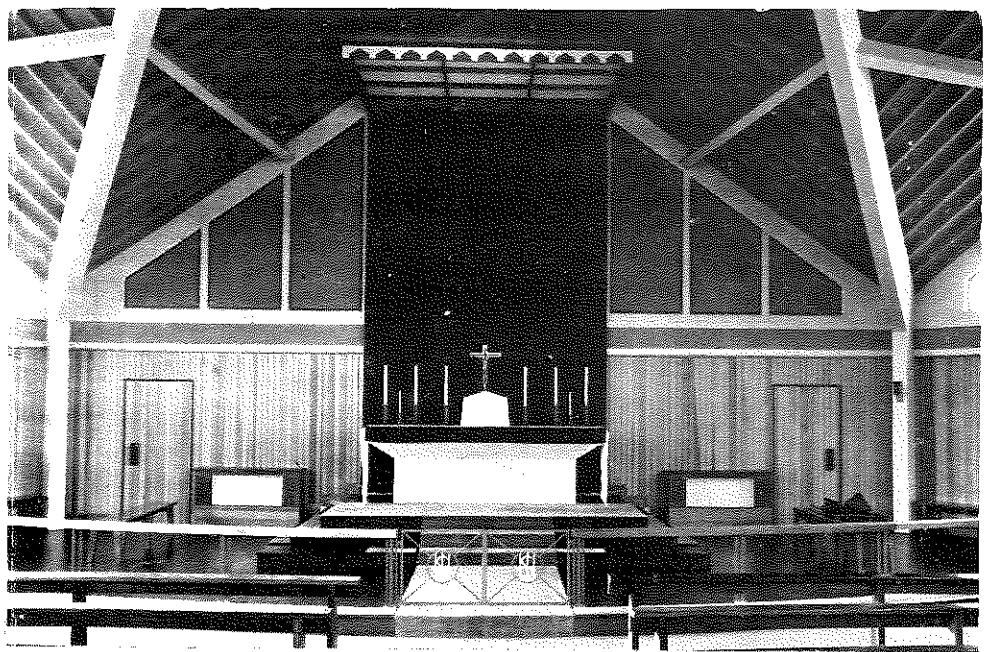


THE VENERABLE BEDE

Candela ecclesiae quam  
illuxit Spiritus Sanctus



*St. Bede's Church  
Chadwell Heath*

Dear Parishioners,

Here we are again but this time with a 'special' souvenir issue to celebrate our Golden Jubilee. A big 'Thank You' to all those people who dug into the archives of their cupboards and their minds to provide the articles we have printed. Those who haven't been in the parish long will understand and appreciate what we have and how we got it. Perhaps we will take our church a little less for granted in the future. Those stalwarts of the parish who have been here to celebrate many years in the parish will enjoy and remember when they read the ensuing pages. 'A good read' I think and worthy of being kept along with all the keepsakes, to look back in the years to come.

In 1986 we will be simplyfying the magazine layout to make it a cheaper and more labour saving issue. To produce this style of magazine takes Gordon too long when his clients are constantly hounding him for their deadlines. The new way will still provide a platform for those who wish to communicate with the parish and it's size will be determined by the response.

We hope you enjoy this celebration issue and apologise to all those patient contributors to whom we are most grateful.

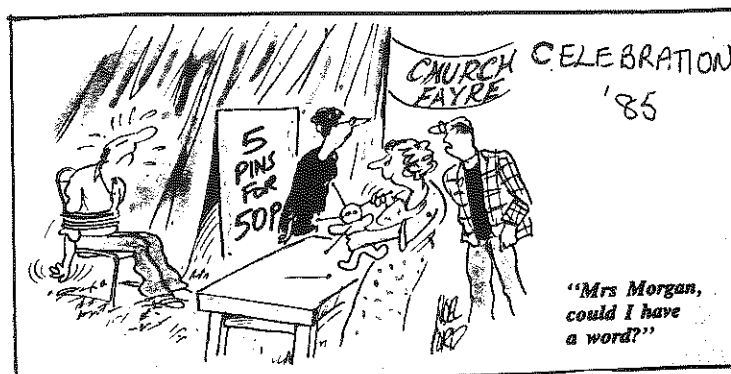
Thanks everyone for your support and HAPPY NEW YEAR to  
You All!

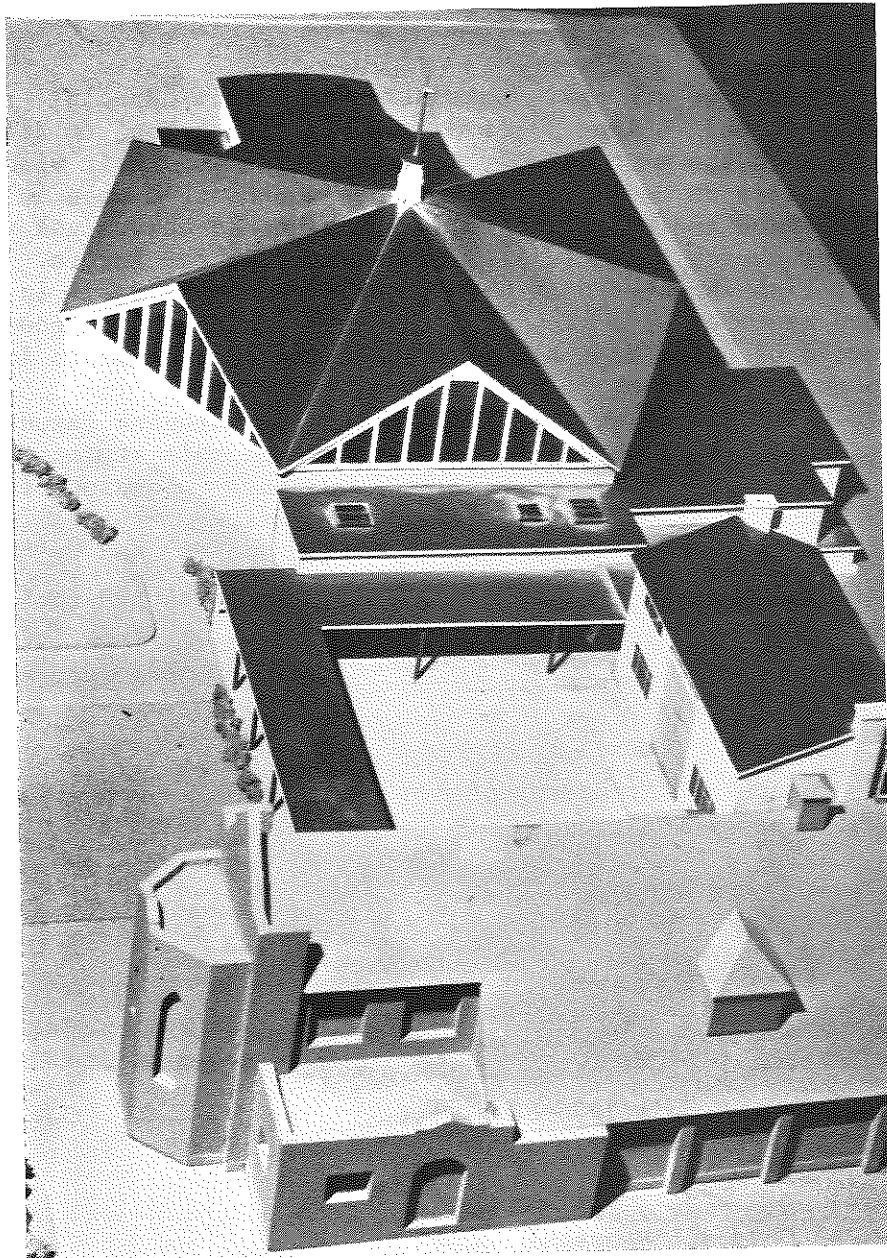
MARIA CRANE.

P.S. Do you recognise anyone in the centre pages?'. Hope the photos bring back happy memories!

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THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

CHRISTOPHER D. CREEDE



My Dear Friends,

As we come to the end of our Golden Jubilee Year, it is with deep gratitude that we give thanks to God for all His blessings on our parish.

We are able to look back on the last 50 years with humble pride. Firstly remembering the foresight of Canon Palmer in 1935. He could hardly have imagined what we now have Church, Presbytery, Hall and school, all on the same site which he bought.

When our present bishop led us in that beautiful Dedication Ceremony on September 27th many times I thought of those pioneers Priests, Nuns and Laity who had made all this possible. Our Heritage is tremendous because of their efforts. Please God we, too, may hand on to those who follow us a rich legacy founded on prayer and unselfish service to God and the local community.

Let our resolution for 1986 be to deepen our own personal faith, and to bring others into our family by care and example.

May our bountiful and caring Father grant to you and your families the understanding and will to enjoy all His gifts, is my wish and prayer for you.

May God bless you always,

Yours very sincerely,

*Verence Havel*

£5: "Tony." 10s.: O.A.P., Arundel shown to them.

Bridgend for the great kindness

## Sent to country dying— he lived 52 years

FIFTY-TWO years ago a young priest of the Westminster diocese was told by the doctor that he was dying. Cardinal Vaughan sent him into the country in the hope that fresh air might prolong his life. It did.

The priest—Canon Patrick Palmer, Ilford's parish priest—died on Wednesday last week, one week before his 81st birthday, having never left the "country," mission to which he had been sent under sentence of death.

Canon Palmer missed death by inches some years later.

While cycling he had a collision. He fractured his backbone, both legs and had severe head injuries. He was again given up for lost, but recovered.

For the rest of his life, however, he was a cripple.

When Canon Palmer went to Ilford he found a community of fewer than 10 Catholics. To-day there are more than 9,000.

His church was a tin shed. To-day there is the massive Church of SS. Peter and Paul, where Mass is offered five times each Sunday, and St. Bede's Church in Chadwell Heath, which is served from Ilford.

Bigotry was rife in the area. Scrawled on the walls of the tin chapel and on the pavements

around were anti-Catholic slogans. To-day, if Canon Palmer had not refused the gesture of the local authorities, one of the borough's main roads would bear his name.

Canon Palmer founded several Mass centres which are to-day flourishing parishes. He built three elementary schools in Ilford and helped to establish a convent school.

He served on many civic committees and became one of the best-known figures in the town.

Yesterday was the 50th anniversary of the opening of SS. Peter and Paul's Church.

Ordained 55 years ago, Canon Palmer was appointed a Canon soon after the erection of the Brentwood diocese. He was made Canon Theologian in 1933.—R.I.P.

### Audience for jumpers

The Irish military jumping team competing at the Rome International Horse Show was received by the Holy Father in a special 15-minute audience last week.

\* REST \* IN \* PEACE \*

EVA BLACK CATHRINE GLAVIN ANDREW MURRAY  
ALICE BONNET Mrs LYDIA MARRAY Mrs MURPHY  
WILLIAM BRENNAN GEORGE BAILEY  
VIOLET MARSH MAY FRANCIS NYHAM  
Mr STOMMER Mr & Mrs WALSH

ST. BEDE'S 1935 - 1985

Architect Don Marshall

I was a visitor before moving into Chadwell Heath. My memories go back to the Hall, then used as a Church once a week and was served from S.S. Peter & Paul's Ilford. The parishioners were very few, you could count them on the one hand - Spinks family, Morgan family, Pearson, Boniface, Berry, Kingseller, Bearman, etc. and ourselves - forgive me if I have forgotten anybody.

The Priests took it in turns each week to cycle up for Mass, Fr. Frank Wilson, Fr. Philpott, Mng. Shanahan served the first Mass with Canon Pat Palmer. The Canon was a wise and shrewd old man; he bought the ground on which our school and Church today stand very cheaply and then let it out for Allotments. At that time we had rails round the ground, until the war came and then they were taken by Compulsory as the Government needed them.

We all worked very hard as we were determined to have a school and parish of our own. The parish was growing then. Whist Drives - these were taken care of by Doreen Ryan (nee Spinks) and her team of helpers - we had to use other halls as we could not use our own.

In 1948 we became our own parish - then we went to town. Fr. Pat Carthy became our first Parish Priest and organisations were set up:-

K.S.C. Spring 1949  
C.W.L. Sept. 23rd 1949  
S.V.P.  
Guild of B/Sacrament  
L.O.M.  
Guild of St. Agnes

Squires, Young men of K.S.C.  
Brownies  
Cubs  
Parish Council  
Mrs. Pearson tried to form a choir, but the organ we had had to be pumped manually. She did try.

After a lot of negotiating with the Borough Council we eventually were allowed to have two classrooms in the Hall - by dividing doors, this was hard work. School during the week and church on Sunday, we had the job of moving desks and chairs every weekend. We all worked well together. Twice a year we scrubbed tables, chairs and floors, then polished-everything was spick and span. Soon the K.S.C. got together with other members of the parish with special skills and built the Club - a good job they made of it too. If it hadn't been for these men, there would be no Club today.

Then they formed a group called Chadwell Heathen, they were hilarious, going out to other clubs entertaining young and old with their music and acting.



After a time Fr. Pat was moved to Canvey Island and we had Fr. Frank Heenen. He started the ball rolling for the church - after gaining permission, things just galloped along. Mr. O'Leary, a parishioner and builder, got going (More fund raising). At that time, we had no presbytery - the priest lived in Jarrow Road. He was a great character, but he never saw his Church as he was taken ill and had to leave the parish.

Mrg. Creede was our next Parish Priest, he came just as the church was almost finished and stayed fourteen years.

During his time with us, we got our school, still working hard to raise funds. We had Beetle Drives, Whist Drives and Old Tyme Dancing.

Most of you now know what has happened. After Fr. Chris came Fr. John Gallagher and then Fr. Grady, and Fr. Howes and we are still trying to raise money for various things.

Past Parish Priest

P. Carthy  
F. Heenan  
C. Creede  
J. Gallagher  
B. Grady

Curates

G. Alliss  
M. Butler  
T. McGrath  
P. Bennett

I could relate more, but it would take too long.

Vera Errington  
one of the old has beens



# Living across the way

- M. Plumer

We moved into our house in Bishops Avenue 25 years ago, in those days our priority to buy was, a church and school. It was asleppy road with the church which was a school during the week for five and six year olds. The school was an annexe of St. Peter's and Paul's. Many teachers taught there but to me the late Mrs. Thomas was exceptional. It was a happy school for the children who went there. The field where the present church and school stands gave the impression of country with the odd donkey and pony happily grazing. Fr. Heenan was the Parish Priest. He was a very homely man and loved to engage people in conversation. He suffered severely from arthritis which forced him to retire. The ladies living in Bishops Avenue, although not of our faith, took a great interest in the church, they made alter cloths and lace for the priest's vestments, the alter boys cotta's used to have lace trimmings and Fr. Heenan loved to tell of people's generosity toward him. In those days the presbytery was in Jarrow Road. The bungalow of the corner of Bede Road was intended to be 'willed' to the church as the presbytery but something went amiss, a catholic family lived there, they had a Lourde like grotto in the back garden and I found out later that the subsequent occupants had this removed as rubbish - sad we didn't know.

There were very few cars around and bicycles stood four deep against the church wall. I cant remember how many Masses we had on Sundays but I do remember going to Mass at the Moby Dick. The late Dennis Spinks was the manager then, it was an ideal location for our parishioners on the Marks Gate Estate, there was many a joke about moving out of the lounge into the saloon, - we made the Sunday papers as a news story.

It was a growing parish in those days and it wasn't long before the footings of the new church was laid. On one occasion our young son decided to follow his father up an extended ladder while he was painting the house, one of the workmen on the church saw the danger and strolled across and in a calm voice talked our 2½ year old to hold on and saved what could have been a tragic situation. The children skated, played tennis and rode bikes in safety in the Avenue. Alas, today we often call it 'Brands Hatch' for obvious reasons.

The winter of 1961-62 was a nightmare, it appeared we had more snow than anywhere else. We could not push pram or pushchair on the pavements with the mounting snow and ice. Walls of four or five feet of snow separated the pavement from the road, a mountain of snow was dumped at Heathgate opposite the Hawbush, we had our own mini Everest. The snow drifted across the field opposite us and the severe frost carcked all our windows - central heating was a pipe dream for the majority. Coal lorries refused to come up the hill so the only alternative was



to buy it at the local merchants. Because we are, or were, only nine houses the Co-op milkman braved the snow by wrapping himself in sacking around the legs and waist, he was only 5 feet tall, he was visible from the waist up, others used his tracks to get around.

As the boys got older they joined the cubs, they were run by Maureen Campbell in the hall - Maureen could rely on us to help with the jumble sales and fetes. We went everywhere that was free and we had a lot of laughs! The average family was about four. Schooling was a problem after St. Bede's the children went to St. Anthony's at Hainault. It was a nightmare journey for our young children and for the parents with smaller children - queueing for buses early in the morning. Fr. Creed was the Parish Priest then, and he badgered the councils to put on a bus for the children, the bus stop was outside our house. The Legion of Mary was started and one of our jobs was to visit every house in the parish to collect names of children who would be attending catholic schools, those figures were presented to the council and today we have a thriving school, many people before had made collections every week towards this end. Next year sees the 25th anniversary of Canon Palmer school where most of our children enter their second stage of their education, a lot of people helped with those two schools and we are very grateful to them.

Time went by and the social club was built by the men of the parish. New organisations were started and activities were broadened, this was bound to have their effect on us as residents, irate neighbours would single me out to vent their feelings and I have tried to placate the situations. We are fortunate to enjoy good friendly relations with our neighbours. We are two families of catholics in Bishops Avenue. When we were the only catholics in Bishops, and the presbytery had just been occupied the priest asked me 'what religion I thought he was' I was lost for an answer. On the lighter side when the new church was opened the late Canon Marshall was being shown round by the priest, he was interested in the confessional boxes, he turned to the priest and said 'so this is where you get all your news from'. On another occasion, a Reverend arrived at the presbytery to see the Parish Priest. He asked the housekeeper if she was the 'wife' she replied she was the housekeeper, well he said you are 'all but' so the next time he arrived he was announced as the Reverend 'all but'. One priest who has left came across one day to get an opinion on his new suit he had made for him, he looked very smart. We had just acquired a dog who promptly peed all over his trouser legs, I pleaded to have them cleaned for him. That was the nearest I have come to being excommunicated, I couldn't stop laughing while he expressed his utter contempt for the animal, needless to say, he didn't visit us again.

Over the years, we have had a front line seat for the celebrations of Baptisms, Weddings large and small, the boys were near for the priest to call on as alter servers. At this time the younger children had a contract with our P.P. to clean up confetti after weddings. On Saturdays, they stood by at the ready with dustpan in one hand, brush in the other, waiting for photographs to finish and in they charged and for the next hour all one could see was a flurry of bottoms as they went about their task, job finished they presented their dustpan full to the Priest who paid each one 6d for their gallant work. They enjoyed the inside information of the alter servers to prepare their Saturdays, by the way all the children in the road were welcome to earn extra pocket money in this way. It has always been a pleasure admiring the brides, they all look so lovely and if the sun shines its lovelier. Funerals are always sad affairs. We have had very large funerals and some of those have been my friends. Before we close the curtains at night and I look over - if it is a friend in a dark church memories come flooding back and it isn't easy to sleep. When I see a funeral with as few as two people walking behind one is lost for words - surely we deserve a little better?

I hope I've given a little light-hearted look at what it is like living across the way.

#### REFLECTIONS ON A RACE NITE

Everything was ready in the hall on May 18th. Dan had got this wonderful idea last year and had already raised some money with it, but tonight, the first Race Night in our Jubilee Year, had got to be better. It had been advertised for weeks in the hall and inside and outside the Church. It's a special fun way to raise money towards our new altar and sanctuary. Now all was poised for action. The punters should soon be arriving for race night to begin at eight o'clock. The projector, the screen and microphone were all tested and true. The tables and chairs set up, the tote manned and waiting. In the kitchen a hundred baked spuds filled the hot oven, a hundred bangers sizzled in Amy's hot trays. Heaps of salad and pickles and plates looked tempting and all for £1 admission. People who'd had a great time at previous Race Nights were geared up to cheer their chosen horses on. Dan and his team were anxious to see how much money it would raise towards keeping the parish out of the Red.

By 8.30 only about a dozen people had arrived. The first Race could be delayed no longer, so Dan, keeping a stiff upper lip, said 'Lets go racing - They're Off!

At the end of the evening the teams lower lips got badly bitten in shame as our parish priest thanked the 2 dozen supporters for coming from places as far away as Southend, Chelmsford and Oxford - and the few from Chadwell Heath. And so Race Night became the latest Casualty in the line of recent flops that surely deserved a better fate.

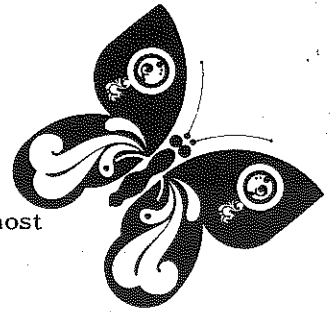
O.K. so we're all busy and nobody's made of money, and there ARE very good excuses; I've got some of the best myself - but fifty years ago when we were even less well-off and even busier, fund raisers such as Race Nights and Lourdes, Discos, etc. got enough response and goodwill to help build the Church and later the hall and school that we take for granted today.

There aren't so many now of those devoted old faithfuls to whom the rest of us left all the donkey work, and they don't get the support that they deserve. It's OUR parish now, our responsibility, and just a little more goodwill from each of us could do wonders for this most important of all projects: the re-ordering of the Sanctuary, and at the same time help us all to actually enjoy the Keeping of the Fifth Commandment of the Church.

VERONICA



## THOUGHTS



It is said that everybody is afraid of something - probably most people would deny that, but I think they would be wrong.

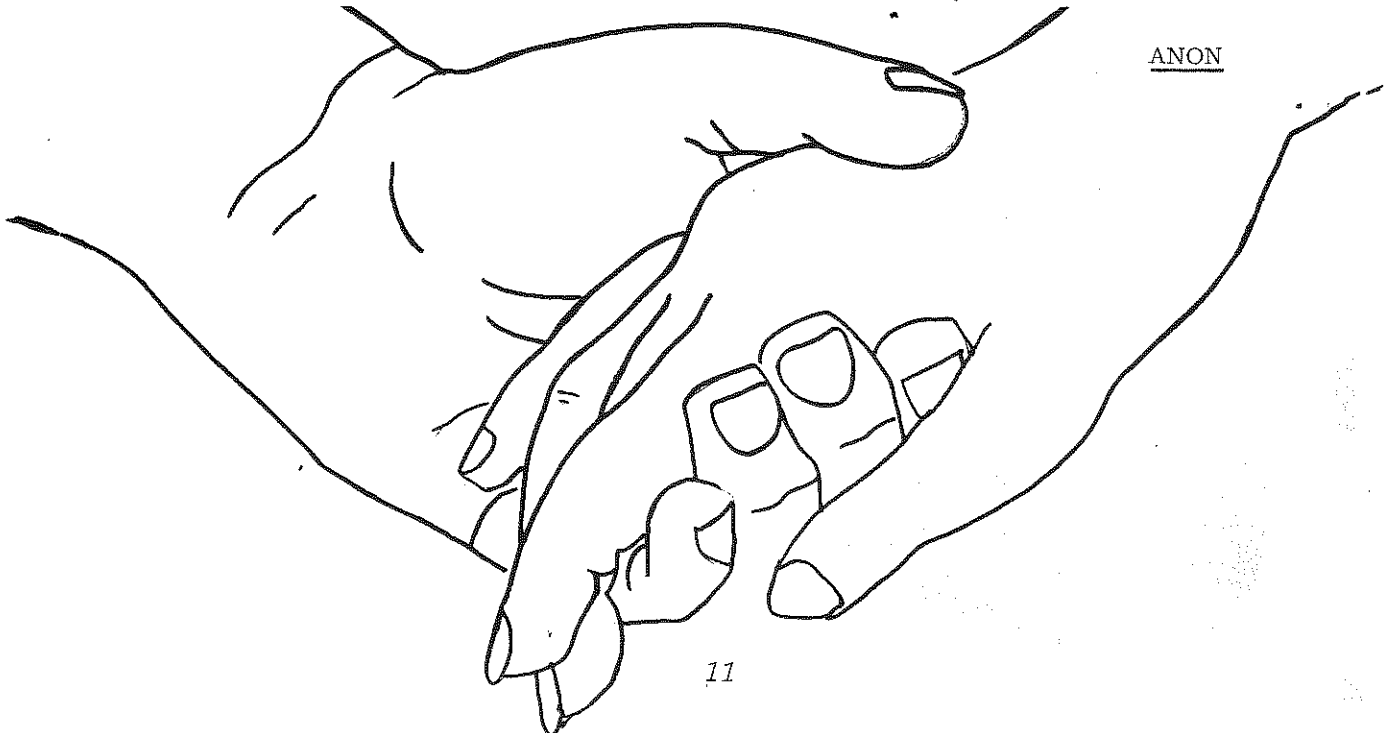
When I was young, I denied indignantly that I was afraid of anything but now I look back and think I've always been afraid of something; fear of redundancy, fear of loneliness, fear of dying of ourselves and others, fear of having some crippling disease so we couldn't look after our families and that we would be dependant on others, fear for our children we all have or have had fears of some kind.

How then do we deal with this. Personally, I pray, it doesn't always work but it helps - I try to rationalise my fears and put them into perspective and look through the Bible, I always find something there that will help. For any of those who are afraid, read Philippians 4:6:7 and remember 'Courage is fear that has said its prayers'.

As a person who has a natural curiosity about people, as a Catholic I find Catholic people have begun to change over the years. We go to Church on Sundays and Holydays, but none of us are as kind as we should be. It seems natural for people nowadays to form cliques and leave others outside, a smile or a friendly 'Hello' would make someone very happy at times. Take a look as people come out of Church, take a look at parents meeting their children from school, take a look at the Social Club, there are many who stand on their own, walk on their own without a friendly smile or 'Hello' from anyone; listen to how many people say about others 'I don't like him/her' when they don't even know them. Why don't we all try to follow the commandment 'Love thy Neighbour', its a hard one, but it can be done. Let St. Bedes be a Caring, Kindly Parish with all of us having a go even if its just a smile or a Hello, you might cheer up someones day, let's all look into ourselves and see if we are truly kind to one another.

In the past a smile was natural, now people only smile at people they know, remember that a smile is also a very powerful thing, prayer is the most powerful, learn to listen, learn to observe, don't let us all be so wrapped up in our own lives that we cannot spare any time for anyone, try to be 'Friends' not just 'acquaintances'. We Catholics used to be admired for our care and kindness and community spirit, but sadly, not anymore. Why don't we all give it a try, it's worth it, we may all learn to know ourselves and maybe like ourselves.

ANON







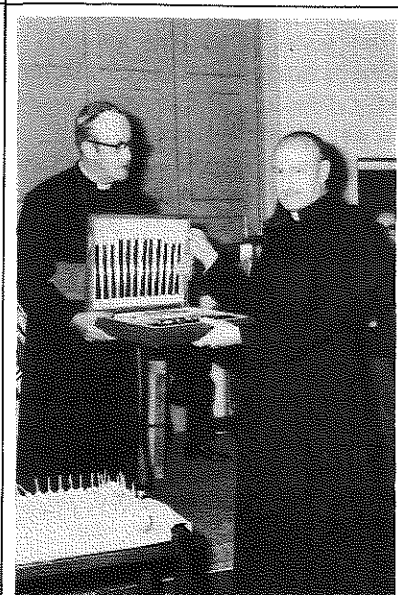
C.W.L - First Holy Communion Tea  
Helping out as always



First Holy Communion 1962



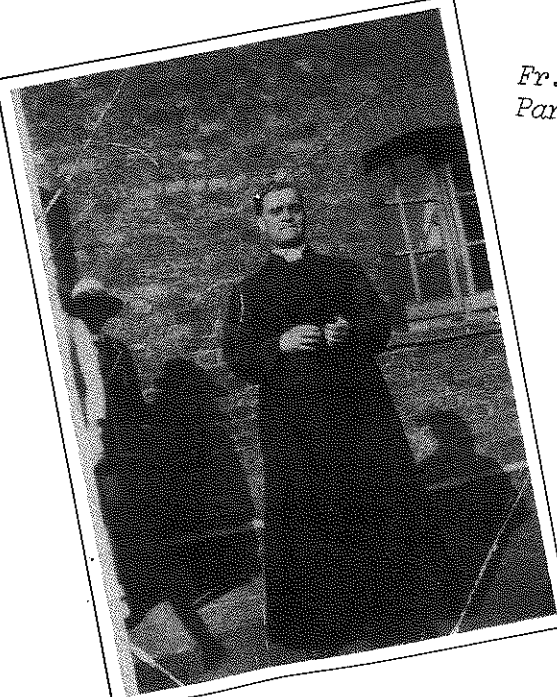
Outdoor procession - we can see you Eric  
(Havering Gardens.)



Fr. Patrick Carthy  
Parish Priest 1948



Sr. Rosarie  
- St. Bede's  
First Headmistress

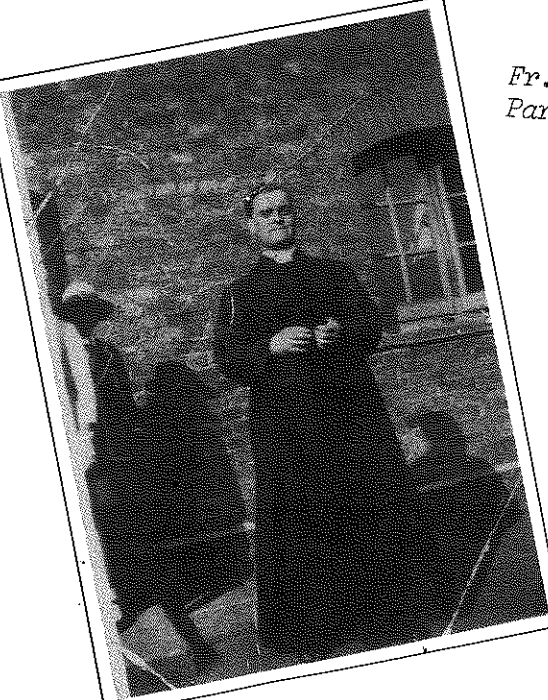
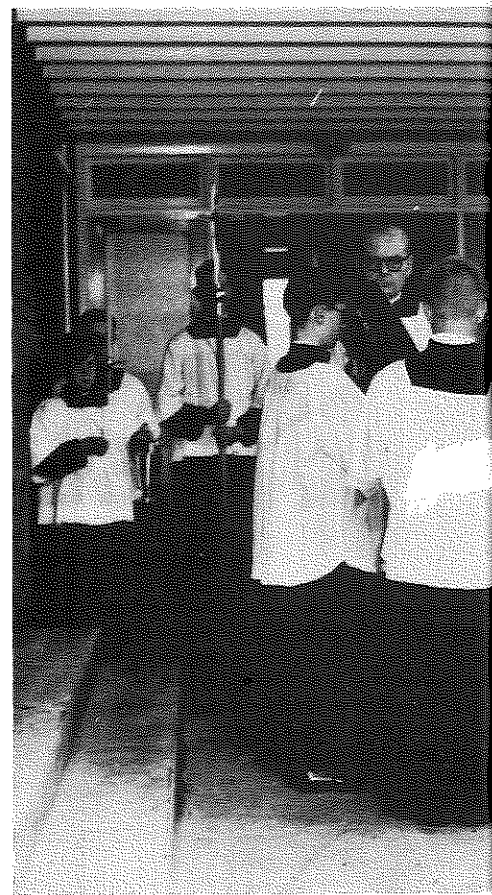
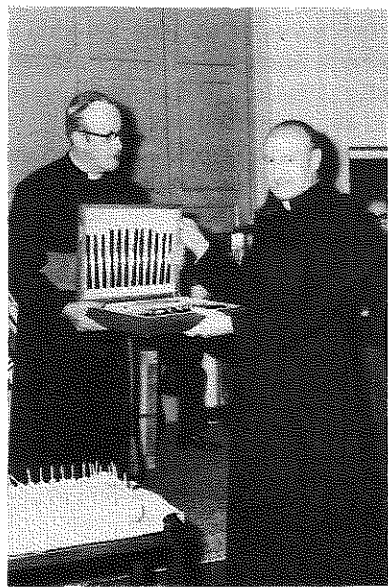


C.W.L. - at a party





*C.W.L. - First Holy Communion Tea  
Helping out as always*



*Fr. Patrick Carthy  
Parish Priest 1948*



First Holy Communion 1962



Outdoor procession - we can see you Eric  
(Havering Gardens.)



Sr. Rosarie  
- St. Bede's  
First Headmistress



C.W.L. - at a party



## THE CHADWELL HEATHENS

---

Do you remember them? If you do you're 20 years older now than then. Dear old Harold Pearson thought the name was slightly irreligious; nevertheless, the name stuck and became associated with St. Bedes Chadwell Heath. The Heathens became ambassadors.

A group of young (well youngish) men working in and around the Church-cum school-cum hall that was St. Bedes began singing together, albeit inharmoniously, and found the cement mixing, path laying, rubbish clearing, garden making, lawn laying, fence repairing less tedious, and the singing even enjoyable, so they began to rehearse in earnest. A couple of bottles to lubricate the tonsils, a couple of songs that remained safely inside one octave, and six months later we were ready for our first public performance; Bill Hodge, Ben Brown, Mick Lillis, John Campbell, Jim Kinsella and me. Never was "Dear Old Donegal" and the "Wiffenpoof Song" greeted with such tumultuous applause, because being of a nervous disposition, we had not told anyone of our choral endeavours, so that first recital, given after a Quiz in a hall in Brentwood, took everyone by surprise, and why not indeed? To hear six grown men singing the same words to roughly the same tune, starting and finishing together, was enough to surprise anyone. We were all slightly tipsy before we began (stage nerves), so perhaps that helped.

At this time, before our Church and School were built, to organise a social evening involved clearing all the school desks, chairs and equipment as well as moving the Pulpit, statues and Stations of the Cross, but I remember those socials were the best two bobs worth ever. With The Heathens performing, audience participation was very high. Mot people thought 'if those idiots can get away with that, so can I'. We had a good following.

Now arrived in the Parish a young handsome Priest, by name Fr. Christopher Creede. After his first rendition of "The Isle of Innishfree", in the key of "G", he was instantly made one of the "Chadwell Heathens". It was Fr. Chris who introduced us to John Harvey and his piano-accordion. At last we had a real Musical Director, we sang in key, and "The Heathens" went from strength to strength. We gradually extended our formidable repertoire of 3 songs until we could put on a two-hour show without even waiting for the applause. With singers like Jimmy Boyle and Mike Barry, and actors of the calibre of Jack Cousins - who, having once heard his interpretation of Shakespear's soliloquy, in which Henry V exhorts his gallant men - "Once more into the breach dear friends" can ever forget seeing grown men falling off their chairs with laughter?. John Gilbert and Pat Malone (God rest their souls) added backing to a crowd who were now ready for the BIG TIME. We were invited to perform at a St. Patrick's Night concert in St. Cedds Hall, and decided on an unconventional act - whoever heard of a Mexican Rumba on St. Pat's Night?

---

*Three fears that keep us away from  
God:  
We want to be saved, but not from our  
sins.  
We want to be saved, but not at too  
great a cost.  
We want to be saved in our own way,  
not his.* Bishop Fulton Sheen



The Chadwell Heathens - contd.

Imagine the scene: curtains open and James Boyle Esquire steps into the spot to sing "I'll Take you Home Again Cathleen". Cat calls from the balcony! followed by a shower of vegetables and J. Boyle Esquire yelling lustily "If you can do better come and do it!" - an irate Parish Priest ordering the stewards to remove the vegetable-throwing hooligans, but he is placated immediately when the same hooligans descend on stage to perform "South American Joe", with drums, tom-toms, cymbals, maracas, accordians, firemen's helmets, top hats, a bass drum, souzafone and trombone, and everyone slipping over on slimy cabbage leaves. The audience woke from their Ionian-induced torpor to applaud rapturously, and when John Driscoll sang "McNamaras Band" the assembled band (listed above) marched up and down (was Wally Bartlett bass drummer?) some people had to be treated for nervous exhaustion, induced by violent belly laughter.

Do you remember the night in St. Bede's Hall when five befezzed gentlemen dressed in long nightshirts, supplied by Frank Martin, shuffled onto the floor to the strains of "Snake Charmer from Old Bagdad" carrying a large rolled-up carpet? After several oriental girations the carpet was lowered to the floor and swiftly unrolled towards the highly amused Fr. Chris, but when a scantily-clad dancing girl emerged from the carpet, it was hard to decide who was most surprised, Fr. Creede or Mary Driscoll - the voluptuous dancing maiden - rapidly recovering from near-asphyxiation inside that carpet.

Possibly the greatest act put on by The Heathens was "The Mighty Ted Dean - Strong Man Extraordinaire". Ted would appear dressed in top hat and cloak (borrowed from Fr. Butler) and when Ted removed his cloak, with a highly professional flourish, he was seen to be attired in a vest, and pair of long johns and a pair of ladies' black panties! Whilst the strong man dusted his hands in a bowl of flour, the rest of the team struggled on with a 20-gallon cask and other very heavy objects which Ted proceeded to lift above his head with ease. A rubber hose pipe painted steel colour would be bent around his massive neck, and a block of concrete (polystyrene to you) would be smashed to pieces with one blow. All these feats were applauded hilariously by the amazed onlookers, who couldn't understand why Ted's biceps moved round to the back of his arms before bursting when he raised the colossal dumbbells. Yes, Ted, you were top of the bill whenever you appeared.

A closely guarded secret, which can now be revealed, were the identities of the "Three Sisters" who appeared as three nurses, to render a close harmony number originally sung by the Beverley Sisters. Our three curvaceous sisters always received a curtain call at the end of their number, invariably carrying hospital paraphernalia like bed pans, enema syringes, etc. much to the sisters' embarrassment. Did you know they were, from left to right, Jim Boyle, John Beck and John Campbell. Many thanks to Maureen Campbell for the uniforms, balloons, stockings, make-up and other nursing impedimenta we don't like to mention.

The Chadwell Heathens - contd.

It wasn't known at the time, but the "Heathens" did quite a bit of work for Redbridge Borough Council, visiting Old Peoples' Homes to entertain friends who preferred our type of show to Poetry Recitals and other academic pastimes. A certain old man, who we knew as Fred, had two metal legs, which he had refused to walk on. The Staff at Pegram House (or was it Heathgate?) were delighted when Fred danced vigorously to "See them shuffle along", "Swanee" and other tunes of this musical genre. Sadly, Fred became too confident on his new 'pins' and we had to extricate him when he fell down between the wall and the pan in the toilet cubicle - ask Eric Errington and Paddy Halligan - they know.

The Heathens entertained in several local Church Halls, anticipating the Ecumenical movement by some years. Non-Catholics voiced their surprise saying "Catholics used to keep to themselves, but not this lot". Many thanks to you, Rev. George Frost.

Being the first "Barber-Shop" singing group, many Brentwood Diocesan parishes invited the "Heathens" to visit their Socials, and we were pleased to notice some tried to copy our style, and some even improved on it.

Did you know the "Heathens" were invited to perform at the "Rose of Trallee Festival" in Trallee? Arrangements were started but sadly, not completed. The folk in Trallee will never know what they so narrowly missed!

The building of St. Bede's Club and the original renovation of the Hall was a "Heathens"-inspired job - not many people know that! The delightful Edwardian Music Halls were "Heathens" productions, wherein the entire audience turned up in period dress for a real Music Hall, chaired by our own inimitable William Hodge Esquire, forever carried away by the exuberance of his own verbocity! I remember Norman Backes' portrayal of the Dastardly Squire - Boo!, and there was Fr. Butler dressed as a Cardinal and everyone kissing his hand.

Special "Heathens" songs : can you add your favourite to the list?

The Wild Colonial Boy  
Cuddle up a Little Closer  
Fine Girl you are  
Mammy  
Where Have all the Flowers Gone?  
Carolina in the Morning

We will always associate, however, the solo singers and their songs :

Bill Hodge	singing	Mush Mush Turalyaddy
Ben Brown	"	The Bladen Races
Mike Barry	"	Bonny Mary of Argyle
Jim Boyle	"	When you and I were Young Maggy
John Campbell &		
Jack Cousins	"	A duet - Grandad
John Driscoll	"	McNamara's Band
Father Chris	"	The Isle of Inishfree

But like every other thing in life, change is inexorable. When Pat Malone died suddenly, followed in less than a year by John Gilbert, then Reg De-Ath, we lost some of our exuberance; the Gang wasn't complete any more, and when John Harvey died the healing hand of time was not for us.

We all had remarkable Wives who didn't complain too much when we had to 'rehearse' and later 'perform' at Socials. We must thank them all. We must also thank all you good people who were kind enough to laugh at and applaud our efforts, and who joined in the old songs we sang with remarkable affection.

I apologise if I have not mentioned every old "Heathen" by name. We "Heathens" had a great comradeship, we had laughs galore; we made hundreds of people happy with our music and songs, our farce and absolute idiocy; a humour that is fast disappearing as fewer men are prepared to "act the goat" as some men have done for centuries.

So take a bow, "Chadwell Heathens", you ambassadors of Chadwell Heath. God Bless you, every one.

John W. Beck.

### THOUGHT

Aim at heaven and you will get  
earth thrown in.  
Aim at earth and you get neither.

*C.S. Lewis*



### PRAYER.....

God

I spend so much time reliving yesterday  
or anticipating tomorrow  
that I lose sight of the only time which is  
really mine — the present.....  
You give me today, one minute at a time.  
That's all I have — all I ever will.  
Give me the faith that knows that each  
moment

contains exactly what is best for me.  
Give me the hope that trusts you enough  
to forget past sins and future trials.  
Give me that love that makes each minute  
of life an anticipation of eternity with you.

### STRANGE

Funny how people seem to believe that  
playing God means being the biggest and  
the meanest, whereas really being God  
means being born in a barn and dying on  
the dung heap.

— Methodist Recorder



## DID YOU KNOW?

In 1943 during the war, a company of Grenadier Guards were billeted at Little Heath where the tennis club now stands. They were an overspill from their 2nd Battalion stationed at Wanstead Flats.

Every Sunday morning while they were there, about eight or nine of them, with an N.C.O., used to march down Chadwell Heath Lane, turn left into Brian Road, right into Third Avenue and across Somerville Road to St.Bede's. They would halt outside where they would be dismissed by the N.C.O. then go into 9.15 Mass (the only Mass at the time.) After Mass, they would stand around for a few minutes having a quick smoke, then form up and march back to Little Heath.

They were not there long and were replaced by American soldiers, some of whom also attended Mass at St.Bede's. In complete contrast to the Grenadier Guards though, they used to arrive in jeeps, smoking cigars and greeting the parishioners with "howdy!"

Things were very quiet when they left.

J. D

### GLADRAGS!



*As I hung out my polishing rags (after a session with the church brass) a pleasing thought struck me: might not my neighbours wonder whether I actually wear these stained and yellowing garments.*

## "THAT'S A NICE BADGE IS IT A FISH?"



ABOUT two years ago I bought a fish badge from a member of our house group. I was debating about the best place to wear it, when I thought of my uniform at work. There're about a dozen permanent members of staff around the Lewisham Hospital Casualty Department but the pupil and student nurses are coming and going every eight weeks. Then there is the tremendous number of patients passing through every day, 365 days of the year!

It's been a really good form of Outreach/ Witness, call it what you may. Christian patients, doctors, physiotherapists, secretaries, policemen see the "Fish" and a conversation ensues. "Which church do you belong to?" etc. with, in some cases, other members of staff (not Christians)

'listening in'.

People who don't recognise the significance of the badge say, "That's a nice badge, is it a fish?" I can then explain what it means, why I wear it and that I'm a Christian. It seems a natural sort of witness.

Actually a drawing of a fish is one of the earliest Christian secret signs and used by Christians meeting in the catacombs of Rome. The initials of the words (in Greek) Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour make the word Ichthus which means fish.

You hear of fishermen bragging about the "big one that got away" – well this fish is really small fry – but it's here to stay!

(230 words)

– JOHN MARLEY

## ETHIOPIA

Having watched T.V. and the terrible plight of the children and families of Ethiopia, we were prompted at Playschool to do something about it, so we made it our project for the year.

With the help of a great many people between March 1984 and February 1985 we had sent the Little Way Association £1,277 for the Relief of Famine in that country. This sum was beyond all expectations and was the result of Sunday morning sales, donations, raffles and a jumble sale. Playschool parents donated new and almost new goods and the mums came up trumps with a great cake stall at each event. C.W.L. members helped in various ways. Many people are now busily knitting vests for the babies of the 3rd World and, up to now, 224 have been sent, half to Ethiopia and the remainder to Mother Teresa. Many thanks to the knitters and the donations of wool.

On March 5th this year The Irish Centre in Seven Kings donated the use of the 'Shannon Suite' for a dance, 'Mick and the Moonshines' gave their services free and the Tickets were printed free of charge. This event was organised mainly by Mrs. Kay Kinsella, all raffle prizes were donated. It was a great night and £740 was raised. An additional donation of £180 was received from St. Bede's Irish Dancing Association which enabled us to send a further cheque for £910 to the L.W.A.

Mrs. Helen Dupree and her husband, on a sporting weekend in Holland, did a sponsored run and cycle race and raised £113. Many thanks to both of them and to all the people without whose help we would not have been able to contribute this amount of money and so help these starving people. At the moment, nothing further is planned, but we hope to go on doing what we can for the people of Ethiopia.

K. O'NEILL

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## **THE BROTHERS OF MOTHER TERESA**

THE WORK OF the nuns of Mother Teresa of Calcutta among the poorest of the poor has become world famous. What is less well known is that her Missionaries of Charity have a branch for men — the Brothers of Mother Teresa. Today they number 63 communities in more than 20 countries, from Sweden to Haiti.

The Missionaries of Charity have sometimes been criticised for doing nothing to solve the systems which impose poverty, but only giving "first aid". Br Andrew answers simply: "That is our way — we go to the immediate need. That approach does not exhaust the whole possibility. That is why there have to be people

working at all levels to improve the conditions of the people — in development, medicine, education, social work, counselling. All are needed, and there should not be any opposition or competition."

For him, the world changes "at the point where our hearts change." His business is not social work. "The poor and the suffering person — they are Christ. It is not only that we go and do something for them, but that they sanctify us." That is what Br Andrew calls the work of God.

The brothers do not yet work in Britain, but the co-workers of Mother Teresa in England would be very happy to see a house established here.

— From THE TABLET

## LOURDES- EASTER 1985.

Easter 1985 was the 29th year that the H.C.P.T. ( Handicapped Childrens-Pilgrimage Trust ) travelled to Lourdes. This year 2,000 children and as many helpers and priests set out on what was to be a fantastic week for everybody concerned.

I was very lucky to have the chance of being part of the pilgrimage, travelling to Lourdes with the combined Youth services of Brentwood and Liverpool. About forty of us went to Lourdes as a back up team to the H.C.P.T. , although none of us really could imagine what that would involve. In order to go to Lourdes we all had to raise a minimum of £250 ( to pay for ourselves and one child ). Thanks to the parishioners of St. Bede's and various other fund-raising events I was able to collect over £500.

We set out for Lourdes on Easter Sunday, meeting up with the 'Scousers' at Euston station. By the time we arrived in Lourdes on Monday we were much the worse for wear, so we could well imagine how the children felt when we met them at Lourdes station at 5.00am the following morning.

Over the next five days we were involved in many activities including pushing and pulling wheelchairs around the stations of the cross, putting the children into the baths (although some were more eager than others ). At night time we would split up among the many hotels in Lourdes and try to entertain the kids, however it was them that were doing most of the entertainment.

Any spare time was spent on 'sight-seeing' trips to Bartres, Gavarne, and the ' City of the Poor '. We celebrated mass every day and finished off the day very late at night opposite the Grotto. It was here that we had a chance to talk about our many experiences of each day, both happy and sad. However much we had done for the children during the day , it was nothing compared to what they had given us. We were reminded many times that 'these are Gods chosen people' and the witness they gave was an example to us all.

We left Lourdes a week later much the better for our time with the H.C.P.T., and the parting of the 'North and South' at Euston was a sad occasion for 40 young people who were strangers a week earlier.

Of course, none of this would have been possible had it not have been for the very kind contributions from many people and I have St Bedes, in particular to thank for a most memorable experience.

Thanks very much.

Paul Parascandolo.

## 'HOME MADE PRAYERS'

### FRIENDSHIP

Can anyone be unlovable Lord, when you have made us out of your love. I find it so difficult to make friends. There are quite a few people I can call acquaintances - but somehow nothing gets deeper. I need someone I can trust, who can trust me too - someone to share with - someone to call a friend. Please Lord help me to do what is necessary for my part to make and keep a friend, and please send someone into my life whom I can call 'Friend'.

## WHAT THE PRAYER GROUP MEANS TO ME

The first visit I made, I was very down and apprehensive as I walked in. The group greeted me as good friends greet each other the world over. I was made to feel so welcome that this effect is always there whenever I see each one of them. If you need a friend I recommend 'Our Group' to find 'The Greatest Friend' of all.

.....

For me the prayer group is a chance to pray informally with a group of friends, welcoming Jesus in our midst as a dearly loved friend whom we can confide in.

We spend about half an hour praising and thanking God for all the wonderful things He has given us in this world. Next we place in the Lord's care all our troubles and those of the people whose loves cross ours. We usually have a short talk and share our ideas and feelings with one another.

The evening usually ends with tea and biscuits, then we take Jesus home in our hearts to give to others.

.....

Prayer Group to me is a time when brothers and sisters meet in love before the Lord, who promised us that 'Where two or three are gathered in My Name, there am I in their midst'. It is a time when we give Him Glory and Praise, and thank Him for the great and glorious loving Father that He is.

.....

It is being able to share the things of God with each other and talking about God. Confirming our faith with each other, and also the strength and reassurance from the things being said by the rest of the group.

.....

At a prayer meeting we spend about half an hour praising and thanking God for everything He does in our lives. The prayer is simple, in our own words and straight from the heart. It is often beautiful, and can be very moving.

There is usually a short talk, after which we often discuss how we feel about the subject. We then take some time to ask God for all our needs, both personal and of more worldwide proportions. After this we will sing a final hymn and take the opportunity of a cup of tea or coffee.

Prayer is the powerhouse of the church. We would love to see our numbers increasing and bringing many blessings on our parish, and the church as a whole. Are you called?

We meet on Tuesdays at 8.00 p.m. at the House of Prayer, 2, Canon Avenue. You will be very welcome.



# children

## MOVING ON

If a child lives with criticism  
He learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility  
He learns to fight.

If a child lives with ridicule  
He learns to be shy.

If a child lives with shame  
He learns to feel guilty.

If a child lives with tolerance  
He learns to be patient.

If a child learns to live with encouragement  
He learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise  
He learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness  
He learns justice.

If a child lives with security  
He learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval  
He learns to like himself.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship  
He learns to find love in the world.

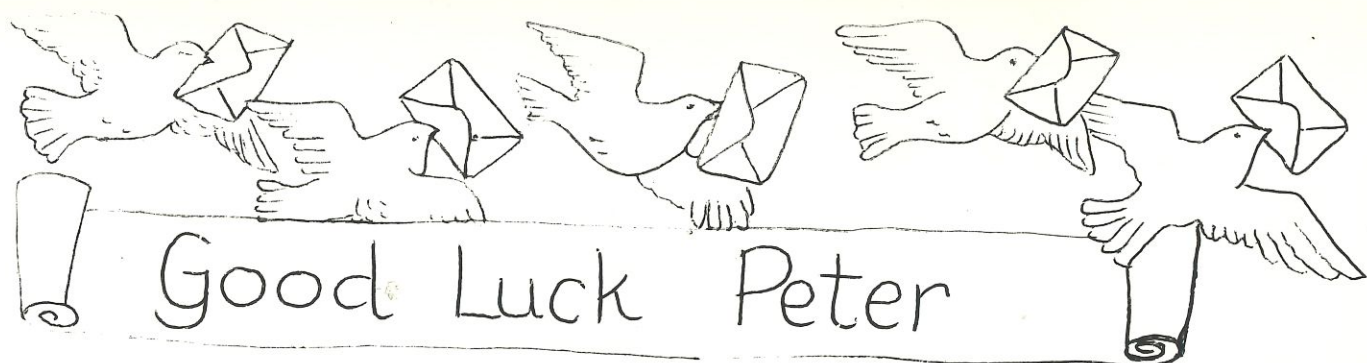
(Dorothy Law Nolte)

When school days ended  
You lost your friends,  
When you returned,  
Years later  
They'd gone.  
Their ships sailed out,  
One died  
and all the others changed.  
Then there was you  
I saw you standing there  
Then you moved on  
To make new friends.  
and so did I.

## FOR CHILDREN

Pray for children who are growing up in this rapidly changing world and who long for security. Protect them from their Parents worries, fears and insecurities. Let them enjoy the happiness of childhood, the joy of playing for playings sake. Let them find people whom they can trust and, above all, let them discover you.

ANON



How fitting that the special occasion of St. Bede's 50th Anniversary should also be marked by a contribution to the future prosperity of our Christian Faith. On behalf of all parishioners the magazine staff would like to wish Peter Hooper good luck and congratulations in his studies at a seminary starting in September 1985. His selection bears praise to those qualities of honesty, hard work and social concern in which he has excelled. Peter's next few years will give him the time to finally decide on his true vocation. To this end, your prayers would, we feel sure, be greatly appreciated.

#### 'TELL IT LIKE IT IS''

Other parish magazines have problems too. A Vicar wrote in his that the gift of a second font was placed in the sanctuary. 'Now', he said, 'we will be able to baptize babies at both ends'.

Spelling faults can be fun too, like the Order of Services once at Downside: 'Mass at 6-7-8, Benedictine at 4!'. Literalisms excite the imagination, such as 'Wanted - little woman to run up some curtains' or 'Wooden childrens Toys' and the doctor who says 'Take one at bedtime and another if you wake up'. My doctor tells me to drink more fluids - so what else. At the Chemists the advert. for 'stick deodorant' makes me wonder how many people suffer from smelly sticks, and Bejams tells tales of battered fish. Pompons notices are good for a laugh; think of 'Public borrowing down' (What are they doing with it.). 'These premises are alarmed', the F.T. Index states 'Virgin Expands' and let your minds eye work on 'Shrimp Teas'. A Tunbridge Wells newspaper offers to Cheesemakers 'a regular supply of sheeps milk available to you by telephone', but my favourite is 'Old aged pensioners half price Tuesdays'. I'm saving up for one, together we'll go to the Cafe where the sign on the Strawberries says 'Put the sugar on yourself' and the one on the wall mysteriously requests 'Customers are asked not to eat their own food'. What fun we'll have, he'll say "Don't turn round but look who's come in behind you" and doubtless my eyes will sweep the room.

#### 'POKERFACE'