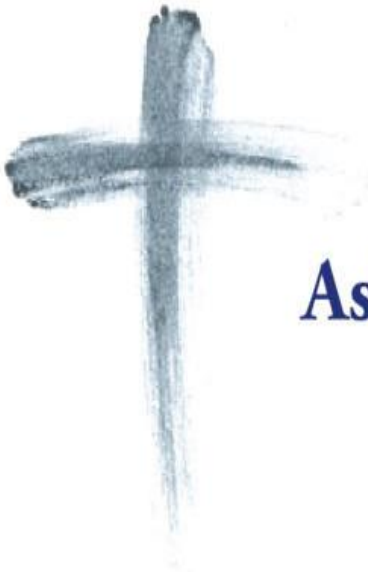


# **ST. WILFRID'S & ST. MICHAEL'S ARLEY**

**UNITED IN WORSHIP**

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



**Ash Wednesday**  
— Lent Begins

## **FEBRUARY NEWSLETTER 2021**

Rev: John Langlands.

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## Rev. John's Jottings: How can we age with grace?

How can we inspire others? Those two questions were in my mind after I heard President Biden's inaugural speech on 20th January, because it came as a surprise to me that the new President of America is 78 years old! What was also very inspiring was the young woman of 22 who recited her poem at his inauguration, Amanda Gorman. Two people at either end of the age spectrum, yet both bringing such inspiring words to the world's attention and in such a gracious way! To get their message across, there was no shouting, no melodrama, no anger. As I re-read President Biden's inaugural speech he said, 'My whole soul is in today, my whole soul is in this: Bringing our country together, uniting our people, uniting our nation. I ask every person to join me in this cause. Uniting to fight the foes we face – anger, resentment and hatred, extremism, lawlessness, violence, disease, joblessness and hopelessness.' It was inspiring to be motivated by someone who could so easily have retired from public office 20 years before becoming president. Do you know what his 2nd ambition was? To be ordained as a priest. In his speech, President Biden called on people in his nation to be 'different and better'. He said, 'Many centuries ago, St Augustine, the saint of my church, wrote that a people were a multitude defined by the common objects of their love. What are the common objects we love? what defines us? Recent weeks have taught us a painful lesson: there is truth and there are lies, lies told for power and profit. We have a duty and responsibility to defend the truth and defeat the lies.' President Biden concluded by saying: Here's the thing about life. There's no accounting for what life will deal you. Some days you need a hand. There are other days when you're called to lend a hand. That's how it has to be, that's what we do for one another. Lastly, turning to the opening words of Amanda Gorman's poem, she wrote: When day comes, we ask ourselves where can we find light in this never-ending shade? The loss we carry, a sea we must wade. We've braved the belly of the beast. We've learned that quiet isn't always peace, and the norms and notions of what "just" is isn't always justice. And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it. Somehow, we do it. Somehow, we've weathered and witnessed a nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished. We, the successors of a country and a time where a skinny Black girl descended from slaves and raised by a single mother can dream of becoming president, only to find herself reciting for one. May you continue to keep safe, stay healthy and lend a hand where needed too

Rev. John

## Let us pray each day in February:

1	Pray for Rev. John & Frances – bless them Lord with Your love and healing, giving them strength to face whatever lies ahead.
2	Compassionate God, thank you for Your care for us
3	Praying for those who mourn – may God bring you his comfort
4	Dear Jesus, thank you for meeting our spiritual and physical needs
5	Lord, thank You - You're the living God giving us everlasting life
6	God help us to weigh what we see & hear by the truths of gospel
7	Help us to reach out to someone today who may need our help
8	Loving God, help us to know Your Word more intimately that we might live in the way you desire.
9	Heavenly Father should our eyes stray from You – refocus us
10	Creator God we praise You & give thanks for the beauty around us
11	Let us pray for each person in hospital at this difficult time
12	Pray for all carers and all NHS staff in all our hospitals and care homes
13	Holy Spirit grant us strength and hope as we face each new day
14	Let us love one another as Jesus loves us x x x (John 13:34)
15	Pray for all those unable to work at present and facing difficulties
16	We ask your forgiveness Lord for whatever we do that may offend others
17	Fear may rob you of self-worth – Trust in our Lord and don't be afraid
18	May our Lord bless you all with His peace and tranquillity
19	Let us pray for all parents, Lord fill them with patience and love
20	Praying for all who are sick in body, mind or spirit for healing
21	When feeling low believe in God for great things to happen
22	Our Lord said, I will strengthen you and help you
23	Let Him have all your worries and cares. (1Peter.5 – 7)
24	Give thanks for friends who encourage you along life's way
25	Lord, thank you for the opportunity to laugh and be cheerful
26	Time is a very precious gift from God – moment by moment
27	A good deed is never lost, those who plant kindness gather love
28	Faith expresses itself through love - you are precious to God

## SERIOUS LOCK DOWN ADVICE

Everyone PLEASE be careful because people are going crazy from being locked down at home!

I was just talking about this with the microwave and the toaster while drinking my Pepsi, and we all agreed that things are getting bad. I didn't mention any of this to the washing machine, because she puts a different spin on EVERYTHING!! Certainly couldn't share with the fridge, because he's been acting cold and distant! In the end, the iron straightened me out! She said the situation isn't all that pressing and all the wrinkles will soon get ironed out! The vacuum, however, was very upset at he told me to just take it all in! But the fan was VERY optimistic and gave me hope that it will all blow over soon! The toilet looked a bit flushed but didn't say anything when I asked its opinion, but the front door said I was becoming unhinged and the doorknob told me to get a grip!! You can just about guess what the curtains told me: they told me to "pull myself together!"

**WE WILL SURVIVE**



## “Quiet Corner:”

Matthew 4: (1 – 11) Then Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. After fasting 40 days and 40 nights he was hungry. The tempter came to him and said ‘if you are the Son of God turn these stones to become bread.’ Jesus answered, ‘man shall not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God’. Then the devil took him to the Holy City and had him stand on the highest point of the temple. ‘If you are the Son of God’, he said, ‘throw yourself down. For it is written, ‘He will command his angels concerning you and they will lift you up in their hands, so that you will not strike your foot against a stone. Jesus answered him, ‘Do not put the Lord your God to the test’. Again the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their splendour. ‘All this I give you if you will bow down and worship me. Jesus said, ‘Away from me Satan’. It is written, Worship the Lord your God and serve him only, the devil left him and the angels attended him.

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The season of Lent lasts for forty days (not including Sundays). It is a time when Christians reflect and prepare for the celebrations of Easter. Some people fast, eat frugally or give up treats following the example of Jesus, who fasted for forty days in the wilderness. People also give to charity, set aside time to study the bible and meet with other Christians to reflect on Jesus' life and prepare for the events of Holy Week and Easter.

Ash Wednesday is the first day of Lent. Ashes made from palm crosses are blessed and are used to make crosses on people's foreheads. The custom dates back to the middle ages.

Ash Wednesday services set the tone for Lent, with sombre readings and hymns and a focus on penitence (saying sorry for and turning away from sin).

The Story Behind St. Valentine We don't usually think of Valentine's Day as an explicitly Christian ,It's true that Valentine's Day is not connected with an event in the life of our Lord like Christmas and Easter are, but Valentine's Day does have some intriguing Christian roots. Along with most holidays, Valentine's Day has suffered from its share of commercialisation and confusion, yet the poignant story of the original Valentine's Day is worth remembering. In the interest of full disclosure, after about 1,700 years of history, it's kind of hard to know exactly who Valentine was and what he did. The truth is, there were probably several Valentines. Also, the truth is probably not as highly dramatised as we may wish. The truth is embedded somewhere in the depths of history, never to be known until we get to heaven. What follows may be part tradition and part truth, but completely fascinating.

The year was 270. The Roman Empire was engaged in a desperate attempt to retain the *Pax Romana* that had endured for centuries. Christianity was active during the 3rd century. Although Christ had died over two centuries prior, Christians were eagerly propagating their faith and churches were springing up everywhere. These early centuries of the church were the times of the great apologists such as Clement, Ignatius, Origen, Polycarp, Athanasius, and Chrysostom. But the 3rd century was also the time of the Christian martyrs. Prior to Constantine, the empire was not friendly to Christianity—not at all. Claudius, the reigning emperor of the time, was a warlord, intent only upon preserving his empire and routing his enemies. Christianity was not on his like list. His primary interests were military, and he would stoop to nothing to ensure that his mighty army remained loyal to him. It was Claudius's maniacal grip on the military that led him to install a very foolish policy empire-wide. Claudius had a problem on his hands when it came to the army. Believe it or not, his men would actually prefer to get married and stay home with their wives and families rather than risk their lives and sacrifice for their country! Military recruiting was suffering because of the petulant affection between man and wife. Love was getting in the way of patriotism! Claudius would have none of it. Being the man with the big stick, he could make laws and enforce them, too. So he did. Claudius passed a law forbidding anyone to get married. Obviously, this was an outrage. Was he serious? No marriage? Living in this anti-Christian and anti-marriage climate, was Valentine. Valentine was a Christian priest in Rome. He knew from the Bible that marriage was good and honoured by God. He knew that marriage was lawful according to the Christian faith, so he took it upon himself to perform Christian marriages—contrary to the law. As a priest, he performed secret marriages for couples who desired to be married bravely defying the anti-marriage edict. It wasn't just marriages that Valentine was working on. He was also trying to protect

persecuted Christians who were being chased down and haunted by the aggressive Roman leaders. Christians knew that they could flee to Valentine to find protection. Valentine was taking a huge risk. Not only was it absolutely forbidden to marry or to perform marriages, but it was also a criminal offence to aid or abet Christians—especially ones whom the Roman Empire had on their hit list! Valentine was enmeshed in what the Roman Empire considered high treason and traitorous activity. Although he was being loyal to his faith, he was flying in the face of Roman law. The Roman government hunted him down and locked him up in prison.—was himself suffering for his love and devotion to God. It got worse. Valentine, true to his bold character, tried to convert Emperor Claudius to Christianity. This had gone too far. Claudius demanded that Valentine recant his faith and submit to the cruel and godless tyranny of Rome. Valentine staunchly refused. The Roman Prefect condemned him to torture and death. He was beaten violently, then beheaded. Valentine was martyred for his faith. According to legend (and probably false), Valentine himself fell in love during his time of imprisonment. The daughter of the prison guard met Valentine and fell head over heels in love. As the story goes, their romance was the prototypical saga of steadfast love, broken only by the tragic death of Valentine. He wrote a note to her, allegedly penned on February 14, the day before he was beheaded. He signed the note, “Love from your Valentine.” Henceforth, we have the first Valentine’s Day card. Although the story of Valentine’s Day is shrouded in mystery, buried in tradition. The truth is, love can’t be squelched, outlawed, or stamped out. The significance of Valentine’s life was not that he defended love and romance and performed secret marriages. Valentine—a day now besmirched by cupids, chocolate, and candlelit dinners—is a day founded upon the life of a martyr. Valentine died a bloody death, beaten and beheaded. The truth is, Valentine was in love with his Saviour, Jesus Christ. Love for Jesus trumped his love of self. Valentine nobly gave his life for the God he loved. That is true love. But true love is deeper still. It goes beyond our love for God. “In this is love, not that we have loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. [John 3:16](#) defines love: “For God so *loved* the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life.” This Valentine’s day ,talk about true love—the love that

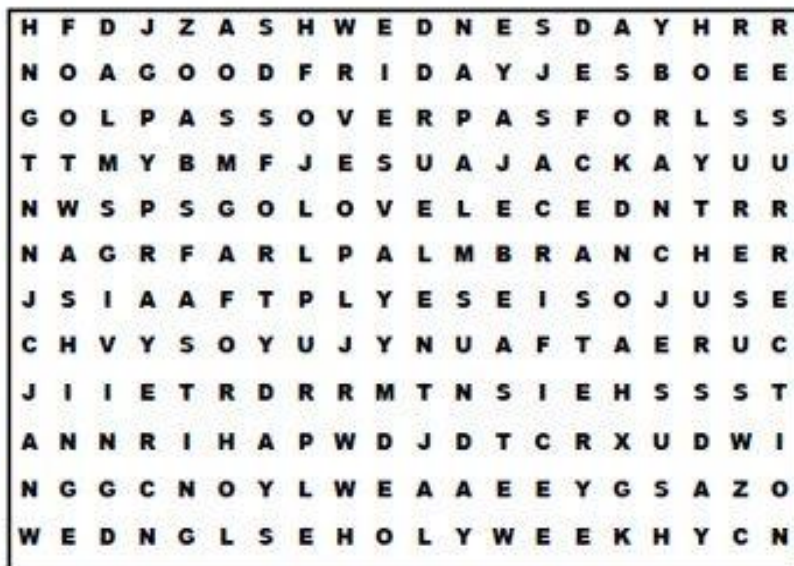


God has for us. The love that sent Jesus to a cross and died for us.

Thank You for the answer to my prayer .Thank you for showing me you care Thank you for guidance on the way;      Thank you for everything today
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Name: \_\_\_\_\_

## ON THE ROAD TO EASTER WORD SEARCH



Ash	Holy Week	Palm Branch
Wednesday	Holy Thursday	Forty Days
Sacrifice	Good Friday	Jesus
Almsgiving	Holy Saturday	Passover
Prayer	Easter	Foot Washing
Fasting	Palm Sunday	Resurrection
Lent	Purple	Love





### More memories of Arley by Owen Stain:

The miners were in a reserved occupation, many of the young men went to war of their own free will – the men left behind either joined the Home Guard, Fire Service or A.R.P, all these duties were carried out after working their shifts at the pit. Young ladies and a lot of married women did their part towards the war effort – either working in factories, on machines, canteens of factories, helping to provide food for the work force; working on the land, these became known as the Land Army, and some joining the forces. W.A.A.F.S., A.T.S. or the WRENS. Life on the home front wasn't easy – Rationing, Bombing in the close vicinity, in fact some of the first bombs were dropped in Arley. These broke the power lines to Mr. King's farm, so milking for that day was delayed till repairs could be carried out. At first I don't think anyone realised what had caused the disruption. Then of course the bombing of nearby Cities and Towns, Birmingham, Coventry and Nuneaton causing so much havoc and disruption; this was a feature night after night. I'm sur' you can imagine the plight of people living in these areas. Every night just before dusk, there would be a stream of men, women and children walking to outlying villages such as Arley for safety and shelter and accommodation from the local people. What a terrible plight of some of these people – no homes to go back to, and in a lot of cases , the loss of loved ones. People of the village made them as welcome as possible, in fact many after the war had finished set up their new homes in the village. I was told that my family moved from rectory Cottages to a flat in the pit yard when I was three., my parents and four boys , me being the youngest. I suppose this was a big benefit to the Colliery Company with my Father being Foreman Electrician. So being on the doorstep , if anything was wrong electrically the door was soon being knocked for his assistance. The flat was above the Landsale office and at this time a lot of coal was being transported by road. Outside the bedroom windows was the railway sidings wityh railway wagons constantly being shunted for the coal which was moved by rail. You can imagine I'm sure the noise and dust , not ideal for the housewife but like everything else in these times one made the best of things. There was good as well as not so good. With me

young I'm sure the dust etc, didn't worry me and can only remember the advantages it had for me living in the pit yard – like having a ride on the Loco's when none of the gaffers weren't about; going into the office below and helping the clerk or was I hindering? Going out with Bill Haines the coal allowance lorry driver, while he tipped the coal in the street. He would give me the coal ticket to give to the householder – sometimes I got the odd copper or two – great eh! The last run most days was a load of D s nuts to the Coventry Co-op Laundry. This was special but I had to learn to be careful making sure the stokers didn't play some tricks on me – I leave to your imagination what kind of tricks. Even so I would still go back for more. Sometimes I would go to the Powerhouse with my father and if the time was appropriate I would be allowed to blow the hooter – the Bull as it was known. This signalled various things - beginning and ending various shifts and snap time (this being only 20 minutes duration) These little things were great – I really thought I was somebody.

The pit yard was not a public road, only for the use of transport in and out of the Colliery for business purposes. On saying that, the only time the public could use it was Welfare Day when the ladies of the Old Village took their babies to the Welfare hall for a check up – weighing and collection of Orange Juice etc. The nearest way to get from the Old Village to the New for pedestrians was across the four fields. These were from the top of Colliery Hill through to the top of the Pit yard at the new village end. A watchman was usually on duty most of the time to keep it strictly private – several ran the gauntlet, some successful, some not. Mr. Brain and Mr. Brock were the two watchmen I remember most.

The shopping facilities of the villages were quite good really. The Old Village had the Co-op, Rowleys the Butchers. Bindleys the Bakers, Moores shop later, Adcocks – a General store, they also ran a Fish & Chip business; a Post Office and one or two days a week a Bank opened for business, this being in the building between the Post Office and the living quarters of the people who ran the post office. Mrs. Everalls was a shop- that seemed to sell everything and was run from one of the houses in Rectory Cottages.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE OF OUR CHURCH MAGAZINE

## FEBRUARY RECIPE: CHICKEN TIKKA MISALA

(Serves 10 – Cook time 50mins)

### Ingredients

4 tbsp vegetable oil

25g [butter](#)

4 [onions](#), roughly chopped

6 tbsp chicken tikka masala paste (use shop-bought or make your own – see recipe, below)

2 [red peppers](#), deseeded and cut into chunks

8 [boneless, skinless chicken breasts](#), cut into 2.5cm cubes

2 x 400g cans [chopped tomatoes](#)

4 tbsp tomato purée

2-3 tbsp [mango chutney](#)

150ml [double cream](#)

150ml [natural yogurt](#)

chopped coriander leaves, to serve

### Method

#### **STEP 1**

Heat the vegetable oil and butter in a large, lidded [casserole](#) on the hob, then add the onions and a pinch of salt. Cook for 15-20 mins until soft and golden.

#### **STEP 2**

Add the tikka masala paste and peppers, then cook for 5 mins more to cook out the rawness of the spices.

#### **STEP 3**

Add the chicken breasts and stir well to coat in the paste. Cook for 2 mins, then tip in the chopped tomatoes, tomato purée and 200ml water. Cover with a lid and gently simmer for 15 mins, stirring occasionally, until the chicken is cooked through.

#### **STEP 4**

Remove the lid, stir through the mango chutney, double cream and natural yogurt, then gently warm through. Season, then [set aside](#) whatever you want to freeze. *Will keep, in an airtight container, in the freezer for up to three months.* Scatter the rest with coriander leaves and serve with basmati rice and naan bread.

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## Another True Story from our friend Anne about Whitacre.

### Holidays:

We didn't have a holiday as such, seaside, buckets and spades and that sort of thing when we were children. For one thing we wouldn't have been allowed to go anywhere during the war years because of the mines etc. we went to Rhyl on a days outing and what a disappointment. I had expected to see blue waves lapping against a golden shore, and what did I get, a grey line way out where the sea was and some murky looking mud that was on the beach. I was not impressed and wondered why people made so much fuss about the seaside. It seems incredible to think we were only about 70 miles away from the coast and we never went. Apart from going to Barnsley to see our grandparents we rarely went any further than Coleshill.

During the war, Mr. Besant, a retired business man gave some of the local women and children a lift into Coleshill to shop for things they couldn't buy in the village. We travelled in his pony and trap. I loved sitting in the worn leather seats and hearing the clip clop of the horses hooves as we went. Later a man used to run a taxi to town to take us to the clinic. He always said to my mother, 'How's the little Russian'? This was meant to be a joke because my fathers name was Ivan. Once at the clinic we were weighed and then had a currant bun and orange juice for 1d. My mother collected the orange juice and cod liver oil that we were entitled to and then we came home. Auntie Mary Barber occasionally took me to Birmingham and had my hair cut at Lewis'. This was exciting because all the chairs were in the shape of animals. I liked the Polar Bear best. There was also a pets corner in the shop with all the usual animals like rabbits and guinea pigs, but also a monkey in a big cage. That's the only wild animal I was to see until I had children of my own and took them to Dudley Zoo. When I was in Birmingham I longed for a ride on a tram but Auntie Mary never took me. Perhaps she was rather scared of them or maybe they didn't run in the direction we were going. Once she was going to take me to the speedway but an epidemic of polio broke out and she didn't think it was wise to take me where there were crowds. I cried because I so much wanted to go, but looking back I can't think why, they would have to pay me to go now.

Everywhere in the city were scenes of devastation, and young as I was, I felt the poignancy of bombed out houses showing bedrooms, some still with sticks of broken furniture. I remember once seeing a bedraggled teddy bear

lying on what remained of the bedroom floor of a house. Whilst we were in Birmingham we would make a day of it and Auntie Mary would take me to the cinema and I saw Moira Shearer, Oat Roc, Esther Williams and Margaret Lockwood in 'The Wicked Lady'. When I came home I dabbed beauty spot on my face with soot and admired myself in the mirror. I considered myself quite as lovely as Margaret Lockwood, and practised what I considered was her smile. My mother got fed up and covered the mirror. I loved the atmosphere of the cinema in those days with the carpeted foyer and the Wurlitzer coming up through the floor. We got our moneys worth as well, an A & B film, trailers and the Pathe news. My young daughter seemed to spend a fortune just to watch one film in the local Cinebowl. Back in the mission room at home you could see a film for 10d on a Tuesday night, but as all the chairs were on one level, unless I could get a seat on the front row I had difficulty actually viewing, especially as a constant stream of figures passed in front of the screen to go to the toilet outside. Quite often the projectionist played the film upside down or lost the sound track. The first film I ever saw at the Mission room was Great Expectations, and I have loved that film ever since. The scene where Miss. Havershams sits among the remains of her wedding feast can still make me shiver. When we did go on holiday to Barnsley we usually went in August. Probably straight after the war we went by train, but a little later on my father began to work as Farm Manager to a Mr. Salt at the Old farm, and we had the use of his Land Rover. I had a ritual before we went, I would wander round the garden, with great sentimentality and sing 'Hometown' by Flannagan and Allen as I only lived in Barnsley for the first 3 months of my life it was a bit over the top. I would say goodbye to the pigs, chickens and goats and kiss William (Mr. Conways dog) we eventually set off in the Land rover – that was something else. We three just parked in the back with a parcel of bread and marg, and a paper bag of tomatoes and forgotten until our first port of call. The vehicle had an open back and we leaned out and waved to passers by, but nobody checked to see if we were still there. To me the journey had a definite pattern of milestones, Lichfield, Burton, Derby, Chesterfield with its crooked spire, Sheffield and finally Barnsley. My parents saw it decidedly in a different patterns. Their milestones were pubs en-route. (To be continued)

THANK YOU ANNE FOR OUR TRIP DOWN MEMORY  
LANE.

**Candlemas : SIMEON & ANNA** There is something happening to every one of us this very moment as you read this. Maybe unknowingly, but relentlessly, we are all getting older - aging. In developed nations, life expectancy has increased more in the 20th century than it has in all of recorded history. For example, a person born in the United States in 1995 can expect to live more than 35 years longer than a person born in 1900. The number of supercentenarians—people 105 years of age and older—will be more commonplace in our 21st century as centenarians were in the 20th century. By the year 2025, Japan is expected to have twice as many people over 65 as children. Also, by that time, there will be more than one billion people over the age of 65 worldwide. This increase in life expectancy is the result of better public health measures, improvements in living conditions, and advances in medical care. A marked reduction in infant mortality rates has also contributed to increased life expectancy statistics. Our gospel reading draws our attention to this man Simeon, who is in his eighties and Anna, a lady who was possibly older. Their purpose in life was not yet over despite their age. In God's plans it was in fulfillment of prophecy that these two people were in the Temple awaiting the arrival of the Mary, Joseph and Jesus. Since we are all aging, a good question to ask is, "How can we age with grace?" It came as a surprise to me that the new President Biden of America is 78 years old! Our gospel reading today from Luke chapter 2 has some wise answers. Before we consider these answers, there is an old English Nun's Prayer, whose author is unknown, which says: Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but thou knowest Lord that I want a few friends at the end. Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience. I dare not ask for improved memory but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memory of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a Saint – some of them are so hard to live with. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. And give me, oh Lord, the grace to tell them so. Amen

Rev. John

Little Quips: I'm Sorry, Father:

A priest working in an inner city was walking down an alley one evening on his way home when a young man came down the alley behind him and poked a knife against his back. "Give me your money," the young man said.

The priest opened his jacket and reached into an inner pocket to remove his wallet, exposing his clerical collar. "Oh, I'm sorry, Father," said the young man, "I didn't see your collar. I don't want YOUR money." Trembling from the scare, the priest removed a cigar from his shirt pocket and offered it to the young man. "Here," he said. "Have a cigar." "Oh, no, I can't do that," the young man replied, "I gave them up for Lent."

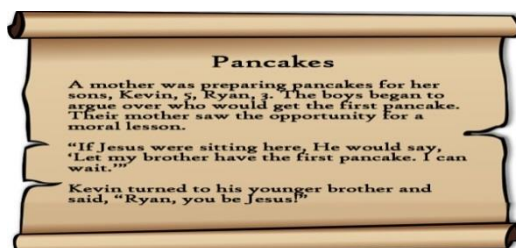
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Why didn't they play cards on the Ark? Because Noah was always standing on the deck.  
.....  
....

Pancakes:

- Put 100g plain flour, 2 large eggs, 300ml milk a pinch of salt into a bowl or large jug, then [whisk](#) to a smooth batter.

Set aside for 30 mins to rest if you have time, or start cooking straight away.

Set a [medium frying pan or crêpe pan](#) over a medium heat and carefully wipe it with some oiled kitchen paper. Add oil or Lard till hot.. When hot, cook your pancakes for 1 min on each side until golden, keeping them warm in a low oven as you go. Serve with lemon wedges and caster sugar, or your favourite filling. *Once cold, you can layer the pancakes between baking parchment, then wrap in cling film and freeze for up to 2 months.*



Hymn: Lord Jesus Christ You have come to us

Lord Jesus Christ, You Have Come To Us  
You Are One With Us, Mary's Son.  
Cleansing Our Souls From All Their Sin  
Pouring Your Love And Goodness In  
Jesus Our Love For You We Sing, Living Lord.

Lord Jesus Christ Now And Every Day  
Teach Us How To Pray, Son Of God.  
You Have Commanded Us To Do  
This In Remembrance Lord Of You  
Into Our Lives, Your Power Breaks Through, Living Lord.

Lord Jesus Christ, I Would Come To You  
Live My Life For You, Son Of God.  
All Your Commands I Know Are True,  
Your Many Gifts Will Make Me New,  
Into My Life, Your Power Breaks Through, Living Lord.

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If we were knives, Lent would be a time to sharpen cutting edges. If we were cars, Lent would be a time for an oil change and tune up. If we were swimming pools, Lent would be a time to filter the dirt out of our water. If we were garden, Lent would be a time to fertilise our soil and dig out our weeds. (If we were carpets, Lent would be a time to get power cleaned. If we were computers, Lent would be a time to overhaul our disk drive. If we were highways, Lent would be a time to repair our cracks in the roads. If we were silverware, Lent would be a time to clean away our tarnish. If we were seeds, Lent would be a time to germinate and reach for the sun. But we are non of these. Because we are people we tend to put things off, we need a special sort of official time to do them. So we have Lent.

Easter will taste sweeter, the Easter flowers will bloom more brightly, the Easter Sunday sun will shine more warmly, if we are better people – and all because how we spent these forty days.



## Tea at Grandma's

Stepping over the threshold  
She offered him tea  
In a mottled glazed mug  
Off a pink flowery tray.

Triangle sandwiches  
Made by Gran's arthritic hands  
Followed by fruit and jelly  
synthetic cream form an aerosol can.

Another cup of tea  
in his favourite mug  
made hot and sweet  
with that funny tasting milk.

Choosing a biscuit  
out of a red plastic box,  
he dunked it once, twice.  
Could he risk one more try?

With the back of his hand  
wiped a kiss away,  
gave Gran a hug  
then was on his way.

Memories of the afternoon  
left a tear in her eye.  
She finally realised  
her cute grandson was now a man.



## **Vaccination Scam Email**

Beware of a scam email entitled '**This is a public health message from NHS**'. This scam email claims that the recipient has been selected for a coronavirus vaccination based upon their family genetics and medical history. The emails contain a link that will take you to a website that asks for financial details to pay for the vaccine.

Recent scam 'renewal' emails have used the names of these genuine businesses/organisations:

DVLA (Car tax renewal) Netflix . EE TV Licensing O2

Never visit a website or log in to an account by following a link in an email. Always type the genuine website address into your browser. Delete all suspicious emails. Don't download any attachments they contain - this might be malware.

You can find out more about protecting yourself online by visiting Get Safe Online: <https://www.getsafeonline.org/>

**Bogus Seller Warning.** The pandemic has seen an increase in consumers buying goods and services online. Warwickshire Trading Standards has received a number of complaints from Warwickshire consumers who purchased goods via social media platforms or little-known websites, only to find that the seller was bogus. Money was taken but either no goods were delivered, or the products were fake. This has included people losing hundreds of pounds attempting to buy expensive or hard to find goods such as the new PS5, Nintendo consoles and Dr Martens boots. Bogus online puppy sales have also been an issue.

In most cases the seller simply stops communicating with the buyer and the website or social media profile disappears.

## **Protect Yourself**

## Jesus in the Wilderness

Jesus answered, "Go away Satan! The Scriptures say:  
"Worship the Lord your God and serve only him."

Matthew 4:10



## Children's Corner: The Upside - Down Tree.

There once were three trees, a maple, a cherry and a fig tree - and they grew together in the corner of a great garden. Now the garden had become so overgrown that the trees struggled to see the sunlight. 'I shall grow upwards till I'm taller than all the other trees', said the maple. 'Then I shall have as much sunshine as I need'. 'I shall grow in all directions', said the cherry, I am bound to find patches of sunlight if I struggle along far enough' But the fig tree had a plan that he didn't want the others to know. He decided to grow downwards through the earth and out the other side . He had been told of the other side world the sun shines all night long. So the maple held herself very straight and tall and concentrated on growing upwards, and the cherry wildly began putting out shoots and branches in all directions. Both of them felt they were doing rather well, and, although they only grew a little closer to the sun they thought it was worth it. But the fig tree waited until it was night time then burrowed down and down into the soil. All his leaves and branches began to protest. 'We're not made for going underground', they said, 'We will wither and die in the dark.' 'It's for your own good', said the fig tree. 'We can feel ourselves dropping off already'.

Down and down went the tree, and the deeper he went, the weaker he grew. 'Perhaps this wasn't such a good idea', he thought, 'I'm never going to make it'. But he didn't say anything because he didn't want to admit he'd made a mistake.

'Please turn back', begged one of the branches. 'We're starving down here'. 'Nonsense', said the fig tree. 'You will see the sun very soon if you do just what I say'..But, for all his brave words the tree had begun to slow down, and he was too weak to move at all. 'Help', he thought. 'Help, I can't go any further!'. He gathered his branches around him and lay there under the ground, very still.

But, then he heard a noise coming from far above him, and he knew he'd heard it before. It was the sound of someone digging. The digging went on and on, though sometimes there were pauses and the clink of a teacup. 'Ow!', said the tree, as a metal spade hit him in the side. Then a rope was passed under him and he was hauled back up into the fresh air. 'You were growing the wrong way', said a voice. 'It's a good thing I found you'. The fig tree felt battered and exhausted, and he leant against the wall behind him. He noticed that many of the trees and bushes around him had been cut back, so they all had enough sunlight.

'The Son of Man came to look for and to save people who are lost.'

## The Power to Change:

We go to seminars and conferences looking for a painless cure by which our lives can be zapped and changed. We go on diets. We join health clubs and our enthusiasm runs strong for about two weeks. Then we fall back into the same old rut. We don't change. We read self-help books, but the problem with them is that they tell us what to do, but can't give us the power to do it. We are told things like, 'Get rid of all your bad habits.' 'Be positive and not negative'. But How? Where do we get the power to change? The word power occurs fifty seven times in the New Testament. It is used to describe the most powerful event that ever happened - the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. And that resurrection power is available to change your life today. The most important thing in life is knowing Christ and experiencing the power of His resurrection. Paul writes, 'I want to know Christ, to know the power of his resurrection' (Philippians 3:10) Again he writes, 'I pray that you will begin to understand how incredibly great His power is to help those who believe in Him.' 'It is the same mighty power that raised Christ from the dead'. (Ephesians 1:19-20) The Greek word for power is *dunamis* which translated is dynamite or dynamo which is a constant flow of power. And in Christ, you have both. Through Him you can break the chains that bind you and the limits that constrain you, and walk victoriously in His power today.! You CAN do it.

## God in the Garden - February: Methuselah Plant.

As we think about planting seeds consider this: the oldest recorded seed to grow into a full living plant was over 2000 years old. Imagine that: those seeds had lain dormant for 2000 years and then a drop of water caused the seed embryo to swell. The seed embryo burst out of the seed coat, the primary root emerged to penetrate the soil and form a tap root, and the embryo continued to grow, feeding on an internal food source until tiny leaves formed to feed the plant through photosynthesis. That's extraordinary. I find it quite poetic that even this event parallels the story of a person finding new life by committing their life to Christ. For all of us who have given our lives to God; God's grace brings life where there was none. As you think about creating the right conditions for your seeds to spring to life, think about your own story. How did you first come to Christ? Was it a slow process, a dramatic moment, or a bit of both. The good news of the gospel is that when we come to Christ we are given a new life. An event which took place over 2000 years ago, Jesus' death and resurrection, created the right conditions for new life to begin in you all these years later.

The 2000 year old seed of the Methuselah plant simply needed water to discover life. *Lord Jesus Christ, Thank you that even if I had been the only person to have lived, you would still have died for me. Thank you for your death and resurrection. Thank you that you overcame death so I could live. Amen.*

Possible gardening tasks this week: - Brussels, onions, leeks, cauliflowers, lettuce & salad can be sown in the greenhouse, ready to transplant outside when the weather gets warmer. Plant Lily of the Valley.

Services for 1st quarter 2021

\*\* (All subject to government guidelines: \*\*

January 3rd Christmas 2 St Wilfrid's

January 10th Epiphany 1 St Laurence

January 17th Epiphany 2 St Wilfrid's

January 24th Epiphany 3 St Laurence

January 31st Candlemas St. John's

Apologies - there will be no Sunday services during February

March 7th Lent 3 St Wilfrid's

March 14th Mothering Sun - St. Laurence

March 21 Passion Sunday St. Wilfrid's

March 28th Palm Sunday St. John's.

Please be assured Hygiene is our priority.

Face masks and social distancing

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Dear Lord, I turned the calendar-  
Another month gone by!  
It looked so fresh and clean and new,  
It made me pause and sigh.  
What would the weeks ahead all hold  
And would I treat them right?  
I hoped the days would be all good  
And filled with love and light.  
Please help me, Lord, to do my best  
Whatever lies in store,  
Reminding me you're always near  
To turn the page once more.

(Thank you Brenda)

*Nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God*

**LOVE IS PATIENT**

*love is kind* love is not  
jealous or  
boastful

**IT IS NOT** love does not *it is not*  
**ARROGANT** insist on irritable or  
**OR RUDE** its own way *resentful*

**LOVE BEARS ALL THINGS**

*believes all things*

**HOPES** endures

*all things* **all things**

**LOVE NEVER ENDS**

If you wish to contact us for any reason, or to offer a story or poem – please ring 02476.394802 for Maureen or John. Or e-mail us at: [strowgerhouse@btinternet.com](mailto:strowgerhouse@btinternet.com)

NB. [www.arleycofechurches.org.uk/](http://www.arleycofechurches.org.uk/)