

# THE TEMPLE RECORD

No 437

Part of the UNITED REFORMED CHURCH



The  temple

**The Temple United Reformed Church,  
High Street, St Mary Cray, Kent. BR5 4AX**

[www.temple.urc.org.uk](http://www.temple.urc.org.uk)

*A lively Church for all ages seeking to follow*

*Christ and serve the Community*

Sunday Services 11.00am

including Junior Church and Crèche

**March April 2024**

Printing cost £1 - Donations Welcome

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During John's protracted illness can you please contact the minister above

## **Cover Picture: Easter**

## **Editorial**

I am so sorry that I have not been able to run a Lenten Course this year. I will try to find the time next year and start earlier. I do miss them as I know you do as well.

Like you I know we all ponder these things in our hearts at this time of Lent. Triggered by today's URC Devotions a couple of things came to mind.

One thing that came to mind was the expression "Jesus wept" which so easily slips off people's tongues. I always remember a friend in Brigade

using it. I was immensely disturbed how casually he used it. How could anyone use such an expression comparing a trivial occurrence with what the Lord had to go through.

One wonders if they had even given it a thought of what the Lord did go through or whether the gospel had ever touched their hearts in anyway. At this time of Easter during Holy week I do hope you spend time each day pondering these things in your heart. If you cannot find the time, I know you could spend five minutes each day with the URC's daily devotions which will do it for you.

If you have it sent to you, it will come straight to your e-mails at 6:30 am and will be there waiting for you when you open your daily trouble and work and will put you in the right frame of mind to start the day.

Secondly, I continually wonder what would have happened if the Lord was sent at a different period in History or a different place. Would it be better if the Lord came during our time. Would he have been more favourably received?

Sometimes I think yes other times no. Where would he have come to? Would he have been more welcomed in Britain or Israel. What would have happened to him if it was Russia or one of the other Tyrannies? Do please ponder during Holy Week the Lord's setting himself steadfastly off to Jerusalem and the path he took but consider where you would have been in the crowd. We all would like to think we would have been by His side, but all the evidence points to the fact we would not have been. He had to face this one alone.

Also remember that few followed him during His lifetime, and he must have had doubts that the motley crew of followers that deserted Him were up to the job of continuing God's work.

### **Mission Group Update**

At the end of 2023 Jane S resigned as Chair of the Group. We are very pleased that Grace A has agreed to take over, so please go on supporting her and the Group. See you all - and your friends and relations - at our monthly coffee mornings, and if you have any ideas for extra fund raising towards our M & M contribution, please see Grace! Jane would like to thank the members of the Committee and all supporters for their help over the past years.

## People

With thanks from Sylvia as John R remains unwell still. We hope for news about John from Robert S who is visiting.

We were sorry to hear of Margaret S who died after the last Temple Record was published. Margaret and Albert, her husband were regular attenders and active members at both The Temple and The Temple Brigades. Both of their boys Robert and Paul grew up in the Boys' Brigade here and we send them our sympathy at this time.

We send John L our love with the passing of Olive, his wife who has been incapacitated for some time and passed away while we were in church on 11 February.

**Olive's funeral details:-** 11:15 on 11 April 2024 Bluebell Crematory, Knockholt. For those unable to travel Neil Percival is opening the church to allow people to take part on zoom.

We are also thinking and praying for our dear friend Jan H one of whose nephews was seriously injured in a car crash and has subsequently died. Do continue to hold Jan in your prayers at this time.

Please continue to hold these members of the congregation who continually think of you but cannot be with us because of illness or frailty or just need our prayers, Shirley C, Roy D, Marg S, Joanna B and Chris her carer (son), Beryl S and Joan S.

We also think of Joyce C's family. We pray and thank you for her service with her husband in bringing and supporting their two daughters Sandra and Angela through the Temple Junior Church and Brigades.

Please also keep our pastoral secretary, John R in your thoughts and prayers as his medical team seek to find out about his debilitating problems. We are all holding you in our prayers John and also your wife and family at this anxious time.

Cathy M has just e-mailed to say Gemma and Leo W have had a baby son, on Monday 26th February. Arthur James weighing 6lb 9oz. Everyone is doing well. We send them our congratulations along with Sue and Robert S on their first grandchild as well as the extended family of Robert's siblings.

## **Cyfarchion o Cymru (Greetings from Wales)**

As I write this short note in late February, we would have been permanently here in Caerleon for 6 months which seems to have flown by. Nicola moved into her house in early August and has settled in well, working from home for her existing employer.

It took until mid-November for Linda's mum to finally move into her bungalow having moved out of her previous home in Mid-August but is settling in well at the age of 93. She is in a small cul-de-sac of 12 bungalows, and they are all very friendly including having coffee mornings in their homes. We could not have wished better for her. So, Nicola is 3 minutes' walk away from us and Linda's mum less than a 5 minute drive albeit all at 20 mile an hour!!

One of the reasons why we fell in love with our bungalow 10 years ago was the view from our upstairs window; see below (looking towards Usk 8 miles away). Ever changing depending on the time of year and this Autumn/Winter, incessant rain



Over those past 10 years we have done a lot of work on the bungalow and garden and so we moved into it with little to do though now we are

here permanently we do want to improve the insulation upstairs in the dormer. To that end I thank you for the kind gift voucher sent to me. I was listening in via Zoom at the Church meeting back in January, ready to report on the final accounts, but was not connected, so was unable to respond. The money has been put to good use on our home.

We have started to see more of the grandchildren who live on the outskirts of Cardiff about a 30 minute drive from us. We've been to watch Joe who is into football and tag rugby and until recently his twin sister, Amelia, was doing gymnastics but seems to have now taken up the violin instead! Freya, the eldest, started senior school in September and is in the throes of meeting new friends. They are all coming over to stay the weekend of St David's day so we will be entertained with Amelia's repertoire of songs as well as some of Freya's cooking!

To the future, Nicola has just secured a short term contract at the RSPB Wetlands centre on the Newport Gwent levels working with school groups. It is a bit of leap of faith in terms of a permanent job but feels she can't go on forever doing her current job working entirely remotely with little human contact. Her hope is that sooner or later a permanent job will arise at the centre, and she'll then be doing something nearer to what she originally went to University to do.

Having been at the Temple since 1966 when the family moved to Farningham it has been a big wrench leaving the area. As most of you will know I am still involved with the 13<sup>th</sup> as well as running the campsite on the Isle of Wight and we continue to regularly zoom in to the services on a Sunday. So, our connection with the Temple is not expected to end anytime soon and we hope to "pop up" to the metropolis from time to time to see you all.

Hwyl am y tro! Bye for now!

Keith & Linda F

## **STORY TIME**

When I was young, I used to enjoy stories of kindness and bravery which were told to me by my Junior Church and schoolteachers in class and by my head teachers, parents and Brigade leaders in assembly. Needless to say, I used to do the same thing in school and Junior church, and I dare say to my own children. I think all three of the headteachers I worked with used to read stories from books, but I found I could not keep the children's attention at a very early stage when I was 16 and started teaching in Junior Church. We were encouraged to learn them off by heart and on Saturday nights it was early to bed and Sunday morning early rising to go through the story three or four times before leaving for church. The last practice would be in the bath where you could not take your books and you found out where you really were likely to trip up.

Perhaps story telling is a thing of the past. The TV, computer and cinema can bring a different reality with moving images from the most exotic places. American forty-minute programmes can have as many as 25 or 30 people working on the scripts alone. I am pleased that I still get a lot of pleasure from books because you bring your own imagination to the words. I have my own favourite book I have loved since childhood. What is your favourite book written in the English language. If I remember I will tell you mine at the end.

### **Story One**

Have you ever considered what makes a dog different from a wolf. Here is one of my favourite doggy stories. Be warned it is sad.

There is in north-Wales a place named after a dog, Beddgelert. You may have driven through it or ridden through it on the Welsh Highland Railway Line. It is just above Portmadoc which is underneath the Lleyn Peninsular. Why is a place named after a dog?

A long time ago a knight had a young son. Unfortunately, shortly after his birth his beloved wife died, and he had to bring his son up alone. When his son was still a toddler, he was asked to join a battle a few hours away and having no-one to look after his son, he gave instructions for his dog, Gelert, to look after the child while he was away. The knight was gone a few hours and returned as quickly as he could. When he went into the house he found a scene of absolute chaos. Chairs and objects were thrown all over the place and worst of all the place was covered in blood.

Out of the next room covered in blood came Gelert and looking dishevelled with his tail wagging furiously and very pleased with himself. The knight immediately jumped to the wrong conclusion and thought that Gelert had killed his son. He immediately in his anger drew his sword and killed his faithful dog. It was at this point he heard a child whimpering in the next room. He rushed into the next room, where he found similar chaos with chairs and things all over the floor along with blood covering everything. On the bed was his son so very pleased to see him. On the floor was a dead wolf with blood all over his body and many wounds. The wolf had wandered into the house looking for something to eat and seeing the child thought he had found an easy meal but had not counted on meeting Gelert who was willing to throw himself at the fearsome creature to defend his little master. No wonder he was so overjoyed to see his master back.

You can only imagine how the knight felt when he realised that his faithful dog had saved his son only to be killed by him.

As news spread of what had happened the local villagers and the knight buried the faithful Gelert in a special grave in the middle of the village. Now hundreds of years later you too can still visit Gelert's grave in the village of Beddgelert in North Wales.

## **Story Two**

When we were first married Grace and I had very little. The only new furniture we had was a G-Plan Coffee Table that my brother Colin bought us, which you can still see in our lounge. However, we eventually had something far more precious than things.

I started to tidy the front garden up and noticed a large dog that used to walk up and down the lane.

My neighbour when I lived in Sweeps Lane used to look after what we as children thought a monster. It was tied up to the roof downpipe between our two houses. She looked after it for her parents who were the Chapmans that used to own the Greengrocers shop in the parade of shops just under Victorian railway arches at the start of St Mary Cray High Street. This dog, Bruce, by name lived out in the back yard in a small shed where they kept their greens and he smelt of rotting cabbage.

Bruce used to escape from time to time and would visit a few friends who used to treat him very well. There was John who ran The Star pub



at the start of Star Lane who would feed him bits of meat from people who did not finish their dinners.

There was Fred, an old sea salt who used to work on the cross Atlantic steam ships. He used to drive the van for Chapmans when needed and became a very good friend of ours. He lived in the old Victorian terraces above us. He would similarly give Bruce odd scraps as well allow him in for a warm in front of his fire.

Then there was John who was a car mechanic who also lived on the Lane at the junction of Hearn's Rise who also allowed Bruce in for a warm, on cold winters' nights.

Bruce used to come into the garden when I tended the front, and he would lay contented nearby. Grace used to say I don't mind him coming into the garden, but I don't want him coming into the house. He smells.

One day Grace was on a sponsored walk and not expected back for some time. I was working in the front and soon joined by Bruce. When I needed a cup of tea, Bruce followed me in. While we were sharing tea and biscuits Grace turned up and within a few weeks he had moved in with us. I think he had his first bath in hot water shortly afterwards.

Here is the connection between the two stories. Have you ever considered the nature of these violent dogs people own these days and a proper dog like Gelert who have learnt to live alongside us and would defend the life of our children at great cost to themselves.

When our daughter Zoe arrived Bruce instinctively knew that his number one job was to defend our children. Whilst Zoe was a babe we went down to St Mary's opposite the end of the lane to a flower show. It was a hot day and she had fallen asleep in the pram. Grace said we will only be up to half an hour in the church and we could leave Bruce to look after the pram and daughter.

When we came out, we spotted a little old man standing by the pram with his hand inside it. As Grace approached, he started lambasting her about leaving such a dangerous dog untethered. It became apparent that he had been standing there for some time with his hand in the pram not daring to move his hand since Bruce's teeth were clasped very gently around his wrist and he was frightened to move it because of possible consequences.

Needless to say, Grace, gave him a lecture about not putting his hand in a pram with a dog charged with looking after it.

It was not a one-sided arrangement with Bruce but one built on trust. Working in the garden on another occasion. Bruce was lying asleep

close by when a group of about twenty youths went past filling the Lane. They were aged around late teens or early twenties with two aggressive looking dogs in the multitude running loose. The dogs jumped in the garden. One dog grabbed Bruce's throat the other his front teeth. No time to think what to do or call for help. I ran up and kicked the first dog underneath as hard as I could. He sailed 2 feet into the air and ran away yelping with the other dog close behind.

I rang the vet, and his father-in-law was covering for him it being Easter Monday. He said he would see what he could do. When he saw him, he said he would have to keep him in to stitch him up and put him out with anaesthetic and he would telephone me when he came round. When I returned later, he told me as he had not been very busy that day and he took the opportunity to clean his teeth. Bruce started to rally and seemed to smile and there was a gleaming white set of teeth looking at me.

Bruce filled the next ten years of our family's lives.

The questions I have to ask are which of these dogs are real dogs and which have been allowed to revert to wolves? Which should be allowed to be kept as pets and which should not? Who should be allowed to keep dogs and who should not be allowed to?

Ed.

## **The Life of Al Part 3 Continuing the life of our former minister Alan Figgis**

A downside at Taunton was that a seventeen year old boy fell in love with me. Brian was the school hero. Head Boy, captain of rugger and the best batsman, began writing me letters. I didn't have an idea how to cope. He never touched me, but the affair made me unpopular. Eight years later I met him again when playing squash at Mill Hill. Now a junior history master just down from Oxford, where I had read in the 'Times', he had been a capable scrumhalf. We said a few words and he went so red it was sad. I just hope that he got married. That was the awful result of one sex public schools. It produced unnatural relationships with always unhappy results. We certainly did not repeat the same mistake with our three. All went, and did well, to mixed day schools.

I was just fourteen when polio struck. Home for Christmas, I felt extremely lethargic and was put to bed with 'flu'. My father sat beside the bed writing sermons. When I wanted to pee, he insisted on getting an old pot, and told me to stand up. This was impossible so he stood me up, but I collapsed, of course tipping over the pot. They had never seen me so weak, 'Uncle Alan', our doctor was called for and in no time, I was in Hendon Isolation Hospital. Unbeknown to me, the next day, Bridget, then aged 19, was going through a similar pattern. Her scream of extreme pain as the needle was driven into her cortex to extract the fluid used to determine whether the problem was polio or not, (a lumber punch) pieced the adjoining wall from her next door ward to mine. It was polio and both our lungs rapidly weakened so we were shoved into iron lungs. These contraptions may have saved our lives, but the memory is hellish. To keep the tomb-like box airtight we were sealed in with thick rubber bands around our necks. The box did not give much room to move and the pain from tendons contracting was bad. This contraction of tendons is the reason why polio can leave one leg shorter than the other and why hands affected appear as claws. At the early stage, two weeks or so, I was in and out of consciousness and was convinced the boys at school had jammed me under the metal bar of my bed. Screaming to be let out got me nowhere because I couldn't speak. My vocal chords were gone: speaking and breathing were severely impaired. Of course eating was impossible, not even a drink. Dr Zamora sat with me twice a day, just talking about food – trying to activate my muscles. "Whenever you want it, Alan, you can have your best ever lunch", true to his word, after several weeks, the chef came in with it – roast pork and sprouts. The men in the ward cheered as I finished it. I was getting better.

Polio can attack people differently. Mine was a type called Bulbar which attacks the throat and is demonic in severity. You either die very soon or get better. Bridget was never about to die as I was, but polio struck on her arm, leg and back muscles. She is still horribly crippled. Life on the ward gave me my first glimpse of adult behaviour. Jack had a pretty young wife but as soon as she left in an evening he used to take a young nurse into the toilets. He said when I asked him what he did there "oh, you know" but I did not, I was only fourteen. Some of the wives brought beer hidden in their bags, and when offered one I smugly refused saying "we don't drink in our family, it's wicked and a horrid waste of money". And now.....?

A month at an orthopaedic hospital was for physiotherapy. Bridget and I had been welded together through our humiliatingly incredible weakness and frustration with our bodies. After two months I could totter a few steps but she could not. Her worst limb was an almost useless arm and hand. Years later I began to understand the suffering of the rest of my family. Peter had by 1954 joined the army, but Rachel and Susan were forbidden to socialise for two months and home became increasingly tedious for them. My parents came to see us every day and my father's work must have been compromised; by then he was chaplain at Mill Hill School. That summer I became stronger and was able to ride a bicycle. The lasting paralysis was in my throat. One side of my thorax was paralysed. The immediate effect of this was the frequent closure of my throat muscles. We called it '@Alan's choke'; it was in effect a closure. I stopped breathing, learnt to put my arms above my head, not panic and wait, sometimes it felt for many minutes for my throat to open and breathe again. It was terrifying. This has become less and less frequent. The result for me was no more contact games, hugely weakened breathing and a squeaky, throaty voice. During this summer of convalescence my father took me to the Commonwealth Games at the White City. In our row were three of my friends from Taunton. The result was that I could not bear the thought of going back there. I had been a leading light, a mini-success and I knew that I could not cope with now being a weak, non-games playing nothing who couldn't act because he could hardly speak. My father listened to me and acted positively. Roy Moore, headmaster of Mill Hill, agreed for me to join the school. Because I was so vulnerable he gave me dispensation to attend classes and chapel only if I felt able to. He had given me a wonderful opportunity. Masters were allowed one child free so my father did not have to pay – which he could not have done anyway.

Mill Hill was essentially a rugby school. In 1953 when I joined two Old Boys were in the England Fifteen and another was to be President of the Rugby Football Union. The bright lads who entered Oxbridge (no other University was even considered) were dubbed as 'swots' and did not feature in boys' esteem. None of us had heard of Francis Crick the DNA genius who had only left two years before I came.

So, in autumn 1954, life began anew, but I did not. I was still the same trouble-maker, disturbing classes by joking, centre attention seeker I had been. And no games excellence to make up for it. No rugger ever.

“Figgis would do better if he didn’t enjoy being the form buffoon” summed up one report. My father had, by all accounts, been a conscientious child, law abiding and a pride for his parents. He laid this into me. I would be called into his study and dealt with coldly. I always stood to attention and was never asked to speak. He did not believe in democracy at home. Our relationship was deteriorating. As school chaplain he was excellent. Boys thought him great. He cared for them, he knew them and they responded to him. He taught Latin to ‘O’ level, having only done classics for four years at Uppingham, he played some rugby against the school and excelled at fives, always beating the best of each year. Every Sunday in term my mother had to bake scones and cakes for the four boys he invited to tea. Sixty five years later my friends speak of his ability to relate to teenagers as awesome.

Mill Hill differed from Taunton in being far less brutal. The head did not beat but the senior boys did. The school life was run by the boys, good training for the colonial service and the army. The boys were from a different background, being on the edge of London, only a few minutes from Hendon, Golders Green, Edgware and Stanmore, the intake was cosmopolitan. The day boys house was half Jewish. Taunton had been made up of Welsh and Somerset farmers’ sons. A major reason for the variety of the intake was the Middlesex Scheme. The County Council paid, in some cases all, the fees. Half of the intake was made out of ‘needy’ cases – boys whose fathers had been killed in the war, the other half the school could choose. Very bright students or excellent games players would be welcomed to boost up the Mill Hill Image. Invariably the prominent boys were Middlesex boys. The scheme seemed to work well and benefit all involved.

With permission of Alan’s wife Cherry Figgis

## **URC Devotions**

John 1: 1 - 18

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. He came as a witness to testify to the light, so that all might believe through him. He himself was not the light, but he came to testify to the light. The true light, which enlightens everyone, was coming into the world.

He was in the world, and the world came into being through him; yet the world did not know him. He came to what was his own, and his own people did not accept him. But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God, who were born, not of blood or of the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory, the glory as of a father's only son, full of grace and truth. (John testified to him and cried out, 'This was he of whom I said, "He who comes after me ranks ahead of me because he was before me."') From his fullness we have all received, grace upon grace. The law indeed was given through Moses; grace and truth came through Jesus Christ. No one has ever seen God. It is God the only Son, who is close to the Father's heart, who has made him known.

### Reflection

There is at least one bilingual road sign in Wales which makes sense in English, but for which the Welsh, when translated back into English, reads, "Thank you for emailing the translation department. We will respond to your email when we reopen on 19 October". Likewise, someone who asked for a tattoo of the Mandarin symbol for "live and let live", instead got "sweet and sour chicken".

Translation isn't risk-free, and translation is what we need to make sense of John's gospel. God was searching for a way to translate God's life and purpose into something that we could understand, and that was Jesus. The Word became flesh and lived among us, and we have seen his glory.

What John is concerned with is the big picture, the cosmic significance of what's going on here. This is no small-town deity pushed to the edge and trying to get a mention in the local newspaper. This is the God whose light has been travelling towards us from the Big Bang for 13.7 billion years at a speed of 186,000 miles per second. This is a God of

extraordinary scale, emerging from the mists of space-time and pouring God's life and purpose into a human life, the life of Jesus bar-Joseph, carpenter from Nazareth. One life, lived so close to God, so saturated in God, that very soon people who'd known him were saying he must have been the Son of God.

God has translated God's life and purpose into something we could understand, and we do the same when we reflect God's strategy of deep engagement, and when our lives demonstrate that love. In Jesus, God has moved in, lived deep, and shared our lives. God calls us to do the same in our own sphere of life and influence, however small or great.

Prayer

Living Word, thank you for coming into our world.

Shine your light into my life this Christmas, and may I live as a true child of God, in praise of your glory.

## **THE GRAND TOUR**

There were a few places where I wanted to return to and asking Grace, she did not want to go there; she was not wanting to travel so far now that son Richard no longer lived in New Zealand. Latterly, visiting him we had broken the journey back by calling in on one of the Hawaiian Islands. The last time we visited we also broke the journey on the way out in Singapore.

I rang a friend who I have toured the world with on various Fern Expeditions and proposed the tour and he said he would be delighted to come.

I outlined my ideas for the programme which involved showing him around the Singapore Botanic Gardens and taking in the natural areas there. In the Singapore Gardens someone we knew in the deep past worked on the hybridisation of these large orchids you buy but whose great love was the ferns. When he retired to Kew in Britain, he was able to pursue it more fervently. He was the greatest director of the Singapore Botanic Gardens. His work continues to this day. His mark is all over the Gardens with his house kept as a museum to him.

Then we were to go on to New Zealand where I was to spend a week with him touring the South Island before he was to visit his daughter and her children in Auckland while I continued in the South Island visiting friends and contacts in the South while he was in the North Island.

Then we were to meet up for a week together on North Island before continuing on to Kauai, the furthest west of the Hawaiian Islands if you discount Mid-way Island, now thought to be one of the chain.

Since my return I discovered a couple of fern friends are also over there for seven weeks following, in part an article I wrote for *The Pteridologist*. Questions I ask are, should I be burning up this quantity of the world's resources? Is what I learn of any real value to the world or just for my own pleasure? Am I encouraging others to follow in my wake? I have really enjoyed meeting up with old friends who I probably will probably not meet again. I hope I have continued to enthuse the few people that are interested in ferns to continue the work and enthuse the next generation.

Whilst we were travelling, we met many people of interest and explained our work. We chatted to a few interested parties in Singapore. We met three American students who noted what we were doing and were introduced to one of them as someone who was keen on the ferns but he seemed keener himself. We were going around Lake Matheson which was one of tourist attractions featured on their stamps in Victorian times.

Going around the river in Hokatiki we met two students who quizzed us extensively about our work and kept meeting us and showing an interest in the ferns we were studying as the day progressed.

We also met a lovely couple who we spent an hour with at the end of the day who showed a lively interest in our work and discussed all sorts of environmental issues with. We discovered that they were really committed Mormons; I had never met a Mormon before and their views on the world were really quite normal.



## **Boys Brigade News Update.**

We've had a busy start back to the 2024 session. The Company section did well at the recent Table Tennis competition and our joint swimming team with the Girls' Brigade also came out on top.

All sections have been working hard on their respective badge programmes ready for our awards evening in June. Some Company and Senior section boys are hoping to complete their Bronze Duke of Edinburgh Award as well.

The first weekend in March saw the Junior section enter their first competition outside the usual swimming and sports for a number of years. The boys did a great job coming 4th at the Uni-hoc and Curling. The matches were played in good BB spirit and the boys showed some great teamwork.

New members welcome: We still have a few spaces in each section, so drop us a line if you know anyone who has children who may be interested [13tbromley@gmail.com](mailto:13tbromley@gmail.com)

75th Anniversary Pictures/Video: For those who have not had a chance to see the montage of pictures taken at the event last year. Scan this QR on your smart phone and take a look.



## **Boys Brigade Nostalgia**

For those of you who have an interest in brigade history here are links to three old Brigade recruitment videos. The full information about each video can be read by following the link. They have been converted from

archive cine film which one of our alumni acquired. You may recognise some old faces in one of the videos as our own company 13th Bromley is featured in one of them.



Stuart B -  
*13th Bromley Company Captain*



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## NORMAL WEEKLY ACTIVITIES

Monday	9.30am	BUTTERFLIES PARENT, TODDLER & BABY CLUB
	6.15pm	Boys' Brigade ANCHOR BOYS (5-7yrs.)
Tuesday		
Wednesday	9.30am	BUTTERFLIES PARENT, TODDLER & BABY CLUB
	6.15 pm	Girls' Brigade EXPLORERS (5-8 yrs.)
Thursday	10.45am	TEMPLE LUNCHEON CLUB
	6.15 pm	Girls' Brigade JUNIORS (8-11 yrs.)
	7.30pm	Girls' Brigade SENIORS & BRIGADERS (12+yrs.)
Friday	6.00 pm	Boys' Brigade JUNIORS (8-11 yrs.)
	7.45 pm	Boys' Brigade COMPANY & SENIORS (12+yrs.)
Saturday	10.00am	MISSION GROUP COFFEE MORNING- 2nd Saturday of month
Sunday	11.00am	Sunday Service in church and on Zoom.

Want to know more? - See our "Welcome" leaflet available in the Church Vestibule or visit our website at [www.templeurc.org.uk](http://www.templeurc.org.uk)

### MAY JUNE TEMPLE RECORD

Please send news, articles and notices by  
 Sunday 28 April 2024  
 Earlier does help