. It is this 'can do' attitude which is why I love the job.

From a personal aspect I would not have been able to throw myself into my work in the way I have done over the past year without the support of my husband and two children, they have been amazing. When I came home in pieces after a particularly harrowing day my husband was there to listen and tell me that what I was doing mattered and that I was doing the best I could, he also ensured that I ate properly! This aspect of just listening cannot be underestimated, he couldn't really advise me about what to do but he allowed me to talk and share the difficult times, which was really helpful.

Elaine Saunders





Ooh – but was it cold?! Now we’re in a warmer patch of air we seem to have forgotten the return of the ‘beast from the east’ in February. The night time temperature went down to minus five or six degrees C in my garden at night. But then I am exposed to the wind living, as I do, by the airfield. This was followed by a fine layer of snow which turned to



ice on our lane  
on the  
Green.  
Shock,  
horror,  
the bins  
weren’t  
emptied!  
Would we  
survive?

However, there was one member of our family who couldn’t wait to get out onto the snow and dash about kicking up great blobs of the stuff (and the lawn beneath). I write, of course, about my new four legged friend. This was what she was designed for. Hitch up the sledge and off we go. Her canine instinct kicked in and when exhausted she would happily lie in the white stuff with her front paws tucked under and chin on the snow. Mush, mush, I cried to no avail.

But before long I decided to dress up warm, put on my boots and cycle – yes cycle to the Goblin woods on the far side of the airfield bordering the golf

course. I reckoned the ground would be frozen and make cycling easy. WRONG! It was like cycling on corrugated iron in a refrigerator. I’d made up my mind and the dog had too! So off we went, the puddles in the track had frozen but prudence told me to avoid them lest they broke and brought me to an abrupt end.

The footpath past the gas station was now a frozen assault course from so many feet having turned it previously into something resembling black porridge! This caused me to dismount and stumble along with the bike. In due course the two of us arrived at the woods and, parking the bike, we entered the wood. It was like fairyland. Then disaster struck! I saw nothing, but the dog did and in a flash she was off. Was it a fox? More likely a deer or two, within seconds she was gone and no amount of calling or whistling would bring her back. Oh well, I thought I may as well have my one ciggie of the day, (don’t pass it on but I sometimes have two). Ciggie finished I made a futile attempt to relocate dog and returning to parked bicycle headed for home. As the return trip was slightly uphill I ended up pushing the bike and feeling miffed staggered into the garden. “Ah”, said wife when I entered the kitchen. “I wondered where you were, the dog came back ten minutes ago”. Grrrr!



Richard Geiger



## Christian Aid Week

Christian Aid week this year is from 10th-16th May. Because of the restrictions it may not be possible to do the usual house-to-house collections, so if you would like to donate to this worldwide charity who are celebrating 75 years of real change, please take a look at their website

[www.christianaid.org.uk](http://www.christianaid.org.uk) where you will find details on how to donate. Christian Aid will use your donation to help families around the world to overcome poverty and injustice, wherever the need is greatest. Thank you for your generosity.

Tricia Coward

*Anagram Answers:*  
 1) Good Friday 2) Easter eggs 3) Crucifixion  
 4) Hot cross buns 5) Last Supper  
 6) Judas Iscariot 7) Crown of thorns  
 8) He is Risen!

## Magazine Deadline

Please send copy for the June/July issue of The Keston Magazine to the Editor, Sally Churchus, by Sunday 9th May at the very latest. Email [editor@kestonparishchurch.org.uk](mailto:editor@kestonparishchurch.org.uk) or Tel: 020 8462 8750. Thank you.

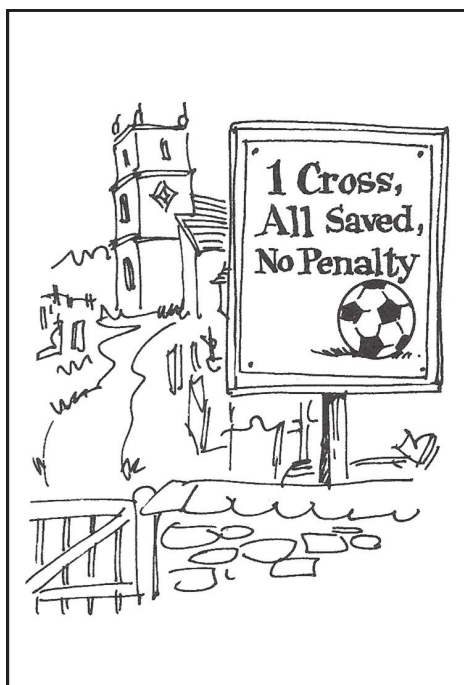
## Laughlines

☺ **Doctor doctor** I keep thinking I'm a dog ■ Sit on the couch and we will talk about it. ■ But I'm not allowed up on the couch!

☺ **Doctor doctor** I feel like a pair of curtains ■ Pull yourself together man.

☺ **Doctor doctor** Can I have a second opinion? ■ Of course, come back tomorrow!

☺ **Doctor doctor** I've become invisible ■ I'm afraid I can't see you now.





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