

Sunday 11th 3rd SUNDAY before ADVENT
REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

- 08.00 Holy Communion (1662) [S]
09.15 Parish Eucharist and Service of Remembrance [S]
11.00 Parish Eucharist and Service of Remembrance [LB]
18.30 United Evening Worship [LB- ?]

Monday 12th

- 09.00 Celtic Morning Prayer [St Andrew's, Little Baddow]

Tuesday 13th

- 09.15 Holy Communion [S]

Wednesday 14th

- 09.00 Celtic Morning Prayer [S]

Thursday 15th

- 08.30 Chelmer Crouch Group Morning Prayer [LB]
10.00 House Communion at Hen Cottage, North Hill, [LB]

Sunday 18th 2nd SUNDAY before ADVENT

- 08.00 Holy Communion (1662) [LB]
09.15 Family Service [LB]
'Shoebox Service'
11.00 Messy Church [S]



Messy Church is church with children and families in mind which is open to all ages to enjoy being together, learning together, worshipping together and eating together.

Gospel Choir Practice

Monday 19th November at 8pm – Sandon Church
All comers welcome – no auditions



CELTIC MORNING PRAYER is..

a quiet, simple, meditative service of prayer, said by a handful of people gathered to pray for the world, the church, the community, the sick, the bereaved, family, friends and neighbours.

Come, sit, watch, listen, be part of the gathering, enjoy the silences, take time to think and take time to pray.



Coffee, tea, squash and biscuits are normally served after the main morning Service in Church at St Mary's and in the St Andrew's Room at St Andrew's.

Please stay for a coffee

giftaid it



**The Parish Church of
St. Andrew Sandon**

www.sandon-church.info
www.littlebaddowchurches.org.uk

**The Parish Church of
St Mary the Virgin
Little Baddow**

are part of the
Chelmer-Crouch Group of Churches
Priest-in-Charge: The Revd Clive A. Ashley

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

11TH November 2012

RECEIVING COMMUNION

All Baptised and Confirmed communicant members of Christian Churches are invited to receive communion. Those who do not wish to receive communion are invited to come forward for a blessing, at the Altar rail.

Communicants requiring *gluten-free wafers* are asked to identify themselves to a Sides person before the service starts.

BAPTISM and CONFIRMATION

If you are not yet Baptised and/or Confirmed and would like to make some initial enquiries, please feel free to ask Clive (the Parish Priest) or call him on 243862.



For 5 minutes before our Service of worship begins together

PLEASE allow a time to be quiet and permit others to keep a time of prayerful quiet in preparation to worship our Lord Jesus Christ. Thank you.

REMEMBRANCE DAY POEMS

**The Final Inspection
The soldier stood and faced God....**

Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.

'Step forward now, you soldier,
How shall I deal with you ?
Have you always turned the other cheek ?
To My Church have you been true?'

The soldier squared his shoulders and said,
'No, Lord, I guess I ain't.
Because those of us who carry guns,

Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got just too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.
They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears.

If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand.
I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't, I'll understand.

There was a silence all around the throne,
Where the saints had often trod.
As the soldier waited quietly,
For the judgment of his God.

'Step forward now, you soldier,
You've borne your burdens well.
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell.'

Author Unknown~

INSIDE THE BOX

Service no. 1360239

RAF Sgt Edwin Charles Evershed
POW 25124 Stalag VIIB Lambinowice
(Lamsdorf) 1942-45

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream.

The garden bowers, the runner beans
The sultry days in the wilderness beyond
Brim-full of brambles and butterflies

The calls in the middle of Sunday tea
The hearses shuffling off down the hill
The click of the sewing machine into the night

The domestic code, the Masonic secret
The job at the Gas Board, the deadly routine
The darkening skies, the gathering storm

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream.

The Anderson flooded, the racketing bombs
The makeshift shelter under the kitchen table
The call-up papers, the hope of release
The endless training, day after day
'Best bent wire...best bent wire'
The booming din in the countryside

The strangeness of the North, the comfort of the Mess
The sense of destiny, the niggling fear
'Best bent wire...best bent wire'

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream.

The tedious briefings, the cold in the plane
The raids over Düsseldorf, Duisburg and Bremen
The miracle of return, the gaps in the ranks

The crackling of the intercom, the barrage of flames
The smash as the Halifax broke up on the water
The silence as we floated in moonshine in the dingy
The rapture of survival, the shock once worn off
The humiliation of capture, so near yet so far
The face-to-face encounter with the enemy

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream

My mother dreamt on an August night
Which no-one believed, which the letters denied
Bringing it all home in Spartan prose

Two days and a night in the freight wagon
The ache of bruises and bandaged wounds
The trek from the station to Stalag VIIB

The autumn sun in the Silesian forest
The Chestnut Alley, the massive gates
The deserted compound, the familiar towers

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream.

The eerie twilight of distant war
The smell of death, never far away
The next hut, the Russian camp

But as long as it left you alone you could live
With your memories and the hope of release
'Best bent wire...best bent wire'

We slept two years and a half. So it seemed.
While the war raged somewhere else
We and our guards in a ragged ceasefire

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream.

We left the way we came, by the Chestnut Alley
This time it was winter; we turned right
And marched and marched and marched

And limped and fell and not all rose again
We saw the camp at Terezin
We took the 'friendly fire' and lost a few more

'Best bent wire...best bent wire'
Bringing it all back home, half of Europe
Not knowing where home might be

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream.

At liberation a moment of pity for our guards
Their bewilderment at the tables turned,
'For you Fritz the war is over...'
The job at the Gas Board - gone
The obvious way for the sinner to atone
The family Undertakers - the quick and the dead...

When the phone interrupts our Sunday tea
Or the Worshipful Master's solemn address
I could tell them a tale or two...but no

I shall say nothing. It was all a dream