

imagine

*You did not ask that thousands die,
Lay down their lives to save your name.
You planned no war of wrath unleashed,
Where millions fell to bring you fame.
But all alone, God came in Christ,
You faced our wrong, all evil pow';;
Though friends ran off, though doubts assailed,
For us you faced your darkest hour.*

*John Campbell
First verse of a hymn for Remembrance Sunday*

imagine

... a regular reflection from me as I journey with you in this adventure that is our life together at Westminster.

Neil

Memories

November brings Remembrance as we recall the ending of the First World War, made more poignant this year on the one hundredth anniversary. In our chapel we've been joined by one of the hundreds of acrylic silhouettes of a soldier appearing across the UK; a reminder of those who went to war and never returned.

Our entire chapel is a war memorial, gifted to Westminster in 1923 in memory of William Black Noble, Lieutenant in the 6th Battalion, Northumberland Fusiliers, killed on 26th April, 1915, at the second Battle of Ypres defending the village of St. Julien in Belgium.

Due to writing this edition late I am writing the

day after the Brexit deal was launched in Parliament to resignations, howls of protest and political combat. For all our remembering we are forgetful. We have treated friendship, unity and peace between nations far too lightly. We take too much for granted.

As the nightmare that is Brexit staggers onwards, I remember other names in our war memorial chapel. You'll find Theodor Hesse, killed in Belarus on 5th February, 1942. You'll find Hermann Hartmann, killed on 27th August, 1941, in what is now Latvia. They both studied at Westminster as friends sitting in this war memorial chapel before going home to fight and die for their home in the German Army. The EU was forged from the

A Ship, an Island and a Family

A lovely model of a ship sits at one end of our dining hall. It's the John Williams VII, launched in 1962. It was funded by children collecting money in local churches across the UK. It sailed throughout the tiny islands of the South Pacific carrying missionaries from the London

Missionary Society and serving local need. My mother and father, missionaries in the Cook Islands and Gilbert and Ellice Islands from 1952-1970, used it often. I grew up in the Cook Islands. This month we played host to the officers and Board of the Council for World Mission;



wreckage of nations that had fought and killed each other twice within decades.

I lament what has become of us. I pledge myself to not forget the price of peace. Crafting unity and understanding, trust and love between people takes time and faithfulness. We must never stop and never waiver in our hospitality to all at Westminster. More than ever, it matters. Remember that we are made for others.

direct successors to the LMS and so the closest relatives in the world Church that the URC has. I don't have the words to adequately say how much welcoming them here meant to me. I do know they felt a welcome that was a delight. Thank you all.