

ST. WILFRID'S & ST. MICHAEL'S

Meeting Needs, Bringing Hope, Sharing Love



Ascension

MAY NEWSLETTER 2021

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Rev John's Jottings –

How good are you at waiting? Are you signed up to Amazon Prime to get your order next day? Do you order things from Argos because you know you can get them later in the day you ordered them? More and more people want things, responses and attention instantly. We can't wait. We must have it NOW. Speed is of the essence. Instant satisfaction. However, in our quest for instant desires to be fulfilled, we are actually missing out on much that matters most in life. We are failing to grasp the meaning of waiting and the benefits that can bring. Waiting teaches us patience – ever met a patient speeding car driver? Waiting teaches us dependence on others and God; Waiting teaches us to grow strong and resilient, to prepare for the unexpected, to plan the way forward, to be still, to pray, to learn peace and contentment and much more. The seasons of the year don't change overnight. The seed needs time to germinate, grow and mature. We are at the month in the church's calendar from Ascension, when Jesus ascended to heaven, to Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit came and the church was born. The disciples were told to wait in Jerusalem until they would receive power from the arrival of the Holy Spirit. It must have been a really testing time, but it was to give them a discipline that they could not learn any other way. In the Bible we read from the prophet Isaiah: 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They will mount up like wings on eagles, they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not faint'. Wishing you all the gifts that waiting can bring.

Rev. John

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I said a little prayer for you and I asked the Lord above
To keep you safely in His care and enfold you in His love.

I did not ask for fortune for riches or for fame,
I only asked for blessings in the Saviour's Holy name
Blessings to surround you in times of trial and stress
And inner joy to fill your heart with peace and happiness.

God in the Garden in May:

I love the way gardeners seem to have become more bug friendly in the last few years. If you have a garden, of any size, you have a responsibility for many of God's smallest creatures. You are the guardian of their habitat, responsible for many of their needs. Over 90% of all known species in the world are invertebrates. Mini beasts recycle waste, pollinate our flowers, purify our water and recycle nutrients back into the soil. Mini beasts are also an important source of food for larger creatures. It has been said that if most large animals disappeared from the earth tomorrow, then the planet would not last more than a few days. When God created the world he spent a great deal of time designing a huge variety of mini beasts. I don't think anyone should become guilt ridden and carry the burden of every little thing which lives in their garden, but I think that basic stewardship is spiritual and biblical.

God said, 'Let us make mankind in our image, in our likeness, so that they may rule over the fish in the sea and the birds in the sky, over the livestock and all the wild animals, and over all the creatures that move along the ground'? So God created mankind in his own image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created and blessed them and said to them, 'Be fruitful and increase in number, fill the earth and subdue it'. (Genesis 1:26-28). It's quite a responsibility when you think of your little patch in this way. Most bugs are interesting. Worms have a deserved reputation as the gardeners friend for their brilliant soil aeration and enrichment. Along with water and sunshine they are one of the top three for success in your garden.

Father God thank you for all the wonders of your creation. Thank you that your world is full of spectacular natural sights, but also thank you that you created so many tiny insects which quietly get on with their appointed tasks. Help us to be good stewards of your creation. Amen.

Possible tasks this week - sowing hardy annuals. Mow lawns weekly.

Hoe

Borders to keep down weeds. Plant outdoor tomatoes.



Pentecost

Acts 2



V T L K Q T Y M H J X C J J T S A M W X
 H K R D P G I Q S L E K M N P X H T K P
 C S E U G N O T J J P M T I U H Y R N D
 S U S E J V F P B E E I R I T M F O X O
 J U U L X V O J E Y K I F S T E R Z S E
 B F R N M O E T X T T C U D U L K P P E
 V H R R C K Q Q L W E S O K F A H D D D
 N C E F K X E P G U W R G K J S P M Z M
 P R C V P V C U I C L U A D O U D Y A U
 H U T K Z S G B G Y G O R E Y R A T X L
 L H I G Q R L I Z V P I S J F E Q C O Z
 B C O U S S X O G H Q Y F O Q J W Q Q Q
 E V N R O V U S F J T T F S G C X J Y K
 X U H X D I H U F F F J H E X E N C I J
 B R P E Z Y F Q I T I L M G A W L R O L
 R C H Y O Q E F Q Z S R M U Q S P Y W V
 H A Q L T L G A Q C E M E R N G T Y S W
 S E L O C J L V V J I A K R Z V F M B N
 C B W H R C A O R R W D I S Y A D L X F
 U B P S W W B P W U Z D H R N D B C P Z

JESUS
 DAYS
 SPIRIT
 TONGUES

RESURRECTION
 FEAST
 PETER
 FIRE

FIFTY
 HOLY
 JERUSALEM
 CHURCH

See what a morning, gloriously bright
With the dawning of hope in Jerusalem;
Folded the grave-clothes
Tomb filled with light,
As the angels announce Christ is risen!
See God's salvation plan, wrought in love,
Borne in pain, paid in sacrifice,
Fulfilled in Christ, the Man, for He lives,
Christ is risen from the dead!
See Mary weeping: 'Where is He laid?
As in sorrow she turns from the empty tomb;
Hears a voice speaking, calling her name:
It's the Master, the Lord raised to life again!
The voice that spans the years,
Speaking life, stirring hope,
Bringing peace to us,
Will sound till He appears,
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!
One with the Father, Ancient of Days,
Through the Spirit
Who clothes faith with certainty,
Honour and blessing, glory and praise
To the King crowned
With power and authority!
And we are raised with Him,
Death is dead, love has won
Christ has conquered;
And we shall reign with Him,
For He lives, Christ is risen from the dead!

EASTER DAY: What a wonderful, beautiful Easter Day we had. The weather was glorious and our confirmation candidates were up very early to be at Coventry Cathedral at 5.45am. The candidates were brought forward by Rev. John and the service was conducted by Bishop Christopher. The candidates were John, Avis and Megan Lynch. Jimmy, who was also baptised. Katrina. Mandy and Bill. The Easter Service this year was a joint service at St.Laurence Church. Ansley. We were joined by the newly confirmed and their families, and enjoyed the service. The final hymn we were able to sing outside, which was joyful.

Prayer can change your life.

Prayer is simply communicating with God. And communication can be spoken or silent. It can even be expressed in song. Many of the psalms are just prayers to music. Prayer is connecting with God. Whether it's confessing a sin, praising His name, pursuing His will, interceding for a friend, or petitioning for your own needs, your prayer must be God centred, never self centred. Sincere prayer comes from a heart that longs for God to reveal what He desires. So you must allow adequate time for listening and waiting intently before your heavenly Father. And prayer must be your first priority. Paul instructs Timothy; 'I urge then, first of all, that petitions, prayers, intercessions and thanksgiving be made. Note the words, 'First of all'. Before you slide out of bed, before you take a shower, before you make your way to work, and before your first appointment, pray, pray, pray! Every afternoon at 3pm, Peter and John went to the temple to pray, in the middle of the day, they interrupted their schedule

To gather for one purpose: prayer. So when your day is rolling along at its own pace and in its own direction, interrupt it with prayer. As your day builds towards a crisis, deliberately stop to pray. When your morning begins to go south, pull away for a few moments of solitude to seek God's mind and ask for His instruction. When your attitude starts to sour, pause for an attitude adjustment prompted by prayer. Don't wait – pray immediately. Make prayer your first priority in all things and at all times. If you do you will find that prayer changes your life for the better.

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Hope:

Replace your worry with hope, and fulfil your hope with action. Send positive thoughts to your most troubling situation and soon you will find yourself starting to act on those thoughts. Instead of worrying about the worst that could happen. Allow yourself to hope for the best that can happen. In your mind, make the most positive outcome real. Hope for the best with passion, conviction and faith. For when you do, you'll begin to see real workable ways to get there. There is no situation that cannot be turned around. Always there is a place for hope. With hope in your heart, you're well on your way.

More true stories of Whitacre by our friend Anne:

I never knew where my mother got her little rhymes from or if she made them up, as she probably did. All the children were lulled to sleep by a rhyme she and Nell made up when Nell lived next door to the Sharleys. This one went....

Night night Sharleys chuch chucks,
Night night little sheep.
Night night Sharleys chuck chucks,
Time to go to sleep.

My own children were lulled to sleep with that rhyme it was sung in a droning tone and soon had little heads nodding. Funnily enough they never enquired who 'Sharley' was, but Sharley and her chuck chucks were long dead then. You will forgive a 'not so young' lady if she digresses, my mind is of the 'butterfly' variety and often flies off at a tangent from the main theme. When we woke up in that Christmas morning long ago, we found our stockings had been filled with apple and an orange and some sugared almonds. I also had a monkey up a stick and a bat with a chicken on top. The monkey turned somersaults on the stick when you squeezed it and as the bat was played up and down the chicken pecked at grains of 'corn' glued to the bat. I played many hours with those toys. Janet and I also had a doll each. The doll was no surprise to me. Grandma could not keep a secret no matter how hard she tried. She took me into her bedroom and showed me the dolls hidden in her wardrobe. They had rag bodies and pot heads with painted faces and she had knitted kittle outfits for them. 'Do you like the doll', she asked. Of course I did. 'I'm sending it off to father Christmas now', she said, 'and if you are a good girl he will bring it to you on Christmas Eve'. I was a very good girl and lo and behold on Christmas morning there was the doll safely delivered by Father Christmas. How did he know we were staying at Auntie Netty's and that we weren't at our own house in Whitacre? Grandma assured me she had sent the letter up the chimney to him, he must have got or else how else would he have known. I marvelled at the cleverness of Father Christmas. That year also we had wooden desks that Auntie Lily had made for us. They were a bit like a school desk, painted brown but without the inkwell. I was thrilled with the desk, it was somewhere where I could keep my small treasures safe from David's prying little fingers. When we left for home the desks were to travel with us in the Guard's van (the desks not us) When we arrived at Whiacre the desks were missing. I was heartbroken but resigned myself to not having my own desk after all. Some weeks later we were going to Auntie Jeans on the train and nosy as ever I peeped into the booking office and there were our desks safe and sound. We were so pleased if we were given even the smallest of presents then. I was delighted with the couple of

books, knitting set and a pen and pencil as my daughter is with a music centre and derived quite as much enjoyment from them as she does from her ghastly machine bellowing out pop music all day. The year that I was ten I had something I had always longed for, a doll with sleeping eyes. To modern children it would seem ludicrous for a ten year olds to be wanting a doll but we didn't grow up quite as quickly then. (That doll would be my last one) was loved and cherished by me. I loved to see her long curling eyelashes, touch her rosy cheeks when her eyes were shut. One day I found her with one eye open and one eye shut she looked quite grotesque. I always suspected David had a hand in this but I couldn't prove it. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't mend the sleeping mechanism so I buried her! Grandma McNairs pot headed doll was much better, short of dropping it on its head it was indestructible.

100 Old Mill Lane:

My grand parents house was typical of many stone built terraces in that area. Old Mill lane sloped to the canal at the bottom of the street where there was a paper mill and they lived halfway down. Each house had a front door which opened directly on to the street and a little yard at the back which was fenced off from the main path which ran down the 'backs'. The lavatories, one being shared by two families, was on the other side of the path. Grandma stoned her window ledges and steps with scouring stone, she did them mainly, but the edges of the sills and the step were stoned in a deeper yellow colour. As you went in the stairs were immediately to the left and the cellar door along the wall on the same side. There was a black range on the opposite wall with cupboards either side the inevitable chocolate brown. (all painted surfaces seemed to be brown or green in those days) and the table stood in the middle. The table was always scrubbed white. In the corner was a copper boiler next to the shallow stone sink with just a cold water tap. Most of the cooking was done on the fire, but they did have a gas ring which stood on an upturned orange box next to the sink. There was a smell to that room which I never smelt anywhere else, it was a combination of baking bread, pipe tobacco and gas. It was not at all unpleasant, but warm and comforting. Pride of place in that room was taken by the wireless, a large cabinet model which Grandad listened to avidly. It sat across the corner of the room by the door into the parlour, on top of this radio lived a willow patterned biscuit tin to which our eyes were inevitably drawn, but we were too polite to ask if we could have a biscuit. Between the cellar door and stairs there was a calendar depicting the Princesses Elizabeth & Margaret Rose.

Thank you Anne once again for your lovely memories. X

Children's Corner:

The Best That You can.

Psalm 139:14

Antonio Stradivari was a violin maker in the 1700's. His name in its Latin form, Stradivarius, has come to mean, 'excellence'. He once said that to make a violin less than his best would be to rob God, who could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio.

He was right. God could not make Stradivarius violins without Antonio Stradivari. Certain gifts were given to that craftsman that no other violin maker possessed.

In the same way, there are certain things you can do that no one else can. Perhaps it is encouraging your friends, playing basketball, or drawing the beauty of God's creation. There are things that only *You* can do, and you were put here by God to do them. Pretend that life is a great orchestra and you have been given an instrument and a sing. You owe it to God to play them both the very best you can.

Growing in Grace. - *What great talent has God blessed you with? Not sure? Ask a parent or a grandparent, or friend to help you find your talent. Then figure out a way to use your talent for God.*

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Parents take care of their children. That's their job. They provide a home, food and clothes. They also give love and comfort. They teach right from wrong. That's what parents do.

And that's what God does too. He gives us what we need; hope, forgiveness and joy. He comforts our sadness. And, most important. He gives us grace. Grace is God saying, 'I know you have made mistakes, but I still love you anyway'. Grace is when you tell God you're sorry and He says

'Your forgiven'. One of my favourite Bible verses explains it like this; 'Let us then, feel free to come before God's throne. Here there is grace. And we can receive mercy and grace to help us when we need it.(Hebrew 4.16)

Did you see those last few words? 'When we need it'. Not too soon, not too late. Exactly when we need it. Just as parents make sure their children

Have what they need, God will make sure you have what you need. Your heavenly Father will give you exactly what you need.

Casting or keeping:

When it comes to dealing with your fears and worries, you have two choices; cast them on the lord or keep them and try to handle them yourself. When the communists overran China, missionary Isobel Kuhn was forced to escape on foot across a snow covered mountains into Burma. Then she was stranded at the world's end, with no money and no way to get home. 'I cannot tell you the dismay and alarm that filled me', she wrote. But she made two decisions. 'The first thing is to cast out fear', she said. 'The only fear a Christian should entertain

Is the fear of sin. All other fears are from Satan, sent to confuse and weaken us'. So Isobel prayerfully trusted God and rejected panic. Second, she sought His guidance as to the next step, and eventually she arrived home safely. Here's an important key to victory: instead of living with your fears and allowing them to take root within you, identify them and confront them the moment you become conscious of them. Next, turn each fear into a prayer and give it to God, refusing to take it back, confident that He will handle it for you. And don't just do it with some of your fears and worries, do it with *all* of them. 'Casting the whole of your care(all your anxieties, all your worries, all your concerns once and for all) on Him, for He cares for you affectionately and cares about you watchfully'. You'll never be entirely free of fear and worry, but by God's grace you can do a lot better that you're doing right now.

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A Prayer for Healing:

I just wish I knew some magic words to say
 To take your troubles all away,
 But at times like these we realise
That God who is both kind and wise,
 Can do what none of us can do
 And that's to *heal* and comfort you
 So I commend you to His care
And may He hear your smallest prayer
 And grant returning health to you
 As only He alone can do.
 Amen

Memories of Arley Villages by Owen Stain:

The Old village had a first and second eleven teams for Cricket, so there would be a match on most Saturday. I can well remember the opening pair for the first team – Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Stockley and the different styles of these two; Mr. Lawrence was straight and upright, Mr. Stockley a very crouching position. On the whole they were very reliable openers. The interval teas were usually put on by Mrs. Bindley, and she used to give one of the local lads 6d to keep the copper fire going ready for refreshments. The lad also had a free tea, so did the lad who put the scores up on the score board – a much sought after job. After the war I don't think the teams got back to the same degree of competitiveness of yesteryear though some cricket was still played. Inter-departmental knockouts were arranged most years and played in the evenings. These were 20 over matches with each player bowling 2 overs except the stumper. What a lark this was. Half of each side just hadn't any idea and when they did bowl it was far from straight. What fun we had out of these – it was a great atmosphere, but next day didn't most of us suffer. Stiff and full of aches and pains, they were also a good talking point for days after. Going back in time to the Arley Cricket Team in my younger day there was of course players who you seemed to look on as a bit above average. Fred Wright, Arthur Jackson and Bill Spencer were the bowlers. Mick Roberts the stumper and also good with the bat. It was a well known fact that 'Dickie Parrot' once broke the Co-op window with one of his big hits, and it was a big hit. The umpire for most of the matches was Mr. Hadley and I can see him now walking down each Saturday. Just a matter of interest Fred Wright's son, Albert, in latter years went on to play for Warwickshire and I believe in his first season took 100 wickets in the County Championship. The matches also seemed to attract a reasonable crowd who used to sit on the benches placed around the ground, and of course acted as extra fielders when the ball came over the boundary. There were seats outside the pavilion but one had to be very highly honoured to be invited to sit there. The Tennis Courts are still in the same location as yesteryear. They were used on a regular basis, Miss Evans, Miss Lee, Charlie Rowley and the Smith brothers were some of the regular players. Many years after my own daughter played, she and the sons of Mr. & Mrs. Allen used to organise 'American Tournaments' usually held on a Sunday. Most of the youngsters were from the High School and the King Edward School. Though it was open to all, not many locals took part.

A mens Hockey team had a fixture list in the Winter months, the matches being played at the Rectory Cottages end of the cricket pitch. I can't remember much of this sport, just that it was a sport played in the village.

Both the Churches had good choirs that consisted of young lads and men. Some of these I remember so well – Mr. Dilks. Mr. John Smith. Mr. Bill Smith and Mr. Bill Spencer just to mention a few. Mr. Les Smith was the Choirmaster when I joined and he was so pleased to recruit new members, but I'm sure he was more pleased when I left – I must admit I was no Aled Jones, and I don't seem to have improved a lot since. When attending Church services now I leave the singing of the hymns to the rest of the congregation. I always enjoyed the harvest Festival Service; the Church usually beautifully decorated and the rousing hymns and always very well attended. Most of the local Farmers dressed in their Sunday Best, they didn't get much time to themselves in those days – it sure was a seven days a week job, and almost 24 hours a day. There was not a lot of tractors – mostly horse drawn machinery. The grounds attached to the Rectory were very big in my younger days with a vegetable patch, flowers, lawns, and also a pond. This area has now been developed, a new Vicarage has been built, bungalows erected alongside the main drive, and, behind these, the Meadowcroft O.A.P. Complex was constructed. The pond I mentioned got frozen over in the Winter, and when it was safe to do so, several local lads had a skate. There was also a big Walnut Tree in the grounds – I don't think the Rector had all the nuts, I'll say no more. The Church was heated by a coal fired boiler from a cellar in the Churchyard. It was said to us youngsters that if you walked round the entrance three times a ghost appeared. One day some of us tried this and on the third time round the Verger came up the steps – we didn't wait to hear his comments, and, may I add, we never tried it again. The Verger was Mr. Walters and later a Mr. Robinson took over. There are six bells in the Church tower and these were rung on a regular basis. Mr. Harris the farmer seemed to be the bell master, if that is the right name. For a very long time I sat in the back pews before the service began and the bells were ringing, I couldn't make out who 'Bob' was and why I kept hearing his name being shouted out. At long last I was told it was a command to the ringers!. Oh dear, a boy of so little knowledge eh? One of the bells, I believe the Stain family either paid for or helped to pay for. I'm pleased to say after many years of not being rung, there is now a team of bell ringers. They are very keen, and I'm told not only do they ring in our parish they visit other parishes. Some times I don't think the ringing is too popular with the residents who live near the Church, but then it's not too often they get disturbed..In many respects I suppose I was very lucky as a youngster my Father was an ardent supporter of Aston Villa, and he being thrifty to have a motorbike and sidecar, I was taken to most of the matches by him. (TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S NEWSLETTER)

When my arms can't
reach people who are
close to my heart...

I
always
hug them
with my
prayers.



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Little Quips:

Children keep us in check. Their laughter prevents our hearts from hardening. Their dreams ensure we never lose our drive to make ours a better world. They are the greatest disciplinarians known to mankind.

Chocolate covered raisins, cherries, orange slices and strawberries all count as a fruit, so eat as many as you want!.

Remember, Ginger Rogers did everything that Fred Astaire did, but she did it backwards and in high heels.

'Would the person who took the step ladder yesterday, please bring it back or further steps will be taken'

Five young college students were spending a Sunday in London, so they went to hear the famed C.H.Spurgeon preach. While waiting for the doors to open, the students were greeted by a man who asked, 'Gentlemen, let me show you around. Would you like to see the heating plant of this church?' They were not particularly interested, for it was a hot day in July. But they didn't want to offend the stranger, so they consented. The young men were taken down a stairway, a door was quietly opened, and their guide whispered, 'This is our heating plant'. Surprised the students saw 700 people bowed in prayer, seeking a blessing on the service that was soon to begin in the auditorium above. Softly closing the door, the gentleman then introduced himself. It was none other than Charles Spurgeon.

Two students were working their way through university, when funds got low, an idea came to them to engage Ignacy Paderewski for a piano recital and they would use the funds to pay their board and lodging. The pianist manager requested a guarantee of £2000, which was a great deal of money, but the students agreed. They worked hard and after paying publicity and the hall. They was not left with much to give to Paderewski and gave him an IOU for £400. He tore the note in half and returned the money to them. The years rolled by – World War 1 came and went. Paderewski now premier of Poland was striving to feed thousands of starving people in his native land. The only person who could help him was Herbert Hoover who was in charge of U.S. Food Relief Bureau and sent thousands of tons of food to Poland. After the people were fed, Paderewski journeyed to Paris to thank Hoover. That's ok, you don't remember but you helped my friend and I at uni when we were in trouble.

Books of the Old Testament



Genesis	Exodus	Leviticus	Numbers
Deuteronomy	Joshua	Judges	Ruth
Samuel	Kings	Chronicles	Ezra
Nehemiah	Esther	Job	Psalms
Proverbs	Ecclesiastes	Song Of Solomon	Isiah
Jeremiah	Lamentations	Ezekiel	Daniel
Hosea	Joel	Amos	Obadiah
Jonah	Micah	Nahum	Habakkuk
Zephaniah	Haggai	Zechanah	Malachi

Quiet Corner: Let us pray

Faithful God, your Son Jesus Christ gave us a new commandment, of love for each other and so we ask you to teach us to love you in our neighbours that by serving them we might also serve you.

Holy God, send us out into the world today mindful that as witnesses and servants, we should make you known in every place we visit and bear witness to the Gospel with acts of faith and hope and love.

Merciful God, we entrust to your tender care those who are ill or in pain, knowing that whenever danger threatens your everlasting arms are there to hold them safe. Comfort and heal them, and restore them to health and strength; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Keep us, good Lord, under the shadow of your mercy in this time of uncertainty and distress.
Sustain and support the anxious and fearful,
and lift up all who are brought low;
that we may rejoice in your comfort
knowing that nothing can separate us from your love
in Christ Jesus our Lord.

God of compassion, whose Son Jesus Christ, the child of Mary, shared the life of a home in Nazareth, and on the cross drew the whole human family to himself: strengthen us in our daily living that in joy and in sorrow, we may know the power of your presence to bind together and to heal; through Jesus Christ our Lord

Loving God, help us all to be a part of the healing ministry of your church. Encourage us to constantly pray for those we know who are suffering in body, mind or spirit and from the Coronavirus.
Deepen our love for our neighbours especially those who are weak, help us to console the sorrowful and give hope to the dying.

Lord in your mercy – hear our prayers. Amen .

Childrens Colouring Page:



Ascension Day is one of the earliest Christian festivals dating back to the year 68 CE. According to the New Testament in the Bible, Jesus Christ met several times with his disciples during the 40 days after his resurrection to instruct them on how to carry out his teachings. It is believed that on the 40th day he took them to the Mount of Olives, where they watched as he ascended to heaven. Ascension Day marks the end of the Easter season and occurs ten days before Pentecost. Depending upon the phases of the Moon in a particular year, Ascension Day is usually celebrated on a Thursday.

Pentecost or Whit Sunday as we used to remember when, as children dressed in white, we walked along to St. Michael's Church with baskets of flowers we put in front of the altar.

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The Creator of the universe calls us his children - what a blessing! What a privilege! What a responsibility! As children of God, we can trust that he will provide for us. We have the assurance that He created us and knows us by name, God also bestows on us certain rights, privileges, and responsibilities as his heirs. Scripture reassures us that our loving heavenly Father will care for us just as a shepherd cares for his sheep. And has his children, our responsibility is to listen carefully to his voice and obey.

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Robin redbreasts on the wing, telling us again it's spring,
Golden beds of daffodils, Violets blooming on a hill...

Don't 'cloud' your mind with anxious fear,
just fill your heart with 'sunny cheer'.

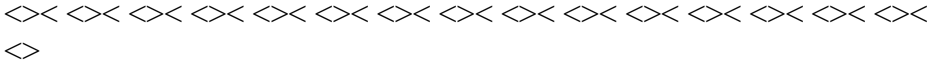
And waiting days will soon be over, and you again be 'back in
clover. For *'all things pass'*, and this will too. With God's help
You'll come smiling through.

Praying each day in May

1	Praying for Rev.John and Frances that our Lord will watch over them and give them His blessed healing, and look after them during their ministry in our parishes
2	Guide us through each day Gracious Lord and give us hope to look ahead
3	Praying for all children, students and nursery children in their learning
4	We pray and look out for our neighbours to offer help where needed
5	Uplift us Lord so we may look forward to the future with you at our side
6	Local Election Day-remembering those who fought for the right to vote
7	Remembering all those who live alone and the lonely, be with them Lord
8	Praying for those living in Meadow Croft. Rowland Court & Stewart Court
9	Help us to focus on You Gracious Lord when we are at our weakest
10	Thank you Creator God for the beauty that surrounds our villages
11	Our Lord said, 'Be anxious for nothing'.(Philippians 4. v 6)
12	Ask God for help whenever you feel you need to talk to Him.
13	Ascension Day where our Lord Jesus Christ ascended into Heaven
14	God gives us peace, because of His presence and His grace
15	Today be careful, be calm and do not worry. (Isaiah 7 v 4)
16	God has not given us a spirit of fear, but power, love and self discipline
17	Spring still follows Winter and He sustains everything in the universe
18	Let everyone see that you are gentle and kind, and give thanks to our Lord
19	We can calmly take our concerns to God because He is as near as our next breath
20	Love patiently accepts all things. It trusts, hopes, remains strong ,never ends
21	Always pray for all Gods people all over the world
22	Whoever comes to me will never be hungry,whoever believes will not thirst
23	Pentecost when the Holy Spirit came and the Church was born
24	Lord you feed the animals, our food grows on earth, Your bread gives us strength – you are an Amazing God
25	Do not be afraid because the Lord is with you (Psalm 118: 6)
26	Let us pray for those awaiting test results and hospital appointments
27	Choose prayer over despair – Peace happens when people pray
28	Cast all your cares upon Him, for He cares for you
29	With Your hands You formed me, now breathe Your wisdom over me
30	Trinity Sunday- celebrating God the father, the Son and the Holy Spirit
31	Praying for all in hospital at present and their families



Ascension Day is traditionally celebrated the 40th **day** after Easter **Sunday**, that commemorates Jesus Christ's **ascension** into heaven according to Christian belief. ... The **Ascension** is meaningful to Christians as it signifies the end of his work on Earth and allowed him to prepare a place for followers in heaven.



If you wish to contribute to the Newsletter with your own testimonies, stories Or memories from years ago – we would love to hear from you. Please contact Maureen or John on 02476.394802 or send us an e-mail to strowgerhouse@btinternet.com Many thanks.

NB; www.arleycofechurches.org.uk/