

Holy Cross Sunday 16th September, 2007



A Silly Song (revised)
and
a 25 line thumb-nail sketch
of the C of E today
for a
25th anniversary
of appointment as Incumbent



Who made the Greenford congregation?
Who made Lorna shake her Churn?
Who put the Ruston on Susan Wyatt
And made the Braziers burn?
Who made Ray a ray of sunshine?
Who rings the bell for Richard Bell?
Who fits the bill for Brian Radville?
Oh, surely you can tell? (Annabel)
Who made Johnny like he is?
The man who has the Warden-Emeritus whiz?
The Master-mind of the Parish Quiz?
Who did all these things?

Who put the zoom into Kazumi?
Who made Brian's microscope?
Who made Jill go to the Marshes?
Who made Linda Pope?
How did Christine become Fuller?
Who put the speed in Malcolm Ede?
Who made Katherine so she Flewitt?
And gave Bill Haynes his Swede?
Who made Kath's bright ginger hair?
Who made Dave a Clarke so rare?
What's the answer to my prayer?
Who did all these things?

Who put the spark into the Charges?
Who made the Waudby Tolley clan?
Who made the Hounsells into book-worms?
And Rosemary's watering can ?
Who made Emma so precisely?
Who made Joan sing like a Bird?
Who put the Carney's in the kitchen?
And the Kingshotts sing the Word?
How does Neil just marry-on?
Beth and Gill sing an antiphon?
All these questions now have gone.
God did all these things.



Our home sweet home since 1982!

Lines written to mark the 25th anniversary of the Induction and Institution
of Neil as Rector of the Parish on 14th September, 1982

25 lines on The C of E Today

Dave's digging graves,
Reg's trimming hedges,
Pam cuts the grass,
Sam cleans the brass,
Stuart's cleaning cruets,
Hermon prints the sermon,
Lee's making teas,
Justin's doing dusting,
Jim's choosing hymns,
Ida's clearing spiders,
Lyn's sorting cassocks,
Bryn's mending hassocks,
Randle's lighting candles,
Walter sets the altar,
Joss holds the cross,
Hannah's on piano,
Morgan plays the organ,
Jill's chanting psalms,
Phil's carrying palms,
Claire's doing prayers,
Sid's with the kids,
Fred's on bread,
Alice has the chalice.

We are all nicely rhyming
And our lives are chiming.