

You may have heard the story of the man in the congregation whose kneeler kept moving under his knees, he wondered if he was quite sober, and so did the rest of the congregation, but the problem was solved when a Puff Adder crawled slowly from under the poor man's chair. I will end with the well known story of the Baboon, which had evidently escaped from somewhere, and being cold he got into the vestry, by taking some of the window out, but when he found he could not get into the warm Church, he bit at the vestry door so violently that his teeth marks still remain. to this day.

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So ends a rather sketchy history of our loved Church of St. John the Baptist, Twenty Four Rivers.

As the years go by more of our dear ones lie in peace under the shadow of the trees where birds sing and flowers bloom.

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Since writing this little history of the Church, another beautiful gift has been presented by Mrs. Burls in memory of her mother - Mary Page.

It is a lovely chair for the harmonium made of Bockenhout (one of our local trees) and very nicely polished.

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