

ST. WILFRID'S & ST. MICHAEL'S

Meeting Needs, Bringing Hope, Sharing Love



COME YOU THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME
RAISE THE SONG OF HARVEST HOME

OCTOBER 2021 NEWSLETTER

Church Warden John Cox 02476.394802
Deputy Church Warden Vic Murray



St. Francis of Assisi, Italian San Francesco d'Assisi, baptized **Giovanni**, renamed **Francesco**, in full Francesco di Pietro di Bernardone, (born 1181/82, Assisi, duchy of Spoleto [Italy]—died October 3, 1226, Assisi; canonised July 16, 1228; feast day October 4), founder of the Franciscan orders of the Friars Minor (Ordo Fratrum Minorum), the women's Order of St. Clare (the Poor Clares), and the lay Third Order.

He was also a leader of the movement of evangelical poverty in the 13th century. His evangelical zeal, consecration to poverty, charity and personal charisma drew thousands of followers. Francis's devotion to Jesus and his desire to follow Jesus' example reflected and reinforced important developments in medieval spirituality. The Poverello ("Poor Little Man") is one of the most venerated religious figures in history, and he and St. Catherine of Siena are the patron saints of Italy. In 1979 Pope John Paul II recognised him as the patron saint of ecology.

Francis learned to read and write Latin at the school near the church of San Giorgio, acquired some knowledge of French language and literature, and was especially fond of the Provençal culture of the troubadours. He liked to speak French (although he never did so perfectly) and even attempted to sing in the language. In 1202 he took part in a war between Assisi and Perugia, was held prisoner for almost a year, and on his release fell seriously ill. After his recovery, he attempted to join the papal forces under Count Gentile against the emperor Frederick II in Apulia in late 1205. On his journey, however, he had a vision or dream that bade him return to Assisi and await the call to a new kind of knighthood. On his return, he dedicated himself to solitude and prayer so that he might know God's will for him.

In the Garden during October: Bitter herbs:

Amongst my veggies I always grow a few nasturtiums. Few other plants provide as much vigorous growth and colour for so little effort. I've eaten a few of the flowers in my time. Nasturtiums look amazing on the plate but I'm not particularly keen on the taste. They taste mildly peppery. In today's top restaurants flowers are apparently often seen on the plate. I've also eaten Marigolds and violas straight from my garden. Even the leaves of dandelions can be eaten in a salad, just pick the small young green leaves. Only pick from places you are sure to be free from pesticides. The leaves can be mixed in a salad and are both nutritious and good for your liver. In Exodus 12:8 and Numbers 9:11, the Jewish people are encouraged to eat bitter herbs as part of the Passover celebrations. Dandelion leaves could easily have been amongst these bitter herbs mentioned in the 'Old Testament'. In Lamentations 3:15 the writer, Jeremiah, says that God has given him bitter herbs to eat.

When I call out or cry for help, he shuts out my prayer. He has barred my way with blocks of stone; he has made my paths crooked. Like a bear lying in wait, like a lion in hiding, he dragged me from the path and mangled me and left me without help. He drew his bow and made me the target for his arrows. He pierced my heart with arrows from his quiver. I became the laughing stock of all my people; they mock me in a song all day long. He has filled me with bitter herbs and given me gall to drink. (Lamentations 3:8 – 15)

These words sound shocking. The writer is accusing God of sending pain and suffering his way. Lamentations is part of a lament tradition in the Bible, which can teach us a great deal about being honest with God, it is an appeal for God's help in times of distress. The Hebrews were not shy of complaining to God about their suffering. The laments take up a huge chunk of the Bible. A quarter of Psalms are laments as are parts of Job, Habakkuk, Jeremiah and Lamentations. If we believe the Bible was inspired by God, then He didn't sweep this stuff under the carpet, he included it in his Word. Eventually we need to accept that God is in charge. Then we need to praise Him for that. Everyone seems to ask, 'how long?' its very nature assumes a lot about God that He is loving and all powerful.

Holy God,

Thank you for reminding us that it's ok to be honest with you. Sometimes I look at all the suffering in the world and I just despair When I think about lots of suffering, I don't understand, Lord. How long will you allow suffering to continue?

Other possible gardening tasks this week include; Preparing the soil in your borders for spring bedding. Potting up cuttings from shrubs. Dig in green manure.

Continue to rake up leaves.

Little Quips: (The old ones are the best!) From Vic the Quip!

I have just got a new job as piece on a chess board. The only downside is that it is shift work and this week I am on knights.

I have a friend who is a contortionist. One of the shapes he does is a pair of glasses. He makes a real spectacle of himself.

"I said to the gym instructor: 'Can you teach me to do the splits?' He said: 'How flexible are you?' I said: 'I can't make Tuesdays.'"

"I'm against hunting. In fact, I'm a hunt saboteur. I go out the night before and shoot the fox."

"This policeman came up to me with a pencil and a piece of very thin paper. He said, 'I want you to trace someone for me.'"

"I met this bloke with a didgeridoo and he was playing Dancing Queen on it. I thought, 'that's Abba-riginal.'"

"I've decided to sell my Hoover – it was just collecting dust."

Life just happens to you when you are making other plans!



Why do actors always say BREAK A LEG? It is because every play has a cast !!

There has been a spate of robberies in toy shops. The funny thing is that only kaleidoscopes are being stolen. Police say a pattern is forming !!

Hiring the Old Barn



The Old Barn is a traditional building, refurbished to a high standard and is available to hire at competitive rates. It is ideal for Corporate events including conferences, meetings and team-building days or as a party venue for up to 40 guests.

FACILITIES

Parking area, Fully-fitted Kitchen, Lounge with tables and seating for 40, Toilet with baby changing There are 5 steps to the lounge and kitchen

We are always happy to arrange visits to the Barn to view the facilities and to discuss your requirements.

Subject to current Government restrictions

Please contact Denise: 01676 541916 for more information.

Harvest Festival is one of the oldest and most traditional British festivals taking place at the time of the Harvest Moon, but other than gathering up tinned goods and vegetables, taking them to Church, what is harvest festival all about?

Celebrating the harvest was once a pagan affair. Today's church celebrations only began in earnest in Victorian times, when the Reverend Robert Stephen Hawker invited his parishioners to a special harvest thanksgiving service at the church in Morwenstow, Cornwall in 1843.

In centuries past, farmers would lay on a harvest feast and a corn dolly might be given place of honour and hung up in hope of a good harvest the following year. Long ago Anglo Saxon farmers believed the last sheaf of corn contained its spirit, and it would be sacrificed along with a hare usually found hiding in the field. A model of the hare was then made up using corn – and evolved to the dolly, said to represent the goddess or spirit of the grain, a corn dolly was hung up in hope of a good harvest

The old West Country tradition of “Crying the Neck” was revived in Cornwall in the early Twenties. Dating back from times when crops would be hand harvested, a reaper would hold the last bundle of corn – sometimes known as the “neck” – aloft and cry out to the other harvesters. The corn was tied and kept in the parish church until the following spring.

Some harvesters felt it was bad luck to cut the last corn standing and farms would race to finish first and shout when they'd done it. Sometimes reapers would throw their sickles at the last corn until it was cut. Or they'd take turns to be blindfolded and sweep a scythe to and fro to finish.

Britain also celebrates the bounty of the sea as well as the land. Whitstable holds ceremonies to bless the seas during the town's annual July oyster festival. Dozens of fish festivals are held around the UK's coastal towns and villages, from Anglesey to Dorset to Rye Bay in East Sussex, where local scallops are on offer.

Complete Surrender by Corrie Ten Boom:

I want to tell you what I learned about complete surrender. At one time surrendering was a great problem for me, do you know the feeling? I simply didn't understand what it was and how to go about it. I then read a book by Andrew Murray, and it helped me greatly. It was a short book in which he wrote about a number of things, but there were a couple of chapters about complete surrender.

First I had to understand what it meant. So I read 1Kings 20:1-4. Read it for yourself. Ben Hadad, the King of Aram, took an army of soldiers from as many as thirty two allied countries and advanced to Samaria, the capital of Israel. Then he sent a message to King Ahab. And he said, 'Your silver and gold are mine, and the best of your wives and children are mine.(1 Kings 20.3) Ahab answered , 'I and all I have are yours(1Kings 20.4) Well, wasn't that complete surrender? I have experienced surrender. When many years ago I was Adolf Hitler's prisoner. I had to surrender completely.

And now we are dealing with somebody else. It is God, who is love.He isn't a dictator. He is a loving Father. There is no end to what He would like to do for us. There is no end to His blessings. Provided we surrender to Him. I read a story about a little boy who was going to cross a long bridge with his father. A bridge without parapets. The little boy said, 'Daddy I'm so frightened, just look at the high waves below us'. His father said, 'Hold my hand, and nothing will happen to you'. The boy laid his hand in his father's strong hand and his fear left him. In the evening they had to return. Once again they had to cross the bridge on their own, but it was pitch black. 'Daddy, I'm scared again. Can't you hear the water below us? It's so dark. You can hear those waves down there'.

The father picked up the little boy in his arms and carried him to the other side, and the little boy fell asleep and didn't wake up until the next morning in his own bed. You see, this surrender to God is quite different from Ahab's to Ben Hadad. And from my surrender to Adolf Hitler. This is the kind of surrender God expects from us, and He gives you great peace. As a child I used to enjoy singing, 'Safe in Jesus' arms and safe in Jesus' heart'. The lord Jesus did not only die on the cross for your sins and mine. He is alive, and He said, 'And surely I am with you always, to the very end of the age'. (Matthew 28:20) Don't worry – lay your hand in His hand. You will be safe, even if life today feels like crossing a bridge without parapets over wild rushing water. Jesus is the Conqueror, Entrust yourself to Him.

HARVEST HYMN: COME YOU THANKFUL PEOPLE COME:

Come you thankful people, come
raise the song of harvest home!
fruit and crops are gathered in
safe before the storms begin:
God our maker will provide
for our needs to be supplied;
come, with all His people, come,
raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
harvest for His praise to yield,
wheat and weeds together sown
here for joy or sorrow grown;
first the blade and then the ear,
then the full corn shall appear-
Lord of harvest, grant that we
wholesome grain and pure may be.

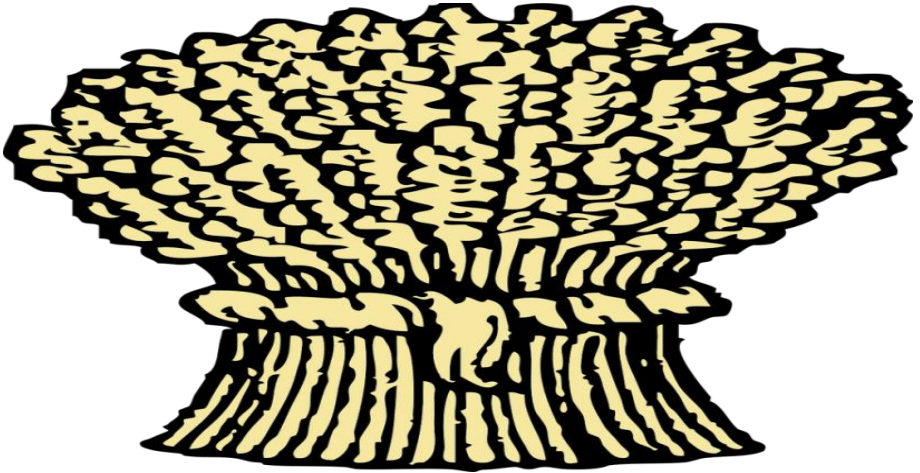
For the Lord our God shall come
and shall bring His harvest home;
He Himself on that great day,
wondrous things shall take away,
give His angels charge at last
In the fire the weeds to cast,
but the fruitful ears to store
In His care for evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
bring your final harvest home!
gather all your people in
free from sorrow free from sin,
there together purified,
ever thankful at Your side-
come, with all your angels, come
bring that glorious harvest home

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(Without the sunshine and the rain-we could not have the golden grain,
Without thy love we'd not be fed; We thank thee for our daily bread,)

Harvest Thanksgiving:



In spite of difficult times at present, it's a relief to turn away from politics, and national and international problems. Here at least for a time all our anxieties can be forgotten. The candles are lighted on the altar, the organ plays the opening notes as the congregation rises to its feet to sing, 'We plough the fields and scatter.....as the sun rises over the gathered fields. All over Warwickshire, indeed over England people will be singing that hymn at Harvest Festival, as I hope you will do to capture the peace of natural things which is evident at this time of year. The world that God had made it isn't a bad world and a world worth having a thanksgiving about..

So, in your thanksgiving , have sufficient humility to thank God for all that is good in you and others, for all in life which you have enjoyed and for which you praise and glorify His name.

We are to be thankful in bad times as well as good,, not least for health and strength and there are so many things for which the world is entirely dependent on, without which even the most abundant Harvest could bring no joy and for the peace and goodwill which enables those parts of the world in which the harvest is good to send supplies to the places in which it has been bad.

Please remember our Harvest Festival will be on Sunday October 24^h 2021 at 10.30am at St. Wilfrid's. We look forward to seeing you at this special service.

KEEP THEM IN USE:

For this reason, I ask you to keep using the gift God gave you. It came to you when I laid my hands on you and prayed that God would use you. (2Timothy1:6)

God gives us gifts for a reason. They're meant to be used for Him. In a family environment, there are often many gifts working in tandem. Spiritual gifts, Artistic gifts. Academic gifts. Perhaps one is good on the piano Another is a solid writer, or a gifted speaker or teacher. . . All of these can work together to help the Gospel message out. And remember, God doesn't take away those gifts from us. He wants to keep polishing them (exercising them) so that they're useable for years to come. There's no point in saying , 'Oh I used to sing but now I don't' Why not take it up again? You never know! God might just use you to minister directly to someone's heart with your song.

Lord, I'll be the first to admit I don't pay as much attention to my gifts (artistic, academic or spiritual) as I once did .Today I lay those gifts at Your feet as an offering. Show me how I can use them to glorify You, Father. Amen.

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STAND FIRM:

Therefore my dear brothers and sisters, stand firm. Let nothing move you. Always give yourselves fully to the work of the Lord, because you know that your labour in the Lord is not in vain. (1Corinthians 15:58)

Do you remember playing the game 'statue' as kids? There you stood, trying not to move a muscle, as stiff as a statue .Until somebody made a funny face or tickled you. Then the statue melted like hot wax! It's hard to stand firm when you're dedicated to the task. Sometimes it's just as difficult to stand firm as a believer. You make up your mind to be faith-filled, then catastrophe hits Someone in the family is very ill, and has to be hospitalised. Your strong stance id affected and you waver. Your knees buckle. But God is good! He never gives up on us, and e shouldn't give up on ourselves either. Instead, we do our best to keep on standing, even when it seems impossible.

We want to keep standing, Father. Keep our knees locked, Lord! Help us to be fully committed to every task, so that our labours won't be in vain. Amen!.

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God loves each one of us as if there were only one of us to love.

(St. Augustus)

O Child of God, wait patiently when dark thy path may be. And let thy faith lean trustingly on Him who cares for thee.

(Fanny Crosby)

UPDATE;

The last 18 months has been a very trying time for everyone there have been many restrictions of one kind or another.

During the lockdown period church services were not allowed, and as a result many of our traditional services were unfortunately cancelled . When we were allowed to open the churches it was decided as a benefice we would have one service a month on a rota basis at each church, following guidelines, we had to follow government guidelines to limit the spread of Covid 19 this included No Communion, NO singing, NO contact

NO socialising this seemed very alien and sterile but at least we were able to worship in our churches.

We will be back to singing and having refreshments after services . In June we suffered another setback when Rev John was informed that he could not carry on his ministry in the Benefice, despite vigorous attempts to reverse Diocese decision there was no movement on their part so it was with a heavy hearts we entered into yet another interregnum.

The benefice has been set the task of setting yet another of writing a profile of the two villages that will be put out as a advert in the quest for a new vicar (part-time) we are not the only parishes in North Warwickshire that are without permanent clergy.

In the meantime we must rely on the goodwill of retired clergy and clergy that are available but there will also be a reliance on lay people to help out During October we will be changing the format of services.

The new format is 1st,3rd Sundays at St Michael's 2nd 4th at St Wilfrid's and 5TH Sundays Joint they will all take place at 10:30 am. We are trying to get back to as near normality as possible in the current situation.

It would be wonderful if you could come along and support us.

John C

Another True story of life in Whitacre from our friend Anne:

Visiting:

Once we'd settled down to 100 Old Mill Lane then we started our duty visits. It was not sensible to visit not more than two relatives in an afternoon, because each port of call, the kettle would go on and the table laid and we were plied with all sorts of good things – we had to force them down as our Aunts would never take no for an answer and we didn't want to offend anyone.

I was allowed to go to Uncle George's house on my own as it was only two streets away. I felt it was quite an adventure to trot along the back ginnels until I reached their house, the first time I went on my own I went through the back yard gate and their wall eyed dog Bruce barked at me. After that I went to the front door. I could find their house because they had a metal plate on the wall stating that the air warden lived there. Their two lads George and Donald also fire watched with their father. I never really had too much to do with them. They were always on their way out with their hair slicked down with Brylcreem. When they did speak they teased me and they embarrassed me because I didn't understand their banter. Sometime after the war Uncle George and Auntie Lil kept a pub called 'TheHoneywell', and they lived there together for some years. As I already explained Auntie Lil went off. Uncle Neil said she's gone off with the fisherman but we children were not told all the intimate details of the event.' Uncle George was an old man and could imagine hard to live with. He didn't show much emotion and certainly no affection for us like Uncle Neil did. He didn't like to be kissed goodbye by the children and up to a point I understand that, I have often been at the receiving end when some well meaning parent has said, 'Kiss Auntie Anne Bye Bye then', and I have tried to kiss an infant with his nose running or half a chocolate biscuit spread over its face. Likewise how do we know little Johnny wants to kiss the grown –up anyway. The next visit would be Auntie Netty and her large brood at Darfield. We took the train to Cudworth and walked up the road to the run down estates on which she lived. Auntie Netty was Mums eldest sister and had been about 14 years old when the family came to England so she like Uncle George and Uncle Jack to a lesser extent retained her Scottish accent. Mum hadn't much memory of Auntie Netty living at home other than an

occasion at Christmas time when she was a very small girl and Auntie Netty had told the little ones there was no Father Christmas. When Father Christmas did come with an orange, apple and sweeties – Auntie Netty’s stocking contained only ashes from the grate. Quite often Mum said there were no presents for them at Christmas time, and they would tell their friends that as they were Scottish they got their presents at New Year. New Year came and no presents materialised. One New Year custom, apart from first footing, which my Mother kept up. She would say on New Year’s Eve, ‘If you stand by the gate you will see a man with as many noses as there are days in the year’. I waited all day for the man with 365 noses and it was some time before I worked out that she meant days remaining in the year. Auntie Netty grew into a well-built young woman and became a Salvationist wearing bonnet and full uniform. Mum had no such loyalty to a particular creed. She found out when the relevant Sunday School treats were to take place and visited the appropriate church for just long enough to be eligible for the treat and went to the next one. Auntie Netty, however, at that stage was a devout young woman and quite refined for a woman of her class. She met Tony Bell a young man in the Royal Flying Corps and married him when they were both eighteen years of age. Soon they had Robert (Bobbie) Grandma had Uncle Neil at about the same time and the two lads grew up together. They died almost about the same time too. When Uncle Neil was in hospital dying with blood cancer Bobbie was there during the last weeks of his life and Uncle Neil’s Dorothy was visiting them both. After Bobbie, Auntie Netty had a little girl named Jean. As a young girl Mum was visiting her sister and she was asked to pacify little Jean who was crying. When she went to the crib she recoiled at the awful stench coming from the baby. I suppose she must have had Gastro enteritis or something like that because she was dead in a couple of days. Auntie Netty went on to have three more sons and a daughter, then at forty seven discovered she discovered she was pregnant again. I have already recounted how she died giving birth to that little girl. My mother said Tony Bell was no good and she was proved right when he moved his girlfriend Clarice into the family home with her son (fathered by him) who was the same age as baby Janet in that house.

Thank you Anne for our trip down memory lane – Maureen x

Apples:

A few years ago, a group of salesmen went to a regional sales convention in Chicago. They had assured their wives that they would be home in plenty of time for Friday night's dinner. In their rush, with tickets and briefcases in hand, moving quickly through the airport terminal, one of these salesmen inadvertently kicked over a table which held a display of apples. Apples flew everywhere. Without stopping or looking back, they all managed to reach the plane in time for their nearly missed boarding.

All but one! He paused, took a deep breath, quickly assessed the situation -- and experienced a twinge of compassion for the girl whose apple stand had been overturned. He told his buddies to go on without him, waved good-bye, told one of them to call his wife when they arrived at their home destination and explain his taking a later flight. Then, he returned to the terminal where the apples were still all over the terminal floor. The man was glad he did. The 16-year-old girl running the stand, he discovered, was totally blind! She was softly crying, tears running down her cheeks in frustration, all the while helplessly groping for her spilled produce as the rushing crowd swirled about her, no one stopping and no one caring for her plight.

No one else, that is. The salesman knelt on the floor with her, gathered up the apples, put them back on the table and helped organize her display. As he did this, he noticed that many of them had become battered and bruised. These he set aside in another basket.

When he had finished, he pulled out his wallet and said to the girl, "Here, please take this \$40 for the damage we did. Are you okay?" She nodded through her tears. "I hope we didn't spoil your day too badly," he said.

As the salesman started to walk away, the bewildered blind girl called out to him, "Mister..." He paused and turned to look back into those blind eyes. She continued, "Are you Jesus?"

He stopped in mid-stride, and he wondered, stunned by the words. Then slowly, he made his way to catch the later flight

Quiet Corner: My Prayer:

Outdoors 'tis clear and crisp and cool,
The blue October sky is very faintly tinged with red.

The geese are sailing by
'Twill soon be time to go to bed.
Night times coming very swiftly
And we hurry with the chores;
Get the fuel, put in the chickens,
Fasten tightly all the doors;
Feed the pigs, drive in the cattle,
Give the horses corn and hay,
Feed the calves and do the milking...
Chores are done for one more day.

At the door I pause a moment,
Lift my heart in silent prayer,
'Oh I thank thee, Heavenly Father.
That the farm life is my share.'

*Indoors tis homelike, warm and cosy,
Shining lamps are all alight, on the stove
the kettle sings;*

*Mother's smile is sweet and bright,
and the children's laughter rings,
Suppers eaten with a relish, mixed with fun and frolic gay,
Dishes washed and kitchen tidied, work is done for one more
day.*

Now we've time to rest a little, Read a story, sing a song.
Then we're off to bed to slumber, peacefully the whole night
long.

'For memories that closely cling, and help to keep us in thy
care,

Oh I thank thee, Heavenly Father'
This my whispered night time prayer.

Children's Corner: Puffin & the Cinder:

It was a good autumn day, and Puffin the vicarage cat was curled up in front of a good fire in the Vicarage study.

As he watched the flames leaping and dancing, a red hot cinder fell out on to the hearth. For a while it stayed red, and then gradually it died down.

Just then, Puffin's master, the Vicar came in, followed by a young boy Puffin had occasionally seen in church. 'Now Peter, what's the trouble?'

asked the Vicar, 'well said Peter, it's just that my mum says I have to go to church every Sunday, and I don't see why I can't lead just a good life without'.

'Well of course you can lead a good life on your own', replied the Vicar.

'but that isn't the only object in going to church. We go to Church to worship God, to praise hiM for every good thing, and you can do that much better in the company of fellow Christians. It's not very easy to be enthusiastic about anything all on your own.' Puffin stirred thoughtfully. Wasn't that red hot coal an example? While it had been in the fire with the others, it had burned well, but when it fell out and it was on its own, its heat soon died down.

Puffin pointed his paw at it in an effort to show his master what he meant. But the Vicar was listening to Peter, 'Yes, I see that, sir, I suppose it does help to be with others'.

'Well you would feel rather lonely if you were the only spectator at a football match, for instance. You wouldn't feel much like cheering all on your own,' said the Vicar. Puffin shuddered, 'He never went near the football field since the day he had almost been knocked over by the ball. There's much that can be done by people alone, went on the Vicar, but when we're all organised in onebody, there's no end to the power of good that can be done.' Peter got up, 'thank you sir, I think I would rather be red hot keen in a group than on my own'.

'Miaow!' said Puffin, pointing to the cinder once more, before it was put back on the fire

OCTOBER RECIPE: YORKSHIRE PARKIN

Ingredients:

150gms of Butter – extra for greasing.
175gms of Plain flour
1 tspn of Salt
2 tspns of Ground ginger
1 tspn ground cinnamon
2 tspns grated nutmeg
1 tspn of bicarbonate of soda
275gms medium oatmeal
175gm black treacle
110gms dark brown sugar
150ml milk
1 Egg
Deep 18cm,square baking tin,non stick baking paper.

Preheat the oven to 180degC/160C fan/gas mark 4.
Grease and line the baking tin with the baking paper.
Sift flour, salt, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and bicarb of soda
Into a mixing bowl, then stir in the oatmeal.
In a pan melt the treacle, butter, sugar and milk together over
a low heat, and cool to lukewarm.
Beat in the egg until blended. Pour the liquid mixture into the
dry ingredients and beat well until smooth. Put into the tin and bake
for 1 hour. Cool in the tin for 10 mins, then turn out on to a wire
rack to cool completely. Store, wrapped, in an airtight tin for at
least three days before cutting.

A long history, traditionally Yorkshire Parkin is associated with
November, the first Sunday of the month being parkin Sunday. While
the age is unclear, it dates back several centuries to when oats were an
important staple in the diet of working class people in the north of
England. Early versions would have been plainer, made with dripping
and cooked directly

On a bake-stone or griddle on an open fire. The first published
reference was in 1728,from the West Yorkshire Quarter Sessions,
when Anne Whittaker was taken to court for stealing oatmeal to make
it.

OCTOBER SERVICES

Our services will centre around the Arley Villages, not the benefice, as follows: -

Services will commence at
10.30am. All Welcome!

Sunday 3rd St. Michael's New Arley

Sunday 10th St. Wilfrid's. Old

Arley Sunday 17th St. Michael's.

New Arley

Sunday 24th St. Wilfrid's Old

Arley

Harvest Festival

Sunday 31st .There will be a joint service at St. Wilfrid's this month

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If you are able to spare a little time on Saturday morning 23rd October to help in Church or bring something for our Harvest Table, that would be most appreciated, from 10am - 12noon. Thank you!

Thankfulness:

Are you thankful no matter what? Perhaps you have lost your job recently, as the economy has continued to struggle. Or you may have lost your health, or a loved one. Such circumstances can be tremendously difficult. But even so, we all have much to be thankful for. All way's give thanks for everything—no matter the circumstances! Thanksgiving for the Apostle Paul was not a once-a-year celebration, but a daily reality that changed his life and made him a joyful person in every situation.

Thanksgiving—the giving of thanks—to God for all His blessings should be one of the most distinctive marks of the believer in Jesus Christ. We must not allow a spirit of ingratitude to harden our heart and chill our relationship with God and with others.

Nothing turns us into bitter, selfish, dissatisfied people more quickly than an ungrateful heart. And nothing will do more to restore contentment and the joy of our salvation than a true spirit of thankfulness. In the ancient world, leprosy was a terrible disease. It hopelessly disfigured those who had it, and it permanently cut them off from normal society. Without exception, every leper yearned for one thing: To be healed.

One day 10 lepers approached Jesus outside a village, loudly pleading with Him to heal them. In an instant He restored them all to perfect health—but only one came back and thanked Him. All the rest left without a word of thanks, their minds preoccupied only with themselves, gripped with a spirit of ingratitude. Today, too, ingratitude and thanklessness are far too common. Children forget to thank their parents for all that they do. Common courtesy is scorned. We take for granted the ways that others help us. Above all, we fail to thank God for His blessings. Ingratitude is a sin, just as surely as is lying or stealing or immorality or any other sin condemned by the Bible. One of the Bible's indictments against rebellious humanity is that "although they knew God, they neither glorified him as God nor gave thanks to him" (Romans 1:21, NIV). An ungrateful heart is a heart that is cold toward God and indifferent to His mercy and love. It is a heart that has forgotten how dependent we are on God for everything. From one end of the Bible to the other, we are commanded to be thankful. In fact, thankfulness is the natural outflowing of a heart that is attuned to God. The psalmist declared, "Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving" (Psalm 147:7, NIV). Paul wrote, "Be thankful" (Colossians 3:15, NIV). A spirit of thanksgiving is always the mark of a joyous Christian. Why should we be thankful? Because God has blessed us, and we should be thankful for each blessing.

Bible Wordsearch

More puzzles at:
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Fit the words in the list into the diagram below reading forward, backward, up, down, diagonally, always in a straight line.

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

ABRAHAM	HUNDRED
AHAB	ISAAC
BAAL	ISRAEL
BLOOD	JEZEBEL
BROOK	JOURNEY
BULLOCK	KINGDOM
BURNT	KISHON
CARMEL	KNIVES
CAVE	LEAPED
CHILDREN	LORD
CLOUD	MOCKED
CUT	OBADIAH
DRESSED	PROPHETS
ELJAH	RAIN
ESCAPE	SACRIFICE
FORSAKEN	SERVANT
FOUR	SPIRIT
GATHERED	TRENCH
GROVES	WATER
COMMANDMENTS	
ANSWERETH	

After you find all the hidden words the left over letters spell out a Bible verse reading from the top left to the bottom right

----- Psalm 9

Childhood memories of a London lad (By Vic Murray)

In this article I am going back to 1952 when I was 8 years old. A neighbour had just knocked our door to speak to my dad. He had wanted to know if I would like to go with his son to join the local cub pack. I said I would even though I did not know what that meant. So it was that on the following Tuesday evening, a rather cold and dark night we set off for our first cub meeting. After twenty five minutes' walk we arrived at an old and tired building which had probably started life as a mission church. In front of us were three steps which led to a double door. Once inside we found ourselves in a small dark lobby. From which a second pair of doors led into a vast hall. On entering the first thing that caught your eye were three large pot belly stoves. All of which had very long chimneys disappearing up into the roof. The lack of a ceiling meant that most of their heat was wasted. The floor consisted of plain floorboards marked out for playing Badminton. We all found out to our cost that any direct contact with the floor resulted in splinters. The far end of the hall contained a large stage which was full of tables and chairs. These only came into service at social evenings and stage shows. The only seating within in the hall consisted of a few benches around the walls. These benches were dual purpose as they concealed cupboards in which various organisations kept their equipment. Close to the right hand wall stood about twenty boys who were all wearing green jumpers and caps. Alongside them stood a small group of ladies also dressed in green. Whilst we were watching one of the ladies called out for the boys to form a circle. When the circle was complete a boy moved into its centre. He was carrying a wooden pole with a wolf's head on it. He banged the wooden pole on the ground three times and shouted DYB, DYB, DYB. This was followed immediately by the rest of the boys shouting DOB, DOB, DOB. All this appeared very strange when you were watching for the first time. Then, when I found out the ladies were called Akela, Bagheera, Baloo and Shere Khan I was totally confused. However in the weeks that followed I learned all about the Jungle book and everything fell into place. Joining the cubs led onto to other groups that all played a major part in my life. Such as Scouts and youth club, both of which I first became a member and then went onto help as an assistant leader. It also started my journey to faith which apart from a few lapses has stayed with me to the present. Nearly seventy years later. It is highly possible that you will hear more about these organisations in the future. To you I finish by saying DYB, DYB, DYB. Which means Do Your Best, Do Your Best, Do Your Best.!

Thank you so much Vic, lovely to hear your wonderful memories. – Maureen

I've been coming here on Sundays:

I've been coming here on Sundays for seventy years or so,
'Twas here that I was Christened and 'tis here I want to go.
Now I know you all gets vexed about changes in belief.
Well frills on top don't matter , if you're comfy underneath.
I never lets it bother if I'm high or low or what,
While I've got me ten commandments.
I shan't go wrong a lot.
Now I likes the old fashioned prayer book
And they like A.S.B;
And they can have what pleases them,
And I'll read what suits me,
And half the hymns we sing these days
I've never heard before,
But I can stand and listen, and perhaps I'll learn some more.
All these guitars and instruments –
It's more than they had
Afore they put the organ in,
When my Grandad was a lad.
And I don't suppose God'll worry
He wouldn't make a fuss,
As long as all the singing's meant for Him, and not for us.
We've had clergy coming straight from college,
Full of summat new,
From incense on the altar to posters in the pew.
And I lets em all get on with it, 'cos all these fashions pass,
And you still do the flowers, me dear,
And I'll still clean the brass.
I got this seat I always have, no draughts and nice and near,
So I can hear the organ, and see the Vicar clear,
And I tells God what's been happening,
And what a week I've had,
And I thanks Him for the good times,
And He helps me through the bad,
'Cos all that really matters, as far as I can see,
Is that I, down here, remembers Him,
And He remembers me. (Barbara Robinson)

Let us Pray each day during October:

1	Let us pray for Rev.John and Frances for our Lords' blessed healing
2	During this interregnum Lord help us to keep focused on You
3	In these difficult times freshen, strengthen and help us Gracious God
4	Praying for those caring for their relatives-give them strength Lord
5	Let our Lord Jesus encourage you in every good deed and word
6	The strength of man follows the way God is going and follows Him
7	Thank you Lord for watching over us when we are feeling weak
8	Praying for our families and friends that our Lord will protect them
9	Dear Lord thank you for sending us Your grace when we're in trouble
10	Enjoy our Lord's gift of peace of mind and heart – do not be afraid
11	May you be blessed by the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth
12	Caring God we pray for you to protect the elderly and the lonely
13	We thank you God for all those who touch our lives
14	Give thanks to our God for His steadfast love that endures forever
15	Pray for all residents in sheltered dwellings in our villages
16	Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction and faithful in prayer
17	Thank you Lord, you are the light that keeps us safe and protects us
18	Faith reminds us that change is always possible
19	Walk boldly and wisely...there is a hand above that will help you on
20	Praying for those who mourn – bless them with comfort & healing
21	Pray for those who are ill in body, mind or spirit – be at their side Lord
22	When a train goes through a tunnel and it gets dark, you don't throw away the ticket and jump off. You sit still and trust the engineer.
23	Believe in our Lord, Faith makes all things possible
24	The greatest faith can be born in the hour of despair, then faith rises
25	Lets not get tired of doing what is good. God will bless us
26	Creator God we give thanks for the beauty that surrounds us all
27	My dear friend, never, give up! You will always be special
28	Praying for all our servicemen and women in this troubled world
29	Thank you Lord for the joy of music that brings happiness to us all
30	Praying for children starting school for the first time
31	Thank you God for the blessing of our children and grandchildren

Harvest Moon:

The swaying aspen glides before our eyes.

Entranced;

Unaware of snapping twigs,

Ignoring whipping branches,

We gaze at the orb

The hanging harvest moon,

Orange and glowing in an October sky.

Partners in a cosmic dance,

We creak across hoary grass

As the moon hovers, a fingertip away.

Our steps sing, gravel throated.

As we crunch along the moonlit path,

Wrapped in the frost scented evening.

A crust of light, the oak door swings

We stand inside a cornucopia,

Bearing our muddy potatoes and runner beans.

Lights flicker, spinning out from the cross,

Glancing off ruddy apples

Scented sweet peas overpower ,mingling with crumbly earth.

Our voices rise in praise and thanks

Spiralling upwards, to float to the moon. (Sian Midgley)

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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/