

**Meeting Needs, Bringing Hope,
Sharing Love**



Pentecost

Rev. John Langlands

07588 664962

Churchwarden John Cox

02476 394802

Deputy Warden

Vic Murry

Rev John's Jottings for June

What does church mean to you at this time? Is it just an empty building left to run down or is it more than that? With the lockdown, the church has been alive and well, because the church is people. Services have been sent out via emails, post, over the phone and by use of other modern technology. Also, acts of kindness have been expressed in many practical ways. Caring and sharing amongst the congregation and to others in the community and even those in need in other countries has been evident. In many respects, the good news that brings comfort, peace and the answers to issues of life and death have been spread even more effectively than sitting in a building. However, our church buildings matter. Without them we miss the human element of congregational worship and fellowship. The churchyards would lose being cared for and the visible church as a place of refuge in a noisy, fast and busy world would be lost. The Christian church represents something of our identity without which we might as well be atheists or agnostics. It's a sobering thought. When we eventually come out of lockdown and can return to some form of 'normality' who will be attending and supporting the churches in Arley? This month is the time in the Christian calendar when we celebrate Pentecost. The Day of Pentecost marks fifty days since Easter Day and brings the Easter season to an end. It is a major part of the Church's year when Christians recall God's Holy Spirit was given to the disciples after Jesus' ascension, and the church was born. Our Lord has kept His church going for over 2000 years and there's no reason why He should not keep our church going! As hymn writer Samuel Stone in 1886 wrote 'The Church's One Foundation' he says:

Though with a scornful wonder men see her sore oppressed,
by schisms rent asunder, by heresies distressed,
yet saints their watch are keeping, their cry goes up,
"How long?" And soon the night of weeping shall be the morn of song.
'Mid toil and tribulation, and tumult of her war,
she waits the consummation of peace forevermore;
till with the vision glorious her longing eyes are blest,
and the great church victorious shall be the church at rest
Let us stand together with the desire to see the churches in Ansley and Arley thriving as we put our hand in God's hand. Take care, stay alert and God bless you.

Rev. John

BIBLE WORDSEARCH FOR PENTECOST

PENTECOST Word SEARCH



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AMAZED

LANGUAGES

APOSTLES

MULTITUDE

DAY OF PENTECOST

SITTING

HEAVEN

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

HOLY SPIRIT

TONGUES OF FIRE

HOUSE

WIND

GARDEN IN JUNE:

As you know, plants are categorised as perennials, which come back year after year, and annuals use all their energy in one exciting year. Around this time of year you will be looking for the emergence of your perennials as well as planting out some new annuals. A healthy garden is usually a mixture of two, perhaps with some shrubs and biennials as well. All gardens differ, but the grace of the most beautiful comes from the variety. The radiance of two contrasting colours. The drama of low or high and medium plants.

When God chooses us he has a job for us to do. For some of us, our ministry for God can be slow burning; perhaps we are a background kind of person who likes to get things done behind the scenes, or we maybe opposite. It is a mistake to compare yourself to others. Just as a garden is at its most beautiful when various plants are working together, so is a church or community of Christians.

Just as a body, though one, has many parts, but all its many parts form one body, so it is with Christ. For we were, all baptised by one Spirit so as to form one body – whether Jews or Gentiles, Slave or Free – and we were all given the one Spirit to drink. And, so the body is not made up of one part but of many.

Are you following God's perfect plan for your life?

Do you sometimes seek certain roles or tasks for the wrong reasons?

Do you value and appreciate the beauty of variety in your church community?

Father God, you are the great gardener. You have made the earth beautiful, for us to enjoy. You also guide us and direct us like a gardener organises their plants. Help me always be open to your perfect guidance. Amen.

Other possible gardening tasks this week include: -

Keeping your compost bin moist in hot weather.

Start to dead head roses.

Trim the lawn edges.

Pinch out the growing tips of broad beans.

Pray each day in June:

1	Pray for Rev.John & Frances as they carry out their ministry work throughout our Parishes. Lord keep them safe and well
2	Thank you God, that You are there for us showing us You care
3	Pray for all victims of Covid19 - bless them with your healing
4	Thank you Lord for the blessing of families and friends
5	Praying for all who celebrate a Birthday or Anniversary today
6	When feeling anxious or worried talk to our loving Lord
7	We bring before you Lord all who mourn - bring them comfort
8	During this difficult time help us to focus on you Lord
9	Creator God with give you thanks for the beauty surrounding us
10	Father, may we seek to please you and serve you at all times
11	Gracious Lord we thank you for your constant assurances
12	Lord, may we always choose to live in Your light
13	Grant us wisdom Lord to deal with problems that occur
14	We give you thanks Lord for all your patience you show us
15	Where there is need- help us to reach out to others
16	Lord, guide us by Your word and your messages to us
17	We ask your forgiveness Lord and your saving grace
18	Pray for all frontline people working all hours to serve us
19	Praying for all residents living in care homes and their carers
20	In these turbulent times bless us with your peace and calmness
21	Praying for all Fathers and Step Fathers and Carers everywhere
22	Pray for the lonely & those who live alone may they feel you near
23	Lord we Pray and ask you bless all our Emergency services
24	We give you thanks and praise for all your blessings
25	Praying for all who are sick in body, mind or spirit
26	Thank you Lord for inviting us into your Holy presence
27	Praying for the hungry and homeless, may they find refuge & food
28	Bring peace into this uncertain world - in Jesus name
29	Praying for a cure for this horrendous virus
30	God, what a fascinating Creator and Father you are.Thank you!

DADDY, HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR JESUS TO FEED FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE WITH ONLY FIVE LOAVES OF BREAD AND TWO FISHES?

JESUS CREATED THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE. MAKING LUNCH WAS NO PROBLEM!

Don's Length

Matt. 14:13-21
Colossians 1:16-17



Down Memory Lane – True Stories from our friend Anne

Nether Whitacre, apart from family and the old village woman that my mother was friendly with the only other visitors to our home were the tradesmen. In those days tradesmen were like family friends. Joe the milkman came daily with his old van containing a churn of milk. He had ladles hooked on the side of the churn and he would ladle milk into the customer's own jug. It was before T.T. herds and the milk did vary a bit in quality. Sometimes it seemed almost like skimmed milk and at other times it was thick and creamy, but we did not complain, we accepted what we were given. To keep us good, Mum would sometimes take the top off the milk and put it into a jar. We would shake and shake for ages until we finally got a teaspoon

of butter. No butter tasted quite like that we had made ourselves. Joe was a gem. He would deliver parcels and relay messages from one side of the village to the other and he was also extremely kind. When my mother was confined to a wheelchair in later years, Joe, or later his son John would come in and make her a cup of tea or fill her hot water bottle. Without people like them my father would probably have had to give up work to look after her. Another tradesman that sticks in my memory is Ernie Upton the baker. He had a bakery at the back of his grocery shop in Coleshill. If I went to shop for my mother on the bus to Coleshill (at 8 yrs old, I might add) and she needed bread, I would be told by Mrs. Upton to go and fetch one from the back. The smell of that baking is with me to this day. Bread was baked then in coal-fired ovens and the men pulled the bread out on flat shovels. The loaf would be wrapped in a piece of tissue and would nearly burn my fingers. Some of the older residents remembered taking their Sunday joint and Yorkshire puddings to be baked in the baker's ovens on Sundays.

Ernie delivered to the cottage three times a week and I tried to hide when he came. Since it had gotten around that I was a 'good scholar', he thought it was his duty to throw some sums at me, like a mental arithmetic lesson. 'What's 15 eggs at 1penny a dozen', he

would ask. I was terrified I would get the sum wrong and let myself down.

His bread was truly wonderful, it had a gorgeous smell and a golden brown crust. Although I did not like crusts I could eat the top of one of Ernie's loaves with a scraping of jam or condensed milk, or even a spoonful of sugar. The baby was kept quiet by cutting the corner down the loaf and he would suck on this for ages until he nearly choked on the soggy mess. My mother could not cut bread and by the end of the loaf the slices were almost triangular. I always wondered how my friend's mothers made nice thin sandwiches. My mother said it was because they had let the bread go stale, but I think it was an excuse.

Ernie bought us iced finger rolls on a Saturday and my mother complained to him that the icing was very thin. He apologised and said that he would make sure the next delivery would be better, but they were just the same. Then my mother discovered Janet licking her finger and scraping the icing off. Our Janet was always picking. She came in one day and saw what she thought was a small blancmange shape on a saucer and took a spoonful, she rushed out and was sick as she could be. My mother had shaved soap into a small bowl and added boiling water. This was a wartime tip for saving soap. When the soap was set she had turned it out onto a plate and it did indeed look like blancmange. Janet did not pick again for a while anyway. There was a greengrocery van call around the villages – it must have been after the war because I can remember mother buying oranges. He used to come on Fridays and we loved it in Wintertime when mum would buy chestnuts, she roasted on a shovel on the open fire. Scrumptious! Talking of fruit Auntie Mary bought us some pomegranates from Coleshill when they first became available after the war. Mum had spoken often of the fruit she shared with her brother, a pomegranate and sat for hours with a pin picking out the seeds. I never thought they were worth the effort. She also bought liquorice root which we chewed and chewed ,then wondered why we paid many visits to the top of the garden. THANK YOU ANNE x

Outlasting Bitterness:

During the second World War, Corrie ten Boom's family owned a watch-making business in the Netherlands, and they actively worked to protect Jewish families. Eventually, the entire ten Boom family was sent to a concentration camp, where Corrie's father died 10 days later. Her sister Betsie also died in the camp. While Betsie and Corrie were in the camp together, Betsie's faith helped to strengthen Corrie's.

That faith led Corrie to forgive even the ruthless men who served as guards during her concentration camp days. While hate and the desire for revenge continued to destroy many lives long after the concentration camps were gone. Corrie knew the truth: hate hurts the hater more than the hated, no matter how justified it may seem. Like Corrie, we each have the opportunity to love our enemy and choose forgiveness. Forgiveness doesn't excuse the offence, but when we forgive we show Christ to the world. " Be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ forgave you" (Eph. 4:32)

God will help you let go of every angry grudge as you watch the Spirit build into you a place where others see the Saviour.

*The love of God within our hearts
Enables us to show
Forgiveness that is undeserved
So others too might know.*

.....

When we forgive someone, we look more like Jesus than at any other moment in our life.

Little Time to Pause:

The story is told of the famous boxer Muhammed Ali, who was flying to an engagement. The aircraft ran into severe turbulence and was soon being shaken violently. The passengers were all instructed to fasten their seatbelts, everyone complied except Ali. Noticing this, the stewardess approached him and asked him to fasten his seat belt. Ali replied, 'Superman don't need no seatbelt'. The stewardess took one look and said, 'Superman don't need no plane either!'


Gratitude:

Today I stood at my window and cursed the pouring rain,
Today a desperate farmer for his field of grain
My weekend plans are ruined, it almost makes me cry
While the farmer lifts his arms and blesses the clouded sky.
The alarm went off on Monday and I cursed my work routine,
Next door a Laid off mechanic feel the empty pockets of his jeans.
I can't wait for my vacation, some time to take for me,
He doesn't know tonight how he he'll feed his family.
I cursed my leaky roof and the grass I need to mow,
a homeless man down town checks for change in the telephone.
I need a new car, mine is getting really old,
He huddles in a doorway seeking shelter from the cold,
With blessings I'm surrounded, the rain, a job, a home. Though my eyes are often
blinded by the things I think I own.

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of his friend.
He referred to the dates on her tombstone, from the beginning to the end.
He noted that first came the date of her birth and spoke of the second with tears,
But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.
For the dash represents all the time that she spent alive on earth,
And now only those who loved her know what little line is worth.
For it matters not how much we own; the cars, the house, the cash.
What matters how we live and love and how we spend our dash.
So think about this long and hard, are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left "(you could be at dash mid range)"
If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and what is real,
And always try to understand the way other people feel,
and be less quick to anger, and show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.
If we treat each other with respect, and more often wear a smile
Remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.
So when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash...
Would you be pleased with the things they say about how you spent your dash?

Fathers Day. June 21st.



Thank you Dad, no words can express 
Those bits of shared happiness
No thought could fully grasp
How wide and deep is your love
How can I ever forget
Your love is as fresh as the morning dew
For that my daddy – I say thank you
Thank you for your sweet embraces
And for your patience that never ceases
Thank you for you are always there
Thank you Dad for your unending care.

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Family isn't always blood
It's the people in your life
Who want you in theirs
The ones who accept you for who you are
The ones who would do, anything to see you smile
Who love you no matter what.

.....

.....

Dad, so many images come to mind, whenever I speak your name,
It seems without you in my life, things have never been the same.
Dad, some days I hear your voice, and turn to see your face,
Yet in my turning...it seems, the sound has been erased.
Today, Jesus, as you are listening, in your home above
Would you go and find my Dad, and give him all my love

xxxxxxxxxxxxx

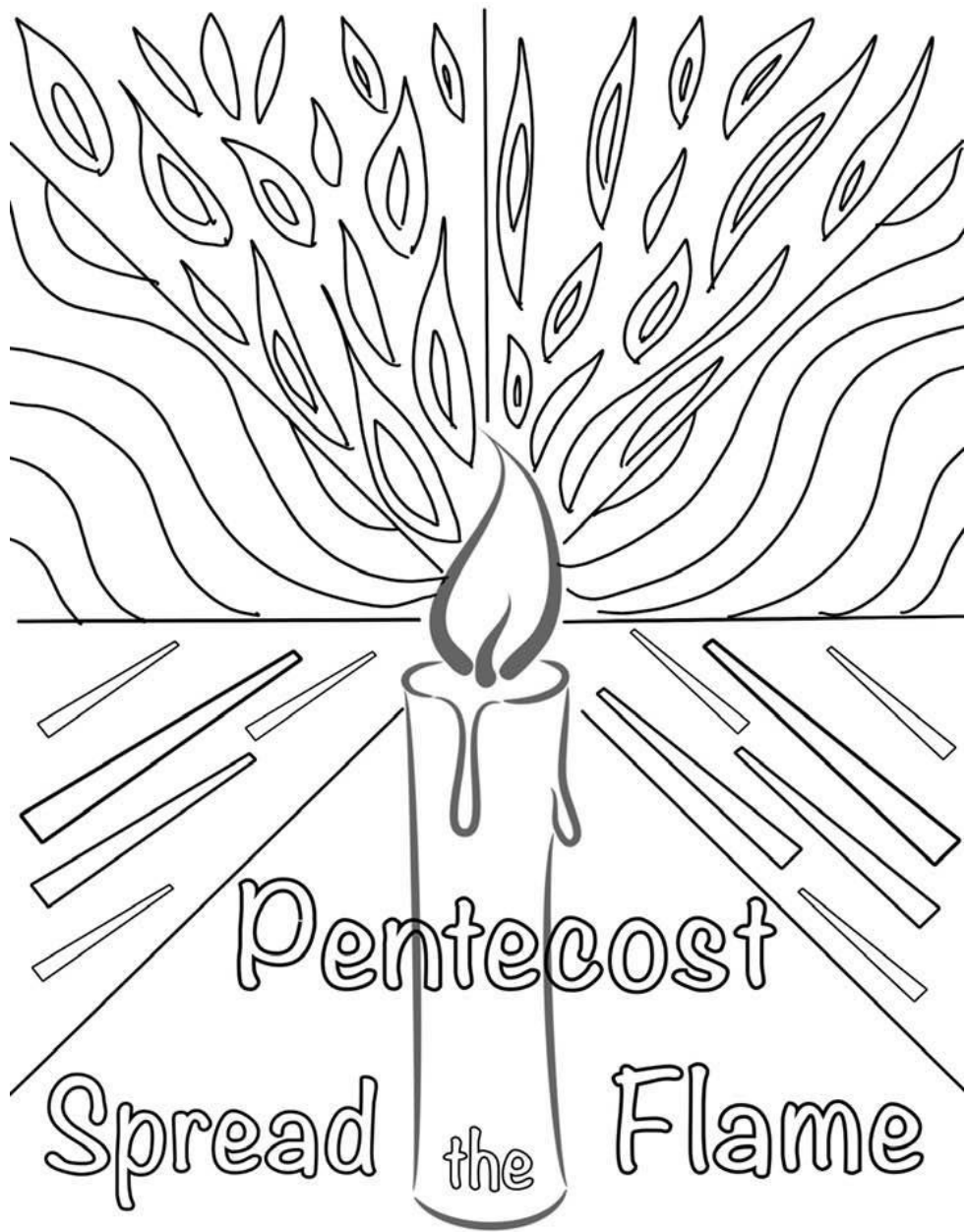
AN ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT:

(He changes times and seasons...He gives wisdom-Daniel 2:21)

Realise that rough times won't last forever. As surely as God created Spring to follow Winter, He changes times and seasons...He gives wisdom. The season of adversity you're in will end. And when it does you will glean from it the wisdom to build a better future. Sometimes your greatest blessings come from your most negative circumstances. Paul writes, 'Our present troubles are small and won't last very long. Yet they produce for us a glory that vastly outweighs them and will last forever'. (2 Corinthians 4:17)

Tough times don't last, but tough people do! Out of your greatest tests come your greatest testimonies. *Don't make major decisions during a storm.* Thoughts and feelings often run wild in the midst of a crisis; those are times when you need to be careful about making decisions. Remain calm, discipline yourself to focus on what you can do, and trust God to do what you can't. Just as a pilot error can cause a plane to be diverted from its intended destination, or have to make a dangerous emergency landing, a bad decision can divert or delay you from reaching your destiny. Let your emotions *subside* – before you *decide*. You may not always have that option, but as much as possible, put significant decisions on hold until your storm passes. Just as the wind blows about wildly during a storm, your thoughts can become wild and frantic, and that's not the best time to make crucial assessments. What should you do? Paul answers, 'Don't worry about anything: Instead, pray about everything.

Tell God what you need, and...His peace will guard your hearts and minds' (Phillippians 4: 6 – 7)



PENTECOST SUNDAY Today is known as the Day of Pentecost - our reading from Acts chapter 2 speaks about the day of Pentecost when God sent his Holy Spirit – 50 days after the Jewish Passover Festival. The Passover Festival was the time to remember and celebrate Israel's escape from slavery from Egypt, under the leadership of Moses. The Israelites were to put the blood of a lamb on their doorposts to be spared from the Angel of Death who would 'pass over' Egypt. Those who did not have the blood of the lamb would succumb to the judgement of God. In this way the people were saved and set free from bondage in Egypt. It is this momentous Passover event celebrated every year since then, that foreshadows the first Easter, when Jesus was crucified as 'The Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world'. The Day of Pentecost which was 50 days after the Passover. It was when the Jewish people celebrated the Feast of Shavuot (pronounced 'shavot'), also known as the Feast of Weeks. This was the day the Torah was given - celebrating the momentous encounter between God and the Israelites at Mount Sinai. In synagogues this weekend, Jews will be reading the story from Exodus chapter 20 when God descended upon Mount Sinai and communicated directly with Israel, giving the nation the Ten Commandments and its unique mission from God to mankind. They will also read the Book of Ruth, telling the story of one of Israel's finest converts. The Feast of Shavot foreshadows the time when God's Spirit would come to impart a new covenant not by external human effort to the fulfillment of the law and following a salvation of good works dependent on merit, but by an inward change of heart dependent on God's grace. On that day of Pentecost, the prophecies of Joel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and many others found the start of their fulfillment: The truths of biblical prophecy are never contradictory. **As Ezekiel 36:26 says:** *I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you; I will remove from you your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh.* We can only live the Christian life by having the Holy Spirit dwelling within us, to enable and equip us to live a righteous and faithful life. As Jeremiah's prophecy stated, it is not seemingly to follow commands written on stone tablets but having them written on our hearts by faith expressed by grace. 'Man sees the outside, but God sees the heart'. (1 Samuel 16v7) With the coming of the Holy Spirit, ***the gifts of the Holy Spirit*** were sent to help us and the church to demonstrate and fulfill God's purposes here on earth. And ***the fruits of the Holy Spirit*** are also given to enable the Christian to display the nature of Jesus to the world. Galatians chapter 5 verses 22 to 23 tells us the fruits of the Spirit are: *the Spirit produces love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness,*²³ *humility, and self-control.* Finally, ***the Holy Spirit also acts as a Comforter and Advocate,*** one who intercedes,