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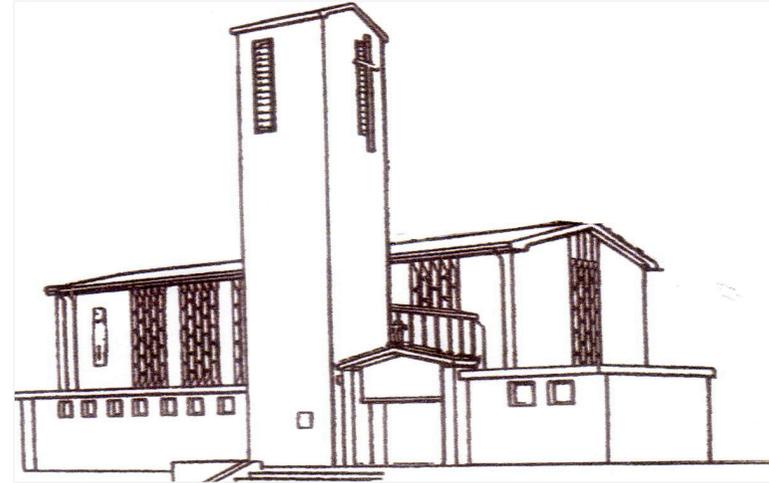
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## CATHOLIC PARISH OF RAINHAM PARISH MAGAZINE



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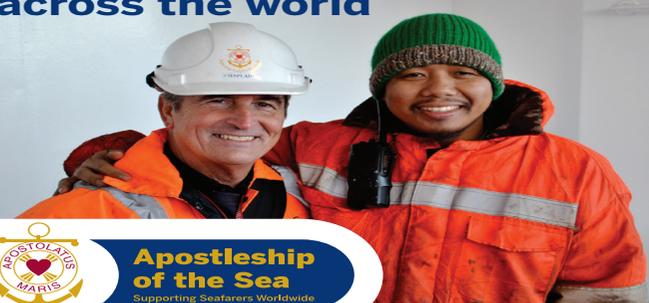


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### The Perfect Church

It you should find the perfect church  
 Without one fault or smear,  
 For goodness sake  
 Don't join that church  
 You'd spoil the atmosphere.  
 If you should find the perfect church  
 Where all anxieties cease,  
 Then pass it by, lest joining it  
 You spoil the masterpiece.  
 If you should find the perfect church  
 Then don't you ever dare  
 To tread upon such holy ground  
 You'd be a misfit there.  
 But since no perfect church exists,  
 Made of perfect men,  
 Let's cease on looking for that church,  
 And love the church we're in.  
 Of course it's not the perfect church  
 That's simple to discern.  
 But you and I and all of us  
 Could cause the tide to turn.  
 What fools we are to flee the past  
 In that unfruitful search  
 To find, at last, where problems loom  
 God proudly builds his church.



### ???????? SWEETIE QUIZ ????????



- 1 Wobbly Infants  
.....
- 2 Feline Gear  
.....
- 3 Pirates Loot  
.....
- 4 Little Richard's favourite  
.....
- 5 Petals and Prickles  
.....
- 6 Belly Dancers perhaps?  
.....
- 7 Night time explosion  
.....
- 8 Home for alcoholic teeth  
.....
- 9 100% precious  
.....



**AAADD- KNOW THE SYMPTOMS.....PLEASE READ!**

*Thank goodness there's a name for this disorder. Somehow I feel better, even though I have it!!*

Recently, I was diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D. -  
Age Activated Attention Deficit Dis-order.

This is how it manifests:

I decide to water my garden.

As I turn on the hose in the drive,  
I look over at my car and decide it needs washing.

As I start toward the garage,  
I notice mail on the porch table that  
I picked up from the letter box earlier.

I decide to go through the letters before I wash the car.

I lay my car keys on the table,  
Put the junk mail in the rubbish bin under the table,  
And notice that it is full.

So, I decide to put the bills back  
On the table and take out the rubbish first.

But then I think,  
Since I'm going to be not far from the post box  
When I take out the rubbish,  
I may as well pay the bills first.

I take my cheque-book off the table,  
And see that there is only one cheque left.

My extra cheques are in my desk in the study,  
So I go inside the house to my desk where I'm going to  
Look for my cheques.

But first I need to push the tea aside  
So that I don't accidentally knock it over.

The tea is getting cold,  
And I decide to make another cup.

As I head toward the kitchen with the cold tea  
A vase of flowers on the window ledge  
Catches my eye - they need water.

I put the tea on the worktop and  
Discover my reading glasses that  
I've been searching for all morning.

I decide I better put them back on my desk,  
But first I'm going to water the flowers.

I set the glasses back down on the worktop,  
Fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote which  
someone left on the kitchen table.

I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV,  
I'll be looking for the remote,  
But I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table,  
So I decide to put it back in the lounge where it belongs, but first  
I'll water the flowers.

I pour some water into the flower vase,  
But quite a bit of it spills on the floor.  
So, I set the remote back on the table,  
Get some towels and wipe up the spill.

Then, I head down the hall trying to  
Remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day:

The car isn't washed

The bills aren't paid

There is a cold cup of tea sitting on the worktop

The flowers don't have enough water,

There is still only 1 cheque in my cheque book,

I can't find the remote,

I can't find my glasses,

And I don't remember what I did with the car keys.

Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today,  
I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day,  
And I'm really tired.

I realize this is a serious problem,  
And I'll try to get some help for it.

Don't laugh -- if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!!



*Please come along and meet your fellow parishioners for a cup of coffee (or tea!) after the 10.30am Mass at St Thomas' on a Sunday. Everyone very welcome and it's a good way to get to know your fellow parishioners.*

### **UCM – Pets as Therapy – a visit from Katie & Cookie**

In July we had a visit from the two lovely therapy dogs, Katie and Cookie and their owners, Janet and Bob. Janet, aided by Bob, gave a very interesting talk on their work and how it all came about after losing a young adult son to a brain tumour.

Quite a few of our members will have seen them in the Medway Hospital but they have visited many other places where they feel the dogs are welcome and their presence can help people and make a difference. In fact, it was amazing to hear just how many organisations that they have been involved with from starting out with a visit to Darland House many years ago.

The two dogs are beautiful chocolate brown Labradors and Katie, at 15, is now an old lady; Cookie is a youngster and a bit more lively but they were both very well behaved on the evening they came to our meeting. They got quite a spoiling!

Katie and Cookie were very popular and it proved to be an interesting and entertaining evening. Photographs of the dogs and activity packs for children were given out to anyone that wanted them. Our thanks to Janet and Bob for taking the time to come and tell us all about their work.

Since writing this article I have heard that Katie has died, she was a beautiful dog and I know everyone will miss her very much not least the patients in Medway Hospital where she spent a lot of her time.

#### ***Katie RIP***



## **The Good Listener**

By Hugh Lavery

If I were asked to name the person I most admire. I would say the good listener. Most listening is half-listening. That chattering ape inside the head is so persistent that we hear little of what is being said.

“Listen to me”, the teacher cries to her pupils. “Listen to him” the Father says to us all.

Jesus echoes this request.

“He who has ears, let him hear”.

This remark is worth pondering. It suggests that the good listener is a rarity, one in ten, one in a hundred. For listening is hard, speaking easy. Speech comes naturally, listening has to be learnt in the school of interior quiet. Listening is creative silence. Only the heart poised and at peace can be an instrument of reception. And how few have un-anxious hearts.

Jesus spent much of his time over evening tables with the lost and the lonely. They were restored by his words which warmed like good wine. Yet, first, he was a listener. Notice how he knew everything that went on. Knew the wage for work in the vineyard, knew the sparrows could be bought two for a farthing. He knew all about the money-changing fraud in the Temple forecourt and knew all about the rackets. People told him. He listened.

Many die of an overdose simply because there is no-one to listen to them. The Samaritans have saved many simply by listening. For listening is the grammar of love and love is expensive. For the listener does something exceptional. He honours the other person and disowns his ego.

We complain of the silence of God and resent his reticence. Yet the silence of God is golden. It is not indifference, not coldness,

not egoism. God has good hearing and, when night fell, Jesus would walk to the foothills, to speak and listen to his Father.

Silence is the music of love, a song without words. Lovers share silence and find there both healing and holiness.

Good prayer begins with words and ends in silence. God speaks to the listening heart and we experience his reply as peace. We feel loved. And worthwhile. No weight is harder to carry than a sense of worthlessness, of being a nobody, just an abscess on the body of humankind.

And if no-one will listen to me then I am waste-matter, a worm and no man. This is lost-ness and a search for the listener. He restores my self-esteem and evokes release through the flow of words and the rise of locked emotions. For man is a voice and speech takes two. One who speaks; one who listens. Listens creatively and recreates a lost and lonely soul. This is a divine therapy and the listener is God’s doctor and disciple.

Lord, you listen to those who speak with faith and in affection. You ask us to listen to those troubled in travail, those who can find no ear open to their sorrow. Give us ears that receive the call of distress that we may be agents of health and restoration.

*Catholic Gazette May 1990*



### First Holy Communion Children 2018

<i>Oliver Abbott</i>	<i>Reina Mendoza Cooney</i>
<i>Christopher Amodu</i>	<i>Peter Murray</i>
<i>Charlotte Briffitt</i>	<i>William David Newton</i>
<i>Neve Corbett</i>	<i>Aidan Quinn</i>
<i>Abigail Deasy</i>	<i>Hannah Salter</i>
<i>Cerys Deasy</i>	<i>Vidor Szakal</i>
<i>Saxon Griffiths</i>	<i>Radoslaw Szykowski</i>
<i>Liam Jack Katete</i>	<i>Sofia Theokli</i>
<i>Isabella Lempriere</i>	<i>Ciara Thomas</i>
<i>Barbara Lisak</i>	<i>Oliver Tracey</i>
<i>Julia Lisak</i>	
<i>Aaron McCabe</i>	
<i>Erin McGoldrick</i>	



### From the Registers

#### Baptisms:

18.07.2018	Sienna Rose Cottrell-Singh
22.07.2018	Caitlyn Olivia Boulton

#### Wedding:

11.08.2018	Stephen Robert Hodgson & Rebecca Sian Williams
------------	---



#### Funerals:

26.07.2018	Michael Patrick Gannon
30.07.2018	Maurice Michael Smith (known as Michael)

#### Anniversary List:

05.07.13	Gladys Vince	06.07.14	Anthony John White
08.07.13	William Tracey	10.07.14	Timothy Brown
14.07.13	Esther Teresa Furlong	16.07.13	Kenneth Lionel Summersett
22.07.13	John O'Brien	27.07.16	Ann O'Neill
27.07.17	Sheila Sims	30.07.15	Elizabeth Willock
30.07.17	Michael De Marco	31.07.13	Ray Hitch
03.08.16	Patrick Miller	06.08.16	Brenda Sheridan
06.08.15	Ellen Hackett	09.08.13	Alan Punyer
12.08.15	Christopher Middleton	13.08.16	Norah Kathleen Moore
14.08.14	Betty Carroll	14.08.16	Charles Saré
15.08.15	Joan Stubbsfield	15.08.17	Peter O'Brien
18.08.17	Nina Palitta	20.08.13	John (Sean) Reilly
24.08.16	Doreen Whitehorn	26.08.17	John O'Neill
26.08.14	Michael Anthony Joseph O'Neill		



CHRIST is the MORNING STAR who, when the NIGHT of this WORLD is past brings HIS SAINTS the promise of The LIGHT OF LIFE and opens EVERLASTING DAY.  
**Venerable Bede (673 – 735)**

**God and Barbers Do Not Exist:**

It seems to be a good logical answer.

A man went to a barbershop to have his hair cut and his beard trimmed.

As the barber began to work, they began to have a good conversation. They talked about so many things and various subjects. When they eventually touched on the subject of God, the barber said: "I don't believe that God exists."

"Why do you say that?" asked the customer.

"Well, you just have to go out in the street to realize that God doesn't exist. Tell me, if God exists, would there be so many sick people? Would there be abandoned children? If God existed, there would be neither suffering nor pain. I can't imagine a loving God who would allow all of these things."

The customer thought for a moment, but didn't respond because he didn't want to start an argument. The barber finished his job and the customer left the shop. Just after he left the barbershop, he saw a man in the street with long, stringy, dirty hair and an untrimmed beard. He looked dirty and unkempt.

The customer turned back and entered the barber shop again and he said to the barber: "You know what? Barbers do not exist."

"How can you say that?" asked the surprised barber. "I am here, and I am a barber. And I just worked on you!"

"No!" the customer exclaimed. "Barbers don't exist because if they did there would be no people with dirty long hair and untrimmed beards, like that man outside."

"Ah, but barbers DO exist!" answered the barber. "What happens, is, people do not come to me."

"Exactly!" affirmed the customer. "That's the point! God, too, DOES exist! What happens, is, people don't go to Him and do not look for Him. That's why there's so much pain and suffering in the world."

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Book by **JAMES LAPINE**

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### QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1 **Wobbly Infants**  
= *JELLY BABIES*
- 2 **Feline Gear**  
= *KIT KAT*
- 3 **Pirates Loot**  
= *BOUNTY/GOLD COINS*
- 4 **Little Richards favourite**  
= *TUTTI FRUTTI*
- 5 **Petals and Prickles**  
= *ROSES*
- 6 **Belly Dancers perhaps?**  
= *TURKISH DELIGHT*
- 7 **Night time explosion**  
= *STARBURST*
- 8 **Home for alcoholic teeth**  
= *WINE GUMS*
- 9 **100% precious**  
= *ALL GOLD*

### Clifford's Diary

**Monday, 14th May.** Today we are heading north down the Juliankanaal which then becomes the River Maas to Roermond which is just below Maasbracht. The weather is fine and sunny and we have two locks to go through. Before we slipped we went on walk-about through the city and enjoyed a hot chocolate in the city square watching all the comings and goings. It is interesting that in Belgium most cyclists [many who are on racing bikes] wear crash helmets whereas in the Netherlands hardly any one does, not even those on mopeds or scooters. We didn't leave until 15.30 and had an enjoyable trip arriving at Roermond at dusk. We had three sluis to go through each with a drop of about 5 metres. Roermond was a big yachthaven and we eventually found a comfortable berth in the dark.



**Tuesday, 15th May.** We awoke to blue skies but a chilly NE breeze. We discovered under the grating of the pontoon were several Grebes nesting with their baby chicks. The town was busy with many street cafes and everyone enjoying the sun and shelter from the wind. Another lazy day as we slipped for Venlo about 15km further downstream arriving by 18.00.

#### ***Mum, dad and their family***

**Wednesday, 16<sup>th</sup> May.** The yachthaven at Venlo was on the northern extremity of the town and was a convenient stop-over for the next day to Arnhem. Disaster struck, just we were preparing to leave harbour, I was helping someone else I leaned over and "splash" my phone had disappeared into 9 metres of murky harbour never to be seen again; I had now lost contact with the outside world! I couldn't even phone my wife Mary as I didn't know her number ! Nowadays we just touch buttons. It was my own fault, but of course there would now be implications!

**Thursday, 17th May.** We pressed on regardless and joined the river Waal, about 15 miles further upstream is the Rhine, it is a very fast flowing river and we were only making about 7.5kph plus the wind was NE F5. On the way past Nijmegen I could see that a number of my friends were in the harbour but I wanted to get to Arnhem. We arrived before dusk and found a comfortable berth which cost €14.40. Arnhem is where "Operation Market Garden" took place in September 1944. The main church was completely destroyed both by fire and by German bombardment. It has now been rebuilt .

and you can go up to the 73rd floor [by lift] and enjoy the amazing view of the “Bridge Too Far” and surrounding countryside. There are glass “pods” that you can walk in outside of the tower and look down at the streets below. We had excellent visibility and Barney also enjoyed the experience.

My good friends Bob and Jean were leaving to catch the train back to the UK and so we left mid-afternoon to make our way to Nijmegen for an early start on Friday. The yachthaven in Nijmegen is run by the Port Authority and you pay by Credit Card which issues a ticket just like parking a car, it must be conspicuously displayed! Again good value at €14.40. My friends had now all left and I made my way to the meeting point for the Dutch Aquanaut Rally.



**A Tribute to the Paratroopers**



**Barney in the glass pod 60m above ground**

**Friday, 18th May – The Dutch Aquanaut Rally.** So my friends left at 09.30 for the train and I slipped to proceed to join 13 other Aquanaut's at Middelaar back on the river Maas. I was lucky at the sluis and I was able to slip in behind a barge. I arrived at the yachthaven a Middelaar at 12.15 and joined my friends for the rally which we do each year. This time we are spending the week exploring the river Maas from Mook [Middelaar] to Maastricht. The weather was great and so we were off to a good start. We all met for a briefing of where we would be going and what we would be doing and of course we had much to catch up on as we hadn't seen each other since the last rally. This evening we had our first dinner together.

**Saturday, 19th May – The Royal Wedding.** Although we all have a programme for the rally each morning we have a 'Captain's briefing' to outline the days events. There are 14 boats and we are leaving in two groups to make life easier at the locks and for berthing when we arrive at our next destination which today is about 30km upriver to Leukermeer, another marina, there are four boats with dogs and we go first to get

alongside berths at the next harbour. We all arrive and have free-time, it has been a cold day and so the BBQ is postponed for a day. My boat is dressed overall for the wedding and everyone is interested in watching Harry and Meghan. This evening we all had supper in the marina restaurant. We are still catching up with each other on what we have been doing since last year and our plans for this year. There is an air of confidence that the weather will improve for the rest of the week, let us hope so because of late we have only had NE winds.

**Sunday, 20th May.** Woke up to bright blue skies and little wind. Today we were making our way by bike off to visit a “redundant” sluis [lock] and have lunch which was either pancakes with various fillings of omelets in a delightful National Park, fortunately Barney has a buggy and was able to join us but on the way he just kept barking and barking and barking! We also stopped for a light lunch by the sluis.

We enjoyed a BBQ by the lake in beautiful warmth and sunshine. This week we are all eating much too much and the BBQ is scrummy with barbecued lamb chops, prawns, salmon with salads, pasta and many Dutch delicacies. There is always seconds and then to finish off ice cream, a very relaxing end to a perfect day. I forgot that this was all accompanied by chilled beer and wine.

**Monday, 21st May.** Captain's meeting at 08.15 and the first group slipped at 08.30 for our 50km trip up the river Maas [river Meuse in Belgium] to Roermond. We had two sluis's one with a 3.25m rise and Roermond sluis with a rise of 2.65m, we were lucky to get in as there were many other boats, but hey we are all away on holiday. 16.00 and out came the bikes again we were off to 10 pin bowling, sadly the weather was not good, rain was in the air. We had booked the whole bowling alley for 4 hours, but having such a good time, we overran by an hour. The evening included dinner between bowling with a Philipino entertaining us on the grill with steak, salmon, prawns, lamb-chops, oysters plus help-your-self salad and chips followed by helping ourselves to ice cream. By the time we were leaving, having had a wonderful evening, we were all totally exhausted. On the way back to the boats it tipped with rain plus the usual storm and we all got thoroughly soaked.

**Tuesday, 22nd May.** The weather had now improved and today we were off, on the bikes again, to go on a “solex” bike. The bikes were all over 50 years old and had 2-stroke petrol engine driving the front wheel, you may remember seeing them in France

We all had to produce our driving licenses', and then with no crash helmets or hi-vis jackets we were off with our guide on a grand tour of Roermond and the surrounding countryside. It was exhilarating, hairy and at times scary hurtling along at +40kph. It should have been for 1½ hours but we were out for nearly 3 hours. We had a few stops for sightseeing and of course the usual break for chocolate and cake. I then had to take Barney to the vet to have his Pets Passport completed so that he could come home with me on Saturday, it was a 40 minute walk from the boat and we both got drenched in the rain, but Barney was declared "fit to travel" home. That evening a few of us went ashore for supper

**Wednesday, 23rd May.** Another early start from Roermond to a yachthaven at Ophoven through two sluis, 16km and a 2 hour trip. The first group left only to find that the first sluis was not operational and they had to return and go another way. Instead of taking two hours it took nearly 3 hours as we wound our way up the river Meuse through the busy waterway junction at Maasbracht. Today we were again taking the bikes through the country, all with their own special bike tracks, to visit Thorn "the little white town on the Meuse", all of the houses are painted white Thorn, the little white town with an enormous church for the nobility in the old days and a small chapel for the rest of us. The local hostelry opened specially for us and we all enjoyed scrumptious cakes and drinks. We all cycled back to the boats, after a rest we all went to the local restaurant where we enjoyed drinks and a meal in the setting sun

**Thursday, 25th May.** Another early start to our final destination of Maastricht through two sluis's. We were still blessed with fine warm weather, sun and blue skies. The trip should have taken less than four hours but there were engineering works being undertaken on the Julianakannal and we were stuck behind a large oil barge whose speed at times was less than 6kph. We all arrived well behind schedule and had to put the sightseeing "train trip" back over an hour. That evening, no one felt like cooking and so we all finished up in the marina restaurant to enjoy yet another delicious meal in good company

**Friday, 26th May.** This was our last day before we went on our various ways. We had a leisurely start and then made our way to "Buitengoed Slavante", a restaurant 25 minutes up in the hills with wonderful views overlooking Maastricht and the Julianakanaal where we enjoyed a light lunch with plates of ham, chicken, cheese, smoked salmon and an assortment of breads and rolls out on the patio. After lunch we gathered to visit the Zonneberg Caves with tunnels stretching to 245 km. The tunnels were formed by mining [former limestone mine]. The stones were used as a

building material. There was no light and the tunnels were chilly. We had an excellent guide and a number of us were issued with torches. The caves have many paintings and drawings by artists and visitors from the past. The caves were also used to store famous paintings during the Second World War. Up to 47,000 inhabitants of Maastricht could find shelter in the war, the temperature is 11° C, you needed warm clothes.

And so to our last supper and farewells until next year at the t'Drifke restaurant, a few words from everyone in appreciation of the excellent organization of the rally by Prisca and Gerrit

Tomorrow my son James, Jayne with their two children Rachael and Katie arrive and I go home for respite until I return at the end of June. Barney and I will then be joined by good friends for a week here and there and go north through the Dutch Waterways to Amsterdam, the Frisian Islands, Helgoland, the Baltic and back through Poland and Berlin to the Netherlands

Home by September.....

**Editor's Note:**

It's been a slow news month this month, but thank you Clifford for your travel diaries. I hope you manage to get back without too many problems.

There doesn't seem to be much going on at the moment but if any of you have had an interesting holiday or anything at all that you would like to share please do send it in for the magazine.

I hope you are all enjoying the heat! We're just not used to this type of weather and the poor gardens are desperate for water but hopefully we will get some soon.

Copy date is the last week of August.

*Alma Payne*

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