

ST. WILFRID'S & ST. MICHAEL'S

Meeting Needs, Bringing Hope, Sharing Love



NEW YEAR PRAYER:

Thank You Lord for giving me
The brand new year ahead.
Help me live the way I should
As each new day I tread.
Give me gentle wisdom
That I might help a friend,
Give me strength and courage
So a shoulder I might lend.
The year ahead is empty,
Help me fill it with good things
Each new day filled with joy
And happiness it brings.
Amen.

The Daily Bible Verses

<http://thedailyverses.blogspot.com> - www.facebook.com/thedailybibleverses

MAY GOD BLESS YOU AND YOUR FAMILIES THIS NEW YEAR.

JANUARY 2022 NEWSLETTER

Church Warden John Cox 02476.394802

Church Warden Vic Murray X.D.

Concert - St. Wilfrid's

I'm delighted to say that the concert by the Midland Brass Ensemble went ahead as planned. I should like to thank John Truman and the members of the group for a very entertaining evening. They gave a rendition of a number of carols and also a variety of popular tunes with a Christmas theme. I would also like to extend our thanks to John's wife Lorna who baked and supplied us with mince pies in the Old Barn to have with tea and coffee after the concert.

Many thanks to all those who came along to support the concert the weather was not very kind with wind and cold rain, it reminded me of the carol "In the bleak mid-winter" and was compounded by the fact that the heaters in the church malfunctioned; so thank you all again for your support.

The night in fact managed to raise a total of £114 for church funds.

John has said it would be nice to perhaps have an open air concert next year when the weather has warmed up a little.

There were carol services held at St Wilfrid's and St Michael's due to the current situation it was not possible to have the traditional candle light service so they took place at normal service times at both churches.

Due to the unavailability of clergy they were both lead by lay members of the congregations.

As we enter the New Year we hope that a new minister will come forward to lead us in our spiritual journey until that time comes we need to carry on relying on ministers or readers and lay members of our churches, attendances have dropped in line with the majority of other churches due to many reasons but the reality is that the time draws closer when it will become unviable to maintain the status quo and churches and things will have to change.

MANY THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE WORKED SO HARD OVER THE LAST YEAR TO KEEP OUR CHURCHES RUNNING.

Memories of a London lad (By Vic Murray).

It is the last Friday night of July 1956. In the morning I will be going on my first scout summer camp. My kit is laid out ready for packing. Like most of the other boy's kits it will be loaded into a military kitbag. Mine is from the RAF and donated by my uncle. First item in will be my bedding which consists of two army blankets fastened with blanket pins. Next in will be my new rubberised ground sheet. Clothing is basic as we will live in shorts and shirts. After that in will go my washing kit, the thing that is likely to get the least use. At the very top will be my two enamel plates and mug. Easy to find so I that I can be near the front of the food queue. Saturday is here at last and I am on my way to the scout hall. In front of me is an open back lorry bulging with camping gear. To which the scout's kitbags are added. Last on are the scouts who have to clamber up and find somewhere to sit. For that is how we will travel to our destination. After what seemed to be two very long hours we have arrived at the farm. The lorry is unable to get any closer so all the kit has to be offloaded at the entrance. Half an hour of trudging between the farm gate and the field and the kit is now where it needs to be. It is now the middle of the afternoon and the field has to be turned into living accommodation for twenty five scouts and three leaders' families. This involves erecting eight sleeping tents plus a large tent for kitchen storage. There also has to be a safety first tent for emergencies. Once the tents are in place there are only three tasks left to be done. The first is the gathering of twigs and branches for use on the fire. This is passed to the younger scouts. The second is the digging of a fire pit for cooking which goes to the older scouts. The final task is the assembly of the toilet block which is being dealt with by the leaders. All we are left with now is to cook and eat our evening meal and then chill out until bedtime. Sunday morning sees the start of our daily camp routine. Alarm call at 7:00am to get up and washed. Then straight over to the kitchen area to get the fire started. Without a fire there can be no hot breakfast. Then it is back to the tents for the daily kit inspection. This is followed by morning prayers and the raising of the Union Jack. The rest of the morning is spent learning various outdoor skills. It is then over to the kitchen once more to prepare and cook dinner. Afternoons start with a quiet hour. Then two hours free time. Some scouts will stay in camp and play games. The rest leave camp in search of a local tuck shop. At the end of free time it is back to the kitchen to get the supper ready. The evenings are spent in various leisure activities the highlight being the campfire. At the end of ten days it is time to go back home. We are all sorry that it has come to an end. Our parents are patiently waiting for twenty five dirty, tired and exhausted boys to appear. All in need of a good bath and long nights sleep



(Many thanks Vic for your memories)

Quips from Vic the Quip

Our house has been haunted by a chicken for more than three years. I guess it must be a poultrygeist –

The other day I started to behave like a cat. I wondered what had caused that I just thought Me How? –

What's Irish and stays out all night? Patio Furniture. –

Why didn't the turkey cross the road? Because he wasn't chicken.
–

Where do you find chili beans? At the North Pole. –

Why don't penguins fly? They're not tall enough to be pilots. –

What do you call a woman who stands between two goal posts?
Annette. –

What must you know to be an auctioneer? Lots. –

The problem with money is that it is tainted. It taint yours and it taint mine. –

When a clock is still hungry, it goes back four seconds. –

Two ladies were talking to each other over the garden fence. The first lady says we have to get a new bed. Our one is all humpy and bumpy and we just cannot sleep. The second lady says no do not waste your money. If each of you sleeps at the edge of your side of the bed. It will not be long before you drop off.

What kind of lighting did Noah use in the ark? Floodlighting

What do you call a Penguin in the Sahara desert. Lost!!

COLOURING PAGE



Name _____

Date _____

HAPPY NEW YEAR



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

FIREWORKS
COUNTDOWN
CELEBRATION

JANUARY
CLOCK
NEW YEAR

MIDNIGHT
FAMILY
BEGINNING

FRIENDS
PARTIES
PARADES

Luis Palau: (One Boy who changed the world)

Luis and his sister Matil crouched under the canvas sheet that was covering their Fathers' bags of cement. 'What's that?!' Luis jumped 'Shhhh'... Matil whispered . 'It's Dad's belt. We've had it now!' The pair huddled together. It had seemed a good game to pretend to run away from home. But it had turned sour on them. Both knew what the jingle of their dad's belt meant.

'Come out of there the pair of you!' Mr. Palau 's voice said, right above their heads. First Luis crept out, dusty and shamefaced. Then came Matil who was already in tears. 'Bend over', their father ordered. and both did.

Tea that night was not comfortable for two reasons. Mr. Palau's long prayer before they ate seemed to have more to do with asking forgiveness for sin than thanking God for their tea and their two bottoms were not comfortable for sitting on. Although Mr. Palau was strict, he loved his children very much and they knew it. One of the things that young Luis liked was creeping into his father's study in the morning. He knew he would find his father there, wrapped up in a poncho to keep himself warm in the chill of the Argentinian morning, and praying Luis loved hearing his father praying for him and the rest of the family. Somehow he felt that as long as his father was wrapped in his poncho and praying each morning everything would be alright. He might get rows, he would be punished if he was naughty, but everything would end up alright. 'Now you are seven', Mr. Palau said to his son, 'You're old enough to go to boarding school. What do you think of that? Luis didn't know what to think. He would have to stay in a dormitory with other boys. He would miss his family. 'Will there be midnight feasts?' he asked. His father laughed, 'There might be sometimes. 'It'll be brilliant!' the boy enthused trying to sound keen.

'But I'll miss you'.

'And we'll miss you big boy, Mr. Palou said, hugging him.' But we will be praying for you and you'll be praying for us, God will keep us close.

'Dear Mum and Dad', Luis wrote, after a few days at boarding school.'I miss you, I cried under the covers last night. Please let me come home' Then he tore the page out of his pad and started again . 'Dear Mum and Dad, I'm sharing a dormitory with other boys. Some of them are nice, and I'll be friends with them. Please write and please send me a parcel'. But he soon became used to boarding school and began to enjoy it. Every month he went home for the weekend. And that was how his life was for three years. 'There's a message for you, Luis' a teacher told the ten year old. 'Come to the phone please'. 'Luis', the voice said, 'It's your grandmother here, your father is very ill and we have to pray for him'. The boy's head spun and he felt suddenly sick. What if his

father died? 'I'll get a train ticket for you, and you go home tomorrow, your Mum wants you home. Luis didn't sleep he was thinking about his father. The journey lasted 3 hrs, he prayed for the train to go faster. When it stopped he jumped off and bolted home and fear made him not to want to be there. As he reached the bedroom door he heard his aunt say, 'So many children left without a father'. Suddenly he raced past his relatives, but the boy only stopped when he came to his father lying in bed, dead. He suddenly felt he was a little man with a broken heart. He went to another boarding school to further his education. 'I want to be a Christian, but I like things Christian's shouldn't like. At the end of his first year Luis went to a Christian camp and there he discovered that Jesus was who he needed and who he wanted. Luis' Mum was still missing her husband, but tears of joy rolled down her cheeks when he told her he was a Christian. In the years that followed Luis preached all over the country. Luis listened to people, helped where he could. It's estimated that over six hundred thousand people have become Christians at his crusades. One well to do lady was a Communist and led rebellions, she had been married and divorced three times and asked Luis if there is a God would he have anything to do with a woman like me? Later that morning what was supposed to be a revolution fizzled into chaos, and Ecuador was saved from a bloodbath. Quietly Luis opened his Bible, and told her God doesn't remember her sins.

Finally she said it would be a miracle if God could forgive her. Two months later Luis was in the woman's city of Ecuador, he called on her and was shocked to see her battered and bruised, when she told her Communist friends about becoming a Christian they beat her. Becoming a Christian means change. All who become Christians through Luis Palou's crusades have had their hearts changed. Some have changed their lifestyles, others their aims and ambitions. And a few, like that woman, have changed the future of a country.

GOD IN THE GARDEN IN JANUARY: REST:

It is sometimes hard to face the garden in this coldest of cold times. Most things lie dormant. That in itself is an extraordinary thing, and part of God's remarkable plan. So much is being achieved in the plant's resting phase. God encourages us to rest. It is the pattern he himself demonstrated in Genesis. We live in a world of busyness, where people seem to be rushing from one thing to another. And yet the Bible is packed with verses about patience. Psalm 37:7; Ecclesiastes 7:8,9. Lamentations 3:26; Romans 5:4, 12:12; 1 Corinthians 13:4; 2 Timothy 3:10; and Revelation 14:12 all encourage us to be patient. Such patience is at odds with the spirit of the age. We can access all the information known to humanity in the press of a button anytime day or night, but watch out if your computer slows down a little. We seem to be conditioned to be impatient. We're like children. Everything is so instant that some people just can't bear waiting; everything has to be now, now, now. And yet God clearly recommends patience, not just recommends but commands it! The Bible commands patience from us because God wants the best for us. A garden needs to rest for it to produce good fruit. And so, too, do we.

See how the farmer waits for the land to yield its valuable crop, patiently waiting for the autumn and spring rains. (James 5:7)

Think about these words and enjoy resting as you look at your garden, perhaps from the warmth of your house through a window.

Consider these questions about the verse. What kind of precious fruit can be grown in your life? When do you find it hard to be patient? When do you find it easy? What could the metaphor of a garden at rest represent in your own life?

Dear Lord, thank you for the seasons, for the seasons of growth and seasons of rest. Thank you that you know what's best for me. Help me to grow patience as I trust in you. Amen.

Other possible gardening tasks this week include – clearing borders and raking up leaves. Topping up bird baths. Pruning red currant bushes, cutting back side shoots to a single bud. Take Chrysanthemum cuttings.



Thanksgiving:

Paul, Sylvanus and Timothy, To the Church of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace to you and peace .We always give thanks to God for all of you and mention you in our prayers, constantly remembering before our God and Father your work of faith and labour of love and steadfastness of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Grace and peace are two profoundly Christian attributes that stem directly from the character of God himself. Throughout the Bible, we see the grace of God at work over and over again, supremely in the way that God came to dwell among us as a vulnerable human being. The peace of God, as Paul says elsewhere 'Passes all (human) understanding' and is only found in God. It is this place that (keeps) our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, as Anglicans hear in the blessing at the end of every Communion service.

These are the precious gifts that Paul longs to be experienced by the readers of these two short letters. They are full of warmth and encouragement that give rise to deep thanksgiving. It has not been long since he was experiencing their faith, love and hope for himself. We might imagine him explaining to them what grace looks like from God's perspective and then how could they experience it in their own lives through the love of the Lord Jesus. This was indeed good news and the Thessalonian Christians were those who had received it gladly and committed themselves to living it out. Paul had to leave them, trusting that grace would keep them and remembering their work of faith, labour of love and steadfastness of hope as evidence that the seed he had sown had begun to grow. What would this kind of faith, love and hope look like in our communities today? Examples of Christians demonstrating these characteristics during the pandemic abounded; praying for streets and communities, social media groups for encouragement and support, food banks and everyday caring for neighbours.

Are there people in our lives for whom we are constantly thankful, who demonstrate faith, hope and love that radiates out to others? Let us pray for them.

Update:



ARLEY CHURCH SERVICES FOR JANUARY:

2nd January 2022 10.30am at St. Michael's New Arley

9th January 2022 10.30am at St. Wilfrid's Old Arley

16th January 2022 10.30am at St. Michael's New Arley

23rd January 2022 10.30am at St. Wilfrid's Old Arley

30th January 2022 10.30am at St. Michael's New Arley

RUTH:

Ruth looked at the envelope again. There was no stamp, no postmark, only her name and address. She read the letter one more time...

Dear Ruth, I'm going to be in your neighbourhood Saturday afternoon and I'd like to stop by for a visit. Love Always, Jesus. Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special. I don't have anything to offer." With that thought, Ruth remembered her empty kitchen cabinets. "Oh my goodness, I really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner." She reached for her purse and counted out its contents. A few shillings. "Well, I can get some bread and cold cuts, at least." She threw on her coat and hurried out the door.

A loaf of french bread, a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk...leaving Ruth with very little change. Nonetheless, she felt satisfied as she headed home, her meagre offerings tucked under her arm. "Hey lady, can you help us, lady?" Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans, she hadn't even noticed two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags. "Look lady, I ain't got a job, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street, and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting hungry and, well, if you could help us, lady, we'd really appreciate it."

Ruth looked at them both. They were dirty, they smelled bad and, frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to. "Sir, I'd like to help you, but I'm a poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him." "Yeah, well, OK lady, I understand. Thanks anyway." The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley. As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart. "Sir, wait!" The couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them. "Look, why don't you take this food. I'll figure out something else to serve my guest." She handed the man her grocery bag. "Thank you, lady. Thank you very much!" "Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering. "You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one." Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders. Then smiling, she turned and walked back to the street. . . without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest. ' Thank you very much!" Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door and worried too. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox. "That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She took the envelope out of the box and opened it. Dear Ruth, It was so good to see you again. Thank you for the lovely meal. And thank you too, for the beautiful coat. Love Always, Jesus

JANUARY RECIPE:

SODA BREAD:

1KG(2LB) PLAIN FLOUR
2 TEASPNS SALT
1 TEASPOON BICARBONATE OF SODA
1 TEASPOON CREAM OF TARTAR
50GMS (2oz) BUTTER OR MARGARINE.
600ML (1 PINT) BUTTERMILK
FLOUR FOR SPRINKLING.

SIFT THE DRY INGREDIENTS INTO A MIXING BOWL
AND RUB IN THE FAT.

ADD THE BUTTERMILK AND MIX QUICKLY TO A
SOFT DOUGH.

TURN ON TO A FLOURED SURFACE, KNEAD LIGHTLY
AND DIVIDE IN HALF.

SHAPE EACH HALF INTO A ROUND ABOUT 5CMS
(2INCHES THICK AND PLACE ON A FLOURED
BAKING SHEET.

CUT A DEEP CROSS ON THE TOP OF EACH LOAF
AND SPRINKLE WITH FLOUR.

BAKE IN A PREHEATED HOT OVEN, 220C. (425F)
GAS MARK 7. OR 25 – 30 MINUTES.
TRANSFER TO A WIRE RACK TO COOL.

MAKES TWO 500GM (1LB) LOAVES



True stories from Anne about Whitacre –continued:

The family had not always lived at 2 Reasebeck Terrace. When Grandpa was alive they had lived at a large house named 'Quarry House' which literally sat on the top of the Quarry. The house must have gone with Grandpa's job because when he died they had to leave – a bit of a comedown for Grandma. My Grandmother was a complex character – a formidable woman and very possessive of her family. She was the only daughter of a miner but having married into the Ibberson family she had delusions of grandeur. She had been a barmaid and met my grandfather in the public house. He was some twenty years older than her, the youngest member of his family and a bit of a black sheep. Grandma always said that Grandpa's family had owned a nail factory but I think they were probably 'little maisters' nail making from the house-a sort of cottage industry. Perhaps in time they had employed people and built up a business. They certainly owned property in the Mapplewell area in those early days.

My Great Grandmother had kept a dame school, these were schools set up in the homes of women who had had some education and they taught the three 'R's' to village children. The rocking chair in the back bedroom at 2 Reasebeck Terrace had belonged to her. One night when I stayed there we were talking about ghosts and spooky things and I could swear that I woke in the night and saw the chair rocking by itself. I barely slept a wink after that. Most of my Grandpa's large family seemed to have all done well. His oldest brother, George Andrew had been a Bank Manager and his sisters all made good marriages. He, himself, was an Engineer and had a good job, they must have been reasonably comfortable because there are photographs of the family taken at the seaside, solemn photographs of all the residents taken outside the guest house and this was quite unusual for that time to have nice family holidays. My Mother had her first holiday when she was quite grown up and then she only went to 'bed and cruet', this was the poor man's holiday. The guest house provided the bed but you had to provide the food which the landlady would cook and she allowed use of her condiments.

Although Grandpa provided well for his growing family, he was, unfortunately, a drinker and would go off on 'benders' for days at a

time. When, in my early married days, my young husband caused me some distress because of his drinking habits my father asked me not to cause quarrels in front of the children because he remembered being upset when he listened to his parents arguing after Grandpa's return from one of his escapades. Far easier said than done. My grandmother became very anti-drink and I could understand how she must have felt as a young mother faced with similar problems to the ones I was to face many years later.

They married in about 1907 and soon after a little boy Arnold was born followed eighteen months later by my father Ivan. Grandma was very pregnant with her third child when a dreadful tragedy occurred. Little Arnold proudly wearing his new cap had gone out to play. This was long before the days of motor traffic so little ones played in the village street. Someone told her that a child had been found drowned in the mill pond. Shortly after Auntie Rachel came, she pointed skywards and said, 'You've a grand little angel in heaven'. The little lad had reached over to recover the new cap that had fallen into the water, but he lost his balance and fell in and was drowned in quite a small amount of water.

The day before he died his father cut the boys hair. Grandpa had picked up a golden curl from the floor and placed it on the mantle shelf. That curl, wrapped in tissue paper, remained with her precious things until she died, she would often take it from its tissue and cry when she saw it. She told me that she had gone into labour when she heard the terrible news, the little body was carried back to the house and Arnold lay in his coffin screened by a blanket over a clothes horse while she gave birth in the parlour.

On the day of his funeral she could only look through the window, cradling her new born daughter as they carried her first born to his last resting place. For weeks after that my father would swing on the gate looking up and down the road asking where Arnie had gone. Whenever Auntie Eveline brought her children to stay with us Grandma's last words would always be, 'Don't let them go near the water'

Two more children arrived in quick succession. Phillis and Joseph and after a number of years Eveline. My father was sixteen when she was born so there was quite a large gap. He loved her dearly and called her Nevie or Blossom.

Maureen x

Thankyou Anne for our trip down memory lane.

More Thoughts about Holiness by Corrie Ten Boon

We know that when difficulties arise. He will not let us down.

I know from experience. I accepted the Lord Jesus when I was five.

And He has never let me down! There will be many battles to fight, but one day there will be peace, and we will never be alone in our struggle.

The Holy Spirit can do that, and your secret weapons your relationship with Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit. If it is difficult, call on Him. We need to surrender to Him, commit ourselves. It can be accomplished by grace. God will do what is necessary to shape you. Otherwise it will never happen. And when you surrender, God will purify what He takes, and He will empty before He purifies. And then He will fill what He has emptied, and what He has filled, He will use. It means you are living out the Jesus Christ living in you. It doesn't stop at surrender, just like marriage doesn't stop at the wedding. You see Holiness can bring about a new conflict. We need to take care. The Devil wants to lead us into the energy of our inner selves. Preaching yourself, relying on yourself, boasting about your faith, taking pride in your own experiences. And then the Devil will say, 'Revel in your own experiences'. But that is not right. You should not rely on past experiences. It may strengthen your faith, but holiness is living out the Jesus Christ living in you. It will become a kind of process of daily surrender. An exercise in obedience. The Christian who compromises, who has only partly surrendered, will find life really difficult. Nobody can serve two Lords. When you hear this, you might say, 'Yes, I can see, but my faith isn't big enough'. However this is not the time to reflect on your faith. You should look at the Lord. Once waiting at a primitive bridge in New Zealand, we were travelling by car, but we didn't dare cross. First, one of the men decided to investigate, and decided it was strong enough. Very often we look at our faith, we know its big and strong, but we shouldn't investigate our faith, we should investigate the bridge. We should not rely on ourselves, but on Him. And when we look to Jesus, we know He is strong. The Holy Spirit will not desert you, his peace will reign in your heart. The Lord has selected you for His service. When you climb a mountain it does not mean you have reached Mount Everest.

Lord Jesus, we praise you, and thank you when you repair our faith when it doesn't work very well. Amen

CARRY YOUR BOOKS?

A Joyful toon by Mike Waters



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Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.
-1 PETER 5:7 KJV

May the strength of God pilot us
May the power of God preserve us
May the wisdom of God instruct us
May the hand of God protect us
May the way of God direct us

St. Patrick.

THE NEW YEAR:

A full century ago my great, great grandfather reminisced in a New Year's sermon over the changes he had witnessed in his 79 years. "Our letters were sealed with wax, and postage was 15 pennies. There were no stamps, no envelopes, no steel pens, but our thoughts were 'wafted on the pinions of a grey goose quill.' The typewriter, photograph, telephone and telegraph have been invented. In college I saw Morse's horse-shoe magnet," he recalled. Perhaps you can remember the first televisions. Today the Internet shrinks the globe. "The first of the century grass was cut by a scythe; grain by a sickle, and thrashed with a flail," recounted the Rev. Charles Henry de Long. "I remember cradling my father's wheat and holding horses to tread out the grain." Today huge combines do the work of many men. My 93-year-old mother can remember her father's horse and buggy. In our lifetimes men have walked on the moon, and every five years our scientific knowledge doubles. What has been constant throughout the past century? Change. Yet the pace of change itself seems to be accelerating. How do we prepare for change? One of my heroes is Joshua. Moses, that towering figure who had led Israel for 40 years, was dead. Now his assistant had to step into Moses' giant sandals and assume leadership in the most precarious and unsettling of times. Israel was about to cross the Jordan River at flood stage and attack the heavily fortified city of Jericho. The Israelites had been slaves, then desert nomads. What did they know of war? They couldn't stay where they were, but to go where God was leading was frightening, fraught with change. God prepared Joshua with these words: "Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go" (Joshua 1:9). Change is one constant, but the other constant is God himself, the One who never changes, who sees the end from the beginning, and for whom the future holds no surprises. God has made us a solemn promise: to be with us always. That promise holds wherever we are, and is not invalidated by the unexpected. In whatever success we enjoy, amidst whatever failure we suffer, God has promised to be there with us. I really don't like roller coasters. I don't like to scream all the way down. I don't like fear. Unfortunately, life in the new millennium is likely to be that kind of ride, with its dizzying heights, its gut wrenching turns, and its freefall downslopes. But we have a seatmate who is God himself, there to steady us, protect us, and guide us. Today he repeats to us those timeless words that echo across the centuries and millennia: "Be strong and courageous. Do not be terrified; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go."

TRUSTWORTHY?

There are six things that the Lord hates, seven that are an abomination to him; haughty eyes, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that devises wicked plan, feet that hurry to run to evil, a lying witness who testifies falsely, and one who sows discord in a family.

Today's reading from the book of Proverbs echoes the ninth commandment not to bear false witness (it's worth noting that different

Christian traditions number the commands slightly differently). Amid the seven sins listed in the passage, lying and false testimony are both listed as an abomination to God – a typically Jewish poetic repetition to underscore their importance. Faithfulness and honesty run through the commandments. Without them relationships become strained and fraught. In recent years western society has been battered by fake news, spin, unsubstantiated opinion, conspiracy theories, manipulative advertising, deep running prejudice and bare faced lies. Social media and the internet have become breeding grounds for lying tongues'. We have seen disease affect our industrial, commercial and political life, resulting in a deep cynicism among many people. Without that honesty trusts breaks down and society starts to seize up.

Agatha Christie's detective Miss Marple appears as a gentle old lady, but she has a sharp mind and a deep desire for justice. There is a point in one story where a character asks why they hadn't realised who the murderer was. Miss Marple replies, 'Because you believed what he told you. It's very dangerous to believe people – I haven't for years.'

In a UK survey, politicians, journalists and estate agents came out as the least trusted professionals. Doctor's judges, teachers and scientists were the most trusted. Levels of trust in Church ministers have fallen in recent years and, though they remain one of the most trusted professionals, they were recently pipped by hairdressers. Scandals and accusations of hypocrisy have undermined trust in some of the churches too. That trust will take years of hard and humble work to rebuild, but it is work that must be done – in church and society – for the good of all.

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.

(The following is an extract of a letter from Geoff Kimber former Rector of Arley)

KIMBER CHRISTMAS LETTER DECEMBER 2021

Hello all! This year has been full! January-August was the vacancy in this parish, with us taking our place on the rota for services. It was not a pleasant few months, and the new vicar has a great deal of 'clearing up' to do. We have seen much more of the family once restrictions were lifted and it's been great to have them here for holidays,

We celebrated 50 years of marriage in July with a family day at Dyrham Park National Trust followed by a barbecue at Robin and Elena's new home in Chippenham. Fantastic! We also celebrated Geoff's 75th birthday in May and enjoyed a few days in Suffolk.

I chair the churches' night shelter group, who are frustrated that they cannot provide sleeping accommodation in churches at the moment because of Covid restrictions, but are helping with providing hot food once a week for hungry and homeless people (Why is this necessary in one of the world's richest countries?) Gill writes I rejoice in belonging to St Boniface, with its mission outwards to the community as well as ministering to those who come to the building. I prepare the power point and lead worship twice a month, and currently work with the Church Army captain's wife to develop outreach to women.

The family have kept well and stayed in work, which is a blessing. • Hannah is a senior lecturer at Derby University and is also working on her PhD. Naomi (16) has just started sixth form and Anna (14) is doing well at school. • Caris continues as a consultant surgeon at Medway hospital and does lots of governance work, so she's now deputy medical director. Her husband Ian is training for the priesthood, and Izzy (14) and Josh (13) are at a secondary school not far from their home. • Jules still works part-time at a Christian charity and has also started training for the priesthood. Nathan (11) began secondary in September and Caleb (9) continues at primary. Jules' husband Ian teaches maths and science for the NHS. • Rob and Elena are enjoying their home in Chippenham and being near to Elena's parents in Bath. They are both able to work from home, while Ariana (4) and Sasha (1) go to an excellent nursery nearby

Jules will be fourth generation to be ordained, together with her and Ian, there will be quite enough priests in our family.

this comes with our love and best wishes for a joyful Christmas and a peaceful new year. Gill and Geoff.

Prayers for each day during January:

1	Lord we give you thanks for bringing us safely through Christmas. We pray you will bless us and give us courage to face the New Year
2	We pray we will have a Vicar to guide us through the year ahead
3	Let us pray for comfort for the lonely and all those who live alone
4	Praying for all who are sick in body, mind or spirit, Lord we ask for your blessed healing upon them.
5	Teach us good Lord to serve You as You deserve
6	Lord God, show us your unfailing love in your wonderful ways
7	O God, be our guide. Restore us to You through Jesus Christ
8	The Holy Spirit helps us in our weaknesses and intercedes for us
9	Let us pray for all those who are suffering, bring them Your comfort
10	Lord, Give us confidence and hope, and help us to be patient
11	God there is no limit to You performing miracles – thank You
12	Whatever things you ask for in prayer – believe you will receive
13	Give up your burdens to the Lord, and he will take care of you.
14	Let me be slow to do my will, prompt to obey, keep me & guide me
15	Praying for all residents in sheltered dwellings in our villages
16	It is good to give thanks to the Lord and sing praises to Him
17	We entrust our Spirit into your hands - Rescue us faithful God
18	Search for the Lord and for his strength, continually seek Him
19	Take control of what we say, O Lord, and guard our lips
20	Praying for all undergoing hospital treatment at this time
21	Lord, make us instruments of your peace, and where there's sadness bring us joy
22	Bring peace Lord to this war torn world, help us reach out to others
23	Restore to us the joy of your salvation, make us willing to obey you
24	Praying for all families suffering with Covid ,bless them, heal them
25	Have mercy on us and forgive us, that we may delight in your will
26	We pray for those who mourn the loss of a loved one
27	Restore us, O God, and make your face to shine upon us
28	Praying for our families and friends & ask for your blessing on them
29	Lord we pray our village churches will grow & enable us serve you
30	Keep us focused on You at all times knowing you are always with us

(Pray for honesty and integrity within every part of the life of our society)

Omicron phishing email scams and other scam warnings from Warwickshire Trading Standards

Recent scams and rogue trader incidents reported by Warwickshire residents and Christmas scam campaigns

Email hacking. Warwickshire Trading Standards has been made aware of instances whereby individual's email accounts appear to have been hacked and bogus messages sent out.

The messages usually ask for the recipient's help to buy a gift card (for a relative of the sender's birthday). The sender normally states that they are travelling and can't do it themselves. They may direct the email recipient to visit their local supermarket or shop and may even name the store to make the email look more authentic. The sender always promises to refund the money as soon as they can.

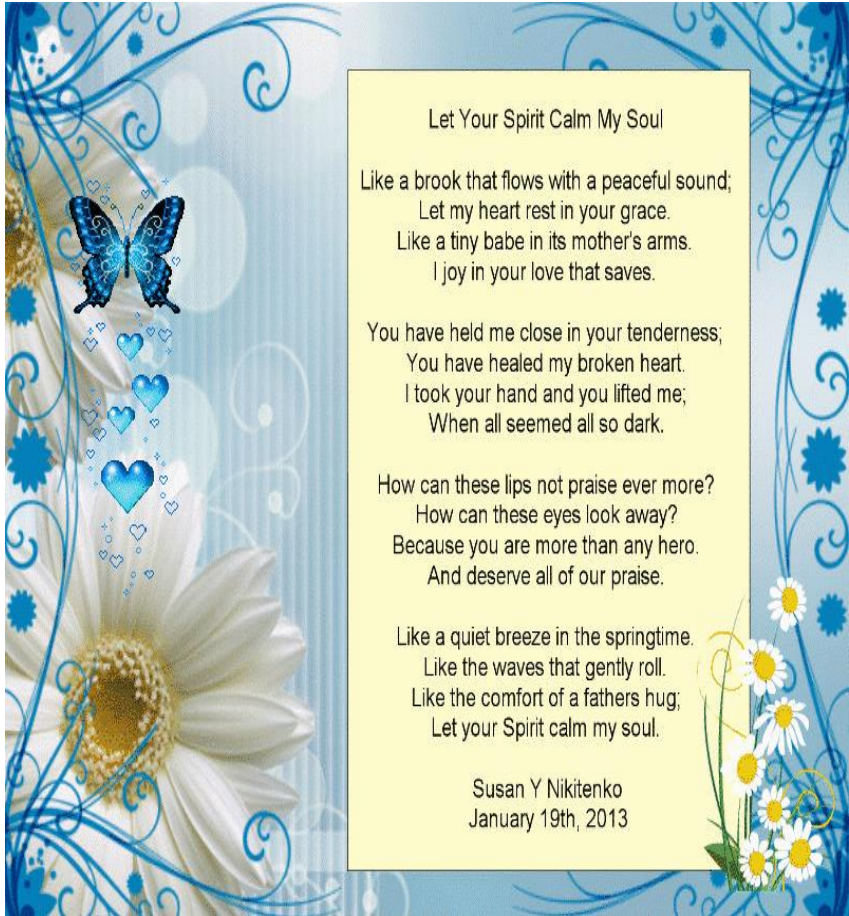
Victims of this crime have lost money after buying a gift card and sending the card number to the criminals by email. The fraudsters don't require the physical card, only the card number. The fraudsters either send out an email directly from the hacked email account to everyone in the person's address book or copy the address book and create a new account with a similar email address (the new email might have an extra letter in it for example or use a different provider). This way, even if the victim regains control over their account, the fraudsters can continue to send out bogus emails that could be mistaken for genuine ones. If you believe your email account has been hacked, try to change your password as soon as possible and visit your email account provider's website for further advice. If you have received an email that you believe is bogus, you can forward it to the National Cyber Security Centre (NCSC) email: report@phishing.gov.uk For further information visit: <https://www.gov.uk/report-suspicious-emails-websites-phishing>

Omicron variant PCR test phishing emails

Criminals have already begun to use the Omicron variant to attempt to scam residents. Which? have issued a warning that scammers are already sending fake emails about the new Omicron variant of Covid, to steal personal data and bank details. For more information, advice and to see what the scam phishing emails look like, visit info above:

Love and good wishes to you all for a wonderful 2022

From all our Church family xxx



Let Your Spirit Calm My Soul

Like a brook that flows with a peaceful sound;
Let my heart rest in your grace.
Like a tiny babe in its mother's arms.
I joy in your love that saves.

You have held me close in your tenderness;
You have healed my broken heart.
I took your hand and you lifted me;
When all seemed all so dark.

How can these lips not praise ever more?
How can these eyes look away?
Because you are more than any hero.
And deserve all of our praise.

Like a quiet breeze in the springtime.
Like the waves that gently roll.
Like the comfort of a fathers hug;
Let your Spirit calm my soul.

Susan Y Nikitenko
January 19th, 2013

If you wish to contact us for any reason, or contribute a poem or story, please get in touch with us by ringing 02476.394802. or via e-mail –strowgerhouse@ bt internet.com. We would love to hear from you!. Thank You. Maureen & John

**Checkout our church website
www.arleycofechurches.org.uk**