



# CTTA Newsletter

Crawley Town Twinning Association



Issue 36

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## Foreword by the Editor

Dear Friends,

Welcome to our short Summer 2004 edition of the CTTA newsletter.

At the time of this issue we are going to hold our Annual General Meeting. The meeting is being held on Wednesday 16th June at the Town Hall, Room B. The committee does hope



that as many CTTA members will attend and also put themselves forward for election to the executive committee for the year 2004/2005.

As mentioned in the last issue of the Newsletter this year's Crawley main visit to Dorsten will be from 24.07 till 01.08.

Geoff May reports that the numbers for the trip are now fully booked. This number also includes the minimum of young people required for the join Crawley-Dorsten activity days organized by our German friends during the week.

On behalf of the whole committee I would like to thank Geoff

for organizing and leading the Group, and for the assistance in the young people's 'recruitment.' for this trip.

At the same time I would like to express a 'thank you' to all the committee members for their work during the last 2003/2004 year and also to all the kind people who helped and assisted in hosting.

We all hope that the next year will be as successful as the last one and trust that we all will try to recruit more new members and especially new members from the 'younger Crawley generation'.

On behalf of the committee may I wish all our members and friends a pleasant and sunny summer.

**Peter Klin**

PR Officer and editor of the newsletter



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## Easter in Dorsten

As we cannot join the group trip to Dorsten later this year, Ken and I were glad to be invited over for Easter weekend. Klaus and Anne Dietrich were having a party and according to the phone message there was going to be ouzo and 'two lambs in the garden.' I took this to be some sort of Spring celebration with lambs gambolling about on the grass....only later did it dawn that the ouzo was probably to be drunk with a barbecue – and that was where the lambs were to be as well! However, we're not vegetarian and felt we could cope with that.

We arrived on Good Friday, taking Hot Cross buns with us and found that a great communal effort was under way. Nico (a Greek whom some of you will know) and Volker were the chief advisors and together with Klaus had been out to a nearby farm to select the lambs. There was a slight difference of opinion between Greek and non-Greeks about how to marinade the meat so they decided to do one to each recipe and went off with pots of oil, lemon, herbs and garlic to do the necessary anointing.

Early on Saturday morning the barbecue itself arrived – manufactured under Volker's direction it stood about 5 feet high and 8 feet long with a rack with different spit positions over a trough of charcoal. By 9 am the lambs were turning over the glowing coals and soon people were arriving laden with 'kuchen' of various kinds and bowls of salad. Anne had been saving eggshells for some time and while the men were having a few preliminary ouzos to ease the labour of watching the lambs turn, the women sat around and melted coloured wax to make little candles and then got into the serious business of painting hardboiled eggs – some positively Faberge-like, others rather more splodgy and exuberant.

Nico was delighted to see his daughters doing this – he felt they were getting back to their roots

The weather wasn't too unkind – sunshine

and showers - but it was just as well there was a pavilion in the garden by the time the lambs were ready and about 30 people sat down on benches and garden chairs. It was only then we discovered Anne and Klaus were celebrating their 35<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary as well as Easter.

The afternoon disappeared in a warm glow of good food and wine – there was the little mystery of the 35 year-old bottle of Tia Maria (brought by Klaus's aunt) which was found empty and perhaps had something to do with the hoots of laughter coming from the last group out in the pavilion and the number of times a particular lady trotted in and out with cake for them all.

At 9 pm some of us were due to go to church where Anne was singing in a special service. This was where I first heard about the 'Easter fire'. At a certain point in the service we went out into the courtyard where a fire was set alight in a brazier and the servers lit the great church candles – when we went in again the congregation all lit their own candles from the big ones passing the flame along the pews. Then it was home-made bread rolls and wine in the Parish Hall.

Next day more Easter fires. In this farming part of the world the farmers stack up all the debris of dead vegetation and as dusk falls on Easter Sunday these huge piles are set alight. I should imagine this was once a pagan ceremony but a couple of church groups were trying valiantly to turn it into another service. We were at the farm the lambs came from and were invited to come into the old farm kitchen for soup and delicious home-made pate and sausage. It was a delightful end to the holiday to drive home through the fields with the bonfires still glowing all around. As so often Dorsten gave us a glimpse of another world with customs our urban life has forgotten.

**Eunice Clement**

# CTTA Annual Dinner at The Hawth on 6/02/2004





## Down Memory Lane - part 2



It is said that the second cup of tea is never as good as the first.

So this second article about my personal experiences of twinning with Dorsten will only deserve the mention, "Could do better!" Anyway, here it is for what it is worth.

Over the years I have hosted many people of all ages and backgrounds. It was always a very rewarding experience. I made many friends. My first guest, in 1980, was Vera Knickelmann, a young teenager who came as a member of a sports group. Her family and I became close friends. Vera is now happily married with two delightful children. I was very much looking forward to staying with her parents, Nanni and Jurgen, on our visit to Dorsten in July. Unfortunately both have been very ill. So it cannot be. Sad for them and for me.

I have another good friend in Dorsten (among many). It is Ursula whom I got to know through the Choirs Twinning. The Weald Choir of Crawley developed strong links with the Gesamt-Schule in Wulfen. We sang together several times either in Germany or in England. I still remember



our first joint concert in May 1986. The programme included Songs from the Bavarian Highlands and Janacek Otcenas - this beautiful Our Father with harp accompaniment. I cannot forget the Faure Requiem and excerpts from Handel's Messiah in St. Barbara -Kirche in Wulfen. And what fun we had with Carmina Burana! This was in Crawley in 1991. We performed many more works either in Dorsten or in Crawley. By making music together we did build up very strong bonds of friendship.

As time went on the Wulfen Choir sadly disbanded. So the Weald tried to twin with another choir. After some difficulties we did succeed in making contacts with another Choral Society. When Dorsten celebrated its 700th Anniversary in 2001, we were invited to take part in the Festival Concert. We performed the majestic Lobgesang by Mendelssohn, in St. Agatha-Kirche. I felt very proud to sing in German in a massed choir. The

church was packed with a very appreciative audience. The local paper reported :

*"Die "Waffen des Lichts" Stehende Ovationen dankten für Mendelssohn-Aufführung"*

After the concert we had a social as usual with a great variety of delicious foods. And ... each member of the Weald Choir received a present from the Mayor. Yes, the Bürgermeister gave us a special umbrella bearing the Coat of Arms of the town with the words Stadt Dorsten.. I treasure mine, natürlich! Next time it will be the turn of the German Choir to visit Crawley. When? These events take time to organise and require a lot of effort and good-will in both towns. May be 2006? Although I do not sing with the Weald any more, it is my deepest wish for the musical twinning to continue, because for me the very name of Dorsten means



**FRIENDSHIP and HARMONY**



*Some members of the Weald waiting to board the coach*

**Marie-Odile**