

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, 24 RIVERS.

This was in many ways one of the highlights of the bishop's recent tour. It was a happy and successful occasion, beginning with the holy Eucharist celebrated by the bishop, who preached the sermon as well. Sir Herbert Baker, who designed the chapel, would certainly have been surprised to see how many human beings can fit into the tiny nave. The visitors came from far and wide, as did greetings from many who couldn't be with us.

After the great Christian act of worship we moved to the house of Mrs. Davidson, where a banquet of a tea was served while the choir from St. Anne's church sang "Hail the Festival Day", a hymn about S. John the Baptist, and 'At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow' (this item being rendered by the choir of the E.A. Davidson Memorial School). One parishoner, with an ever ready eye for a new fund raising gimmick, even suggested making a record of these hymns and selling it in aid of church funds!

In one way the 'tea' was deceptive. Both the bishop and rector, impressed by the adequacy of the tea, mistook it for lunch and had no room left when lunch was served. However, they left for Leeupoort with two heaped plates of food which they did enjoy at a later hour before reaching their destination.

There might be some who question the wisdom of erecting a church miles from anywhere and with the possibility of only a few parishoners. Some certainly questioned the wisdom of God in acting to save the world from a backwater of the Roman empire in the life and death of a carpenter and the shaky loyalty of His handful of semi-literate friends. Surely such propostions are unlikely to succeed.

Yet they do succeed. S. John the Baptist's, 24 Rivers is as alive as ever, after 50 years. It is giving more money to the parish than ever before. Its members are keen. The night before its Golden Jubilee the congregation grew by the confirmation of two adults. This year has seen the opening of a Sunday School in the chapelry. After 50 years, in fact, we are still on the march, as we always must be, or die.