

ST. WILFRID'S & ST. MICHAEL'S
Meeting Needs, Bringing Hope, Sharing Love



Unto us a child is born

DECEMBER 21 NEWSLETTER

Churchwarden John Cox 02476.394802

Churchwarden Vic Murray X.D

THE HOPE OF CHRISTMAS:

Our world has been through one of the most turbulent seasons any of us have ever known in our lifetime. Having lived through several lockdowns and navigated many societal changes, it can feel like many things we took for granted now seem insecure and shaky. We've realised just how easily normal life can be overthrown or shut down. Perhaps you are looking for security amongst all the change. Perhaps you want to find something solid and dependable to build your life and hope upon. The state of our world and our lives may chop and change, but the story of Christmas—and, importantly, the hope it offers—never does. That's because Jesus, the central character of Christmas and our world, remains the same each and every day. He is the God of all power, love and strength who reaches out to us in the Bible's pages, offering us safety, security, a fresh start and an eternal home to belong to.

It's Him we want to share with you. We know that Jesus Christ can transform any and every life with His love and peace. He calls to each one of us: "Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest." And again he promises: "you will find rest for your souls." Last year we lost our normal Christmas experience. It's hard to say exactly what this year will look like. Yet the Christmas story remains the same. What's remarkable is just how relevant it is considering our current circumstances. We never choose to lose our comforts and security. We never sought to be vulnerable, but the main character of Christmas did. The Bible tells us that Jesus sits on heaven's throne, surrounded in glory and praise. 'Yet he gave up His divine privileges; he took the humble form of a slave and was born as a human being.' On earth he knew first hand what it was not to be in control. Not only was He born into a poor family, but one with a bad reputation (Jesus was conceived before Mary and Joseph were married. Mary was actually a virgin and the birth was God's miraculous provision; but who was going to believe that?) Then much of his childhood was spent as a refugee in another country because King Herod was intent on killing the boy which some claimed was a true king. Why would Jesus willingly subject himself to such vulnerability, suffering and uncertainty? Why did he make himself dependant on an inexperienced teenage mother when he should have been sitting on the throne of the universe.? He did it because he loves us. God knows all about the cracks in our world and in our lives – even in our hearts and minds, that's why he sent Jesus, his son, to show us where real security is found. Jesus explained, 'This is how God loved the world: He gave his one and only Son, so that everyone who believes in him will not perish but have eternal life'.

MBE

Midland Brass Ensemble



IN CONCERT AT ST WILFRID'S CHURCH

OLD ARLEY

9TH DECEMBER 2021 7:30 pm

THEY WILL BE PERFORMING MUSIC

WITH A CHRISTMAS THEME

AS A PRELUDE TO THE FESTIVE SEASON

**ADMISSIONN CHARGE IS £3 PER PERSON
THIS INCLUDES LIGHT REFRESHMENTS IN THE OLD BARN
HOPE YOU CAN JOIN US.
EVERYONE WELCOME**

Childhood memories of a London lad (By Vic Murray)

I am once again back in the 1950s. This time talking about our Front room and also Christmas. The Front room was the biggest and the best kept of all the rooms in the house. Yet most years it was only used on Christmas and Boxing Day. Due to its size it was difficult to keep warm. To take advantage of whatever heat was available. The settee and armchairs were positioned directly in front of the fire. The other furniture was against the walls. This had the effect of creating a passage way between the settee and rest of the room. The wall at right angles to the fireplace contained a large bay window. The perfect place in which to stand a large highly decorated Christmas tree!!! We started every Christmas morning in the kitchen. For that was the only room with a fire alight. Mum and Dad trying to get breakfast ready whilst my sister and I played with our presents. After breakfast Mum and Dad would watch us play until about 11:00 am. Then we would stop for a mid- morning break. It was our first taste of Christmas - Mince pies and Sausages rolls. With an accompaniment of fizzy drinks for us children, and Beer and Sherry for the adults. Once that was over my parents knew that they had to get moving. Mum would start with the dinner preparations and dad with getting the front room ready. For once we had finished dinner. We retired to it for the rest of the day. We only returned to the kitchen for three reasons. The first to make sure that the fire did not need coal adding. The second to force tea and supper down our throats. The third to take something for indigestion!!! Dad had two jobs to carry out before the front room was ready. The first was to get a fire lit. This he did by placing a coal shovel in to the hot kitchen fire. He then withdrew the shovel still full of the burning embers. This he then carried along the hall and in to the front room. Once the embers were in the grate he added kindling to get the fire to burst in to life. The second job was to make sure that we able to listen to the Queens speech. The problem was that we would be in the front room and the wireless was in the kitchen. (Notice Wireless and not Radio). The wireless only worked in the kitchen as that was the only room with an electric socket. Dad's solution was to connect a loose speaker in the front room by a cable to the wireless in the kitchen. This involved removing the back of the wireless and connecting wires inside. It just shows how important it was to hear the Queen's speech.

It is not often in life when your father risks burning the house down and getting electrocuted and all within the space of half hour. When Dad had finished in the front room he went back to the kitchen to help Mum with the dinner. Our Christmas dinner was just the same as everyone else's. A huge meal followed by plenty of indigestion. Then with the washing up done it was time to waddle off to the front room in time to hear the Queen. About 6:30pm Dad would say to Mum we had better get some tea ready. Then we would all file back to the kitchen to face another mountain of food. Believe or not Dad would say at 11:00pm who would like cold meat and pickles for supper. My finishing paragraph is about one of my favourite Front room and Christmas memories. Grandma came to our house on Christmas morning and returned back home on Boxing Day evening. We did not have a spare bedroom so Grandma slept in my bed. Fortunately for me the settee in the front room converted in to a double bed. So when everyone went up to a freezing bedroom. I went in to the front room where the fire was still blazing. It was the one and only night when I got undressed in a warm bedroom. Once in bed I would look up at the ceiling, and by the light of the fire I could see the balloons and the paper bells dancing in the air currents. If I strained to look around the corner of my bed I could just see the decorations of the Christmas tree. Everything looked so lovely. Then morning came and it was back to reality the fire had gone out and my room was even colder than all the others. Moving forward seventy years the sack at the bottom of my bed is just as empty Christmas morning as it was the night before. I hope that Santa brings you all you want. A happy Christmas and a peaceful new year to you all.



Thank you Vic for sharing your memories with us. – Maureen x

December Recipe:

GINGER BAKED PEARS: (Serves 4)

4 large pears
300ml/1/2 pint/ Whipping Cream
50gm/2oz/ Caster sugar
2.5ml/1/2 teaspn vanilla essence
1.5ml/1/4 teaspn ground cinnamon
Pinch freshly grated nutmeg
5ml/1 teaspn grated fresh root ginger.

Preheat oven to 190degC/375 F/ Gasmark5.

Butter a large shallow baking dish

Peel the pears, cut in half lengthways, and remove core.

Arrange cut side down, in a single layer in baking dish.

Mix together cream, sugar, vanilla essence, cinnamon, nutmen, ginger and pour over the pears.

Bake for 30 – 35 mins, basting from time to time, until the pears are tender and browned on the top and the cream is thick and bubbly.

Cool slightly before serving. ENJOY!

Glossy Chocolate Sauce: (serves 6)

115g/4oz caster sugar. 175gms/6oz plain chocolate broken into squares.

30ml/2 tblespns unsalted butter. 30ml/2tblespns brandy or orange juice.

Place the sugar and 60ml/4tblspns of water in a saucepan and heat gently, stirring occasionally, until the sugar has dissolved.

Stir in the chocolate, a few squares as a time, until melted, then add butter in the same way. Do not allow the sauce to boil.
Stir in the brandy or arrange juice and serve warm.

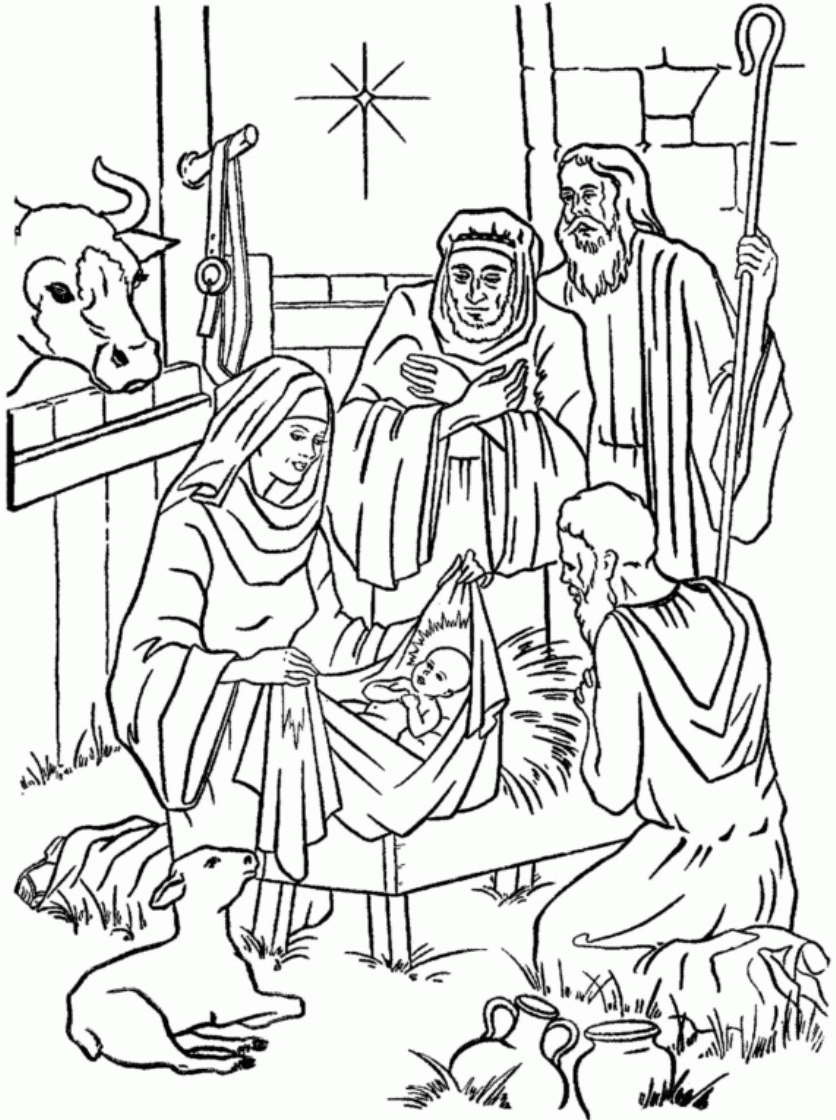
Delicious served over ice cream or hot or cold desserts, this sauce also freezes well.

Pour into freezer proof container, seal and keep for up to 3 months.
Thaw at room temperature. Enjoy.

Praying each day during December:

1	O Lord God what a special time for us all as we prepare to arrange for the birth of your Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ
2	Let us pray for Rev. John and Frances for their health and well-being
3	At this Holy time let us remember all our family, friends, & neighbours
4	Praying for all living in sheltered dwellings around our villages
5	Lord we pray for those who are sick in body, mind and spirit
6	During this winter season let us reach out to those in need
7	Praying for our churches to grow within our communities
8	Let us be aware of those who will find this Christmas very difficult
9	Thank you Lord for all those close to us and keep in touch
10	We are thankful Lord for our children and our grandchildren
11	May this month be a time for joy and much happiness
12	Praying for all our servicemen and women serving abroad
13	During our most challenging times Lord bless us with Your strength
14	Submit to God and be at peace with Him and good things will happen
15	Our Lord is faithful, and He will strengthen and protect you
16	The Lord's eyes are righteous and His ears are attentive to prayer
17	Be assured if you walk with Him, expect help from Him - He will not fail
18	Lord, how great Your loving kindness, Vaster, broader than the sea
19	The Lord our God is merciful and forgiving
20	Lord you do not stay angry at us forever - but delight to show us mercy
21	Be still in the presence of the Lord, and wait patiently for Him to act
22	How precious is your steadfast love, O God!
23	You, Lord are forgiving, good, abounding in love in all who call to You
24	Let us with a gladsome mind, praise the Lord, for He is kind
25	Give thanks - Our Lord Jesus Christ born to us on this blessed day
26	Be kind and compassionate to one another just as Christ forgave us
27	Endeavour to be always patient of faults and imperfections of others
28	It is by grace of God, and His gift, you have been saved, through faith
29	Lord God we ask for your divine healing on all who are suffering
30	Let us remember all who are hurting throughout this world
31	Let us look forward in hope to a healthy and happy New Year

Children's Colouring Page:



GOD IN THE GARDEN DURING DECEMBER: FROST:

The garden is resting, restoring its energy. But it can look beautiful.

What is more beautiful than frost on a hanging spider's web. Or even frost on ornamental grasses.? I love to see ornamental grasses at all times of the year, and when they are not being overshadowed by some showier colourful plants they seem to come into their own.

Although frost can be damaging, it is undeniably beautiful – a thin covering of ice crystals in intricate patterns. Frost crystals grow from water vapour in the air, and form near the ground. In this way frost patterns can form on plants, windows, fences etc.

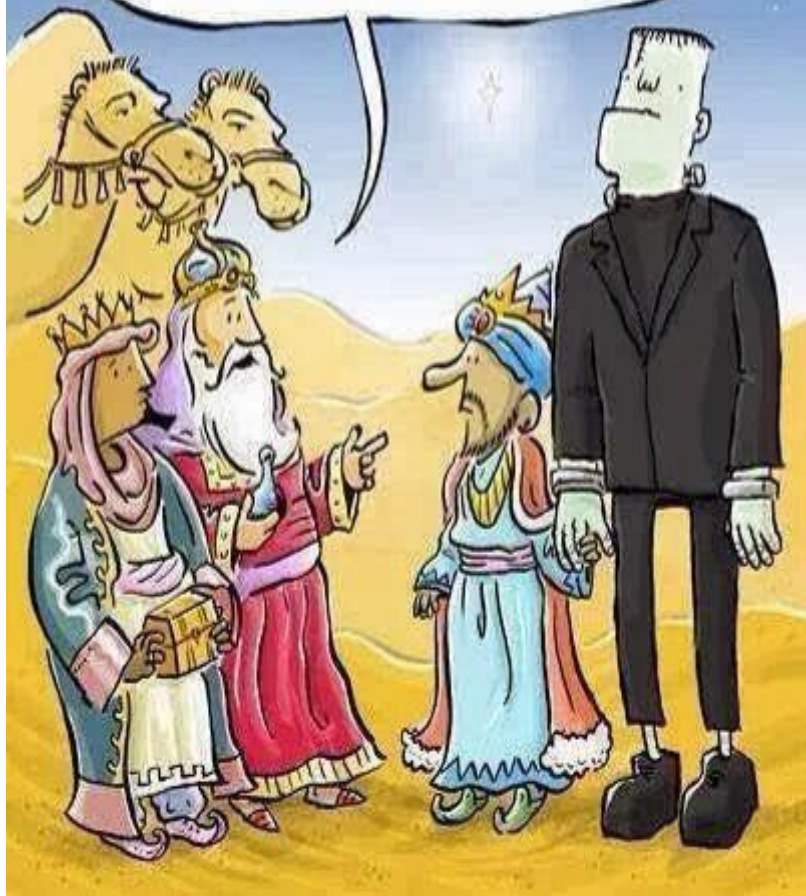
People are also unique and special. Unique things are priceless and beyond value. It is not always easy to remember how precious and unique an individual is when the world often seems to be dragging people down. But God reminds us how precious we are.

For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place, when I was woven together in the depths of the earth. Your eyes saw my unformed body, all the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be. How precious to me are your thoughts, God! How vast is the sum of them.

These words remind us that God is the perfect gardener. When Mary first went to the tomb and found it empty she thought Jesus was the gardener(John 20:15)How right she was. God, in the trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, is the perfect gardener for our lives. He has perfect plans for us.

Lord God, I submit completely to your plans for me. I know you made me and you love me as a completely unique and precious human being. Help me to grow in my trust and faith in you as the perfect gardener in my life. Amen

Right, we've picked up the gold and the myrrh...what on earth is THAT?!





AT ST. WILFRID'S

THERE WILL BE A SERVICE OF LESSONS AND CAROLS
ON THE 12TH DECEMBER AT 10:30am

IT REPLACES THE ANNUAL EVENING CANDLELIT SERVICE

THERE WILL ALSO BE A CAROL SERVICE AT ST MICHAEL'S ON
THE 19TH AT 10:30am

ON THE 24TH DECEMBER THERE WILL BE A JOINT BENEFICE
SERVICE AT ST JOHN:S ANSLEY COMMON AT 9:00pm

CHRISTMAS DAY A JOINT BENIFICE SERVICE AT ST LAURENCE
ANSLEY AT 10:30 am

BOTH OF THESE WILL BE COMMUNION SERVICES
PLEASE NOTE NEW YEAR SEVICES ARE AS FOLLOWS 1ST AND
3RD SUNDAYS AT ST MICHAEL'S 2ND AND 4TH SUNDAYS AT ST
WILFRID'S

**CHRISTMAS FAYRE AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH 10am -
4.00pm
SATURDAY 4TH DECEMBER. COME ALONG - LET US ALL LOOK
FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS!**

A LEGEND:

There's a beautiful legend
That's never been told
It may have been known
To the Wise Men of old
How three little children
Came early at dawn,
With hearts that were sad
To where Jesus was born.

*One could not see,
One was too lame to play
While the other, a mute,
Not a word could he say.
Yet, led by His Star,
They came there to peep
At the little Lord Jesus
With eyes closed in sleep.*

But how could the Christ Child,
So lovely and fair,
Not waken and smile
When He heard their glad prayer,
Of hope at His coming,
Of faith in His birth,
At praise in His bringing
God's peace to the earth.

*And then, as the light
Softly came through the door,
The lad that was lame
Stood upright once more
The boy that was mute
Started sweetly to sing
While the child that was blind
Looked with joy on the King!*

True stories from Anne about Whitacre – continued:

In the back garden there was a large laburnum tree and when I read Thomas Hood's 'I remember, I remember', when I grew older it reminded me of that garden. Part of the poem goes: -

I remember when,
My brother planted,
The laburnum on his birthday,
The tree is living yet.

The ground floor of the house consisted of two quite spacious rooms with the stair case going up between the two rooms. The kitchen/living room had a tiny scullery area which just fitted into an alcove. It consisted of a sink with a wooden draining board and a small gas cooker. In those days kitchens were strictly functional and not the show pieces we would all like to have today.

This room was dominated by 'the heirloom' a big sideboard with heavily carved doors and a huge mirror on the back. This piece of furniture had been left to Grandma when Great Aunt Eveline died. It had belonged originally to her husband, a clerical gentleman who was presented to him and his first wife on leaving a parish to go abroad on missionary work. My mother, ever scathing about the Ibbersons had said that Great Aunt Eveline had been housekeeper to the Rev. David Bailey, and he had only married her so he wouldn't have to pay her wages. Whether or not, she didn't do badly out of it because when he died she was able to retire in comfort in St. Annes. When grandma died the sideboard went to Aunt Eveline and her family to Leicester, where Eveline's husband Derrick had obtained a lectureship at the University. It didn't fit in with the new house they had bought so Mum and dad acquired it and it looked quite in keeping with Nightingale Cottage. Finally it came to me, and to my shame I allowed it to be chopped up. It did have woodworm but I could have treated that. However, my son who considered himself an authority on woodwork informed me that the piece of furniture was factory made and not worth anything. I took his word for it because it would have lived quite happily in my present house.

Incidentally, when I looked at the back of the sideboard there was a brass plaque which stated that the sideboard had been presented to the Rev. and Mrs. Bailey on leaving Ebenezer Methodist Church, Newcastle Under Lyme. The sideboard had returned home, we live only eight miles away from that Church. The sideboard had been to Africa, India and back to Yorkshire, and finally ended up its days in a North Staffordshire incinerator. Such a shame. If I carry on like this detailing history of every piece of furniture, this book will take me a hundred years to write, so I'll carry on into the front room.

The front door was never used, in fact a tallboy containing Auntie Clarice's things stood in front of it. By the war's end Grandma was all but bed-ridden with heart and kidney problems. Poor Auntie Clarice slept many years on the settee in what became her mother's bedroom because she needed help in the night.

I have only the vaguest memory of Grandma actually walking about apart from the couple of occasions she visited us. She lived with my two aunts, Clarice and Eveline, and would have preferred them not to marry, I think, and indeed Auntie Clarice, the elder, didn't marry until her mother died, - Auntie must have been about 48 then. They had a little Scottie dog, which they called Sergei and it scared me half to death because it nipped my ankles as I went upstairs.

There were two bedrooms upstairs and a proper bathroom with a flush toilet and a nice white bath with curly legs. In the back bedroom, which Auntie Clarice used to store her clothes; there was a dressing table with pots of cream for smoothing the skin. I used to open them up and sniff the contents savouring the flowery perfumes. We didn't have things like this at home, my mother was a strictly soap and water person although she did use a touch of lipstick on occasions and a dab of rouge on her cheeks. I avoided the vanishing cream, though, because I wasn't too sure what the effects would be. I poked my finger into other creams, however, smoothing them into my face and admiring myself in the mirror.

Grandma had some fascinating things, there was a box containing mottos on tiny rolled pieces of paper and a slide box holding slides which were slipped into a pair of spectacle type things which enlarged the picture and created a 3D effect. Most of the slides were of the religious variety, either showing beggars or lepers in foreign parts or parables like the 'Good Samaritan' and the Prodigal Son. All very fascinating, tough to children like us. Before Grandma was completely bedridden and had to sleep downstairs there was a piano in this room and she would sit and play, 'Bless this House' and I was required to sing to her accompaniment. All I can say is my voice must have been better as a child than is my adult voice, because even my own children, as soon as they could speak would say, 'Don't sing Mummy'

It seems when my father was a boy he had been sent to piano lessons which he absolutely hated, but Grandma wanted him to grow to be a little gentleman, so she insisted. He very soon learnt to hide his music case and go off into the field to play;. However, he was found out when his music teacher called to ask why Ivan was not attending lessons. He had a severe tongue lashing by his mother, but she decided she was wasting her money because he had no aptitude for the piano, so he was allowed to give up lessons much to his relief.

Thank you Anne for taking us a trip down memory lane. Maureen

Children's Corner:

'The Polar Express' by Chris van Allsburg:

The story begins on Christmas Eve-. A young boy wakes up in the middle of the night because the train is waiting for him outside his house. He got on the train and was surprised to see other kids on board. The train takes them to the North Pole, where they see Christmas elves and meet Santa Claus. The boy gets his first Christmas gift from Santa Claus. He can choose whatever he wants – the boy requests a bell from one of the reindeer's harnesses. When he returned home, the train ran away, but his bell was lost. The next morning at Christmas, his sister found a small gift for him under a tree. When he opened the gift, he saw that it was the bell that Santa Claus gave. When the bell rang, the boy and sister heard its sound, but not his parents. As the years passed, the boy grew. The boy remembers that for years, his sister and everyone else stopped hearing the bell, but he didn't, and that was just because his belief in the miracle of Christmas was the same.

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The Gift of the Magi by O. Henry.

This story is about a young couple, Jim and Della, poor but very loving. It's Christmas time and Della wants to buy a nice Christmas present for her husband – however, she has very little money. One of Della's treasured assets is her beautiful layered hair – but since she didn't have enough savings to buy Jim's Christmas presents, she cut and sold her hair for £20 and buy it. Perfect gift for Jim. Jim also sells his grandfather's precious gold pocket watch – something he holds firmly on his lap – to buy a present for her. When he returned home, Jim was dumbfounded when he found Della's new hairstyle. Della bought a watch strap for Jim's favourite pocket watch, and he bought precious hair combs for her long hair. When they receive gifts, they realize they are no longer helpful to them. The two sold their precious possessions to make each other happy, showing their love for each other. They sit together for dinner but are not angry. The story ends there, but the narrator compares the gifts Jim and Della gave each other with the gifts of the witches in the Bible. This story is about the personal sacrifices people make to their loved ones.

Beware of COVID Pass FRAUD 3.12.21

Simon Cripwell simoncripwell@warwickshire.gov.uk

Criminals are using the NHS COVID Pass as a way to target the public by convincing them to hand over money, financial details and personal information. They are sending imitation text messages, emails and making phone calls pretending to be from the NHS and offering fake vaccine certificates for sale online and through social media.

For more information, please

visit: <https://www.warwickshire.gov.uk/scams>

Simon Cripwell Senior Trading Standards Officer.

Warwickshire County Council Shire Hall (Post Room)

Northgate Street Warwick. CV34 4RL. 01926 738987 - 07771 975570


[£100,000 of Fakes Seized from Furnace End Market – Warwickshire County Council](#)

Warwickshire County Council Trading Standards, Warwickshire Police, and brand representatives visited Furnace End Market on Sunday 28 th November 2021. Over 6,600 fake branded products were seized, including: Canada Goose jackets; Adidas and North Face t-shirts

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Christmas is a season of joy and good will, of singing and merriment and of generosity. Christmas is a season of sharing and love.

Christmas is a season of concern for the needs of others, a season of the helping hand. And that's how it should be. For there is great satisfaction in making others happy.
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Heavenly Father, we praise you for all you have shown us in Jesus. As we prepare for Christmas, help us to remember the coming of Jesus.

We praise you for Mary and Joseph, the shepherds and the angels, the wise men and the star. We praise you for the carols we sing and the joy we share in celebrating the arrival of Jesus. We are all the more thankful that it is not just a story but a message of the birth of the Saviour of the world. Forgive us, Father if we spend too much time preparing to enjoy ourselves, that we forget those who have no joy this Christmas. Forgive us that as we decorate our homes, we forget those who have no home. Forgive us, as we welcome the baby in a manger, as we forget the man on the cross. We make our prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen 

Some Thoughts about Holiness by Corrie Ten Boon.

I am not indebted to you, nothing stands between us'. This is a greeting from Uganda, Africa.

How do we know in our lives that we have been set apart, have been made holy? By our actions and response, I remember how my sister Betsie grew in holiness. I once read a letter which said, 'Holiness is the Holy Spirit, a holy God in my heart, which makes me similar to Jesus'. The large number of prisoners in the concentration camp always felt a kind of threat. There were so many criminals amongst them and everything was so dirty. When you passed through a dense crowd, you always had to knock off the vermin that had settled on your coat. It often frightened me. Once one of those crowds appeared in the street and Betsie said, 'I love the crowd'. You see, it was a loving response, the Lord Jesus' response in Betsie. She could not have responded in such a way of her own accord. Wanting to be like Him is what had actually happened. When you come to think of it, you wonder how can it ever become a reality in me? How can we have a New Testament experience of holiness? An unconditional surrender is what you need first. Romans 12 v1 – 2 says; 'Therefore, I urge you brothers, in view of God's mercy, to offer your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and pleasing to God – this is your spiritual act of worship. Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is – his good, pleasing and perfect will.' You see a potter can only mould the clay when it lies completely in his hands. It requires complete surrender. When the Lord says to us, 'Give me your heart,' and we do so, then we need to trust that He will take it. This surrender is not only important when there are great events in our lives, but also in everyday life. My father was a watchmaker. He once said to me, 'My name is on my shop, but really God's name should be on the shop, because I am a watchmaker by the grace of God'. When you have surrendered to the Lord, He is with you. He is your Guide, and your Shepherd, forever. I mentioned the word *guide*. An alpine mountaineer, accompanied by a guide, will use the guide when the path is very easy and very straight, but also when it's steep and hazardous.

The guide will always be with him on a venture like that.

The same applies to the Lord. He is always with us. Today, while preparing a meal, while writing, while teaching, while doing office work. There might not be any difficulties today, Yes, that is quite possible, but your Guide is with you; the Lord is with you.

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.

Please contact Denise: 01676 541916 for more information.

Word search:

Christmas is Holy

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

Advent	camel	Gloria	Magi	shepherd
alleluia	ceremonies	gold	manager	Savior
angelic	Christ Child	goodwill	Mary	shepherds
angels	creche	holy	miracle	stable
announcement	donkey	incarnation	myrrh	star
astrologers	Immanuel	inn	nativity	wise men
bebe	Epiphany	Jerusalem	pageant	
baby	flocks	Jesus	Prince of Peace	
Bethlehem	frankincense	Joseph	proclamation	
birth	gifts	Lord	prophecy	

Little Quips® supplied by Vic the Quip®

After Christmas three children were asked what they had done on Christmas Day. One the son of a minister, said that the family had been to church, then arriving home had opened their presents and sung a carol. A Roman Catholic boy said he had been to Mass, then opened his presents and then later sung carols. A little Jewish boy said his father owned a local toy factory, and after breakfast they visited the factory, looked at the empty shelves and sang “What a friend we have in Jesus”.

1) Someone broke into our local corn flake factory. The police soon found the culprit because he is a cereal offender.

2) My friend who has a tarmac business is struggling to find work. It looks like he has come to the end of the road.

1 There’s a fine line between fishing and standing on the shore like an idiot.

2 Just got attacked by 6 dwarves. Not Happy.

3 I’ll never forget my dad’s face when I gave him his 50th birthday card, tears in his eyes, as he said to me, ‘One would have done.’

4 A father was washing his car with his son and the son asked, “Dad, can’t you just use a sponge like everyone else.

5 One day, a police officer pulls a car over and sees the backseat is full of penguins. The officer tells the driver, “You can’t be doing this, you need to take these penguins to the zoo!” The next day, the police officer pulls the same car over again, and says, “Hey! I told you to take these penguins to the zoo!” The driver says, “I did, and today I’m taking them to the movies!

6 Plateaus are the highest form of flattery.

A little girl climbed upon Santa’s lap. Santa asked, ‘And what would you like for Christmas? The child stared at him, open mouthed and horrified for a minute, then said, ‘Didn’t you get my e-mail?’

CHRISTMAS WORD SEARCH



BiblePuzzles.org.uk

ADVENT	ELVES	ROBIN
ANGELS	FAMILY	RUDOLPH
BAUBLES	FOOD	SANTA CLAUS
BELLS	HOLIDAYS	SCROOGE
BIRTH OF JESUS	HOLLY	SHEPHERDS
BOXING DAY	IVY	SNOWMAN
CAROL SINGING	MINCE PIES	STAR
CHIMNEY	MISTLETOE	TINSEL
CHRISTMAS CAKE	MULLED WINE	TURKEY
CHRISTMAS PUD- DING	PARTY	WISEMEN
CHRISTMAS TREE	PRESENTS	WRAPPING PAPER
CRACKERS	QUEEN'S SPEECH	YULELOG
	REINDEER	

An Unlikely Angel

It was 1999. A few days after Christmas, a black dog with a little white around his mouth wandered onto the front porch and settled in as if he'd lived here all his life. Whenever anyone left the house to do chores or walk next door to my brother-in-law's house, the black dog followed. He'd patiently wait until we were done, follow us home and lie down on the porch.

Inside, the house was full of sadness and quiet conversation. My 91-year-old father-in-law, Jim Cravens, was gravely ill. The family had gathered to see to his care, to cook and to welcome visitors. Jim and his wife, Dorothy, were beloved pillars of the community. This curious visitor gave us something new to talk about, a wonderful distraction. Whose dog was he? Did someone drop him off along the road? Did he intend to stay? Either way, it would be dark soon, and he would be cold. Jim sat in the rocking chair by the front window where he could watch the happy black dog's comings and goings. We called the radio station, animal shelter, newspaper, sheriff and several neighbouring farms about a lost dog. Meanwhile, we made him comfortable on the porch with food, water, and a blanket. The days leading up to New Year brought no news, and we were all just content that our companion had stayed around.

My father-in-law said he wanted to live long enough to see the new millennium, and he did. He passed away Jan. 2. That was the day the black dog left. Then the weather turned cold, and snow fell every day for the rest of the winter, it seemed.

Some-time later we heard that the black dog was a rescued dog living with a family about a mile and a half from the farm. They named him Bogart. The following summer Bogart returned to see us again. When his owners came to pick him up, we told them about his angelic Christmas visit, how he had comforted our family with his cheerful companionship. We wanted them to know how much that meant.

.....

TO ALL OUR READERS - WE WISH YOU AND
YOUR FAMILIES A LOVELY CHRISTMAS AND A
VERY HAPPY AND
HEALTHY NEW YEAR.

LOVE AND GOOD WISHES - FROM ALL AT ST.
WILFRID'S AND ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCHES.

XXXXXXXXX

A bundle of Nativity nerves

Three years ago, our neighbours decided to host a live Nativity. They spread fresh straw in their barn, mounted a star in the rafters and built a makeshift cradle in the manger. We got a call: Could we loan them a lamb? We said we'd love to help, but in December lambs are pretty much full-grown sheep. They are not handled, either, so they are somewhat wild full-grown sheep. We were afraid that when the children started doing what children do, the sheep might change their peaceful Nativity into a rodeo. No problem, our neighbours said. It'll all be just fine. We did have one ewe that had been at the fair, so she'd had a halter on at least once in her life. Our grandson, Jordan, knew how to lead a sheep and agreed to be her shepherd. We prayed for the best. On the day of the event, my husband, Jerry, went to the corral to catch the ewe, who was not pleased about it. Finally, the halter was secure, the sheep loaded in the pickup and headed for the neighbours' barn, and Jerry and I had our fingers firmly crossed. As he handed the rope to Jordan, Jerry reminded him to keep her head up and keep a short rope. As an afterthought, he suggested that if the sheep began to baa, Jordan might put his hand gently over her mouth. Meanwhile, in the Nativity, the wise men and women gazed with wonder and awe at the shining star in heaven as the young Mary and Joseph entered the stable with the pretend babe and laid him in the manger. Jerry and I wondered if a pretend sheep might have been a good idea, too, but it was a little late for that. As the violins began playing "Silent Night," Jordan led the sheep into the stable. Miraculously, as if sensing the solemnity of the occasion, she quietly walked up to the manger and looked in. We held our breath, but she never made a sound. She didn't so much as move a muscle during the entire narration. At the end, all the children hurried up to pet and hug her. Some had never seen a sheep. Our ewe just stood there, calm and respectful, as the children adored her. When Jerry unloaded her into the corral, she returned to her old self. The moment the gate was down, she leaped from the truck, bounded down the chute and rocketed over to her sheep friends, baaing all the way. Maybe she was eager to tell them about the miracle of the Christmas story, but she'd given us a little miracle of her own that day.

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God of immeasurable love, we seek to grow your kingdom in our parish. Send your Holy Spirit to give us vision and wisdom that we might grow in numbers in faith and in service to our villages, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen
.....

Christmas is a loving hug - Or roasting chestnuts on the rug.
Christmas is one's first snow - And wrapping presents up with bows.
.....

Christmas Morning through my window.
I beheld a lovely sight
As though the birth of Jesus,
Had cleansed the world pure white.
There was snow upon the housetops,
Tufted cotton on each tree,
And diamonds scattered in the sun,
As far as the eye could see.
Oh the peace and gentle stillness
In the softness of the air...
One might almost sense the brightness
of His blessed presence there.
Through the birth of Christ our Saviour
Born this Holy Christmas night.
May our lives through thought and actions,
Thus be sanctioned...in His light.

**“I will honour
Christmas in my
heart, and try to keep
it all the year. I will
live in the Past, the
Present, and the
Future. The Spirits of
all Three shall strive
within me. I will not
shut out the lessons
that they teach!”**

CHARLES DICKENS

If you wish to contact us for any reason, or to contribute a story or poem, Please get in touch by ringing 02476 – 394802. OR via our e-mail –

strowgerhouse@btinternet.com. We would love to hear from you!

Maureen & John.

**To checkout our church website ; NB:
www.arleycofechurches.org.uk/**