



Open Door

THE OCCASIONAL MAGAZINE OF ST MARY-AT-FINCHLEY

March 2020

Suggested donation 50p

GOING BANANAS FOR FAIRTRADE!



Celebrating Fairtrade Fortnight - Olivia Sulenski, Eva and Kim Radnedge who helped serve Traidcraft treats during coffee time on February 23.

Our successful stall with assorted edible, wearable and household goods from around the world, generated sales of around £400 in support of the world's poorest farmers and producers.

Big thanks to our generous Fairtrade supporters at St. M's - and our team of willing young helpers from Junior Church.

Please remember we are an official Fairtrade Church and should always use Fairtrade tea, coffee and any other items we can factor in - sugar and biscuits - whenever we have the responsibility of serving refreshments at church and hall functions.

The next Traidcraft stall will be in November in readiness for Christmas.

Lynn Radnedge

MESSY SCIENCE DAY 2020



During half term, the third Messy Science Day for primary school age children was held at St Mary's Church. It's become very popular and places are snapped up within days of being announced and this year I was able to see for myself just why it's so popular.

I was helping (I use the term very loosely) on Philip's spectroscopy table. Sadly, on the Sunday evening I had to resort to Google to find out exactly what a spectroscopy* is and what it does. I still wasn't too sure when the actual day arrived, but that didn't matter as the children had a great time making them and finding the white light splitting into rainbow like colours inside the simple cardboard tube.

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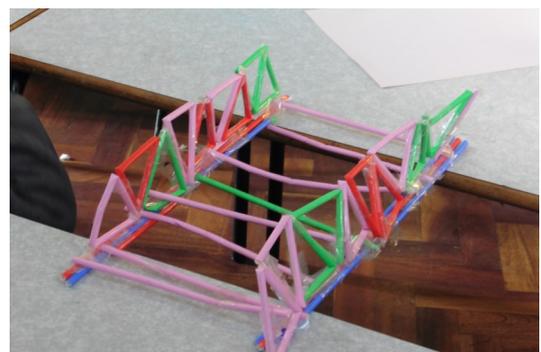
Planning for the day is paramount and Penny, Philip and the rest of the adult helpers had done such a thorough job every aspect of the day ran like clockwork. Experiment leaders gathered the night before to set up the hall, lay out their tables and check their resources. Gladys Vendy's table was laid out with such wonders as sticking a wooden skewer through a balloon without making it pop, picking up jelly with chopsticks and she kept up her sleeve Dancing Raisins and Magic Writing for the afternoon when the younger children might start to droop a little. Anthony and Richard seemed to have an endless supply of tiny cereal boxes for their table of Carton Cars. Penny Davidson's table was very mysterious with talcum powder, small brushes; the next day one little boy said he didn't want to do that table because he thought it was just putting on make up. Little did he know what awaited him (finger printing!). Barbara and Jacqueline were positioned near to the kitchen as their ex-



periments needed constant topping up of water. Sally Martin's experiment was shaping Plasticine into a shape which would float. It might sound easy but it wasn't, as Emmanuel found out. Teenage helpers would be coming along on the day to provide a much needed extra pair of hands, and they all did an excellent job. Lunchtime was much needed down time (for children and adults) then came the afternoon's activities: a bridge building competition! Penny demonstrated which shape can hold the most weight using hymn books then the children split into groups to build the most fantastic constructions using straws and sticky tape. Armed with lots of pennies to test the strength, Penny had to resort to hymn books again as the bridges were so strongly built. A show of hands at the end of the day voted the Carton Cars the favourite experiment. Huge congratulations must go to the Messy Science Day organisers for the enormous amount of planning, preparation and sheer hard work which must go into making the event such a success.

*A spectroscope: *'Spectroscopes are instruments that allow scientists to determine the chemical makeup of a visible source of light. The spectroscope separates the different colours of light so that scientists can discover the composition of an object.'*

Karen Malyali



Where were you when



1966 and all that . . .

Saturday July 28th 1966 - a golden day stored in that priceless treasure chest of memories.

I was 19 and on a coach heading towards Manchester, with my football crazy Mum, for our first foreign holiday. The match commentary was booming from the driver's radio and the passengers were enthralled.

But at 4.40 when the final was due to finish, in a cruel twist of irony, the driver declared we should get off the coach to check in for the flight - to Munich of all places.

Everyone was in a frenzy of excitement. The score was 2-2 and extra time was starting. The passengers - Mum and I had a prime spot near the driver - refused to move.

Geoff Hurst scored a third goal, prompting mass hysteria all round. But still 20 minutes for Germany to equalise. When Hurst scored with the last kick we did, finally, rush into the terminal (Since we were listening on radio we missed Kenneth Wolstenholme's iconic TV wrap-up: "Some people are on the pitch - they think it's all over. It is now!") Mum was beside herself with joy and still wondering how she had managed to book our holiday to clash with this momentous occasion.

She had been terrified of flying but all fear evaporated in the euphoria of such a stupendous victory. We hardly noticed the bumpy touchdown at Munich Airport but when Mum realised that our first stop en route to Italy would be a German hostelry for breakfast, a new fear emerged.

It was 20 years since the end of WWII where her precious younger brother had been a POW for 12 months.

But for the rest of her life she told everyone ready to listen: "Them Germans were ever so nice. . . ." All through our two weeks tour, out of Germany and down through Austria to the Italian Riviera, Mum rejoiced in the welcoming cries of: "You

Engleesh? ...Bobbee Charlton," while shaking us by the hands.

Nearly 60 years on, Sir Bobby 's name is still revered the whole world over.

Later I married a football journalist who had watched the 1966 World Cup Final at Wembley Stadium with his cousin.

We had four sons, all football crazy, and none of them ever tire of watching that iconic match in revered silence over and over as if for the first time.... longing every four years for the magic to be rekindled.

Lynn Radnedge

When England won the World Cup at the end of July I was at home in rural Sussex waiting for the results of my finals. I didn't watch the match because we had no TV. My course was aeronautics and I had already turned down a design job with Boeing in Wichita, Kansas. Why? I didn't want to go to war in Vietnam, which some of my year had to because they joined Boeing. During August I got my degree, a place on a post graduate course in management studies and one more year as a student. Once that was over I ended up in an aircraft factory anyway. The job was with Hawker Siddeley in Kingston, Surrey, and I was in the data processing department rather than the design office. The factory eventually became a housing estate but I had already moved on to make a career in IT and publishing.

Oh yes, I did at least buy the commemorative stamp (4d) that August long ago.

Ewen Fletcher

Recipe Corner

Hungarian Apple Pie

This is really my sister's recipe. She went on a school trip in the late 60's to Hungary where she saw a country very different to the one she grew up in (Switzerland). I believe they visited a farmer's family somewhere outside Budapest and were given this recipe.

It's been a firm favourite with my family ever since!! Of course here in England I always serve it with custard!

Ingredients

200g self-raising flour
1 teaspoon Rum
100g icing sugar
100g butter
1 rind of lemon
2 eggs
little salt
2 tablespoons soured cream
50g fresh breadcrumbs
1000g (1kg) cooking apples
160g granulated sugar mixed with a
little cinnamon

Method

Mix 200g flour, 100g butter, 100g icing sugar, 1 egg yolk, a little rum, soured cream, salt and lemon rind and knead until dough is firm. Leave overnight in fridge. On the following day roll out HALF of the dough to the thickness of a pencil and line pie-dish (ca 26cm). Pierce with fork and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Arrange peeled and sliced apples and add sugar and cinnamon mix.

Now roll out the rest of the dough and place over apples. Pierce with fork and 'paint' with egg yolk or a little milk and bake in Gas 5 until golden brown.

This pie freezes well.

Gaby Williams

Joy for Oge and Adeyemi



Joy was the theme for Oge and Adeyemi's wedding day and those lucky enough to find a seat in the overflowing church on that rain-soaked November day had joy in abundance.

Oge was late - traditional for any bride - but the wait was worthwhile. She made a stunning bride and practically danced down the aisle towards her beaming bridegroom.

But it was the look on Mum, Stella's face which will stay with me forever - joy personified.

Stella and I became friends when she arrived in Finchley around 36 years ago with her three young children. Oge was the eldest and always beautiful - inside and out - and with her gentle and helpful nature was destined to become a doctor, like Mum and so many family members.

We wish them a lifetime of joy, good health and unending blessings.



Lynn Radnedge

REFLECTIONS FROM SACRED MUSIC AND HYMNODY FOR PASSIONTIDE AND BEYOND

With the spread of Christianity, the Cross becomes the dominant central emblem of the Christian faith, for it inherits and assimilates the older pagan cross traditions by giving them profound new meaning, centred on redemption through the self-sacrifice of Christ as a consoling image of human suffering transcended. The deep poignancy of this supremely sacred theme totally lends itself to powerful representation in the music and hymnody of the Passion. Uniquely depicting the suffering and death of Christ, whilst also addressing the huge cosmic implications, is the 'St Matthew Passion' of Johann Sebastian Bach, an oratorio masterpiece originally composed for Good Friday in 1729 at the church of St Thomas in Leipzig; this majestic sacred work contains no fewer than 68 musical numbers interfused with the words of the scriptural narrative, interrupted again and again by the poetic interjections of the chorus to reinforce the contemplative element in the midst of the drama, including several uses of Bach's favourite chorale setting to the words 'Commend thy ways' and 'O sacred head, now wounded'. Devout renderings of the 'Stabat Mater', in their depiction of Mary the mother of Christ standing in her grief at the foot of the Cross, include sacred works by Antonin Dvorak, Giuseppe Verdi, Francis Poulenc and Giovanni Battista Pergolesi. The Passiontide oratorio of Joseph Haydn, 'The Seven Last Words of Christ', which incorporates seven successive adagios or sonatas, concluding with a 'Terremoto' (earthquake) finale, is originally composed for Good Friday in 1786, not for performance in Haydn's native Austria, but commissioned by Spanish priests of the Santa Cueva cathedral in the oldest part of the Andalusian city of Cadiz on Spain's Atlantic coast.

Passiontide themes are readily developed through hymnology. The hymn 'Ride on! ride on in majesty!', composed by Henry Hart Milman (who becomes Dean of St Paul's Cathedral in London from 1849), succeeds in creating a most unusual combination of narrative and the Sublime, whereby the events of Palm Sunday as the first act of Holy Week are portrayed in the context of the final outcome amidst a vision of earth and heaven, as the lowly pomp of the human scene anticipates and finally merges with the divine meaning of God's triumphs over captive death and conquered sin. The theology of the Sublime is prominent elsewhere as in the opening verse of the Passiontide hymn by John Bowring, which guides the believer inexorably to its significant final adjective, whilst also echoing St Paul in Galatians 6.14: "In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred story Gathers round its head sublime". Perhaps the most dramatic hymnodic composition of James Montgomery is his solemn and reflective unfolding of the Passion: "Go to dark Gethsemane, Ye that feels the tempter's power ... Learn of Jesus Christ to pray ... Learn of him to bear the cross ... Learn of Jesus Christ to die ... Christ is risen; - He meets our eyes; Saviour, teach us so to rise". Each verse of Montgomery's hymn embodies a complex awareness linking the dramatic stages of the Passion to the religious experience of human life; the believer pleads to be taught how to pray, how to undergo pain and loss, how to die, and how to rise again, with prayer particularly important as the spiritual means by which the tangled vicissitudes of life experience are brought to God.

Amongst the most moving hymns of Christendom is one composed by Isaac Watts for worship at Communion, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross'. Here the Passion and the confession of frail humanity are conveyed with a simple piety, directness, profundity and poignancy, attuned with great sensitivity to soulful adoration of the crucified Christ. The hymn encapsulates, with all the humbling effect of true evangelism, the Love which conquers, the Christ who claims, and the Christian's response in a life of total commitment and discipleship: "Love so amazing, so Divine, Demands my Soul, my Life, my All". At the heart of the hymn, and cited as its preface, are the echoed Biblical words of the Apostle Paul from the letter to the churches in Galatia: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world". Watts's hymn includes his skilful adaptation of St Paul (who often uses the phrase "dead to sin") by projecting the believer as dead, not specifically to sin, but specifically to the world: "Then am I dead to all the Globe, and all the Globe is dead to me", even as the believer discovers a life consisting of simplicity and surrender. The hymn 'When I survey the wondrous Cross' is a profound meditation, deeply conscious of the amazing love manifested in the Crucifixion, and equally conscious of the total demand which this makes on the believer. Whilst avoiding the dramatic and the emotional in favour of a controlled and reflective ordering of thought and passion, Watts's uncompromising recognition of the situation's total demands fully embraces the believer's almost mystical surrender of "my Soul, my Life, my All".

John Larkin

19 March - St Joseph the Carpenter: gracious descendant of King David

Many people know that Joseph was the father of the most famous man who ever lived, but beyond that, we know very little about him. The Gospels name him as the ‘father’ of Jesus, while also asserting that the child was born of a virgin. Even if he wasn’t what we call the ‘biological’ father, it was important to them that he was a distant descendant of the great King David - a necessary qualification for the Messiah.

It’s obvious that Joseph (usually described as a ‘carpenter’) was not wealthy, because he was allowed to offer the poor man’s sacrifice of two pigeons or turtle doves at the presentation of his infant son. No one expected eloquence or wisdom from this man’s son. Jesus was born into an unremarkable family, with a doubtless hard-working artisan as His father. There would have been few luxuries in that little home at Nazareth.

Matthew begins his birth narrative with the bald statement that Mary was engaged to Joseph, but before they lived together she became pregnant ‘with child from the Holy Spirit’. Joseph was not apparently privy to the divine intervention in her life, and drew the obvious conclusion: it was another man’s child. However, he was not the sort of man who wished to disgrace her publicly, so he resolved to ‘dismiss her quietly’ - end their engagement without fuss, we might say.

However, at that point Joseph had a dream in which he was told by ‘an angel of the Lord’ not to hesitate to take Mary as his wife, because the child conceived in her was ‘from the Holy Spirit’, and that the baby was to be named ‘Jesus’ (‘saviour’) because He will ‘save His people from their sins’. On waking, Joseph did as he had been instructed and took Mary as his wife.

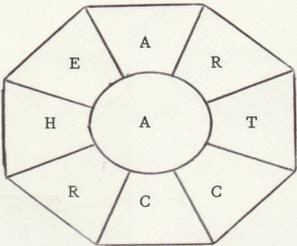
So far as Joseph himself is concerned, we can be pretty sure of a few things. In human, legal terms he was the father of Jesus, he was a carpenter and he had probably died before Jesus began his public ministry. The little we are told suggests a devout, decent and sensi-

tive man, one who shared Mary’s anxiety when the 12 year-old Jesus went missing in Jerusalem, and who presumably taught his son the trade of a carpenter.

Joseph has become an icon of the working man - there are many churches nowadays dedicated to ‘Joseph the Worker’. He can stand in the calendar of saints for the ‘ordinary’ person, a straight-forward craftsman who never expected or chose to be in the spotlight of history. He did what he could, and he was obedient to everything that he believed God required of him. To do the ‘ordinary’ thing well, to be kind, caring and open to guidance: these are great gifts, and Joseph seems to have had them in abundance.

From Parish Pump

WORD PUZZLE



Using only the letters in the polygon, you need to find as many words as possible, none of which may be plurals, foreign words or proper nouns. Each word must be of three letters or more, all must contain the central letter in the circle, and letters can only be used once in every word. There is a nine-letter word using every letter in the polygon.

months in the mountains of Andalucia in Spain in a white-washed village where the accommodation was sparse. I discovered it was possible to be happy with very little - just the butterflies, small lizards, the goats being driven, wild flowers, orange trees and the hot February sun. This was my favourite place – paradise! I started to paint and brought home many watercolours and oils which were exhibited. **I realised how important a spiritual life** is on a visit to India. I saw how even the poorest people loved their churches and temples. **I had always been to St Mary's** to celebrate the main festivals but now just found myself going each week. The building is so beautiful it was where I wanted to pray. Encouraged by Annie Gallon I eventually responded to a request for more people to join the church choir. **I believe that my talent as an artist is God-given** and is to be used and shared and for that I thank Him. It is always lovely when people want you to help them such as drawing the parish Christmas card, designing posters or using my sketches for an anniversary booklet. I can give back to the church with my art all the support and love I get from the people. **St Mary's is my second family.** People are always there and caring. They help one another and there is a great deal of warmth. A church is people not just a building.

When I sketch outdoors I

have to work very fast as people move quickly. I have a photographic memory and a keen sense of observation which means I can recall the detail of people I have seen. There are always people and birds in my sketches as they bring life to scenes and buildings.

I am basically a happy person who loves the sunshine, seeing the garden grow, watching children playing outdoors, being with my family and of course, PAINTING. By contrast, even as a child, injustice upsets me and poverty makes me sad and angry. In some ways they go together. I get very sad about climate change and although I am unable to go on any of their marches I support Extinction Rebellion and I am a member of the Barnet branch of Friends of the Earth.

My most treasured possession is a silver agate ring my mother made at an evening class in the 1970's after my father had died. She was always resourceful and hard working.

Books are like children. I love them especially the classical authors – Jane Austen and Thomas Hardy. Just as you can't have a favourite child I think you can't have a favourite book!

I am currently writing my autobiography but it is slow work as I have had such a wonderful life and there is so much to tell.

This article is based on the

weekly back page interview in the Church Times. The final question is always 'who would you choose to be locked in the church with?' Mari's answer: 'no particular person, but someone who can make me laugh, an optimist, someone who is funny'.

Gladys Vandy



...er... the good news is the youth-group have made a great start by pressure-washing the west window...



Answer to Word Puzzle page 6:

There are at least 80 words to be found.

The nine-letter word is

CHARACTER

An Interview with

Interview with Mari l'Anson

Mari, I have asked to interview you because as well as being a worshipping member of St Mary's Church you are also a well-known artist. Through your artwork you have made a great contribution to the local community.

I was born in Queen Charlotte's Hospital in Hammer-smith and was the oldest of three girls so I am a real Londoner. My father was in the RAF and we always seemed to be moving house. My early years were spent in the west country in Dorset and Somerset, attending various Church of England schools.

My mother's family were Anglicans and we regularly attended church where I learned to pray and sing hymns. My parents were very good at teaching their children the difference between good and bad. My father was a Quaker but, until I was an adult, I never went to a meeting house with him. When I did, I found I enjoyed being able to sit quietly and to reflect.

My sister and I were christened when I was about twelve years old at St Mary's, Bridgewater, not earlier because we had moved about a lot, including spending nine months on a farm in Anglesey during the war. Mum made me a dress of white parachute silk and I was confirmed two years later by the Bishop of Taunton.

Yes, I have a lot of pictures of my ancestors amongst whom is John Burgoyne, a general in the American War of Independence. My name is unusual. Mari is Hungarian for Mary. My great grandmother married a Hungarian violinist. The surname comes from the Scandinavian 'Jansen', adapted to l'Anson when the Norsemen settled in Normandy in France. The l'Anson's are all Quakers.

I knew from a very young age that I had a talent for drawing. I clearly remember sitting on my father's knee when I was about three or four. He asked me what I'd like him to draw. I said 'a pram'. There was a blank piece of paper and suddenly there was a pram. I thought 'how amazing, how did it get there?' My father began to teach me how to draw.

In my childhood book illustrations were mostly in black and white like my Peter Pan by Mabel Lucy Attwell which I coloured in and have to this day. I would draw pictures on the fly leaf of my books and I couldn't stop drawing, something I have done all these years.



At school I was always chosen to do drawings and, as we were taught Bible stories, I recall making cartoon strips of some of them. I also love English, history and sport.

My favourite artists are the French impressionists and I wanted to be able to paint like Cezanne and Monet.

At fourteen I left school to attend Art School in Weston Super Mare. This was an old-fashioned sort of school where I learned to do everything – painting and drawing in different mediums; lino printing; fabric printing; calligraphy, a wide variety of crafts; lettering. I knew I wanted to illustrate books for children.

I came to London when I was eighteen and lived in a bed-sitting room. I began work as a commercial artist in Knightsbridge and did fashion drawings for catalogues such as produced by Daniel Neal, Derry & Toms and Selfridges whilst continuing to enjoy painting.

1960 was a turning point in my career as I went freelance working from home. Daughter Amanda was born in 1962 and Damon four years later. I drew for pattern makers such as Butterick and Style. I had my own page in the teenage magazines Diana and Bunty. I was entirely responsible for designing the page and included articles about the history of fashion, how to make something or how to choose shoes, for example. My sister who was a poet used to write poems and I would put an illustration by it. I was called the fashion editor as well as being an artist! This was great fun and I loved being so busy.

When colour photography developed in the late 1990's fashion drawings became obsolete because studios could make their own prints.

I always enjoyed travel from the early days when my first visit to the Isle of Wight was an adventure, to trips to Paris, Mexico, Thailand and India. In the 1990's I had the opportunity to spend three

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