

THE WHITECHAPEL MISSION FOUNDED 1896

General Office, 212 Whitechapel Road, E.1., 1BJ (Entrance Maples Place)

ALL GIFTS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED AND ACKNOWLEDGED

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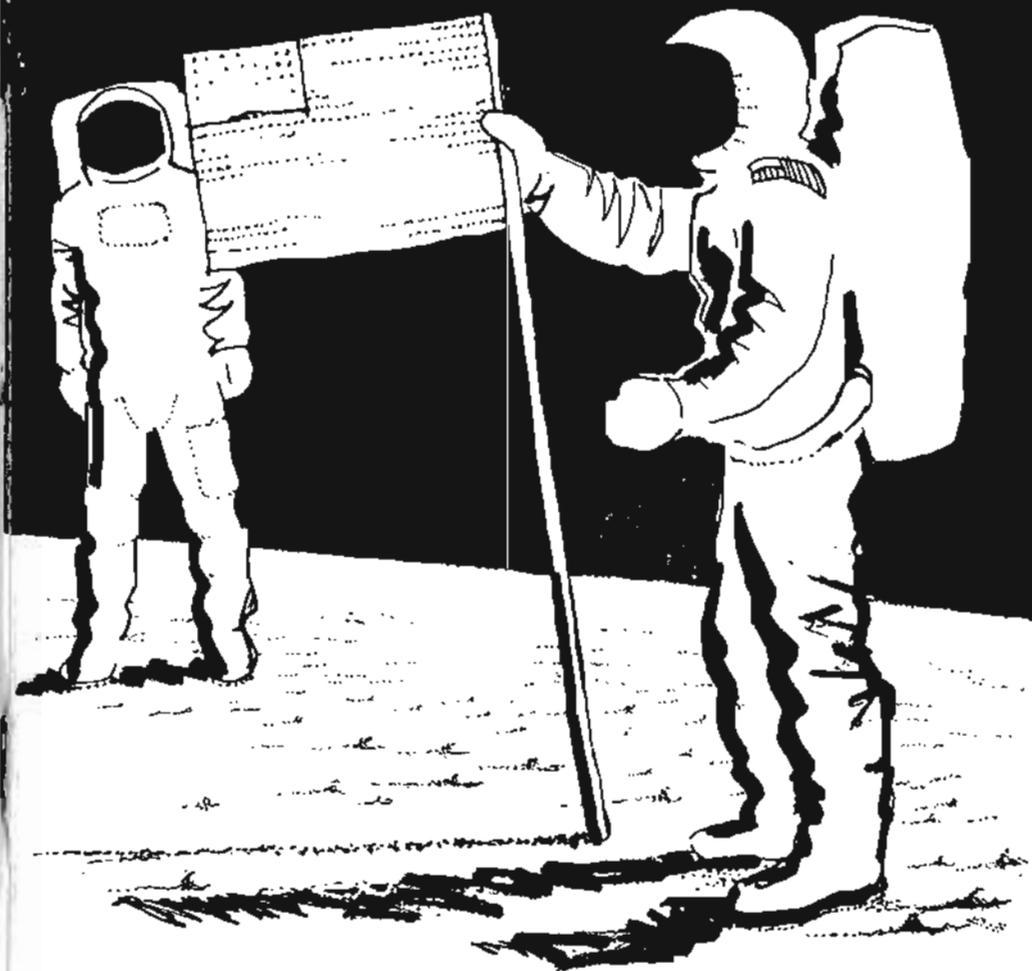
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MISSION ACHIEVED



Whitechapel Report 1970



ACHIEVEMENT

HAVE YOU noticed that sometimes the most simple and, let it be said, not always satisfactory answers are given to questions of considerable weight and importance.

Great mountaineers have a peculiar habit of claiming that they climb such great hunks of challenge simply 'because it is there'. It is particularly difficult to try and assess the enormous amount of research and money that lies behind a successful space endeavour, but one thing seems paramount – the challenge of the planet in the great beyond that invites the aspirations of man. Many reasons are given for tasks of huge dimensions but they can readily turn into excuses and we are left with the simple 'because it is there'.

The Superintendent of a Mission with such a tremendous story behind it and indeed ahead of it could no doubt give a myriad reasons why we exist and the purpose of our role in the present age. Neglect, human degradation, loneliness, want, spiritual poverty, and just being concerned in Christ's name about the human predicament in our own strange situation are sufficient reasons. But when all is said, the fact remains that we are here simply because we are here and if we were not, a light would go out and many men and women who now stumble would completely fall.

I have never been under any illusions as to my own place in the Whitechapel story. If God has given me any gifts they lie in the pastoral-preaching ministry. The all increasingly important position of

the Christian social worker ill fits my own inclinations although I have sought to master what I could of its required discipline, especially in the field of criminology and delinquency. But I believe with all my heart in the Whitechapel Mission. I believe that it has a prophetic and distinctive role to play in the Church that is not being done anywhere else in quite the same way. After five years I thank God that He has led us to the fulfilment of a million prayers and hopes.

With the appearance of a subdued but useful grandeur the new premises now stand as a completed achievement. We stand and plant the flag again in a structure perfectly in tune with current needs and future developments. Never speak lightly of miracles for this is precisely what we have witnessed. From dust and decrepitude a new glory has come because God wanted it to be so and because you and many like you have shared the vision and claimed in faith the prize.

So we enter into a new phase of the Whitechapel story. New opportunities will quickly arise and fresh challenges to meet needs which we could do nothing about in the old place. Pray that achievement in the name above all names will be experienced continually in all the days that are to come and please continue to give practical backing to that prayer by your gifts.

Bless you all,

ATTEMPT / EXPECT

LAST YEAR I wrote of the way in which God led me to Whitechapel. Since my first impression, and along with the rest of the staff, I have much to praise God for.

Was it Hudson Taylor who once said, "Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God"? I have learned that these two words go hand in hand; as St. Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me". As this is our great year of achievement, I cannot help but look back with admiration at our fore-runners who laboured on with various plans and the vision that one day out of the old would rise the new. They attempted and expected, and now their vision has become a reality.

But what other advances or achievements have we made in our work? This question I would like to answer in two ways; like the two key-

words of the previous paragraph two other words come to mind – **Spiritual** and **Material**. These also cannot be separated.

Firstly our spiritual achievements – God has blessed. Following a Sunday evening service, when it is customary to give a cup of tea and sandwiches to our vagrant men, one of them was quite persistent in having a word with me. “Mr Terry”, he said, “I want to give my heart to the Lord Jesus”. I led him to a quieter room, and after a word of prayer with him, he surrendered his life to Jesus! Hallelujah! He is going on with the Lord in a quiet way, but is in need of our prayers, and we at the Mission know you will not let him down!

As Chaplains to the London Hospital we also see God’s hand at work, both among the patients and the pupil nurses. At a Chaplain’s hour arranged in the curriculum for pupil training, this question was asked by one of them. “Is it right to use God like a slot-machine?” I thought this was a good question, as some people these days only pray when in trouble or in a tight spot.

The same night I had to take our weekly men’s meeting and decided to use this question for discussion and, I may add, a lively discussion took place. I noticed a stranger in the meeting, brought in by another vagrant (they were both in their early twenties). Mr G. approached me on the following Sunday without his friend and told me that his friend had absconded from prison and as a result of the Wednesday discussion, had decided to give himself up to the police. God was working in this young man’s life, as his action proved. I do not know his name. Will you join us in praying for him and his friend Mr G?

Secondly our material achievements have been used to God’s glory. There is never a dull moment here at the Mission, with men coming and going at any odd hour of the day. Some bring their problems to us and we – like the battery – are “EVER READY” to help them in any way possible.

Our clothing cupboard is opened every day (except week-ends) and how they queue to get the good secondhand “stuff” they are in need of. Our services to them in this way are most appreciated. I will never forget the radiant face of the little old man who swapped his sole-less shoes for a good pair sent in to us by one of you dear friends. This leads me to say another BIG thank you for the way you are helping to keep our cupboard well stocked.

At the moment of writing we are still in the old building and looking forward immensely to our move in the near future. But the big question keeps looming up before us: “Will we reach our financial target? Will we open in or out of debt?” Only God knows this at the moment. Will you continue to pray, and help to answer prayer that when our move finally takes place our **ACHIEVEMENT** will be complete in **THE NEW WHITECHAPEL MISSION**.

May God’s Richest Blessing be upon us all.

JAMES TERRY.

The Best of the Old in the Heart of the New

by Sister Nora Fowler



I **FIRST** became aware of Whitechapel nearly twenty years ago when the scars of war were still upon it and there was drabness and dereliction everywhere. As I passed through on train or bus there began to be signs of renewal.

Now, as I come right into the area, I am pleasantly surprised. The other day I passed an area where reconstruction will soon take place. Now they are clearing it and amidst the rubble of the old, a few trees remain standing. Soon new buildings will arise and in the centre will be a little bit of beauty and tranquillity. The best of the old in the heart of the new. There are many such spots in Tower Hamlets. One moment the noise of busy traffic and people rushing here and there. A few steps, perhaps behind a block of flats, and there is a spot of beauty and peace.

Our present Mission building is no beauty spot, but I think it is a place where people find peace and relaxation. Those who have no home to call their own come in to sit, to watch T.V., to have a cuppa and some stay to join in our services and meetings and we pray that something of God’s love for them will reach their hearts.

The Mission means a lot to dozens of women, many of whom live on their own. They come inside and find fellowship and friendship and joy as they lustily sing choruses, join in worship or just chat together. Many have talked to me about their trials and how the Lord has been with them and helped them through. Their faith is simple but very real.

And what of the youngsters who come? We haven’t many and one would hardly say it is peaceful when they are in, but they are happy in Sunday School and Club and surely happiness brings contentment.

As we return over the road, I believe the picture will be the same. Not just a few old material things incorporated in a new building, but a new ‘home’ and at the heart the old old gospel of the love of God in Christ. Here, men, women and children will enter and find relaxation and peace which will bring renewal to their lives.



**"OH I DO LIKE
TO BE
BESIDE THE
SEASIDE"**

Goodbye Margate!
Thank you for a
lovely time

HOW OFTEN in this unpredictable climate of ours does a day at the seaside mean a day of dodging in and out of shops to escape the rain, or facing bitter winds whipping along the promenade, or in some way or other braving the elements which seem intent on destroying any kind of enjoyment. But when we went to Margate this year everything conspired to give us the kind of day we often dream about but so seldom experience.

The sun shone in all its glory from the time the ladies gathered outside the Mission early on Tuesday, June 23rd eagerly awaiting their transport to the time when again, not quite so eagerly, they awaited transport back from Margate's seafront.

'A marvellous day', 'The best ever', 'A lovely time', these were some of the comments on a day that gave such great pleasure to many whose glimpses of the sea are few and far between.

Chatting, singing and admiring the beauties of the countryside the outward journey seemed to pass very quickly and we were soon alighting at the doors of the restaurant where lunch was awaiting. And what a lunch, and served with what speed, grace and charm! Surely indeed the best for many years and as surely appreciated by its partakers.

Then the afternoon to spend sitting or strolling in the sunshine, a quiet spell on the beach, a look round the shops, and finally the inevitable 'cuppa' before gathering again for the homeward journey.

A day to make us echo with deep sincerity:

"We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory come from Thee".

N.J.

DAY BY DAY

WE HAVE been encouraged recently to see more women gather in our two weekly meetings. They have always been strongish gatherings but the quickening is certainly encouraging. Pressures on time prevent us making complete records, but it is certainly true that the number of men and women who come to the Mission daily for assistance with clothing, advice or some form of counsel continues at a pace. We have regulated the clothing distribution to definite hours in the day wherever possible as this aspect of the work was encroaching into so many other things. The service has not diminished but indeed increased, so please continue to send your parcels of stuff. If callers are anything to go by we are going to have a most demanding winter in this respect.

Services continue to encourage and we are glad that in what is possibly the very worst area in Britain so far as attendance at worship is concerned the numbers keep up very well. Rarely do we have a Sunday without new faces appearing before us. What a great opportunity to offer the fullness of Christ. Sunday is a frantic rush with such a heavy programme to be arranged in all too short a time. The help of Mr and Mrs Williams and two stalwart young fellows in the persons of Dick and Stephen is greatly appreciated. Through the kindness of a group of friends in Ilford a most successful men's outing to Brighton took place in September. It was a thrilling day for many of the fellows who otherwise had hardly got out of the immediate environment all through the year. Holidays were arranged for some of the neediest people.

THE OLD APPRECIATED

ONCE AGAIN as we approach the season of Advent the search is going on for warm clothing and woollies for our Christmas parcels. I would like to thank you all for the wonderful way you responded to last year's appeal, and ask once again for your help.

It's a great joy to us to see the look of appreciation on the face of our ladies, when we can fulfil their requests for various clothing. We do have more difficulty with the men's clothing, but even so many have been helped during the past year.

We are here to help and serve these people of Whitechapel, and we can only do this with the help of our friends, who so willingly send us their unwanted clothing.

My grateful thanks to all who have helped me during this year. My health hasn't been too good, but friends came and helped keep the cupboard running smoothly. To these sincere friends, and to you all thanks for all that is past, and our trust and thanks for the best -- that is yet to be.

MARGARET PARKES.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

WE GAVE a hearty welcome in September to our new Deaconess, Sister Nora Fowler. Sister Nora joined us directly from Liverpool Mission and understands how Missions 'tick', and also the particular problems and needs of the East End having served in the area in the midst. She has quickly settled to the work and the women are responding to her warmth and care. Because of the continued illness of Sister Eileen Knight we were without a Deaconess for the larger part of last year, and we are therefore doubly glad that Sister Nora has so wonderfully got into her stride. Friends of Sister Eileen will continue to pray that much better health may be hers. Mrs Doreen Clipson gave us wonderful help for a number of months of late when she took up residence again in the building that had been her home for so long. We are so grateful for what she did for us. May she have long and happy years of retirement (a word hardly appropriate, as all who know her will testify) in Torquay.



All smiles as Mrs Clipson receives a gift on her retirement to Torquay

For five years almost, Miss Nellie Jones has been the general office Secretary, the Secretary of the Superintendent and a guide and helper in a thousand ways. We can never thank her enough for tremendous loyalty and labour. Very shortly she feels that she must complete her work at the Mission. Thankfully she does so on a high note of achievement for so much of what has been done has been because of her hard work early and late. We shall welcome as her successor, Miss Margaret King, who comes to us from Hampshire. In welcoming her to the Mission staff we are sure that she will settle quickly into our life and prove a help indeed. In February we were glad to receive the help of Miss Elizabeth Wainwright who lives locally, as part time office assistant. She has endeared herself to all her co-workers and given much needed assistance at a time of crucial importance.

A personal word from the Superintendent . . .

WHEN I accepted an invitation to undertake the responsibilities for this work five years ago I was convinced of two things. There was firstly the overwhelming leading that I should say yes, and secondly the decided guidance that it should be for a specific period and purpose. The fervent hope was for a new Mission and I firmly believed then as I believe now that it was a case of a definite task at a definite time and other hands should steer the total work when this was done.

I have been greatly touched at the warm invitation expressed by the Executive and people that I should continue at Whitechapel, but I am sure that the decision made long ago was right.

Conference stationing permitting, the Rev. John Jackson, of the Albert Hall, Nottingham, the Superintendent of the Nottingham Mission, will succeed me in September 1971. Truly an outstanding preacher and Central Mission administrator, Whitechapel will indeed be blessed by his presence and leadership.

It has been an honour indeed to serve as the Superintendent of the Whitechapel Mission. To walk in the path of Thomas Jackson, Edgar Thorp and Arthur Clipson has been a privilege that words cannot express. Thank you, the staff, for great backing and to our friends and supporters for the wherewithal that at all times has strengthened my hands.

As a very junior minister the Executive of Mission still believed quite incredibly that this responsible work should be mine. For continuing to believe that and with me seeing a large task completed I shall ever be humbly glad.

Margaret, the children and I, have made so many new friends. Your letters have cheered in dark days (for such there have been) and the memory and reality of these links will abide.

THANKS

Without the help of so many our work would be impossible. Whilst to thank a few always leaves the many without praise, I must again say how much we owe to Mr. Leonard for his playing Sunday by Sunday and for the men's gatherings. Sadly, Mrs. Leonard passed to glory in November and in missing her great Christian joy in our midst we marvel at the great resolve with which he has faced this loss. Mrs. Edith Reynolds too has given wonderful help in the women's meetings as pianist.

Once more we are greatly indebted to Mr M. C. Clipson for so aptly capturing the theme of this year's report and presenting it visually on our cover. We seek Michael's aid year by year and he never fails to give us a striking design to draw attention to what we are seeking to express. Very many thanks. Michael.

Windyridge Farm Home

Public Relations and Progress

DURING THE past twelve months emphasis has been placed on the improvement and consolidation of our social relationships in our area and I am happy to be able to report that considerable success in this field has been achieved.

In this cause, on December 5th last year, we held a Christmas Market which was extremely well attended and supported by the local population and the lads in return produced a very good performance of a one-act comedy. The event set the seal of progress and both staff and lads alike were inspired to work extra hard to put on a special effort for our subsequent Open Day, held on 27th June. The Rt. Hon. Lord Upjohn, P.C., C.B.E., very kindly and graciously performed the official Opening Ceremony for us and the entire day proved to be an outstanding success.



Platform Party, Windyridge Open Day

One of the obvious needs at Windyridge has long been recognised as somewhere for the residents to go to be quite quiet when they so wish and also somewhere where meetings of professional representatives can be held without disrupting the entire domestic routine of the home. The magnitude of our appreciation cannot be too highly emphasised for the kindness of Mrs E. England who has so generously donated a very large sum of money to provide a separate cedar wood building which is at present in the course of erection and which will, without doubt, be a most pleasant addition.

The funds raised from our two public events during the year will be used to furnish this building which will add so enormously to the amenities generally.

During the year a number of residents have left us and others have joined the family here. It is both pleasing and encouraging to know that a very fair number of leavers have, to date, shown every sign of making a success of their futures. Some, as we must expect, have not done so well and have continued to prove themselves unable to cope with the demands that life makes upon them; but we pray, particularly for our own ex-Windyridge lads who continue to find life in our society so difficult that they resort to crime as a means of meeting their needs.



Sheepshearing — not Australia but Windyridge

Two more innovations have been incorporated into the already wide scope of providing means of stimulating as many interests and abilities as possible in our residents. The first is the commencement of selecting particular residents for special adventure courses designed to stimulate self-confidence, initiative and self-reliance and the second is the inauguration of remedial classes for the semi-illiterate whose lack of ability limits their activities so drastically.

Unfortunately this year has seen a number of staff changes and I would say a word of thanks to every member now with us as well as to those who have left, but I feel it fitting to pay special tribute to the outstanding effort and enthusiasm shown by our long suffering instructors, Mr Fordham, Mr Learmonth and Mr Taylor, whose rate of productivity must surely make the national average look quite sickly, and whose work is so surely enhancing the efficiency of Windyridge as a whole.

For many years past, the need for modernising the old basic systems of heating, plumbing and sewage has been evident. Enormous efforts have been made during the last few months and happily it will not be long before we are the proud possessors of a new central heating system; are connected to the main water supply and have a new and effective sewage disposal plant. As mundane as these matters may appear, it is, in fact, the culmination of a great deal of work that these facilities are now to be brought up to date and how very much more pleasant life will be, particularly with winter fast approaching and very fresh memories of the temptation to hop into bed at night, fully clothed and with the bedside mat on top as well as a protection from the icy winds that blow hereabouts. "Windyridge" was indeed truly and aptly named!!

J. E. STOWERS, Warden.

Behind the facts in the Warden's account is a tremendous unrecorded story of Christian influence on the lives of young fellows who have got into deep water. We do not seek what is termed "recognition": for it can be a hollow thing, but a magnificent job is being done at Windyridge and one which the whole Church and men motivated by the highest impulses in reclaiming 'problem' youngsters should be aware of — W.P.

FRANKIE — WHO IS CALLED THE QUEER WITH THE COAT

FRANKIE IS QUEER. At least that is what the men say and he does look more than a bit like it, if you know what I mean. He loves a coat. Any coat, and perhaps the bigger the better though he has never expressed any preference, at least not to me. A coat to Frankie is a thing of dignity, charm, and beauty. Furthermore, it is not to be worn but born. Frankie is positively regal in the Whitechapel Road. A decided cut and a half above his fellow "unsettled way of life" (as the man from the Ministry says) wanderers along the patch.

The coat is Frankie's symbol. It covers all that needs to be covered, his shoulders, and hides nothing that needs to be seen. It's the walk you see, the walk that he needs as the give away, just in case you were not otherwise sure.

Frankie never says much but is pleasant enough. He is not young but apart from around the eyes the years have not mutilated him overmuch. Whatever the remainder of his body may be like, his face and hands are always clean. Perhaps they need to be, or it could be another fetish like the coats, the endless stream of different coats. Funny thing is he never gets them from us, those coats. Come to speak of it, I cannot recall him ever asking for anything but his tea and sandwiches and he pays for those. He gives his sixpence and sometimes says "thank you": queer really, but then he is queer, or so the men say.

He listens well but gives nothing away. A man of few words he apparently enjoys them from others. "I like to hear you, Mr Parkes. I love to hear you speak". "But what about you, Frankie? what have **you** got to say?" "Oh Mr Parkes, really!" For Frankie this is sustaining an exchange of inordinate length. It ends with a slight giggle and there is a rudely executed mince of a step as he continued down the street.

Joseph's coat encased a lot of pride. I am not at all sure that Frankie has any. It added colour to an otherwise spoilt boy with a latent gift for getting close to God. Frankie's on the shoulder but off the arm style marks him but adds nothing to him apart from that which those who live in the sexual shadows want to see. No, there is no colour for Frankie really, even in the coats. 'Companions' but no friends, haunts, but no home, and because of what he is (or so the men say) no possibility of even a furtive guilty glance at Potiphar's wife or anybody else's. He can lay no claim to spells in prison and the

hard time he gave the screws. The police are no longer interested in his sort. The Joseph of the pretty coat tattered a nation, Frankie is incapable of producing any thing including work.

The Frankies of this world do not hover very frequently in the East End. Out West they fare much better. Just why he chooses to make his bed with the lice bitten fellowship remains a mystery. Perhaps it's because he stands out in such company. Perhaps it's all linked up somewhere with that coat.

Like most of our men he disappears at fairly frequent intervals. It is a strange circuit of hopelessness that he pursues, taking in a bit of the West End (but he is a bit too old for the game up there) over around Waterloo, resorting in an extremity at the inevitability of his lot to the Reception Centre, and back to Whitechapel.

If there is hopelessness about his way of existence, a forlornness at the cruel predicament that makes him what he is, there is also a vestige of homing instinct that forces him to find a thin cord of attachment somewhere. That somewhere is with us. The little mincing queer fellow with the coat somehow becomes a person in the Christian dust that swirls round the corners of our large room at the strange Sunday community meal. He will not or cannot now comprehend the Christ that comprehends him with all his oddities, but here he knows what acceptance means, and he is accepted. The most stinking, vile tongued loathsome meths drinker can despise him for that quirk that makes him a mile less than a staggering, gulping, ravingly, intoxicated **man**, but here he has a place.

He listens attentively to all that is said in the service. In fact I believe he listens so attentively that it turns automatically into intent. He intends, he really does, to look for a job tomorrow, to consider his posture and even his coat. He intends to take the minister at his word that Christ lifts even the likes of him. He is enraptured with the possibility but is not too sure of the prospect. Truth is that Frankie likes being just what he is, most of us feel the same way. One day the minister may not only say that Christ changes but that Christ sometimes leaves us as we are and even comforts us in a strange silent blessing on our oddities and peculiarities. He does not hear it now but he hopes that one day he will. It's a hopeless hope

Meanwhile the service ended, the cup of tea swallowed, there is always next Sunday. He smiles the strangest wisp of an embarrassed smile, his eyes pucker and grow a little bigger as if wanting to loom larger than the marks and lines that scribble a redder pattern in the fresh pinkness of his cheeks; the coat is hitched a little higher on those relaxed but still firm shoulders and the night invites him.

The Thomas Jackson Memorial Hostel



Christmas Dinner at Whitechapel House

—THE HOUSE OF THE FRESH START

DURING THE past year some eighty lads, each one as different as their faces, have found a short stay home in our midst. Because of their inability to really relate with life without some longer support a few have been part of our family for a much longer time. Day by day we see the living evidence of the need for a Christian home willing to take the awkward, the lonely, the rejected, and yes, at times the just plain deviant. So few places provide an open house of care without strings. We truly seek to employ self-discipline and love.

Happily this year we have seen two lads who were far from easy to relate with for a long time leave us to enter into marriage looking upon us as 'Mom' and 'Dad'. Other young fellows with harsh backgrounds or long periods of institutional history have found themselves for the first time and moved on better equipped to carry the responsibilities of the living needed for these days.

We still maintain a high consistency of work record, and rarely are our lads out of employment. To successfully create a regular work pattern is often the key to a youngster who has known a myriad of problems.

Visitors throughout the year have seen the home in action and help us tremendously by their encouragement.

We owe as ever a debt of gratitude to the Department of Health and Social Security for their practical help without which our running margins would be impossible. The Committee too have backed us up with that lively and personal interest which comes when they are not too large in numbers. Thanks for the loyalty of the staff for having worked long, smiled often, and with us longed for the great day of new and enlarged facilities in our old Whitechapel Home.

ALAN M. and JUNE SOUTHEN,
Warden and Housemother.

THE TREASURER

writes . . .

THE YEAR of fulfilment has at last arrived and in spite of many snags and hold-ups, with perhaps more to come before the opening day, we have been led by the goodness of our Father God and sustained by the good wishes and prayers of countless folk all over the world, together with the donations of devoted supporters, often at a sacrifice of creature comforts. All these have been concerned that the work begun by Thomas Jackson in 1896 should go on and on until the need ceases to exist. At present all who know anything of the area would say that there is no sign of our reaching such a stage even counting in all the great and good work of those in the numerous public services. There are always some folk who manage to fall through the meshes of the system and particularly is this the case from Friday afternoon to Monday morning. The Mission does its level best to cope with the problems and needs of everybody who crosses its doorway, but the everlasting necessity for money to do the job is a heavy and continuous burden. Many sincere thanks we send to all who have done anything at all to help. Keep on doing all you can, for as long as you can, for Jesus has assured us that even a cup of water will receive its reward.

Capital or lump sum gifts.

Have you thought about the needs of the Mission when the time comes and you are no longer here to keep up your valuable donations? Of course you can try to interest younger members of your families or friends but there is another way to help financially for at least a few years, and this is briefly:—

1. Decide to give us say, for example, £5 per annum for the next 7 years, multiply this by seven, send us a cheque for £35 as an outright gift and then complete a Covenant form.
2. We will send you thereafter an R185 (AP) form each year and claim the tax refund.

This applies to those who are paying at the standard rate of tax.

The result is that the Mission has the immediate use of the money and holds in a Reserve Account a record and each year makes a transfer of the annual donation until exhausted.

£10 p.a. needs a cheque for £70, while 100 guineas means £15/- p.a. and so on.

F. C. YELLAND.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY

THANKS TO the kindness of friends connected with Naphill Sunday School, a party of our children and helpers had a most enjoyable Saturday afternoon at High Wycombe. Donkey rides, a wooded area where there were trees to be climbed and the freedom of the countryside to be explored all brought a new vision to children whose usual playgrounds are streets or local parks. Added to these delights were gifts of sweets and ice cream and a wonderful tea provided through the generosity of the Naphill friends. A day to be long remembered.



A happy group of Sunday School children and helpers

Harvest Time —

WHERE DID it all come from? We kept asking ourselves that question as the harvest tables began to groan under their weight of fruit and flowers, for this year's display which seemed at first as though it might be very small, grew and grew until every available inch of table space was filled.

A profusion of grapes, apples, pears, oranges and bananas, flowers by the bucketful, together with vegetables and tinned and packet goods not only made a wonderful show but also enabled well over 100 people and households to share in the bounty of God's providence.

Our temporary 'Church' looked beautiful, decorated so artistically with garden and hedgerow plunderings and we could indeed sing "Yes, God is good, all nature says", as we feasted our eyes upon the evidences of His love.

How much joy the gifts brought as they were distributed in the following days we shall never know, but of this we may be sure, many a heart was cheered and a load lifted as a few flowers or a little fruit found its way into a sick room or a lonely fireside.

To those who gave, to those who decorated, to all who helped — Thank you — to those who received "Bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all His benefits".

HOME FROM HOME

IT IS NOW five years since I came to Whitechapel — a step which many of my friends thought foolish — some even dangerous — but which I felt was the leading of God.

And now the time has come to return to a normal life. Yes, a 'normal' life, for certainly the past five years have been anything but normal in many ways. In fact, one could almost say the normal is the abnormal here and the day that passes quietly and without incident is the unusual.

Sometimes these five years have seemed to be a lifetime, and home and church life a hazy dream, sometimes they seem to have slipped away so quickly that it is hard to realise they have come and gone.

But come and gone they have and the memories and experiences of them are full and rich.

Joys, sorrows, difficulties, problems, frustrations, all have played their part in weaving a rich pattern of life not to be enjoyed elsewhere, and certainly never to be forgotten.

How many times has the thought been, "Oh, for the time to sit down and put on paper an account of the day's happenings!" What interesting reading they would make, but that time has never come. Perhaps one day it may.

Shortly I must take leave of the many friends I have made during my stay at the Mission, some of them are still known only by name, by letter, by telephone, but all will have a permanent place in my heart and, strange though it may seem to those who know this dilapidated old building we are soon to leave, 279 Whitechapel Road, will long be remembered as 'home' — even though it hasn't always been 'sweet'.

In welcoming my successor, Miss Margaret King, I am sure she will soon experience the warmth of companionship and friendship that I have found as she, too, becomes one of the family at Whitechapel

God bless you all.

NELLIE JONES.



Any more for Brighton?
The men, and one or two of
the fairer sex,
await their transport
to Brighton.

THANKSGIVING APPEAL

USUALLY IN our report we are able to tell you about our arrangements for Christmas festivities. This year we cannot do that for at the time of writing we are not quite sure where we shall be! We are hoping that by Christmastime we shall be duly installed in the new Mission premises, but we may even still be in the throes of moving house and thus be in no fit state to cook the Christmas Dinner.

This does not mean, however, that there will be no festivities - there will, most certainly, but they will be at a later date, early in January, we hope, and the emphasis will be on 'THANKSGIVING'. Thanksgiving for being able to leave this old dilapidated building, thanksgiving that the hopes and prayers of so many years have at last achieved fulfilment, thanksgiving that because of the continued support of so many friends we can still supply some of the physical needs of those in need around us.

But to do this we must, as always, rely on the generosity of those who have the interest of our work at heart. You have never failed us yet - we believe you will not fail us now.

As a special thanksgiving for your own blessings will you send us a gift so that many who have so little may raise their own psalm of praise and say with the Psalmist, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness . . . to the children of men".

You will know that normally we ask our friends to positively support us by their gifts three times per year : at Christmas, for summer activity needs, and at Anniversary time in October which is always associated with the foundation of the Mission. In 1970 there has been no Anniversary appeal of any kind for we just knew that when the great moment came for the opening of our new premises then there would be the most appropriate challenge to us all. No doubt that this Christmas all of you will rejoice with us and really try to make that little extra effort that makes all the difference to what we can do.

BUILDING FUND —

PRESENT POSITION

Although the situation changes very frequently and much equipment has still to be obtained, it would appear that as from early December we shall still require between six and seven thousand pounds to obtain the target for the whole scheme.

FORM OF BEQUEST BY WILL

For the guidance of friends who may desire to make bequests for the general work of the Whitechapel Mission, we append the following form of bequest.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH to the Superintendent for the time being of the Whitechapel Methodist Mission, 212 Whitechapel Road, London, E.1., 1B1, for the use of the said Mission, the legacy or sum of £ (free of duty), and direct the said last mentioned legacy or sum to be paid within twelve months after my decease from the proceeds of my real and personal estate, but primarily out of my personal estate, and the receipt of the Superintendent shall be sufficient discharge to my executors.

NOTE—The Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891, enables Testators to give by Will for the benefit of any charitable use not only pecuniary Legacies, but also tenements and hereditaments of any tenure. The Will must be signed by the Testator at the foot or end thereof in the presence of two independent witnesses, who must sign their names, and addresses, and occupations, at the same time, in his presence and the presence of each other.

If you have already made your Will, kindly add a Codicil directing a legacy to the Whitechapel Mission.

YOU can help our work by . . .

**Praying for our work
and workers**

Sending a donation now

**Having a collecting box
in your home**

**Covenanting your gift
(Details on request)**

Making a Legacy in your Will

**Arranging a Gift Service or
Carol Party in your church**

Sending clothing parcels

**Asking for a Mission speaker
for one of your meetings**

PLEASE NOTE OUR NEW ADDRESS

All correspondence and donations reaching us after December 14th should be addressed to our new premises at 212 Whitechapel Road, E.1., 1B1.