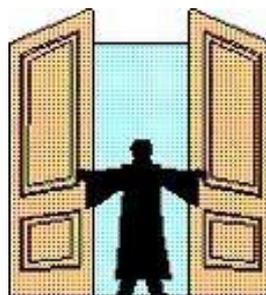


THE OPEN DOOR



NEWS AND VIEWS OF CROYDON UNITARIANS

***DECEMBER 2019
JANUARY 2020***



***Our minister Rev. Art Lester is pleased to
welcome you to worship every Sunday from
10:30am for the Service at 11:00am and
afterwards for fellowship and refreshments***

***Merry
Christmas!***



The Surprise in the Stable

When Gilly and I were living in Spain, we indulged ourselves by spending Christmas in the big cities: Cordoba, Sevilla, Granada. Browsing about in the weeks-long holiday meant spending time in the most elaborate crafts fairs. That's where I first saw the *Caganer*.

Spain is famous for those little ceramic figurines that make up the kind of creche you might see in a shop window: miniature shepherds, wise men and the Christ child in the manger. There are always a few angels and lots of farm animals in a scene made as familiar to peasant eyes as possible. You might see a camel or two, exotic creatures come to visit. And over in the corner you would be likely to find a man with his trousers pulled down in the act of... well, *defecation*.

The man is called the *Caganer*, and his job is always to produce this ultimate note of realism to the creche scene. No one is entirely sure when the practice of including this figure began, but its presence was virtually universal in Catalonia and the neighbouring northern states. We once saw a caganer as far south as Cordoba, as the practice sometimes spread.

There are lots of theories about why such a jarring element was included in the holy tableau. The most obvious is a desire for realism. If you stayed in a posada on a long journey in the pre-Franco era, you would have found yourself scratching fleas from rough bedding and then heading for the dark of the barn, which formed the only sanitary feature of the place.

The makers of the creches were sticklers for realism; the beams of the roof were tiny carved logs. You could see actual nails in the manger. And it was into such a humble place that God saw fit to arrange for his son's birth, opening whole channels of theology which last until now. Things like, "If God wanted, he could have had Jesus born, like the Buddha, in a palace—so why didn't He?" If you have felt a touch of repugnance to the *Caganer*, think how much more the church fathers of yore might have responded.

In this season of reindeer and mulled wine, we'll all be making our own mythic approaches to Christmas. Angelic choirs to “bah, humbug”, the holiday has got room for us all. This year, I’m giving special credit to whoever thought about giving us the humble lesson of the *Caganer* first.

Was it you, God?

Merry Christmas!

--Art Lester

Service - Leaders

Art Lester (Our Minister), or Rev Steve Dick.

Musicians

<i>December</i>	<i>1st</i>	<i>Freda Lodge</i>
	<i>8th</i>	<i>Bill Higgins</i>
	<i>15th</i>	<i>Freda Lodge</i> <i>Carol Service (see below)</i>
	<i>22nd</i>	<i>No service but informal gathering for those alone (see below)</i>
	<i>29th</i>	<i>Gill Stone</i>
<i>January</i>	<i>5th</i>	<i>Freda Lodge</i>
	<i>12th</i>	<i>Bill Higgins</i>
	<i>19th</i>	<i>Freda Lodge</i>
	<i>26th</i>	<i>Gill Stone</i>

Events

<i>15th Dec</i>	<p><i>Carol Service</i></p> <p>Our annual Carol Service will be on Sunday 15th Dec at 11am; this will be followed by a finger buffet lunch. All are welcome.</p>
-----------------------------------	---

22thDec	<p><i>No formal service, as Art will be on holiday. after a year of nearly 50 Services and preparing his theme and sermon for each. This is an extraordinary achievement, which few can match and members of our congregation tell me that they really appreciate his sermons of humour and plain speaking.</i></p> <p><i>Rev Steven Dick & John Craske will be present for an informal family get-together</i></p> <p>We invite the congregation to come to the Church for an informal gathering, to sit in a circle on the chairs or the floor if preferred - bring your own cushion. We guarantee that you will not be obliged to stand up again until coffee time! Steve will bring along his audio recordings of Carols, and perhaps we might like to share memories of our happiest Christmases of days gone by. The conclusion will be a short time for meditation before a final Blessing by Steve. If you care to join us, it will be informal, and fun for the 'family' that we are. Perhaps bring along some mince pies or chocolate brownies to share.</p>
----------------	--

A message from our Chairman, John Craske

Next year is our Anniversary year for 150 years of Unitarian worship in Croydon. To celebrate this, perhaps we could meet for an informal and relaxed gathering. This could be, say, once a month on a weekday morning, afternoon or early evening in the room upstairs. The meeting would be like the Sunday services and would be open to welcome your friends. Who knows!!! This could be the beginning of something. Also, perhaps a short topical talk before the obligatory teas and coffees.

What do you think? Please let us know.

FUSE 2020 Worthing

Festival of Unitarians in the South East– is launched!

*From Helen White, LDPA administrator, www.ldpaunitarians.org
(I work part time on Thursdays and Fridays)*

Please see below, and visit our new website www.ldpaunitarians.org for booking and further details.

Also, see the FUSE video promoting one of the major annual Unitarian events and – whether you live in London, the South East or beyond – you are welcome to join us! <https://youtu.be/RoD3fza4NwY>

From Pauline Peet (Secretary)

This weekend event takes place once a year not only for Unitarians from the London and South East, but by many who attend from the wider area. It's a chance to meet folks from other churches and meeting houses, who join in the varied programme of workshops and discussion groups of your own choice, including meditation, music, song, worship and much more.

Lol, his trusty guitar and myself have been and enjoyed the experience.

It's not all 'work', there's plenty of time to relax and socialize at meal times and in the hotel bar in the evenings, and as it's in Worthing, a chance to wander along to the sea front.

If anyone would like to know more please speak to myself or Lol.



Worthing

fulse

FESTIVAL OF UNITARIANS
IN THE SOUTH EAST

21st-23rd
FEBRUARY
2020
*

Working From Within

- Theme Speaker: Philip Roderick
- Guest Speakers
- Workshops
- Contemplative Prayer
- Creativity & Music
- Yoga & Meditation
- Social Activities

REFRESH
YOUR
SPIRITUALITY
*

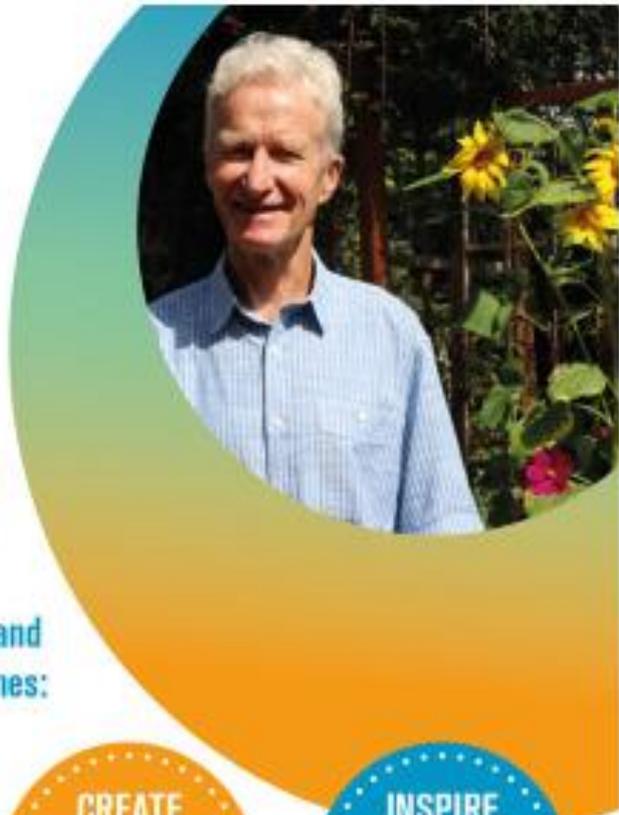
DEVELOP
OUR
COMMUNITY
*

CREATE
SOCIAL
ACTION
*

INSPIRE
YOUR
CREATIVITY
*



 **LDPA**
London District and Provincial Assembly
of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches



Theme Speaker:
Philip Roderick

(Quiet Garden Movement/Contemplative Fire)

Why not get a group of friends together from your congregation and join us? FUSE has something for everyone including interesting and engaging workshops based around these themes:



FUSE Festival 21st-23rd February 2020; Chatsworth Hotel, Worthing



Costs (per person)*

Single occupancy full board	£280
Double occupancy full board (double/twin)	£235
Child (under 12 years old sharing with adult)	£64
Youth (12 years and over sharing with adult)	£117.50
Day Delegate (inc. lunch, drinks & conference fee)	£75
Friday Seminar	£20

For booking and further details visit:
www.ldpaunitarians.org



*Some bursaries are available on application
*Late booking fees apply from end 31st December 2019



Angel Bait

Have you bumped into any angels lately?

Angels once got me in trouble when I was a trainee minister. I had preached a sermon that had some reference to angels. It happened in an old church in the Midlands, where there had been little change of any kind since the 19th Century, and the committee referred to themselves as “Free Christians” rather than Unitarians. A venerable old pillar of the church approached me after the service and said, “I never thought I’d live to see the day when such superstitious claptrap was preached from this pulpit.”

You could criticise her for being too harsh. But she meant well. She was taking her training brief of a student pastor seriously, and in her opinion, I was breaking the rules. It was only later that I realised that she was at that very moment standing under a huge stained-glass window, made in the 19th century that had a whole phalanx of angels hovering around the heads of Jesus and John the Baptist. It was a source of pride to the whole church, just as so many of our traditional architectural relics are, and I suppose that no one had ever really questioned the implied theology in the glass.

It’s funny how small things, almost unnoticed things, have a way of becoming very important.

I have always been a keen bug-crusher. If an insect crept or flew into my personal space, I never hesitated to whack them with a newspaper or grind them under my heel. Maybe that was because I grew up in semi-tropical Florida, where bugs were literally everywhere, all year. Especially mosquitoes.

My life partner, Gilly, is different from me. I can recall seeing a big garden spider that had somehow found its way into our bath. I turned on the light and there it was, half a hand’s breadth, trying to escape up the porcelain slope of the tub. My first instinct was to look around for something to smack it with. Then I heard her say, “Isn’t she beautiful!” I realised that crushing the bug was not on the menu for that evening, and somehow wound up maneuvering the creature onto a sheet of paper and gently ushering it out the window. I still didn’t think its horrible little face was beautiful, but went along with the idea. For then.

I kept on crushing bugs without feeling any different until one sleepy afternoon on a train, when a wasp, clearly declining as the days got cooler, landed on my hand. Startled, I threw it onto the floor and moved my foot to kill it, when a man sitting opposite interrupted me. He was dressed as if he had been sleeping rough, unshaven and shaggy-looking. “Stop!” he said. “Don’t kill it.”

Something about his voice seemed to go right through to some core part of my nature. “Sorry,” I said, and left the struggling creature where it was. In a few moments, it seemed to recover, and flew away.

Since then, I have been a changed man. No more bug-crushing for me. No, I haven’t become a Jain, wearing a face mask to prevent accidentally inhaling - and therefore destroying - gnats. I have become more sensitive to life, though, and, sadly, it’s begun to affect the way I view eating meat. I’ll keep you informed about that. Oh - don’t condemn me if I backslide sometimes. I have had malaria and a life-threatening case of Dengue Fever, so mosquitoes still aren’t on my conservation list.

Now I could spin you a story about how that tramp-like man on the train was an angel in disguise. I could, but I won’t. What I will tell you is that he somehow woke up what Abraham Lincoln referred to as “the better angels” of my nature.

That lovely phrase may be most familiar as a part of Barack Obama’s speeches. It came to him by way of Lincoln’s inaugural address, given at a time of huge division in his country, which was on the brink of devastating war. Lincoln himself borrowed the phrase from Dickens, which I’ll share with you a bit later. Lincoln said:

We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

It will come as no surprise to you to hear that I think we are in a similar time. We are divided: in America, in Europe and here at home. It is as if

something has set the wheel of our world spinning, and we have been forced, centrifugally into opposition. Like in the American civil war, families are divided, youth is in disagreement with age, races and religions are facing off, and the rhetoric most often heard is that of victory over the other side.

The noise is deafening. And we're making it even louder. It's so loud that maybe the better angels can't hear their cue. How to summon them now, when we need them the most?

Here's what Charles Dickens, sometime Unitarian, said:

“The thoughts of worldly men are forever regulated by a moral law of gravitation, which, like the physical one, holds them down to earth. The bright glory of day, and the silent wonders of a starlit night, appeal to their minds in vain. There are no signs in the sun, or in the moon, or in the stars, for their reading. They are like some wise men, who, learning to know each planet by its Latin name, have quite forgotten such small heavenly constellations as Charity, Forbearance, Universal Love, and Mercy, although they shine by night and day so brightly that the blind may see them; and who, looking upward at the spangled sky, see nothing there but the reflection of their own great wisdom and book-learning...”

“It is curious to imagine these people of the world, busy in thought, turning their eyes towards the countless spheres that shine above us, and making them reflect only the images their minds contain...So do the shadows of our own desires stand between us and our better angels, and thus their brightness is eclipsed.”

If we really want to re-acquaint ourselves with those angels, there's a clue in that passage from Barnaby Rudge. One thing that stands between us and the better angels is our own desire. Desire for things to work out the way we plan. Desire to hold onto what we imagine was a happier past. Desire to make others conform to our image, even if that means reducing them to two-dimensional figures.

Remember those cartoons we used to see as kids? An angel stands on one shoulder and a devil on the other. The devil wants us to have our own way. He has a charmingly wicked way of urging us: “Go ahead, take it.” He may also speak of your entitlement: “Everything was better before those Eastern Europeans, Mexicans, Muslims, refugees came here.” “Marriage

is meant for one man and one woman only.” Pity about those innocent civilians, but the only way to defeat the enemy is to bomb him back to the stone age.” The answers he offers are easy, logical.

Meanwhile, what the angel whispers is much less tempting. He speaks of a reality that lies beyond immediate gain and loss. He speaks to a part of you that has been buried under habit and daily detail. This part has been seduced by the slogans of the world: compete, grow rich, win. But his words don’t fall on deaf ears; they fall on ears that have been deliberately ignored for the sake of safety, gain and a sense of self-righteous entitlement. Dickens and Lincoln, along with spiritual heroes of every generation since the caves, ask us to hear.

But there is even more to be learned from the angel, and as the pendulum of awareness swings, it would be a bad thing to forget it. If there is a single thing we need as a society, it is not more reductionist scientific explanations, but a renewed vision of the angelic, as Dickens says. We need to be able to look at the 14-billion-year history of the universe and still see the six days of creation. We need to see that the discovery of brain hormones like oxytocin does not invalidate love. We need to find new ways of believing old things, so that the baby doesn’t escape down the plughole with the bath water. We need to look beyond the description of things to their essence. In other words, we need to be reacquainted with the holy.

As we go about explaining away everything, our angelic nature retreats further: there seems to be less and less reason to believe in the divinity within human beings. Our observations of Syrian atrocities, pedophilia and drive-by shootings confirm this. Without realising it, we are flattening the peaks and valleys of human consciousness and making the world more barren.

I don’t think the better angels of our nature have disappeared. I think they are in the wings, just offstage, waiting for a cue. In times when self-interest seems to indicate the resort to violence and unfair competition, and it’s tempting to let all those things your mother told you give way to selfishness, it’s time to call those angels to do the work they are intended for.

In this age of deliberately bombed schools and hospitals in the Middle East, when people know how many pairs of shoes Beyonce owns but not how many people rely on food banks, when plain old racism finds new ways to conceal its ugly face - in other words, right now - we need to find a way to call our angels home. We need to go looking for them, and make ourselves as approachable as possible. We need to make of ourselves and societies “angel bait.”

I have noticed that the better angels speak softly, but often. Hearing what they have to tell us is a matter of training ourselves to listen. Otherwise the tramp on the train is just a tramp on the train. A bug in the bathtub is not a miracle of evolution, a sacred life - just a bug in the bathtub.

Is that sunset just trapped dust particles in the air? Is the moment of death merely a flattened brain wave on the oscilloscope? And that thing your baby does with its mouth just an all-too-explainable muscular twitch which we happen to call a smile?

It's none of these, none solely of these. You know it and so do I; it's nothing less than the very face of God.

--Art Lester

Unitarian Pop-Up Shop

FREE STUFF!

As part of our Harvest Festival and anniversary celebration at our Croydon Unitarian church, we have started a Pop-Up shop. It is located upstairs in the Suffield Room. The idea is to provide different kinds of help and support as well as exchanging unwanted clothes for anyone who can use them.

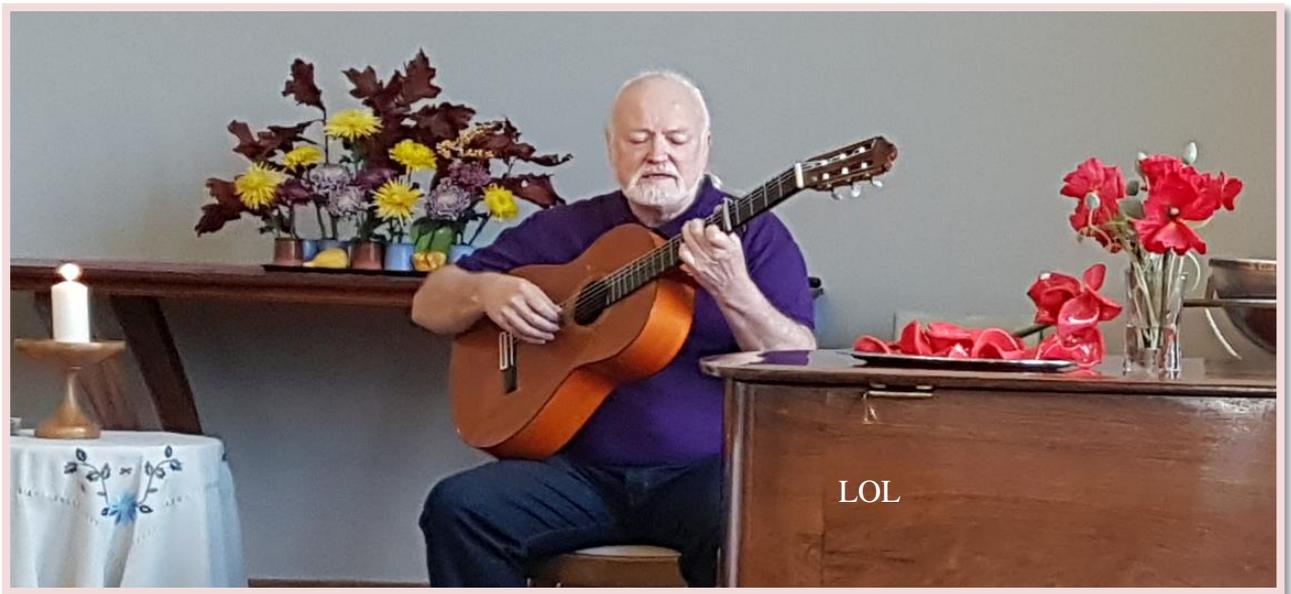
There is also a small supply of items such as toiletries and non-perishable food. Churchgoers are invited to look through the collected items there to see if they or their friends can save money by taking anything on display - there is no charge.

We hope there will be a flow of items as the weeks go by and anyone who would like to add or help with this new idea is most welcome - I am already wearing one of the jackets myself!

--Warden Lol

Blowing in The Wind

During the service on Remembrance Day LOL treated the congregation to a fine rendition of “Blowing in The Wind” by Bob Dylan.



SONGS WITH LOL

I was talking to one of our crowd about a song I had performed at the service and she suggested I tell that story to one and all. The creative process is a fascinating one for me, and I have realised long ago that if a particular song appeals to me strongly enough, then it motivates me to go ahead and learn it.

Some songs are rightly described as ‘catchy’; and others are better called beautiful or perhaps sublime. There are definitely a few I would call sacred especially knowing how very much people respond and remark on hearing it. A fine example here would be the way the hymn Nearer my God to Thee is received, wherever I play it. I nearly always hear comments of how lovely and uplifting that hymn is.

But here now I am thinking of the Bob Dylan song Blowing in the Wind. I learnt this simple song over 40 years ago and used to teach it in my guitar classes both in formal evening sessions and privately. Various artistes bring out its singalong quality and get others to join in with the refrain. The lyrics are powerful and can bring real memories into focus for many of us. It was that way for me when I heard a jazz musician who I knew as a major keyboard performer play the song on radio with his guitar accompaniment being very bare and un-jazzy. It was such a contrast to his usual music with his jazz band. I found it very moving.

It also happens that with repeated performance, the work develops its own style and the words can evoke particular moments of truth for me. I often say that music can reach the parts that other beers cannot reach. It works at an interior level known to all and described by few. Animals too are receptive to music so it must be a cosmic or primal ingredient. For example, when I sing the words How many times before he can see the sky, it reminds me of my very first caving trip at the age of 21. But that is a story for another time.

Happy listening

--LOL

Getting to Know You

*This is an occasional feature (but with custom -tailored questions) for anyone willing to participate. Please let us know.
Unfortunately, we have no participant this time.*

How Do I Know

How do I know it's Christmas when you are near, Lord
How do I know it's morning when you are here
How do I tell the good times from the bad, Lord
When it's good times all the time
When you're around.

I used to wake up with a sigh
Heavy heart and misery by my side

Each day would seem too slow
Then you appeared, and my life started to glow.

How do I know it's Christmas when you are near, Lord
How do I know it's morning when you are here
How do I tell the good times from the bad, Lord
When it's good times all the time
When you're around.

I used to walk on the dark side of the alley
Where the blues and shadows lay in wait for me
Stony rocks lay in my way as I stumbled through each day
Then you arrived and lit my pilgrim's way.

--Robin Kennedy

Expect Life!

Do not live too far in the past or in the future. Live now.

In each moment expect a miracle: ten kinds of birds at the feeder, and the tracks of a fox in the snow.

Pick up a magnifying glass and scrutinise the crocus. See the pollen at the centre of the daffodil, life's dust, death-defying life. Be astonished at the flower, arrested by its beauty.

Run naked through the garden early in the morning and hope the wild geese fly by.

Get silly and laugh loudly with your grandchildren or your grandparents. Refuse to leave the dead behind, but bring their memory to all your chores and games and corners of quiet, warm tears.

Know always that joy and sorrow are woven together; one cannot be without the other. If you love, know that sometimes your love will bring your tears; if you grieve, know it is because at some time you were willing to love.

Do not be afraid to die today. But expect life!

--Elizabeth Tarbox

The Senior Service Adventures of John Craske

Continued from the November 2019 Newsletter

Chapter 2 - All aboard the "Whitesand Bay" by John Craske From Hong Kong to Singapore and Sumatra then Suez

Once Krakatoa was a large island which before 1883 had three active volcanoes. There is evidence that perhaps some 60,000 years ago it had been a mountain of 6,000 feet. There was probably a major eruption in 416AD and almost certainly another in 1680. But between May and September 1883, the full awakening of Krakatoa took place. At first there was a sudden trembling, no more so than were common events for Sumatra and Java at that time and since. Shipping of many nations, using the Seunda Strait as the quickest route between Batavia - now Jakarta in Java - bound for China or Japan had recorded in their logs what they experienced as they passed the southern peak of Krakatoa - called Rakata. The rumbling and trembling from the 2,625-foot summit, with a white cumulus cloud rising vertically to 11,000 meters before spreading like an umbrella in the sub-stratosphere.

The first news of what was happening came as a message by telegraph from Batavia, reached London and recorded with a nineteen-word entry close to the bottom of page 12 of The Times on Thursday, 24th May 1883. The message from Batavia noted a 'strong volcanic eruption.' It is interesting to note that news was, for the very first time, travelling around the world in hours rather than days or even months, thanks to the growing network of telegraphs and cables.

By July 1883, things had quietened down until late August when all hell was let loose over twenty hours and fifty-six minutes, culminating in a gigantic explosion at 10:02 am on Monday 27th August. Two tectonic plates clashed and the mountain blew up hails of pumice, coarse ash and a lot of black and white smoke. This was followed by two huge walls of water - tsunamis - that flooded 165 villages. 36,417 people died, mainly as a result of freak waves that threw everything before them. Just like the tsunami of 26th December 2004, originating from the same deep Sumatra-

Java Trench plates, which are continuously at risk of colliding and did so in 1883 with such force that the effects were felt worldwide, some of which lasted days, months and even years.

The factually recorded accounts of this disaster are as disturbing as those which have since occurred as a result of our own century's nuclear experiments, their failures and consequences for the natural disasters are often unpredictable. Will the movement of tectonic plates continue to cause volcanic disasters? Is the world cooling down, is Krakatoa finally beginning to burn itself out? A report of a more recent explosion at Krakatoa was heard 3,000 miles away on Rodruez Island, off Madagascar, followed by a tsunami. Barographs recorded changes in the air pressure as far apart as St. Petersburg, Toronto, South Georgia and New York.

Following the 1883 explosion, a Dutch paddle steamer with 28 crew was lifted by one of the two tsunamis, carried it a mile and a half up a river creek and wedged it between the two banks with very little structural damage. The hulks of the rusting iron remained in the jungle until the 1980's. Rises in sea level and even small waves reached the English Channel and were recorded at Rochefort, near Rochelle on the French coast. Extraordinary sunsets were seen for months over half the world due to dust particles in the upper atmosphere. The evening sky turned pink and even blue so that artists became enthralled by the colours. William Ashcroft of Chelsea made no less than 533 water colour pictures, Whistler and Monet were captivated by the effects on the London smog, previously recorded by Turner.

Temperature changes produced colder winters and the sun's rays were partially obscured. Rafts of floating pumice reached the shores of Africa and obstructed shipping in the Seunda Strait. The noise of the actual explosion was possibly the loudest noise to be experienced by man. Plants, animals and insects populated a new barren and inert soil, captivating the interest of naturalists who questioned whether this was how the world began. Worldwide research in many areas of science was studied afresh and it revised many scientific opinions.

This was Krakatoa

--Here ends Chapter 2

Happy Birthday!

We wish

*Rev John Carter, Sajid Cheema, Lol Benbow and
Adam Downing*

a very happy birthday:

Christmas greetings

- **Happy Christmas to all the congregation Love Irmi Martin.**
- **Christine and Henry wish all our friends at church a happy peaceful Christmas and New Year.**
- **Wishing all friends in the congregation and the wider Unitarian community, a peaceful and happy Christmas. Pauline**
- **Have a great Christmas and a happy and healthy New Year, to all at the Church, from Peter and Jim.**
- **Have a lovely Christmas and a very happy New Year! Merryn, David, Cerian, Bryn and John.**
- **We wish you a very happy Christmas. Thanks for your warm welcome to the Croydon Unitarian family. Our lives have been enriched and we send that love back to you all in the year ahead. Fiona and David.**
- **A very happy Christmas to one and all, wherever you are, whoever you're with. Best wishes from Warden LOL**

Message from John Craske (Chairman)

**On behalf of the committee and the congregation, John would like to thank the organists and pianists for the lovely music which makes a wonderful contribution to our services.
Have a happy Christmas**

Trans Day of Remembrance

Saturday 16 November saw Croydon Unitarian Church host the local Memorial day of Remembrance for the more than 330 members of the Transgender Community murdered throughout the world over the course of the last year.



The law now requires us to ask you if you would like us to send you emails. If you do not wish to receive emails from us, could you please let us know? -- ed.

The Croydon Unitarian and Free Christian Church

1 The Croydon Flyover, Croydon, Surrey CR0 1ER,
Email croydonunitarian@hotmail.com,
www.croydonunitarians.org.uk
Tel 020 8667 1681

Contact Information

Minister	Rev. Art Lester	<i>Manse:</i> 020 8656 3996 <i>Email:</i> artlester@hotmail.com
Chairman & President	John Craske	<i>Tel:</i> 01342 604770 <i>Mobile:</i> 0798 274333 <i>Email:</i> rjohncraske@gmail.com
Secretary	Pauline Peet (Pro Tem)	<i>Tel:</i> 020 8603 7394 <i>Email:</i> paulinepeet@hotmail.co.uk
Treasurer	David Williams	<i>Tel:</i> 020 8661 2489 <i>Email:</i> davidmwilliams@hotmail.co.uk
Webmaster	Ross Burgess	<i>Tel:</i> 020 8645 0943 <i>Email:</i> ross@foxearth.net www.foxearth.net

General information from

Warden	Lol Benbow	<i>Tel:</i> 01689 841592 <i>Mobile:</i> 07932 154408 <i>Email:</i> lolbow@gmail.com
--------	-------------------	---

For Church bookings, contact Lol Benbow.

The Open - Door Newsletter

Editors: **Peter & Jim**
Email: petertaylor1123@gmail.com
Tel: 020 8681 6675 Mobile: 07758 943517

**COULD YOU PLEASE SEND US ANY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE
FEBRUARY 2020 NEWSLETTER
BY THE 21ST JANUARY 20 20**