

ABINGER PARISH MAGAZINE.



Abinger Church in 1848

Rector: The Rev. Lionel G. Meade, B.A., The Rectory, Abinger Common (Tel.: Abinger 46).

Churchwardens: Mr. J. Wilson, Orchard Cottage, Holmbury St. Mary.
Mr. John A. Gibbs, Goddards, Abinger Common.

Church Council: *Ex-officio*, the Rector and Churchwardens; *Vice-Chairman*, Mr. John A. Gibbs; *Diocesan Representative*, Evangeline Lady Farrer; *Ruri-Decanal Representatives*, Mr. J. A. Gibbs and Mrs. Lugard. *Hon. Secretary*, Mrs. Lugard; *Hon. Treasurer*, Mr. H. F. Cundall; Mrs. Carr; Mrs. Cundall, Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. S. Clark, Mrs. Cooke, Lt.-Col. C. J. Gibbs, Mr. A. Randall, Mrs. Wood Inglis, Mr. S. Smith.

Sidesmen: Mr. J. Bone, Mr. W. Bone, Lt.-Col. C. J. Gibbs, Major E. J. Lugard, D.S.O., Capt. C. Lugard, Mr. Michael Meade, and Mr. A. Abbott.

Organists: Parish Church, Mr. F. White; Hammer Church, Miss D. Jelly.

Duplex Free-will Offering Scheme: Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Carpenter, The School House, Abinger Common. Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Gibbs.

Mothers' Union: Enrolling Member, Mrs. Meade, The Rectory, Abinger Common.

Verge and Sexton: Michael Bowler.

Calendar for June, 1942.

- 7 S. (1) **Trinity I.**
Parish Church: Holy Communion, 8 a.m.;
Mattins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6 p.m.
Hammer Church: Mattins, 10 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.
- 11 Th. **Parish Church: St. Barnabas.**
Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
- 14 S. (2) **Trinity II.**
Parish Church: Holy Communion, 8 a.m.;
Mattins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6 p.m.
Hammer Church: Holy Communion, 10 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.
- 18 Th. **Parish Church:** Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
- 21 S. (3) **Trinity III.**
Parish Church: Holy Communion, 8 a.m. and 12; Mattins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6 p.m.
Hammer Church: Mattins, 10 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.
- 24 W. **Parish Church: Nativity of S. John Baptist.**
Holy Communion, 8 a.m.
- 28 S. (4) **Trinity IV.**
Parish Church: Holy Communion, 8 a.m.;
Mattins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6 p.m.
Hammer Church: Holy Communion, 10 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.
- 29 M. **Parish Church: St. Peter.** Holy Communion, 8 a.m.

JULY.

- 5 S. **Trinity V.**
Parish Church: Holy Communion, 8 a.m.;
Mattins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6 p.m.
Hammer Church: Mattins, 10 a.m.; Evensong, 7 p.m.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

I am glad to hear that there has been some response to the appeal for new subscribers to the Free-will Offerings, and I hope that many more will come in during the next few weeks. Many parishioners and some of our visitors have expressed their admiration for the beautiful decorations at both Parish Church and Mission Room on Whit Sunday, and as most of us know we are as usual indebted to Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Carr for those at the Parish Church and Mrs. Bone at the Hammer Church. The beautiful lilies on the altar were kindly sent by Mr. Baverstock, Whit Sunday being the anniversary of Percy's death, whose name we remember at the altar.

I was sorry not to be able to get a missionary preacher on Sunday, but I hope we shall have someone with us before long. The collections on Sunday for Mission Work amounted to £4 10s.

We express our deepest sympathy with Mr. Rickaby in the tragic loss of his dear wife and child, and trust that God will give him strength to carry on in what must be for him a lonely life after such a short and happy marriage.

May God keep you and yours safe in the difficult days before us.

Yours affectionately,

LIONEL MEADE.

Mothers' Union.

There was a meeting at the Rectory on May 20th, when Mrs. Hopewell came to speak to us, and gave a most excellent talk. I hope she will come again in September, so be sure to come and hear her then.

On Thursday, May 21st, seven members went to St. John's, Waterloo Road, where we had a very full programme. We started with a service in the very beautiful little crypt Church, which Canon Hutchinson took. Then across to the Schools for an excellent and very unwar-like tea. After this we went over to the bombed-out Church—a very sad sight. And were then escorted to the Club for an entertainment. Play and dances by the children and scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by mothers and children, were very well done. We had to leave after this to catch our train, which we found didn't run. We put half-an-hour in the News Theatre, and thanks to Mrs. Carr we all arrived home safely.

The next meeting will be on June 10th, at the Hammer, 3 o'clock. G.M.

Marriage.

May 4 Guy Leonard Martin and Margaret Annie Newman.

A Church Parade.

(Somewhere in England).

We went on Church Parade this morning. We formed into sections, were inspected, and then moved off, an officer leading us. Most of the men were feeling disgruntled, because,

after all, it had been a rather trying week. The work had been heavy and new, the weather bad—snow and heavy frost—which seemed to get right into a man's blood and turn it into the same hard frost. But as we marched along briskly the men seemed to grow more cheerful, for there were signs of spring in the air, the frost having given. The grass was showing green again, the sun shining in a blue, cloudless sky, the birds singing and twittering in the trees. Though the trees were mostly bare, here and there one could see occasional red, yellow or green buds beginning to show, which added a further touch of spring to the air. Then the Church came into view, set on what appeared to be the village common. A quaint, white building with greenish grey slates and a bell steeple, which, being short, gave one the impression of being unfinished, but no less attractive to the eye. So we entered and took our seats, and here it was that one was able to sit at ease and look around. We felt grateful after having been on parade and under the eye of the officer. The Vicar then came in and, much to our surprise, he was leading a young man in a cassock and surplice to the organ. He was blind. I looked around me, and many of the men who had been previously complaining about Church Parade were now hiding their faces in shame, for here surely was a young man with courage and fortitude that any one of the 150 men present would have been proud to possess. Then he played music, so soft and sad, sat there so confident with a gentle smile on his face. The sun was shining through the stained-glass window above his head, shedding a myriad of colours about him which seemed to harmonise so well with the sacredness of the music. All this made me feel weak and insignificant, but more was to come. The choir entered, a small, fair boy leading, who reminded me very much of my own son. He was followed by six choir boys dressed in purple cassocks and white surplices with a ruffle of white lace at the neck. Following them came several girls in purple gowns, starched white collars, and wearing square, soft hats not unlike the schoolboy's mortar-board, and of the same purple shade as their gowns—that beautiful purple which one seems to see only in a Church. I looked at their faces. There wasn't a man amongst us who didn't, because all men are more or less drawn to look at the face of a woman, as it has always been since Adam gazed on Eve.

But here one beheld something different. Men are so used to seeing the modern girl, whose main thought is seeking pleasure and all that it contains, that to see these girls one seemed to feel that they were something out of the past ages. Thus, as we gazed at these girls, not rudely, but more in awe, we beheld in their faces a serenity and rather ethereal beauty. It was not so much that they were nicely featured or had any outstanding beauty, but their expressions and the calm softness of their eyes made one realise their tranquility of mind. So the service went on, conducted by a Priest who spoke in a clear, firm voice. I noticed he wore medal ribbons, having been a chaplain in the last war. I felt he enjoyed our being there, and we followed the service with great interest and devotional feeling, and as the psalms and hymns were sung they sounded lovelier than I had heard at any Church. All the soldiers sang, and I was surprised at the number of good voices amongst us, but above all rang out the sweet notes of the choir in beautiful harmony. I feel that it is beyond my powers to describe what I felt. It would take the pen of a poet and the brush of an artist to portray the scene I beheld. One's attention was constantly drawn to the blind organist, who played so expressively throughout the service. It seemed he was expressing the happiness and peace of his own mind as his blind eyes were turned towards the sun which he could not see. It seemed that God Himself had given him joy and happiness which very few people on this earth could ever possess. We prayed for all those whom we love so dearly, and, as always, my thoughts were with those at home. The choir then marched in a stately procession to the vestry, and a dozen pair of eyes smiled in our direction. A smile, that appeared to be one, more of contentment, for they seemed to realise that they had given us a pleasure apart from earthly things. I was sorry it was over, but I know that I had a peace of mind that I had been seeking for many weary months. I had been in many of the large cities in all parts of the country, but I had never been able to forget the war and all it meant till here at last in a small country Church I had seen faith and belief in God, and had found a peace which laid all cares aside for a while for one brief hour with God, and I was humbly thankful to Him to know that I had been one of the privileged few at that beautiful service.

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