

# Christians Against All Animal Abuse

AUTUMN 2004

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## **The Seductions Of Eating, & Of Ego Trips**

Yes, a TV series has just ended with such a title, but I sense it didn't go far enough. We are more than what our bodies become. We are what our souls become. Consequently, we reap far more than harm for the body in eating junk food; we destroy our soul and spirituality by, indirectly, furthering as well as condoning intense animal cruelty. Clarissa Dickson Wright would be more appropriately termed Clarissa Dickson Wrong, for not only must eating beasts' testicles as an assumed delicacy create disease to the body; She is destroying her soul in the process through desensitisation. I've no doubt, however, that the dear lady is a product of her upbringing: just one pea out of a very common pod called 'tally ho'! Nevertheless, her irresponsibility must be obvious to all who respect their God given outer case: the body; as well as the jewel within: one's immortal soul!

Once, having sampled the 'kick. that can come through media prominence' it becomes far too easy to become a little more outlandish each time in order to sample once more the thrill that prominence can create. Film stars and aging actors often revert to all types of gimmicks in order to try and recreate the thrills that past publicity once made them. It is very easy - even in the animal activist movement - to go a little bit more 'over the top' to attract media publicity for the Cause? Well, at least I hope so! Sometimes it may well be for the buzz it gives us; for none of us is immune to what is commonly termed an ego trip.

Therefore, I for one will not endeavour in any way to pull to bits or endeavour to pass judgement, on the outlandish performances of Ms Wright. As the good book says: 'let those that are without sin cast the first stone!' Nevertheless, deer's testicles, which I'm told - rightly or wrongly - are given the culinary name in one of Ms Wright's recipes as Blair's Balls is far from appealing. In fact I find it as totally off putting to myself as the unfortunate man himself!

## **A Prime Minister's Testicles, & Political Priorities**

It appears obvious to me that Clarissa has as little time for our Prime Minister as we animal activists have; for he undoubtedly comes across as one mischievous menace of mammoth magnitude. How the more upright within his party - a vastly diminishing number! - can countenance or tolerate such fork tongued pronouncements is difficult to comprehend. He appears to be - within the minds

of most folk I daily meet - as obnoxious as the culinary speciality which Clarissa has named after him: It is 'Blair's Bollocks' Well – who knows? -this may well be meant as endearment for him; so I'll say no more?

Yesterday's Guardian front page news was;

### "MINISTERS BREAK PROMISE OVER NUCLEARWASTE"

'Nuclear waste from overseas power stations has been buried in several miles of trenches, In breach of official Govt. policy. This is despite ministers repeatedly promising that nuclear waste from abroad will not be buried in British soil, to make good a pledge that the UK won't become a nuclear waste dump for countries such as Japan, Germany, Italy & Switzerland.

It now emerges that over 10.000 cubic metres of nuclear waste is buried at Drigg in Cumbria. If buried side by side this would stretch over 10 kms. This is because it is expensive to transport the waste back to the countries that produced it. This is part of the ever-increasing mountain of nuclear waste stored at over 20 sites in Britain'.

Well, it speaks for itself, just as has the recent 5 jab immunisation packet; the promoters of whom 'all had vested interests'! This present government, therefore - far from being the moral mouthpiece of the nation - is far more concerned with keeping in with the multinational drug and chemical industries that increase its own coffers. Yes, and – dare I say it? - via the drug orientated National Health Service; the Ministry Of Defence; and British Nuclear Fuels!

The evils of blood sports - though they must never be played down - are surely as nothing compared to the pernicious deceit and calculated evil that rival candidates have been using in 'stabbing one another' in competition for who should be 'top dog'. (apologies to the animal!) One would be extremely naive to ever trust the present regime or its leading opposition party ever again! Ah, but what about the UK Independence Party? Well I'm a paid up Greenpeace advocate myself; but – for immediate practical purposes - I'll no doubt give my vote next election to Kilroy Silk. For otherwise, surely this country has had it for good!

### **Our Most Valuable Possession On This Earth**

What is your most precious visible possession on earth? It's not your car. You may acquire plenty. It's not your house. You may have a few. It's not even your nearest or so-called dearest. Though you may deceive yourself in to thinking the contrary, it's your body; for. you'll never in this life have another. Yes, and without it you could not even know of a so- called nearest or dearest! Yet we are living in a society in which only the best petrol and oil are probably put in to one's car;

while nothing but junk food is put in to one's body. Yes, the body, which the Bible refers to as no less than the very temple of God. 'Whoever defiles it' - says the Bible - 'him shall God destroy'. Yet the masses are defiling it hourly by their irresponsible life styles. Indeed, the following is a quote from animal activist Judi Hewitt which appeared last month in a leading North Wales newspaper:

'I recently did a one-woman protest outside the Flintshire & Denbighshire show. It took a lot of courage to stand at the side of the road and display my placard for all to see, yet not a single newspaper bothered to use it. Instead they pictured Dickson Wright and Johnny Scott signing copies of their latest country pursuits and game cookbook.

Someone really should tell Scott and Dickson-Wright that the Second World War is over, that there is no need to go about shooting animals for the pot any more. Nor is there any any need for hare-coursing, fox-hunting or deer-stalking

They spout on about shooting being all about conservation and land management: Rubbish. It's all about ensuring there are enough animals to kill for sport.

They spout on about shooting being necessary because otherwise pests would get out of control: Rubbish! Natural processes achieve a balance between predator and prey; lethal human intervention for sport is both cruel and unnecessary.

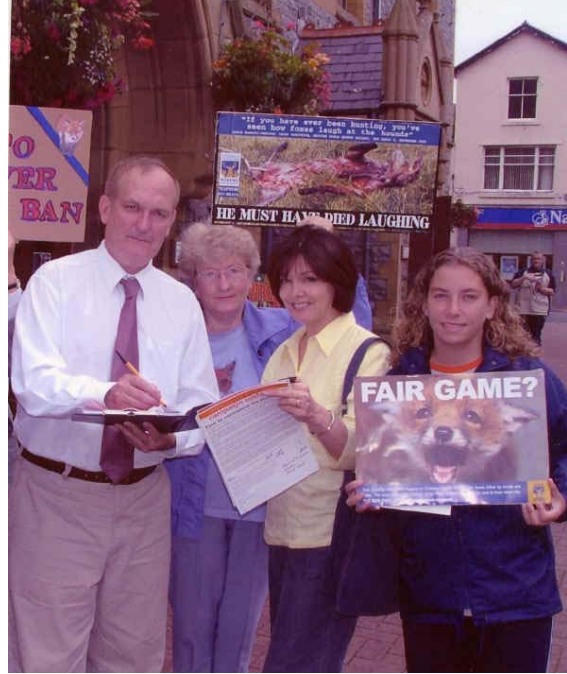
They claim shooting for sport and the right to bare arms in the country side is a civil liberty: Rubbish! It is a danger to wildlife and a nuisance to the general public, preventing peaceful enjoyment of our beautiful countryside.

I am very pleased to say that the only thing I have in common with Dickson-Wright is my age, 57.1 am a very healthy lifelong vegan, eating lots of fresh fruit and veg. Dickson-Wright and Johnny Scott, (not unlike the Adams family on TV) enjoy a dish of offal or testicles, and it shows! After 50, we all get the face we deserve!

Yours for the animals,  
Judi Hewitt



Clarissa Dickson-Wright 57



Judi Hewitt 57,  
holding petition while local MP signs it

### **Jabs: A Sore Point To Both Man & Beast!**

'DOGS are being crippled and even killed by the annual veterinary jabs intended to protect them from disease'; such was the result of a study taken several years ago.

The Canine Health Census, which conducted the survey of 2.700 dogs, claimed the animals were up to 13 times more likely to succumb to a range of illnesses and diseases if they had been given annual vaccinations. In some cases the reactions were so severe that they died, or had to be put down.

The main vaccines were against diseases such as hepatitis, leptospirosis, distemper and parvovirus. But the side effects ranged from vomiting and diarrhoea to serious illnesses such as epilepsy, arthritis and brain damage, claimed the report.

Of dogs that had become sick, 55 per cent had done so within three months of being vaccinated, 41.75 per cent within 30 days, and 24.56 per cent within a week. The results were published in a book entitled: 'Who Killed The Darling Buds Of May?' and subtitled: What Vets Don't Tell You About Vaccines.

A Catherine O'Driscoll, who set up the Canine Health Census after her dogs died of illnesses believed they were vaccine related and said: "Vets and vaccine manufacturers advise us to vaccinate our pets year after year, and they insist that reverse reactions occur in only a 'tiny minority' of dogs. But we found they

were much more common than that: - about one in a hundred animals had some kind of reaction."

A Hilda Reynolds, of Hawkshurst. Kent, said she'd nursed her miniature dachshunds for 13 months after they'd had a traumatic reaction to vaccines to prevent parvovirus, distemper and leptospirosis. Her pet, Jamie, 3, had to be put down because he was in so much pain while Hannah, 7, was crippled. .

Simon Orr president of the British Small Animal Veterinary Association said: Such vaccines have been rigorously tested for safety and effectiveness and have dramatically reduced the outbreaks of diseases?"

Well I'm not qualified to discuss the above article of seven years ago which appeared in a Sunday Telegraph. But I would not dismiss the matter any lighter than I would the recent controversial 5 in 1 jab for children or, indeed, the MMR jab! Rightly or wrongly I feel the whole liaison between the pharmaceutical and government approved medications be they for man or beast, is open to grave suspicion. Amazing, and more alarming still, when the only medications New Labour appears to clamp down on are humanely produced herbal ones! Indeed, if the populace cannot see through all this encroachment of our civil liberties then they must be blind indeed. At the present moment, the drive towards mass medication via our drinking water is being pursued with approval from the average MP who – in the opinion of many - sees little further than his/her pay-packet

### **Two Charities With Quite A Contrast!**

There are some wonderful ladies in our cause who, single handed, have done remarkable work for God's precious animal kingdom: One of them contacted me earlier this year: Janice Down whom I first met in Portsmouth, I'd been overtaken by the heat following a rally, a long procession of witness, and then a memorial service at the docks. Janice - a dedicated nurse soon got me fully recovered. Indeed, at a later date I had the honour of christening Janice's child Jack, during a memorable. animal blessing service in the prestigious church of St James, Piccadilly

And now, a decade later, one discovers that this unassuming young lady has inaugurated an outstanding animal sanctuary in Shrilanka. What stick-ability and stamina! Well I don't know about you, but I get cheesed off with begging letters coming through the post from leading – tax exempt 'charities'; while their shops appear to have an unfair advantage over 'the little man': the struggling, small trader. What is more - in their literature – they, more often than not, request a specific box be ticked, plus amounts suggested; £2,500, £700 £150, £100, £50. or a blank for an 'assumed' paltry less!

Well, I have never once asked for a donation concerning the costs incurred in publishing this News Letter or the amount of work one seeks to accomplish for our great cause. Until recently, I have not asked for expenses to cover rallies in which one was asked to participate and this included Southern France's bullfight last May! Consequently, I find myself depositing begging letters of all types straight in to the rubbish bin; yet making sure I use any prepaid return envelopes enclosed as an outlet for animal activist tracts.

Last month a collector came to our door. "I've come about Age Concern" he said. Well my face in up: "Oh, do come in!" I said, "You are most welcome!" He looked a little taken back and added "I deposited an envelope with you!" "Yes" I said: "I found it but there was nothing inside, and you'd forgotten to seal it. Never mind, I'm glad you've returned. Would you come in?" The 'poor' fellow - well, hardly! - declined and appeared embarrassed. "But I've come to collect the envelope" he said. "You mean you brought it empty the other day and today you want it back? That doesn't make sense!"

I then chose to embarrass the fellow no further. With a large smile, I said: "I'm a senior citizen turned 74, one that Age Concern was founded to financially help". I then tried to let him see that I'd been 'pulling his leg' and dropped a couple of coins in to his envelope. Well, he was hardly the laughing type and left even more embarrassed still.

### **Well, Janice's Is A Most Worthy Cause**

Yes, I'll not tar 'Home And Abroad Animal Welfare' with major charities such as Age Concern, I'm sure that she does not rule from tax free premises of grandeur with a whole host of highly remunerated staff. Far from it! On the contrary, she struggles on a pittance, living on a shoestring to raise funds for appallingly abused animals abroad. Consequently, I ask you to support this wonderful lady's efforts in whatever way you feel so disposed. If we haven't money I'm sure we may well want to get rid of unwanted bric-a-brac!

I know that Janice is one hundred percent genuine and, therefore, enclose information which you may care to reply to and then, possibly pin up in a public place, to help her further. I know that she'll be more than pleased to forward you a free copy of her most inspiring newsletter. Yes, she'd never admit it but I consider her to be another living saint for our great cause.

She asks: DO YOU HAVE ANY BRIC-A-BRAC ITEMS YOU COULD DONATE TO HELP THE STREET ANIMALS IN SRI-LANKA? • CD'S • VIDEOS • HOUSEHOLD GOOD • CLOTHES – ORNAMENTS ???

Please send to: Janice Downes, HAAAW, 39 Albert Street, Fleet. Hampshire GU13 9RL Phone; 01252-629044. E.mail: home\_and\_abroad@yahoo.co.uk

'Home and Abroad Animal Welfare is a small organisation based in Hampshire. Janice Down who set up this organisation has worked for the welfare of animals most of her life. We travel to Negombo, a fishing village off the west coast of Sri Lanka four times a year. We work to relieve the suffering of all animals. We have a vet called Dr Rohan Perera who works tirelessly all year round. His wife Lulu runs our compound which holds up to 30 dogs all taken from the streets and then hopefully re'homed. Our driver Patrick is busy all year round taking people and their animals to and from the surgery. Stuart cares for our cows rescued from a local slaughterhouse. All our funds are raised by holding weekly car boot sales and street stalls, plus kind donations'.

### **Well, We Have Givers And Grabbers!**

I sense that advancing age has confirmed that folk, basically, change little. Folk seem to be predisposed to be givers or grabbers; and much of it comes from childhood programming and hereditary traits. I've had two types of neighbour: one who was always anxious to give gifts; yes, and food when I was living alone. But now I have a fellow who, failing to encroach on part of my land has encroached on another's and may be getting more than he bargained for. Indeed, he's even enlarged his front so that the telegraph pole is now within his garden! Well, as I see it: 'love your neighbour but hold firm to your boundaries!'

Indeed, the vast majority in our Cause, by their priorities, are givers rather than grabbers. As mentioned elsewhere, I've never asked for funds, yet I received this very year from a well wisher – a retired lady from out of the blue! - enough to procure a good quality megaphone for future demos. Indeed, a kindly fellow gave me almost enough to procure a brand new photocopier, printer and scanner combined.

In response to the previous Newsletter that casually touched on my quandary over glaucoma medication, I received a cheque to cover at least two professional consultations with a herbalist. Indeed, such folk - without any prompting from myself - have most generously seen an avenue in which to help, and have sprung forward to do so.

In a similar spirit of true Christian generosity, I know of a lady who runs her own garden sanctuary for rescued wild life, yet never appears to ask for funds for herself. You'll find her in North Wales coastal towns struggling to raise funds for the most prominent animal charities, which do not do a patch of the work she accomplishes in her own comparative way.

Well, thank Cod, I say for the givers. They are the ones with a smile on their face and a spiritual radiance from their countenance. The grabbers are not basically happy, though in the eyes of this world they may appear wealthy and successful.

Jesu^ would have said; "They already have their reward." But as for the generous poor; 'Their treasure may indeed be reserved for them in Heaven' but already: "theirs is the kingdom of God!" Yes, there is profound truth behind the words: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'. Yes, providing we give sensibly and do not squander thoughtlessly, nor be taken as 'a soft touch' by the unscrupulous of every shade.

### **A Good Shepherd's Promise & A Good Samaritan's Push:**

*'In as much as you have done it to the least of one of these, you have done it as for me!'*

*'You will be recompensed at the resurrection of the just;'* Luke14:14

In the 1950s a coach hired for a chapel outing began to splutter and then broke down just before a gradient that took one down to the village venue. The driver was in a quandary until one passenger offered to get out and push from the rear, and one or two others were coerced in to following him. But others sat inside and quite enjoyed the novelty of being – as one said – driven by man-power

Well, I sense it is so in the world of animal activism. A lot enjoy being carried along in the euphoria and camaraderie of a live demo. They love to be in the limelight; but a much humbler element who are out of sight tirelessly do the shoving from behind. Methinks we have a surplus of passengers but insufficient pushers! Nevertheless, our gifts and abilities vary, and consequently what some appear brave at, others seem to flinch away from. I've never sold a single raffle ticket in my life; though I've bought plenty!

### **A True Lady In Aberdeen, & Another On The Wirral!**

I knew 'Lady Aberdeen' – a sweet soul! - and Doreen and I have dined in her spacious home with all its finesse and trimmings. But the lady to whom I refer is not titled; yet she is – in every sense – 'a true lady' who does more for the cause of animal liberation than anyone I've ever met. No one knows the hours she spends before her computer - only the Good Shepherd Himself; and possibly her retired and no doubt weary husband. But the little I have done for our gallant cause, with a good deal of publicity, is quite small to what she has done in a true Christ like style, as the Bible says,: 'letting not her left hand know what her right hand is doing". I feel that when her time comes to leave this life -and she is much younger than myself! - that her pathway in to Glory will be lined on each side with those animals she's helped to save.

Such cultured, modest and unassuming epitomes of compassion appear too good for this earthly life. They pass through our lives as ships in the night, but the aroma of their goodness lingers long. Dear reader, be not unmindful of them; for

the lady I knew in Aberdeen - who, incidentally is quite incapacitated - is not alone. There are others like her - You may well be amongst them!. Humble souls walking daily with their God; often feeling that their lives count for little! Yet their unpublicised actions speak louder than voluminous words. Here is one from the Wirral (adjoining Merseyside) who has just phoned me

This lady is distraught over the death of her beloved dog. Whenever she goes in to a supermarket and sees the dog biscuits she breaks in to tears. I conducted the funeral of her pet, Susie. It was just over a month ago and, indeed, she is still in her 'garden of Gethsemane'! Some animal lovers know the sheer hell she must be going through, while other well-intentioned folk are amazed at her reaction to "the mere death of a pet'.

Well, I empathised as best as I could. I prayed inwardly for God to give me the most helpful words to utter. But then, she intervened to tell me how her own specialist, a top Consultant, had let her in to a secret. When his own beloved dog died he was so distraught that he put his mouth to his pet's mouth and, for quite some time practised mouth to mouth resuscitation, and all that it involved.

Well, non animal lovers might have remarked: 'how utterly horrible and disgusting!' But I only know that I thank God for the story I'd just been told. I've just followed it by prayer and gratitude for such caring and compassionate folk. Indeed, towards such medical specialists as he I hold the greatest admiration.

What a wonderful, noble thing compassion is! These are surely the folk who will one day walk the courts of the New Jerusalem come down from heaven! Yes where the voices of children and the happy sounds of animals are heard in the streets. Indeed, it's inclined to make one 'homesick for heaven'. So let us 'take heart'. Let us 'fight the good fight' while it is day. Yes, as I've said it before, it's an honour and a privilege to have enlisted in this righteous army for God. Let us all take heart!

### **Enough of this contentious spirit!**

St Paul said to the churches: "I hear that there be divisions amongst you!". Well, it's not unique to churches; the animal activist movement has equally as factious a spirit. Indeed, two nearby animal sanctuaries who do a marvellous work are now being hindered, and why? Because one is unconcerned about the sale of air guns within their charity shop; while the other appears unconcerned about fox hunting. Well, they both have their critics but, thankfully, they both have strong admirers for the sterling work they accomplish; and I am one of them. I take my hat off (when I wear one!) to each of them. Regrettably, however, my annual animal blessing service at the Welsh Baptist Chapel was not held this year. They previously brought along an assortment of pets, as well as folk, to this annual event. But as they are at loggerheads with one another I decided to terminate me

venture after eight years. Indeed, as one door appeared ready to close, another opens! A leading cleric of the Diocese has cordially invited me to officiate at his own service of animal blessing next week.

Yes, it takes guts, determination, and often years, to build bridges; but any nutter can demolish such creations in moments. Admittedly, our priorities within our great cause for the animals vary and sometimes differ. Of all the animal sanctuaries I can think of in Clwyd, it appears that none of the owners are vegetarians. Does that mean that I fall out with all of them? God forbid! I'm personally, very much opposed to the sale of any air guns, regardless of to whom the profits go. Does that mean that I withdraw my patronage? God forbid! I get a little cheesed off when, as regards blood sports, the emphasis is unduly given to foxes - what about far less cunning hares and docile deer? To gain public sympathy should not the emphasis have been on the least predatory of these rather than the most? I think it should!. But God forbid that this should stop me from denouncing hunting with hounds altogether.

One thing is sure: while we wrangle with one another, tile opposition benefits considerably. So let us give up all spirit of dissention and bickering. There are many regiments in our army, so let us stop knocking those regiments whose priorities are not ours. They are our fellow comrades in the same war against animal abuse. Then let us direct our hostility on to the enemy and never upon soldiers of a differing rank or regiment to our own, for that would be nothing less than treason.

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