

ST. WILFRID'S & ST. MICHAEL'S

Meeting Needs, Bringing Hope, Sharing Love



St. Wilfrid's Church, Old Arley

July 2021 Newsletter

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The majority of church buildings have been shut - for weeks, months; communication with the world outside has been by website and social media, and we are told that many who customarily would not have entered church buildings have valued the contents of services and other communications broadcast through social media. Now that church buildings can be opened again are communications by such means going to cease, or added to the work of clergy, worship leaders and other participants? Why deprive those who have benefitted from this resource which has come to the fore because of the lockdown? Yes, over these past months, since the middle of March 2020 in fact, our society has changed. As a society we have always been aware of risk - road accidents, family breakdowns, uncertainties with regard to employment, to name but three. But now awareness of risk has become far more prevalent - for how much longer will we be urged to wear a face mask, to social distance, to participate in test- and- trace - yes, we need to be protected, but others need to be protected from us who unwittingly may be carrying the virus. It all sounds very scary! And at the time of writing, numbers of victims of Covid-19 are still increasing, people dying prematurely, and couples and families being bereaved. And what is the content of the Gospel the Church has to offer to today's society? - response to risk, response to uncertainty, response to becoming a victim, response to being an unwitting carrier, response to caring, response to bereave m e n t? As church buildings open, hopefully during most of daylight's hours, what resources will

congregations, visitors, tourists, find inside which will give them comfort, hope, a sense they are not alone but that God is at one with them in their plight - the single candle burning from morning 'til night, the offer of lighting other candles, the names displayed of those who have died, their partners and other family members, resources for prayer in anger, grief, despair, hope, scriptural verses and passages and appropriate poetry to offer expressions of grief, to comfort, encourage, inspire, thanksgiving for those who have and still do hazard their own lives in nursing and supporting the victims of this pandemic .

We Have Every Spiritual Blessing

We who are rooted in Christ also have every spiritual blessing in him in the heavenly places ([Eph. 1:3](#)). We need not fear because we already have every blessing. Paul says in his letter to the Ephesians that before the world was even formed, God the Father chose us, adopted us as his children, and lavished every spiritual blessing on us ([Eph. 1:3–5](#)).

First, what a relief that we were chosen before we were even born—before the earth was even formed. You and I did exactly nothing to receive our salvation in Christ. God did it all. Second, not only are we adopted, but we also have every spiritual blessing in him. Our Father owns every spiritually good thing, and he’s given them all to us.

These spiritual blessings come to us through the Holy Spirit, who lives in us ([1 Cor. 3:16](#)). On the night before Jesus was crucified, he told his disciples, “The Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you” ([John 14:26](#)).

Not only is the Holy Spirit our Helper and teacher, he’s also our peace giver. Jesus said, “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid” ([John 14:27](#)). Jesus knew that trying times were ahead for his disciples: persecution, rejection, martyrdom. But he did not leave them—or us—without help and hope.

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Children's Picture to Colour:



God in the Garden in July:

Around this time of year you can cut back your early flowering perennials which have started to look past their best. This early in the growing season, and particularly in the years where we have an Indian Summer, they will send up fresh leaves and hopefully the bonus of a second stage of flowering. In this way you can extend the growing season and watch your favourite perennials reward you twice in one year. You will need to prune them right to the ground, then give them a good soak with water and a dose of tomato feed. Some plants will flower a second time in their cycle of life in order to set seed. The purpose of humanity is to give glory to God, and to love and serve God. Just as plants recognise when something is wrong when they don't fulfil their purpose, human beings have a restlessness which can't be satisfied by anything but God.

The God who made the world and everything in it is the Lord of heaven and earth and does not live in temples built by human hands, and He is not served by human hands, as if he needed anything. He himself gives everyone life and breath and

everything else. From one man he made all the nations, that they should inhabit the whole earth and he marked out their appointed times in history, and the boundaries of their lands. God did this so that they would seek him and perhaps reach out for him and find him, though he is not far from any of us?(Acts 17:24-27) A few years ago I was lucky enough to interview pupils in schools as part of a research project into teenagers' spirituality. After extensive research in mainstream secondary schools I found that the vast majority of the young people I spoke to were actively seeking after spiritual experiences. They reminded me of the people of Athens with their unknown God. Most of the young people had little or no connection with Church or Christianity, but that didn't stop them recognising that there was more to life than meets the eye. If Churches don't find ways to reach young people with the gospel, someone else will find ways to exploit their need for spiritual fulfilment.

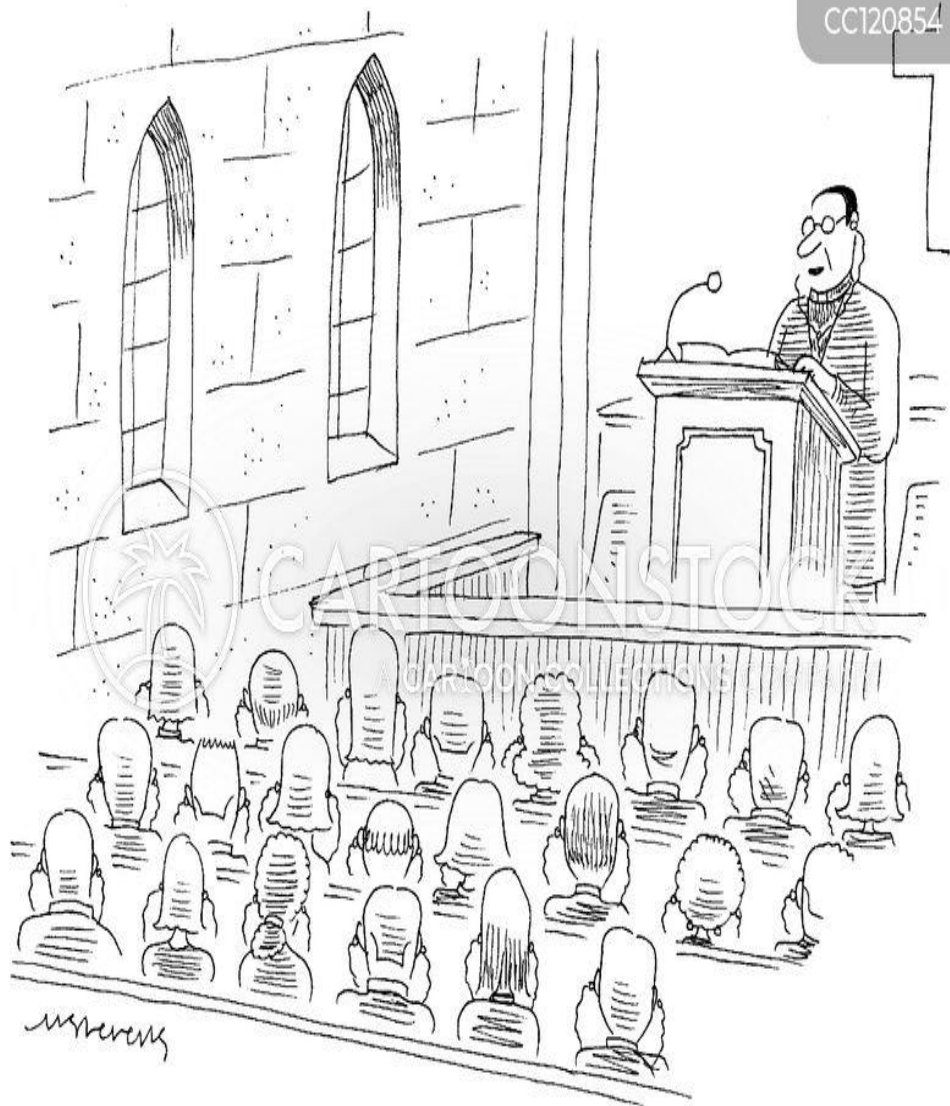
Lord God, you created all of life and humanity to seek after you and worship you. I want to pray for all those individuals, churches and organisations who are involved in helping people seek and find you. I want to pray for anyone I know personally who shares your gospel. Give us the opportunities to share the gospel with those who are already seeking after you. Amen.

GARDENING TASKS FOR THIS WEEK: Continue to dead head flowers. Soak container plants daily. Pick courgettes before they become marrows. Feed Dahlias.

Childhood memories of a London lad (By Vic Murray)

After a little persuasion from our editor I am going to attempt to add some of my childhood memories. In my case however they are not about growing up in the local villages but in a London suburb. My story starts towards the end of the 2nd world war in the London Borough of Merton. If you think you have never heard of Merton you are likely to be wrong. For it appears on the television every July as it contains the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis courts. Home to our family was a rented terraced house built about 1900. It was situated in street called Park Road. Why Park road, has always puzzled me as there was not a park in the area. In addition there was already a Park Road within the same postcode. This of course meant that mail was always ending up in the wrong Park Road. The solution was to change the name of our road from Park Road to Parkleigh Road. Another strange thing was that our postcode was SW19 which is a London postcode. However Merton did not become part of Greater London until at least twenty years later. What I found really weird was that on the night it changed I went to bed in Surrey and woke up in Greater London. As a child the only vehicles that came down our road were horse driven. The daily ones were the milkman, the baker and in the winter the coalman. Our parents would encourage us to go out and give the horses a crust of bread. Less frequently there would be a rag and bone man. If you gave him a lot of rags he would give you a goldfish in a bag of water. I remember when the first ice cream man arrived in the road. You would not get your ice cream in a cornet. No, Mum or Dad would take out a glass Pyrex dish and it would be filled up. As we did not have fridges it had to be eaten very quickly. At weekends you would often hear a knock at the door and it would be a man with a barrow selling shellfish. Sunday tea would be winkles that you prised out of the shells with a pin, or prawns that had to be pulled apart to get to the flesh. Leaving our road you entered a major trunk road that was two lanes wide in either direction. Needless to say that it was permanently busy with Lorries and buses. However the traffic was so slow that unless you were travelling a long way it was quicker to walk than to take a bus. Back then the buses where open at the back for people to get on and off at bus stops. It was common to see passengers chasing a moving bus and hanging of the back by their finger tips and toes. Due to all the houses being heated by coal, the fog in the winter was very thick. On one such occasion a workmate was riding along the main road on his bike. Only to be flagged down by a bus driver. The bus driver asked him if he could follow him in his bus as he could not see where he was going.....!!

Thank you Vic!



"Please select hymn number 637 on your i-pods."

Little Quips:

Q: Who painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

A: Leonardo DiCaprio!

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow.

(Mark Twain)

You must live with people to know their problems, and live with God in order to solve them.

Aerobics: a series of strenuous exercises which help convert fats, sugars and starch into aches, pains and cramps!

Never drive faster than your guardian angel can fly **

A psychologist asked various prisoners, 'Why are you here?' The answers were very revealing, though expected: 'I was framed'. 'They ganged up on me'. 'It was a case of mistaken identity'. The psychologist wondered if one could possibly find a larger group of innocent people anywhere else in prison!

Dear God, In Sunday School they told us what you do for a job. Who does it when you are on holiday?

Some people will change when they see the light. Others change only when they feel the heat!

Happiness is an attitude. We either make ourselves miserable, or happy and strong. The amount of work is the same.

In November 1995, Royal Jordanian Airlines plane en route to Chicago was forced to land in Iceland when it received a bomb threat. It turned out to be a false alarm, the culprit was a Chicago woman trying to keep her mother in law, a passenger on the plane, from visiting her.

True story about Whitacre Village by our friend Anne.-(continued)

We never owned a bedroom suite and when Grandma and Grandad's home was broken up, Mum got a bit shirty because she said she had bought that suite of furniture for her parents before she got married and she should have been given 'first refusal'. Grandma had brought up six children in the house and had actually given birth to at least three more. My Mother remembered Donald, Agnes, and Ann who had all died in babyhood. Mum never liked lilies of the valley, it always reminded her of the death of her little brothers and sisters. It seems the little coffin would be placed on the kitchen table with a bunch of lily of the valley on top. When I asked her if her mother had been upset at the death of her babies she said she had wept for a while and then said they had gone to a better place. Of course women in those days had babies with monotonous regularity, there being no regular method of birth control, and women were bearing children well into middle age. Indeed my Uncle Neil (Grandma's youngest) and Auntie Netty's Bobby were born in the same year. No wonder women were old before their time.

One thing that has just come into my mind, I was trying to remember what they actually called the room I call the parlour, and what they actually called it was just 'the room'.

My Grandparents: Grandma and Grandad were a mismatched looking couple. He was tall, spare-framed man with grizzled hair and the blue marks of the miner in his skin. She was a tiny, plump little woman, broad as she was long. She had lovely wide blue eyes too but his were 'thinkers eyes' and he often had a far away look, as if his mind was on other things. I remember him best sat smoking his pipe, deep in thought. My mother inherited her mother's eyes and her personality. When I took my eldest son to meet his great grandparents, my Grandmother looked at him and said, 'See, Neil he's got big fool eyes like all the McNairs. Grandmas had chestnut hair in her youth, but in old age it faded to a soft brown and it waved wispily round her little plump face. Her eldest daughter Janet (Auntie Netty) inherited her mother's auburn hair and likewise one of Auntie Netty's sons had ginger hair as did Uncle Neils Dorothy. She was bald as a coot until she was two, and then she suddenly sprouted this mass of auburn hair. Many years later my cousin Hilary visited me with her daughter Claire and the girl'd lovely chestnut hair hung down her back. What a glorious inheritance. Grandma always wore dark print dresses with a 'pinny' over the top (handy for throwing over her head in times of emotion.) When Grandma got ready to go out it was a revelation. First she put on her thick pink underskirt over her vast bloomers and stays, then came the dress usually

fastened at the neck by a brooch. Her suspenders kept her stockings up, but she still wore a pair of garters just in case and then she huffed and puff as she bent over to tie her shoe laces. Sometimes she would sit back on the bed and I would tie the shoe laces for her. Her double breasted navy coat reached nearly to her ankles and when the buttons were fastened it was time for the hat. This was usually a navy straw hat with a bunch of violets or cherries on the side – then came the hatpin. This was about 6 inches long with a jet bead at the end. I watched her push it up into her hair and I waited with bated breath for the pin to go through her head. I breathed a sigh of relief. She always carried a commodious handbag which contained photographs of her grandchildren, insurance policies, a bag of mint humbugs and a worn leather purse. Almost as soon as we arrived we would ask to see her little clothes peg. In the middle compartment of her purse she kept a miniature clothes peg and a silver 3d piece. The peg had been given to her by a gypsy woman as a good luck talisman. My mother said she got fed up as a girl coming home from work to find a gypsy woman taking tea with her mother. She seemed to have an affinity with the gypsies and was a dab hand with the tealeaves, leaving herself quite often reading for friends and neighbours. As I already said this stopped when she read a death in Aunt Netty's cup. Perhaps there was something of the gypsy in her, her father had been an Irishman, and who knows who his forebears were. Grandma told my mother once that she was ironing one day soon after arriving in England and she looked up and saw her mother standing in the doorway. Shortly after that she received a telegram to say her mother had died in Scotland. Perhaps she really did have second sight. Whether she did or not she was a canny little lady. Grandma was a lively little body and she would have been called bubbly today, but she, like my mother, could be course at times. She was ever a Scot and I can see her now dancing a highland fling with Bob Lockhart(a fellow Scot) in our kitchen at White House Cottage, and she must have been over 70 then. She didn't wear her teeth, but as her face was so round she didn't have that sunken look that some folk do who have had teeth removed. This lack of teeth concerned me and I saved up about 3d and gave it to her to buy some teeth. Her gums must have been pretty hard, because she could eat anything. I remember her so well with David on her knee, patting his little feet and singing a Scottish rhyme to us all. Feetikins,feetikins,feetikins fine, Feetikins,feetikins, feetikins mine. Suumer days will nae be lang, and these wee feet will tat and gang.

Thank You Anne for our trip down memory lane. Love
Maureen x

Memories of Arley Villages by Owen Stain..(continued)

The telephone exchange in the pit yard was also manned, this was usually after office hours and manned by a miner, who had been hurt in a pit accident and unfortunately hadn't recovered enough to return to his old job. This was very handy for me later on in the War, when sometimes coming on leave and stranded in one of the nearby towns or cities I would ring into the offices to get them to let my father know where I was and hope he could arrange to pick me up. Not many homes had telephones at this time. Sometimes of course everything didn't work according to plan so I had to get the walking boots on – walking from Coventry Station in the middle of the night seemed never ending. One little tale after walking and reaching home in the early hours, I had noticed my father's bedroom light on, he didn't know I had got leave so wasn't expecting me. After dumping my kit in the living room I went to see why - of course he was so pleased to see me, but asking him why he'd been awake at this hour, he said, 'I thought it was our Ivan just coming in and I was checking the time', he had missed him coming in after an evening out, he was in bed snoring his head off. Proves to me Dad's don't always win.

As I stated earlier Rectory Cottages Area was redeveloped, this was in the 1980's and I don't think I should pass it by without a few words about the houses themselves and the chores of the housewife in the days gone by. Not just in Rectory Cottages but all the houses in both villages, these mostly had two black lead grates, this was a task in itself keeping them clean and shining, then low and behold the kettle would boil over and it was back to square one. No wall to wall carpeting in those days, so it was out with the scrubbing brush on knees cleaning floors. Most residents had pegged rugs, this in itself was a nightmare, shaking and trying to keep clean. Outside toilets and wash house was a copper to boil the washing, this of course was coal fired, once it got going it was mostly fed by slack. It was mainly filled and emptied by bucket and hand bowl, in most cases after washing was finished the remaining soapy water was used to wash the yard. No wonder they said a woman's work was never done, and don't forget they produced babies at regular intervals and looked after the family as they grew. How much better now, I'm pleased to say, looking back I really don't know how they managed, it must have been one long slog morning till night.

With losing my mother when I was very young, I think back so very often how a lot of ladies of Rectory Cottages treated me, so very kind, the likes of Mrs. Chance, Mrs. Jerrams. Mrs. Whale ,and Mrs. Riley and of course Mrs. Nicholas. I just wish I could have expressed my thanks then to what I could express now – it was a hard time, but helped by so

many people – GOD BLESS THEM ALL, I just hope if some of their offsprings of these people read this, will realise how I appreciated all their help, more than words can say. I wrote earlier of the men characters, lets not forget the ladies – Mrs. Chance for instance, it seemed she had a set time for certain jobs and these jobs had to be done at that time. She always was first to have her washing on the line on wash days. Her and her husband loved the whist and never missed the local ones or those held in nearby villages, they would bike to different venues and always be prepared by having a bag on the handlebars, ready to carry the prizes home. Mrs. Chance wasn't against telling you if you played in her opinion the wrong card whether it pleased or not. Also she enjoyed her church and very rarely missed the Sunday Evening Service, yes there was evening services in those days.

Mrs. Jerrams – she loved her little flutter on the Gee gees, 3d each way 3d double, her bet written on the back of a Woodbine packet. Here again was another hard working woman, but whenever I called round for Dick her son to come out to play there was always time for a bite of snap. Mrs. Whale, Oh gosh how hard this woman worked, she for many years had a ver y poorly husband and to make ends meet took in washing for many years, she did ours, I can remember either delivering or collecting the load at her house, but for all this she never seemed to have a grouse. Mrs. Riley and Mrs. Nicholas thinking back these pair I'm sure were the ladies local Morecambe and Wise, they put on sketches for various functions, always a good laugh and value for money – that is if one had to pay.

In 1552 in the Church Inventory- 3 bells and a small bell are inscribed with dates from 17th/18th century Inscriptions as follows: -

Treble: Taylors – given by George Hazell A.D 1929. Churchwarden from 1903

2nd. Taylors.- To the glory of God and in remembrance of J and S Stain from their Sons 1929.

3rd. Taylors – In praise of God – From the parishoners 1929.

4th. Robert + Newcome

5th. IHZNAZARENVS REX IVEDORUM FILI DEI MISERERE MEI 1625

TENOR: Edward Arnold Leicester Fecit 1790

Thomas Clark – Churchwarden

The augmentation was paid by public subscription and donations and was Organised by Rector, Canon King, who was rector at St. Wilfrid's from 1925 – 1947

July Recipe: Lemon and oregano chicken skewers

With the days getting warmer and longer, why not try these fresh zesty skewers. Try them with zatziki or lovely Greek salad. Delicious cooked on a B.B.Q. Preparation time 15 minutes (prep. time). Cooking time 15 minutes .Serves 4.

Ingredients

500g diced chicken thigh or breast
10g fresh oregano, finely chopped
1 lemon, juice and zest
Salt and pepper to season

Method

Place the chicken in a bowl with the oregano, lemon, salt and pepper and stir to combine. Cover and leave to marinate for an hour in the fridge.

Thread the chicken on to four large – or eight small – skewers, and place on a lined baking tray. Place in an oven at 180°C for 15 minutes until caramelised and cooked through.

Greek Salad

250g tomatoes, cut into bite size chunks
½ cucumber, cut into bite size chunks
50g red onion, thinly sliced
50g pitted black olives
For the dressing
10g fresh dill, finely chopped
10g fresh oregano, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, peeled finely chopped
75ml olive oil
1 lemon, juice and zest
Salt and pepper to taste

To finish

120g feta cheese .Place all the dressing ingredients in a bowl and whisk gently to combine. Add the tomatoes, cucumber, red onion and olives and toss gently to coat. Place into a serving bowl and top with the crumbled feta cheese.

May the mid of Christ my Saviour (Hymn)

May the mind of Christ my Saviour
live in me from day to day,
by his love and power controlling
all I do and say.

May the word of God enrich me
with his truth, from hour to hour,
so that all may see I triumph
only through his power.

May the peace of God my Father
in my life for ever reign,
that I may be calm to comfort
those in grief and pain.

May the love of Jesus fill me
as the waters fill the sea;
him exalting, self abasing –
this is victory.

May his beauty rest upon me
as I seek to make him known;
so that all may look to Jesus,
seeing him alone.

May I run the race before me,
strong and brave to face the foe,
looking only unto Jesus,
as I onward go.

Quiet Time: Let us take a few moments to pray to our Lord God:

Draw your Church together, O God, into one great company of disciples,
together following our Lord Jesus Christ into every walk of life,
together serving him in his mission to the world, and together
witnessing to his love on every continent and island.

Lord, guide us that we may be more sensitive to our neighbours needs.
We pray for the awareness of those needs: the need of the old to
know they are wanted,
The need of the young to know they are listened to, the need of all
people to know they are of value. Lord, keep us aware. Amen.

Jesus our Healer, we place in your gentle hands those who are sick.
Ease their pain, and heal the damage done to them in body, mind or
spirit. Be present to them through the support of friends and in the
care of doctors and nurses, and fill them with the warmth of your love
now and always. Amen.

Father, we pray for those who know the suffering of total despair: for
the terminally ill and the grief stricken; for the depressed and for those
consumed by guilt; for those who have lost their faith in life, in others,
in you. We bring before you those who feel totally alone when faced
with fears and pain that threaten to overwhelm them. Lord in your
mercy hear our prayer.

Father, we thank you for the way you have made us. We praise you
that we can think and plan and choose and give. We thank you that we
can help and care and share. We praise you for the gifts of our Church
family; for those who stand by us no matter what happens. We thank
you for the happiness and joy, the laughter and fun, which friends bring
to our lives.

We thank you for everything that reminds us that our lives are a special
gift from you. We praise you whether we are young or old, single or
married, we can still have the joy of belonging to your family. forgive us
and fill us with the love of Jesus. Amen

The Gift Here is a true story about a nine year old boy who lived in a rural town in Tennessee. His house was in a poor area of the community. A church had a bus ministry that came knocking on his door one Saturday afternoon. The kid came to answer the door and greeted the bus pastor. The bus pastor asked if his parents were home, and the small boy told him that his parents take off every weekend and leave him at home to take care of his little brother. The bus pastor couldn't believe what the kid said and asked him to repeat it. The youngster gave the same answer, and the bus pastor asked to come in and talk with him. They went into the living room and sat down on an old couch with the foam and springs exposed. The bus pastor asked the kid, "Where do you go to church?" The young boy surprised the visitor by replying, "I've never been to church in my whole life." The bus pastor thought to himself about the fact that his church was less than three miles from the child's house. "Are you sure you have never been to church?" he asked again. "I sure haven't," came his answer. Then the bus pastor said, "Well, son, more important than going to church, have you ever heard the greatest love story ever told?", and then proceeded to share the Gospel with this little nine year old boy. The young lad's heart began to be tenderized, and at the end of the bus pastor's story, the bus pastor asked if the boy wanted to receive this free gift from God. The youngster exclaimed, "You bet!" The kid and the bus pastor got on their knees and the lad invited Jesus into his little heart and received the free gift of salvation. They both stood up and the bus pastor asked if he could pick the kid up for church the next morning. "Sure," the nine year old replied. The bus pastor got to the house early the next morning and found the lights off. He let himself in, made his way through the house, and found the little boy asleep in his bed. He woke up the little boy and his brother and helped get them dressed. They got on the bus and ate a donut for breakfast on their way to church. Keep in mind that this boy had never been to church before. The church was a real big one. The little kid just sat there, clueless of what was going on.

A few minutes into the service, these tall unhappy guys walked down to the front and picked up some wooden plates. One of the men prayed and the kid, with utter fascination, watched them walk up and down the aisles. He still didn't know what was going on. All of a sudden, like a bolt of lightning, it hit the kid what was taking place. These people must be giving money to Jesus. He then reflected on the free gift of life he had received just twenty-four hours earlier. He immediately searched his pockets. As he stood there, he lifted his little head up and said, "Jesus, I don't have anything to give you today, but just me. I give you me!"

Walk, Don't Run:

I'd see her welcoming the dawn each day. She was our local power walker. As I drove my kids to school, she would be there on the roads shoulder. Equipped with an oversized pair of headphones, and knee-high colourful socks, she'd walk with an alternating movement of arms and feet, always one foot in contact with the ground. The sport is different from running or jogging. Power walking involves an intentional restraint, a reigning in of the body's natural inclination to run. Although it doesn't look like it, there's just as much energy, focus and power involved as in running or jogging. But its under control.

Power under control – that's the key. Biblical humility, like power walking, is often viewed as weakness. The truth is, it's not. Humility isn't diminishing our strengths or abilities, but rather allowing them to be reigned in much like arms, legs and feet guided by the mind of an early morning power walker.

Micah's words 'Walk humbly' are a call for us to reign in our inclination to go ahead of God. He says, 'to act justly and to love mercy' and that can bring with it a desire to do something and do it fast. That's fair since the daily injustices in our world are so overwhelming. But we are to be controlled and directed by God. Our goal is to see His will and purposes accomplished in the dawning of His kingdom here on earth.

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Words of Life:

Remember what you said to me, your servant – I hang on to these words for dear life! These words hold me up in bad times; yes; your promises rejuvenate me (Ps119 v49- 50)

When you are going through a hard time, burdened by worries, there is only one place where you can find comfort. God's Word. It is there alone that you'll find your strength, nourishment, comfort and hope. If you are so troubled and worried that you can't even think, the best Bible book to go to is the Psalms. It's like reading someone's personal journal. The psalmists write of their troubles, fears, doubts, worries and hardships. Yet they find reasons to praise God for all the wonderful things He is doing and has done in the past and they are certain He will do in the future.

Hang on to God's words. They will speak to your heart, lift your spirit, and soothe your soul.

Dear God, we long for your comfort, show us in your word what you would have us read, know and study. Hold us up with Your precious words.

Children's Corner:

Mrs. Henry was an old lady who lived in an old house with an old garden. It used to belong to her grandparent, and she had often stayed there as a little girl. Someone helped her look after the house, and someone helped her look after the garden. The gardener was called Beetle, and he was very old too. Mrs. Henry had known him since he was just a boy and lived in the village.

Mrs. Henry told Beetle that her three grandchildren, Stanley, Lloyd and Bella, were coming to stay. Stanley and Lloyd were brothers, and Bella was their cousin.

To begin with the three children got on very well. This was because they found a common enemy in Beetle. Beetle didn't like them, and they didn't like him.

'Whoever heard of anyone called beetle?' said Stanley. 'He's just a big insect' 'With a shiny head', giggled Bella. 'And six legs', cried Lloyd, and they all collapsed laughing. If ever they found a beetle, they'd put it in the pocket of his jacket hanging in the greenhouse. 'Why can't you go and watch television?' grumbled Beetle. 'Or play with those computer games?' After a while, Lloyd and Stanley found it more fun to tease Bella. They began to make the noise of a bell whenever she came near. 'Ding Dong!' Stanley would say, 'Dinner Time!' 'Leave me alone', cried Bella, and run into the garden. Beetle had been clearing out the old fishpond, and Bella slipped on the slimy weeds on the grass and fell in.

'Ding Dong Bell! Bella's in the well!', sang Lloyd. Stanley and Lloyd disappeared as Beetle came into view. Bella climbed out of the pond and ran over to the greenhouse. She sat on the steps with her chin on her knees, trying not to cry, 'I hate my name', she said, 'I hate it'.

'Better than Beetle, isn't it, asked Beetle. 'No'

Well now let me tell you something said Beetle, 'I've never told anyone this, when I was a baby my mother thought I was beautiful, so she called me her beautiful boy. I couldn't say beautiful, I could only say 'beetle' and it stuck. Bella looked at him with eyes wide open, she couldn't imagine anyone thinking he was beautiful. Whenever anybody teases you, it's you who really matters, not what people call you.

'Beetles told me all about the fish as they all stood looking in the pond. That one is called Emperor, he was nearly eaten by a Heron, and he is about 30yrs old. Beetle also told me goldfish in their natural state are green. Green?' 'Why do we call them goldfish' said Stanley. 'Names aren't always true' said Bella. 'It's who you really are that matters, not what people call you.'

How was Jesus judged by what He seemed to be? Do we see beyond appearances with people? Are we prepared to let them 'begin again' as Jesus does?

Secret Giver:

For Christopher, a physically disabled military veteran, everyday activities had become more challenging, took longer to finish and increased his pain. Still he did his best to serve his wife and child. Passers - by would see him pushing along a mower to cut his lawn every week. One day, Christopher received a letter – and an expensive riding lawnmower – from an anonymous donor. The secret givers satisfaction came through the privilege of helping someone in need. Jesus doesn't say that all of our giving should be in secret, but He does remind us to check our motives when we give(Matthew6:1). He also said, 'When you give to the needy, do not announce it with trumpets, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and on the streets, to be honoured by others'(v2) while God expects us to be open handed givers, He encourages us to avoid doing good deeds in front of people for the purpose of receiving accolades or special recognition.(v3) When we realise everything we have comes from God, we can be secret givers who don't need to pat our own backs or gain the admiration of others. Our all – knowing Giver of all good things delights in the genuine generosity of His people. Nothing beats the reward of His approval.

How has God helped you through someone else's secret giving? Who can you help with an anonymous gift today?

Loving God, please bless us with opportunities to give as selflessly and sacrificially as You have given to us.

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God Speaks:

So when I looked at those flowers, I was looking at God
For they bloomed in His sun and grew in His sod
And each lovely flower was a 'voice from above'
That whispered a message of Kindness and Love
For I feel in my heart and I know you do, too,
That God speaks to us all through the kind things we do.
And when I looked at those flowers, I couldn't help but feel
That they brought heaven nearer and made God so real,
The words that make the soul rejoice are spoken by the heart's 'still
voice'

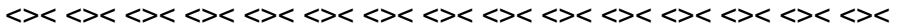
Dining Club:

Just to let you all know we haven't forgotten you.! Because of Covid and government guidelines we will wait until it is safe for everyone to come to our monthly Dining Club. We look forward to seeing you all again and as soon as we are able, we will let you know. Meanwhile Keep Safe!

Thank You: To the those who sent us flower money for our lovely church, we are so grateful. This month we had fresh flowers for our 'Fathers Day' service, and thought of you.

Church Services: Until further notice we are conducting services around our Parish once a month. Each church morning service will commence at 10.30am. All will be welcome! See below for dates.

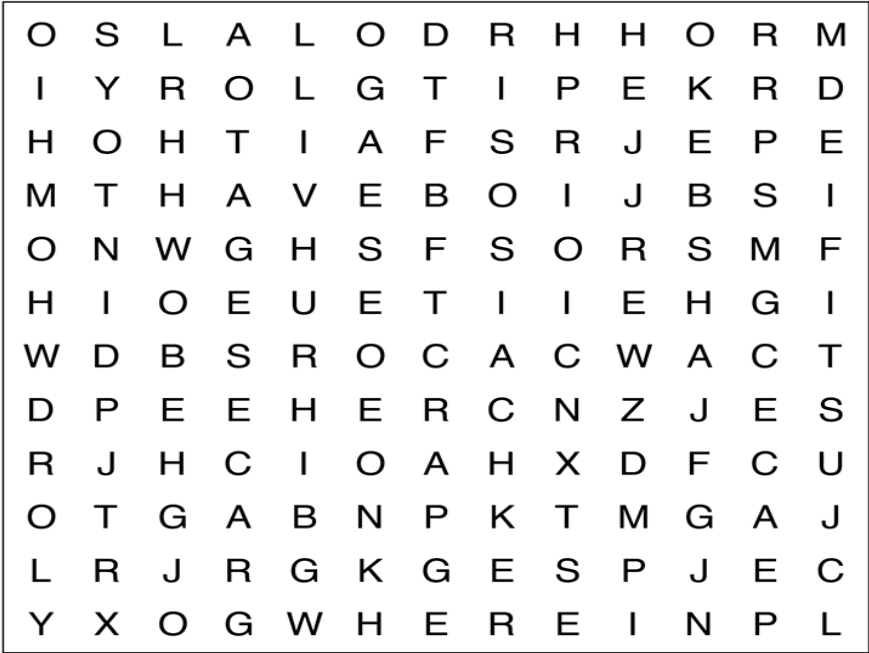
Sunday 4 th July	St. John's Ansley Common	10.30am
Sunday 11 th July	St. Michael's New Arley	10.30am
Sunday 18 th July	St. Wilfrid's Old Arley	10.30am
Sunday 25 th July	St. Laurence Ansley	10.30am



Quarantined by Fear: In 2020., an outbreak of the coronavirus left the world in fear. People were quarantined, countries went into lockdown, flights and events were cancelled. Those living in area with no known cases still feared they might get the virus. Graham Davey an expert in anxiety, believes that negative news broadcasts are 'likely to make you sadder and more anxious'. A meme that circulated on social media showed a man watching the news on TV and asked how to stop worrying, in response another person in the room switched off the TV. Luke 12 gives us some advice to help stop worrying. We seek God's kingdom when we focus on the promise that His followers have an inheritance in heaven. When we face difficulty we need to shift our focus and remember God sees and knows our needs. Jesus encourages his disciples, 'Do not be afraid little flock for your Father is pleased to give you the kingdom.' God enjoys blessing us! Let's worship Him, knowing he cares for us more than the birds of the air and flowers in the field. Even in difficult times we can trust our faithful God. *Loving God, instead of living in fear, help us to focus on your care for us.*

WORDSEARCH:

Romans 5:1-2



“THEREFORE BEING JUSTIFIED by **FAITH**, we **HAVE PEACE** with **GOD THROUGH** our **LORD JESUS CHRIST:**

By **WHOM ALSO** we have **ACCESS** by faith **INTO** this **GRACE WHEREIN** we **STAND**, and **REJOICE** in **HOPE** of the **GLORY** of God.”

Courtesy of wordsearchrus.com

Note: We used the King James Bible to produce this word search, which is the public domain.

FAITH IS TAKING THE FIRST STEP EVEN WHEN YOU DON'T SEE THE WHOLE STAIRCASE

Let us pray each day during July:

1	Pray for Rev.John and Frances as they begin a new chapter in their life
2	We pray for all those who are sick in body, mind and spirit
3	Thank you Creator God for all the beauty of our surrounding countryside
4	Praying our village communities will look forward to the future with hope
5	Thank you Lord for our wonderful families, friends and neighbours
6	Pray for those suffering with Covid and their families to be healed
7	When you have no strength, lean on God for His healing touch
8	Lord fill us with hope and vision for the coming months
9	May our God of hope fill you with joy, peace and calmness
10	Give all your cares and worries to God, for He cares about you
11	When feeling tired & weary spend time with God and He will give you the power and energy to move forward
12	Faith reminds us that change is always possible
13	Help us Gracious Lord to always keep focused upon You
14	Praying for carers who look after their loved ones at home
15	Abba Father, thank you for your kindness, faithfulness and blessings
16	Pray and bless all living in sheltered dwellings in our villages
17	Dear Lord, bless those we pray for in hospital at this time
18	We give thanks for all who help in and outside our Churches
19	Father, guide us to someone who might need our encouragement today
20	Pray for Parish Churches of,St. Wilfrid's,St.Michaels.St.Johns.St.Laurence
21	Bring peace and comfort to those who mourn the loss of a loved one
22	Bless all children starting nursery or their first year at infant school
23	Forgive us Lord for all our wrongdoings and guide us in good ways
24	Lord, we are thankful you know us so well, we count on you
25	Lord, we find peace to rest, for you keep us safe and sound
26	Dear Lord, open doors to us that will lead us the right way to you
27	Keep positive and hopeful and look forward to a wonderful Summer
28	Pray for kindness to prevail in all situations
29	Give us strength each new day to carry out Your good works
30	Bless all those preparing for holidays or visiting their families
31	Train us Lord to walk humbly with You so our steps are in tune

Gifts from God: Give Thanks:

God gives many gifts to His faithful followers, one of which is that no matter how weak you are, no matter how much you suffer, or how often you worry, your very weaknesses give Christ the chance to shine through you. For this formula to work, though, you must have faith then make up your mind to live it.

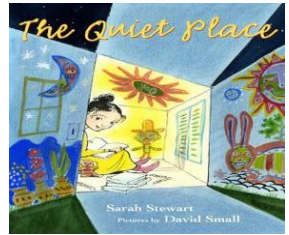
God moves when you're truly helpless. He provides when you have no more resources left. He will give you the power to overcome all things – even worry. So revel in God, thanking Him no matter what comes. He has all the strength you need to triumph ..to His glory!

We have made up our minds, Lord! We are going to be content no matter what! We have the strength to endure all!.

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Let Those Cares Go! Cares come in all sorts of different sizes and shapes. We can be careful about all the things we need to do, careful about what we've said or done, careful about other people, careful about our health—we seem to attract cares like a magnet! At the time, the cares on our shoulder seem heavier than anything else in the entire world could possibly be. **Getting It Right** I wanted to be the best assistant I could be. I wanted to be helpful. I wanted to have the right words to say. I wanted to get it right! I had fallen into a dangerous trap—and I was carrying burdens I didn't need to bear. **He's Orchestrating Each Detail** It always amazes how beautifully all the different sounds of a nicely put together orchestra fit together. If an individual tone of the orchestration were isolated by itself, it would often seem harsh or unnecessary. Yet when mixed together by a skilful composer, the individual notes and sounds become music. Like a master composer, God knows just how to orchestrate our days much better than we do.

Day by Day Day by day, and with each passing moment, Strength I find, to meet my trials here; Trusting in my Father's wise bestowment, I've no cause for worry or for fear.



PEACE AND SANCTUARY:

Everyone needs their own peaceful place, a refuge from distractions and demands; a quiet sanctuary, a special place to think and pray and recover the right perspective on life. Some find sanctuary in music; others relish the beautiful outdoors, and some prefer a quiet corner somewhere special. We all need to identify our own perfect place of sanctuary, whether it's a ramble through the woods, a stroll along the beach or an armchair by the fire. Everyone finds peace in their own way, and sometimes we need to find it quickly when life closes in. Lord, help me make a quiet place, a space where you and I can meet at peace.

If you wish to contact us for any reason, or to contribute a story or poem, then Please contact us on 02476.394802. OR e-mail us at strowgerhouse@btinternet.com we would love to hear from you. Maureen & John.

NB: www.arleycofechurches.org.uk/