

WHITTLESEY QUEEN ST CHURCH

Methodist / United Reformed



Fresh Horizons

Spring 2024

Published quarterly



Editorial

It seems quite a while since the last issue was published, a result of changing to a quarterly Magazine! I hope you enjoy the change of emphasis in content this time and feel able to contribute to the next (Summer) one?! This edition is timed to be with you in time for Easter and is intended to complement Tim's weekly Flyer which provides details of all upcoming services and events and I hope it's something you'll keep beside your chair to delve into from time to time! Ed...



Hopefully with winter behind us, we need not worry about scenes like these for a while?!



From our Minister

Happy Easter when it arrives. Easter is about death and resurrection. Here at Queen Street, we see this, and live it every day. We remember, with sadness the passing of members of our community who have given their lives to Christ who were being loved here and loved being here. That is tough. Our thoughts and prayers are with all who grieve or face life-change that is forced upon them. And yet without death there cannot be a resurrection. That same power that raised Jesus from the dead is at work in our own lives. Hence, even though some aspects of journey as we press on will be challenging, we rejoice that we are breathing, and even that we are sweating - occasionally.

The growth of our church, with new members joining us, is truly remarkable. It is not easy to pinpoint a single reason for our success (after all, Jesus says, 'The Wind Blows Wherever it Pleases' when talking about the Spirit's movement – John 3:8). One reason that makes sense is simply that people can see how the Christian faith works in us all. We live out what it means to accept Jesus as Lord, and centre our lives around him (What would Jesus do?). Newcomers can feel the peace, energy, and the excitement we have for wanting others to experience it for themselves. On the one hand we declare this in our worship. On another it is implicit in all that we do. And by the way, whilst we want to respect anyone who would prefer to sit down quietly, we do not have any pillars to hide behind, and before long if you sit for long enough, someone will ask for your help in doing a job.

I also want to say a word about change. Change can be challenging, especially as we navigate the growing pains that come with expansion. In our church we are adapting and evolving continually, always seeking to understand where and how God calls us to serve. The scope of what we do, and how people can join in helping lead that, is impressive. Currently, we are experiencing a significant shift in leadership – particularly at trustee level - with long-

serving members making space for new leaders. This transition is filled with mixed emotions, ensuring that those stepping back remain influential with their invaluable wisdom, while those stepping up feel adequately supported and not overwhelmed. Despite the challenges, what's unfolding is truly joyous. As our church grows, the tasks and responsibilities may seem daunting, and at times, it feels like we're scrambling to keep pace with the Spirit's movements. Yet, in this vibrant activity, there's a sense of excitement and fulfilment in being part of something larger than us.

I do want to give a shout out to the United Reformed Church (URC). As folks will know, we are a joint church, and we benefit from the support that both the Methodist Church, as well as the URC provide. Folks may not be aware that we have had considerable maintenance work carried out on our property. The URC have helped with this, and as we know have provided also a grant towards Tim, as our lay worker. During this Eastertide I am reminded of the story of the road to Emmaus, and the partnership that exists between disciples, and we should recognise and give thanks for the power of our partnership here, which to be frank has given us more resilience than would be experienced if we were only one denomination.

We still need to talk about our church frontage! We have, thus far, been focused on 'Out with the damp and in with the divine'. This has been more expensive than we had first thought, but I am thankful that we put our initial funding towards community work. The new frontage will come. It's like the Promised Land, but even though the Promised Land was inevitable for our forebears seeking to escape slavery, it was some time coming. And unlike them we are going to have to commit to some fundraising! It will be worth it however; we need to improve our access, it will be great to have people be able to see into our church – but I think we have some way to go in planning (there are a whole host of environmental efforts we could make that could be less costly), and I still look at those big patches of whitewash either side of those walls and think, 'Please can someone paint something Christian on there?' Something...interesting at least. Perhaps now the damp winter is behind us, we can begin to refocus

on this, but as ever, people come first.

I want to close by reminding everyone that the same Holy Spirit that raised Jesus from the dead is at work in you. At Emmaus the disciples did not realise that it was Jesus in their midst until he blessed the bread. So, the next time you bake bread, break bread, toast bread, make sandwiches, or whatever - may you sense God's presence. I should also mention that on at least two occasions the disciples were terrified when they saw the Lord. However, He always left them in peace (which is why we share the peace at communion services.) More than this, he left them feeling forgiven - even though that last conversation with Peter (who betrayed Jesus) was some time in the making. But it happened in the end. May you know peace and forgiveness this Eastertide.

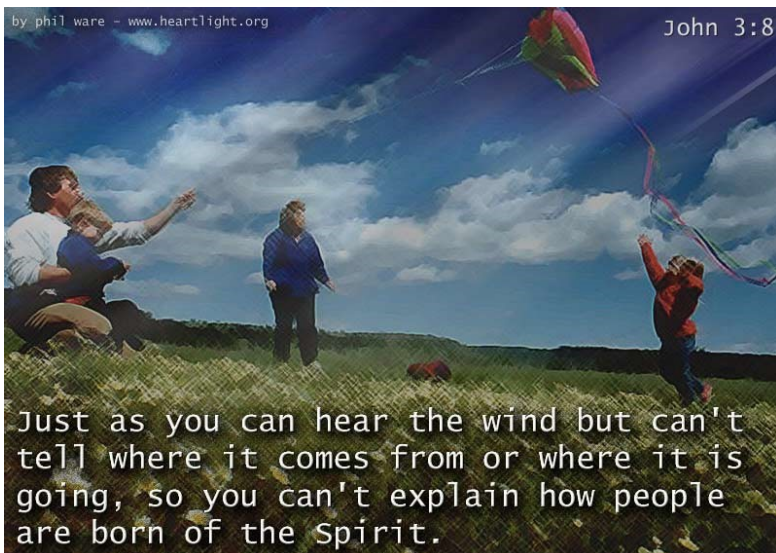
Every blessing,

Langley



THE PETERBOROUGH CIRCUIT
OF METHODIST CHURCHES

Our calling is to respond to the gospel
of God's love in Christ



by phil ware - www.heartlight.org

John 3:8

Just as you can hear the wind but can't tell where it comes from or where it is going, so you can't explain how people are born of the Spirit.



HOLY WEEK

Sunday 24th March

Palm Sunday—10.30 morning worship led by Rev. Langley with Communion and to include general meeting.

Easter Messy Church from 4—6pm.

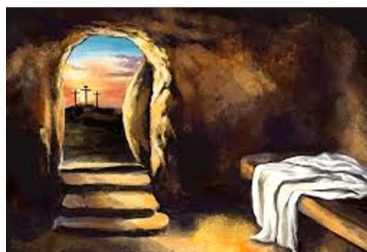
Good Friday 29th March

0940 Walk of witness to Buttercross for short service then hot X buns in hall.

Easter Day 31st March

0830 Early Holy Communion led by Rev. Langley followed by a light-breakfast.

10.30 worship service led by Worship Team members.



Pulpit Arrangements for Queen St **From Holy Week to end of May**

March 24th—Palm Sunday —	Rev. Langley (HC)
March 31st—Easter Day—0830—	Rev. Langley (HC) & breakfast
	1030—Worship Team members
April 7th	Nigel Lightfoot
April 14th	Worship Team members
April 21st	Ann Tooth
April 28th	Rev. Langley (HC)
May 5th	Rev. David Parkes
May 12th	Worship Team members
May 19th	Rev. Langley (HC)
May 26th	Circuit service at Christ Church (No service at Queen St)



Marian wrote this poem back in 2007. I thought it would be good to bring to mind fond memories of a much loved and much missed Church member, Russell, and of course his dear late wife Sylvia!

A Day in the Life of Russell Garner

Now with no walls to paper, no woodwork to prepare,
In these days of his retirement life should be without a care!
Though still unused to rising late he wakes at 6.45,
With the shrill of his alarm clock he knows he's still alive!
He waits until the clock strikes 7, then out of bed he leaps
While Sylvia lies quietly, pretends that she still sleeps
Though she hears him in the kitchen filling up the kettle,
Hears the stirring of the tea, the chink of china on the metal.
Then he brings the tea upstairs, flings the curtains open wide
And Sylvia says, 'That's far too bright', and snuggles down to hide.
At breakfast time it's cereal, with grapes and a banana,
What a wholesome feast that is for our friend Russell Garner.
Then of course there's housework - Sylvia cracks the whip
And oversees his duties, a hand upon each hip!
He washes up and Hoovers until he is quite spent
And collapses in the armchair - so much for retirement!
But when he's quite recovered he heads off into town
For, as he's often said to me, you can't keep a good man down.
While out he meets with Malcolm, and then bumps into Ray,
And we all know how our Russell likes to pass the time of day.
He always likes to have his say about the latest news
And really doesn't care who knows his controversial views!
After their exchange and banter he heads round to the church
For as a steward of the property he'll not leave it in the lurch,
He goes to check the heating, and what time it will come on
For the gas must not be wasted, it can't be on too long!
If the people start to shiver, well then that's just too bad,
They should wear their woolly knickers, that would warm them up a tad!
Then it's back off home to make the lunch because he likes to boast

That he can warm tomato soup and at the
same time burn the toast,
He calls it 'multi-tasking', Sylvia hides a
secret smile
For she knows full well that's what she does
all the while!
Then he's out into the garden for the hedge
it must clipped -
Beware the leaves that don't conform, into
shape they will be whipped.
While he's out there working he hears
someone call his name -
Could it be the neighbours' child asking for
a game?
The young lad calls out once again, 'Russell!



Are you there?'
And Russell goes to chat to him, they make a lovely pair!
That night before the fireside with the
television blaring
Russell's eyelids start to droop, he really is past caring
As he slips into a doze, begins whistle and to snore,
But by the sound of Sylvia's breathing, she's got there before.

Marian J. Dunham (Dec. 2007)

Mr. Green peered over his fence and noticed that the neighbour's little boy was in his backyard filling in a hole. Curious about what the youngster was up to, Mr. Green asked, "What are you doing, Jimmy?"
Tearfully, little Jimmy replied, "My goldfish died, and I've just buried him."
"That's an awfully large hole for a goldfish, isn't it?" Mr. Green said. Patting down the last bit of earth, little Jimmy replied, "That's because he's in your cat!"

Malcolm's Wordsearch

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

.....FERRY.....

Find the following words which we associate with TRANSPORT in the grid above: CAR, BUS, TRAIN, VAN, MOTOR BIKE, COACH, PLANE, CYCLE, TAXI, SCOOTER, WALK, TRACTOR, LORRY, SHIP, BOAT, FERRY, YACHT, HOVERCRAFT, HELICOPTER, LINER



Secretary Paul gave this opening devotion at a Trustees' Meeting

What does the Bible teach us about teamwork?

1 Peter 4:10 "Each of you should use whatever gift you have received to serve others, as faithful stewards of God's grace in its various forms".

This teamwork scripture by Peter starts by stating that we should appreciate that everything we have is a gift from God. Everything we have from God is intended to be used for His will, which is to love one another, take care of other people, and share our unique gifts.

Together, as a team, we need to act as good stewards of God. Not using our gifts to support others would lead to us failing at being good stewards.

We all make mistakes though. Some days we feel as though we cannot support ourselves, let alone another individual. But by surrounding ourselves with people who act as good stewards of God, we can be uplifted.

Paul writes: "Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you." Ephesians 4:32. The three commands within this scripture can be applied to our teamwork as we work together. Teamwork builds on the foundation of these three principles: kindness, compassion, and forgiveness so that together, we can achieve greatness.

What is the point of working together in a team if we lack these principles?

James writes in Chapter 3 v 14-17 "What good is it, my brothers and sisters, if someone claims to have faith but has no deeds? Can such faith save them? Suppose a brother or a sister is without clothes and daily food. If one of you says to them, "Go in peace; keep warm and well fed," but does nothing about their physical needs, what good is it? In the same way, faith by itself, if it is not accompanied by action, is dead".

So, join me in this short prayer:

Heavenly Father, we ask that your Spirit be with us as we discuss the many aspects of church life and make choices of action and deeds to take us forward as individuals within one church family of many teams and groups.

Lord, as we work in a team together this evening let us also go from here to put the decisions made into practice, encouraging others to understand and do likewise for the church and community it serves. We ask this in Jesus' name.

Amen

(Please see Paul's Piece later in this edition for a potted update on progressions within our Church)

God is talking to one of his angels and says, "Do you know what I have just done? I have just created a 24-hour period of alternating light and darkness on Earth. Isn't that good?"

The angel says, "Yes, but what will you do now?"

God says, "I think I'll call it a day."

There will be a meeting of the Church Board immediately after the service," announced the pastor.

After the close of the service, the Church Board gathered at the back of the sanctuary for the announced meeting. But there was a stranger in their midst — a visitor who had never attended their church before.

"My friend," said the pastor, "Didn't you understand that this is a meeting of the Board?"

"Yes," said the visitor, "and after today's sermon, I suppose I'm just about as bored as anyone else who came to this meeting."

A little boy in church for the first time watched as the ushers passed around the offering plates. When they came near his pew, the boy said loudly, "Don't pay for me, Daddy, I'm under five."

TO DO LIST

1-Minute Bible Love Notes

1. Spend time with Jesus
Psalm 27:8.
2. Let Him prioritize my day
Matthew 6:33.
3. Pray instead of worrying
Philippians 4:6.
4. Be honest about my sins-
James 4:10.
5. Think of others
Philippians 2:3-4.
6. Wait patiently for God to act
Psalm 27:14.
7. Be willing to do hard stuff
Matthew 16:24.
8. Read God's Word
Psalm 119:9-16.
9. Do what it says
James 1:22
10. Let Christ lead me
Matthew 11:29.

*Another 1-minute devotion
from BibleLoveNotes.com*

Kindly sent in by

Linda C



In Memoriam

Since the last Magazine went out, these members of our Church Family have passed on. We give our thanks and praise for their lives and remember them, and their families in our prayers:-

Colin Barnes on 3rd December.

Annie Denton on 13th February.



I appreciate that there are, thankfully, lots of younger folk in our Church Family but for the “more mature” among you.....

They call us "The Elderly"
We were born in the 40-50-60's.
We grew up in the 50-60-70's.
We studied in the 60-70-80's.
We were dating in the 70-80-90's.
We got married and discovered the world in the 70-80-90's.
We venture into the 80-90's.
We stabilize in the 2000's.
We got wiser in the 2010's.
And we are going firmly through and beyond 2020.



Turns out we've lived through *EIGHT* different decades...
TWO different centuries...
TWO different millennia...

We have gone from the telephone with an operator for long-distance calls to video calls to anywhere in the world.

We have gone from slides to YouTube, from vinyl records to online music, from handwritten letters to email and WhatsApp.

From live matches on the radio, to black and white TV, colour TV and then to 3D HD TV.



We went to the Video store and now we watch Netflix.

We got to know the first computers, punch cards, floppy disks and now we have gigabytes and megabytes on our smartphones.

We wore shorts throughout our childhood and then long trousers, Oxfords, flares, shell suits & blue jeans.

We dodged infantile paralysis, meningitis, polio, tuberculosis, swine flu and now COVID-19.

We rode skates, tricycles, bicycles, mopeds, petrol or diesel cars and now we drive hybrids or electric.

Yes, we've been through a lot but what a great life we've had!

They could describe us as "exennials," people who were born in that world of the fifties, who had an analogue childhood and a digital adulthood.

We've kind of "Seen-It-All"!

Our generation has literally lived through and witnessed more than any other in every dimension of life.

It is our generation that has literally adapted to "CHANGE."

A big round of applause to all the members of a very special generation, which will be UNIQUE!

One Line Philosophers—courtesy of Daily Mail readers.

People who go to the dentist regularly know the drill.

I've become a vegetarian but I'm beginning to think it's a huge missed steak.

I told my wife that what she was wearing was inappropriate for gardening but she's digging in her heels.

A violinist left my orchestra last week—she said she was fed up playing second fiddle.

Being a member of your local book club is nothing to write home about.

Be true to your teeth or they will be false to you.

Beach ball sales are down but they will bounce back.

It was a quiet day on the ark, Noah decided to go fishing and went to the other side saying he'd be back later that day. 10 mins later he returned dejected. His wife asked what had happened to which he replied, "I only had two worms!"

“Paul’s Piece”

A summary of the last quarter and looking forward.

Last September I was honoured to take the duties of Church Secretary after Malcolm decided to step back last Summer after many years of service supported by the trustees. Thank you Malcolm!



At the start of the new Methodist year last September we also welcomed Zoe and Ejiro as new trustees along with myself and Ejiro has also become our new Cradle Secretary.

In addition to Malcolm stepping back we also gave thanks to Lyn, Tony and Shirley who continue working so hard as they do in other ways but decided to step down as trustees to make way for fresh faces.

It has been a pretty busy time for me as I have been on quite a learning curve, getting to grips with the duties and exploring our ecumenical partnership with United Reformed Church. Christine has been a great support in this and accompanied me to a meeting at St Andrews URC as representatives of Queen Street.

Sheila has always worked hard as our church treasurer and we had the inaugural meeting of a finance team to support her - and Lyn who has always been a great help to Sheila. We are working on building counting/banking teams in the same way the trustees agreed to find and appoint Communion teams to spread the workload that Ruth shouldered.

Rhod heads up the property team and is liaison with the finance team, so helping the building of budgets for work that is needed to ensure our buildings continue to be fit for purpose.

That purpose is primarily worship and the bringing to Christ of the

next generation.

As our Youth & Community worker Tim has explored what other groups are working for the good of Whittlesey's young people as well as working with the Girls' Brigade and our own FoG children. I learned a lot with Tim and Rhod at an inspiring meeting with Phoenix Youth Provision in early January and they will soon be using the hall on Monday evenings with a session for young people 11yo-18yo which majors on quieter activities such as craft and repairing things!

Tim also works with Churches Together in Whittlesey to bring Messy Church to Queen Street. There have been a couple already since September and we have four planned this year. Thanks also to Nick as the Churches Together 'rep' and some of you will have enjoyed the joint service we had in January. It is good to worship and fellowship with other Christians in our town and I encourage you to come and enjoy the next one - date tba.

Christmas was fun for me as quite a few of us worked to decorate the church and then take them down again and tidy the upstairs rooms. Tim had the Messy Church Christmas tree displayed at St Mary's tree festival and both Rhod and myself had quite a laugh bringing it back to the hall afterwards to be enjoyed by the many visitors to Slimming World, Girls' Brigade, Friday coffee morning, Saturday Friendship Club and the Film screening interval.....I'm sure I have missed some but what a super and varied number of things to get involved in throughout the week!

Zoe took the lead in the Cake & Carols event in early December and is keen to explore how this event can be enjoyed by a wider number of us and the wider community in future - watch this space! Zoe also takes a joint lead with Whittlesey Lions, Salvation Army and other Churches Together folk to bring the fantastic August Holiday@Home three days and last year the invited guests commented that it was a pity it was a whole year before the next. So on Monday 5th February we had a Holiday@Home day with a sing-a-long from local musician and singer David Bailey and various activities in a mini Winter version

of the full sized August event.

WOW, I cannot believe I am on a second page, and am sure editor Tony will have to trim this, but as I typed I got excited about how the Spirit is working in our church and how busy the buildings are, thanks to all those who volunteer and serve the church and work of our Lord.

I will finish with a quick note of my Circuit Steward role. Just as we have all been affected by the pandemic and the following global uncertainties and economic turmoil so have the eleven churches of Peterborough Circuit and our Circuit itself been impacted. Circuit is in a consultation with its churches, including Queen Street, and our own Matt Forsyth recently led the first of three “Sankofa” Q&A sessions which over 60 attended. I encourage you all to look out for the next one in March and have opportunity to learn and have a voice as to the changes that will most certainly have to occur in the next couple of years.

Change can be daunting and challenging, but change can also be exciting and worthwhile as we seek to steward resources to best serve Jesus’ teachings and our Father’s plan for us. It was daunting and a challenge to come to a new church family in late 2022 and now in early 2024 it is still challenging for me personally - but through prayer and working together with so many other friends here at Queen Street we are building a vibrant church that is an exciting place to be with so much going on, all with Jesus at the heart.

The church council met to discuss the pastor’s compensation package for the coming year. After the meeting the chair of council told the pastor: “We are very sorry, Pastor, but we decided that we cannot give you a raise next year.”

“But you must give me a raise,” said the pastor. “I am but a poor preacher!”

“I know,” the council chair said. “We hear you every Sunday.”

Pine Tree Crosses (A True Story)

Last April, on a Sunday, we took one of our “nowhere” drives. My husband was quietly driving a back road. I was occupied in the front passenger seat watching the scenery.

I noticed out of the corner of my eye that my husband was straining to look out my window. This startled me, since his eyes should be on the road in front of him. I asked him what he was looking at out the windows, and he quietly replied, “Nothing.” His eyes went back to the road in front of him.

After a few minutes, I looked over at my husband and noticed a tear running down his cheek. I asked him what was wrong. This time he told me, “I was just thinking about Pop and a story he had once told me.” Of course, because it had to do with his Pop I wanted to know the story, so I asked him to share it with me.

He said, “When I was about 8 years old, Pop and I were out fishing and that's when he told me that the Pine trees know when it is Easter.”

I had no idea what he meant by that, so I pressed him for more information.

He continued on... “The pine trees start their new growth in the weeks before Easter — if you look at the tops of the pine trees two weeks before, you will see the yellow shoots. As the days get closer to Easter Sunday, the tallest shoot will branch off and form a cross. By the time Easter Sunday comes around, you will see that most of the pine trees will have small yellow crosses on all of the tallest shoots.”

I turned to look out the window and I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a week before Easter, and you could see all of the trees with the tall yellow shoots stretching to Heaven.

The tallest ones shone in the sunlight like rows of tiny golden crosses.

*May you find your Easter season filled with beautiful golden crosses
and the love of the Man who made this holiday happen.
He is Risen, Christ the Lord.*

Granda Paterson (George William)

(Ruth remembers her much loved Granda)

He was a kind, Christian man of few words. He was married to Mary Elizabeth (nee Handley) and they lived on a small farm in the North East. The farm had originally belonged to Mary's father and Will eventually gave up mining to help his father in law on the farm. Mam and I lived on the farm with Granda and Nana until I was about 4 years old while dad was away in the Army and mam's brother, Bill, was in the Navy. What a happy time it was with Nana's Chapel friends (her father, James Handley had been instrumental in the building of the Methodist Chapel nearby) coming for prayer meetings, Bible Studies and "Knitting socks for Sailors". The teapot always seemed to be full.

Granda grew crops in the surrounding fields and after the corn was ripened I remember him and the farm workers gathering the stooks from the fields and making them into a stack which Granda would thatch, usually at sunrise! Harvest Festival was a great occasion at chapel and Granda always took the best of his fruit and vegetable to display there.

At that time there were no tractors on the farm, just the two cart horses who were stabled in the farm yard. Also in smaller wooden buildings around the farm yard were hens, geese, pigs, a cow, which had to be hand milked, farmyard cats including "Fluffy" whose favourite food was Yorkshire Pudding and a great "recycling" scrap heap. However that was not the only recycling facility. Two large, stone built barns were attached to the side of the house. In one, hung from the ceiling, were three large hessian sacks. Granda bought all the old clothes and scrap metal the local Rag and Bone men sold to him. The "rags" were sorted into the sacks according to the fabric, wool, cotton or linen. When a sack was full it was sent to a factory for recycling, I am sure his work clothes came from there and any holes which appeared in his trousers he would carefully and

neatly darn to make them last longer.

The metal was also sorted into tea chests, brass (lots of candle sticks), lead, copper and the odd piece of silver. It was like Aladdin's cave! When full they were taken somewhere to be melted down and reused. This was just after WWII after all. My Nana loved pewter and she had quite a collection of pewter teapots which had been saved from the factory.

Once a week Granda would take the horse and cart around the local butchers, collecting all the bones they needed to get rid of. These were placed in a smelly heap in front of the smaller stone built barn. Inside this barn was a large, circular, shallow vat. When there were enough bones they were put in the vat with water, a fire was lit underneath and they boiled away merrily.

Once cooled down the surplus fat was placed in a barrel which went to a local soap factory and the clean bones sent elsewhere to be turned into fertiliser.

The pile of scrap in the farmyard contained all sorts of exciting things like old bikes and weird looking bits of metal but which were bought cheaply by the folk who came to repair all sorts of metal things they owned. Apparently I found a wheel with a handle which I used to push around the scrap yard. I also had a folding scooter from there when I was a little older which was great fun to play with especially when it decided to fold up as I scooted along!

Half way up the drive was a wooden shed, later used as a garage, and this was the "jam jar shed". Here Granda would wash out any jam jars and bottles brought by the rag and bone men or individuals. I liked sitting there watching him wash and sort them before stacking them up to make a "wall" in the shed. The going rate for jam jars was a farthing (4 to an old penny). When the "wall" was big enough a lorry came to take them to another factory where they were crushed and remade into jars and bottles.

All this was done by hard labour for there was no mechanisation, no phone, no electricity or gas and the only toilet facility, an earth closet

in the back garden!! They were such happy times and Nana or mam cooked meals over a coal fire which heated the oven at the side!! Sundays were so special. Granda got cleaned up!! In the early morning the farm animals were all checked and fed before Granda had a good wash and put on his best suit. Chapel twice was the order of the day. I loved sitting beside him in the pew, where he would feed me tiny liquorice “Imps” from a tiny tin. He loved to sing too and attend the prayer meeting before the morning service. I remember one of Granda’s friends prayed the same prayer every time!! When I was a little older, 5-6 years old I remember staying there for school holiday weekends and after chapel in the evening Granda would produce his Bible and tell me exciting Bible stories in the light of the oil lamp or he would sit and write poems about these stories. I took a candle to bed but had a torch to use through the night. Such precious times!

I loved Granda’s garden. It always seemed to have an abundance of flowers, fruit and veg.

Granda was quite strict about making Sunday a special no work and restful day and I was allowed to pick flowers but not to pull up weeds! Granda was a lovable character if, in hindsight, a bit eccentric, but he was kind and would quietly help those whom he knew needed help like sending my dad, stationed in London during the War, the train fare for a couple to travel to the farm for a rest from the bombing and to enjoy some fresh food from the farm. Several stayed in touch with them after the war. Sometimes I was allowed to pick flowers which we took, often with vegetables or eggs, to someone who was sad or ill. When he and Nana moved to a small cottage and Uncle Bill and his family moved into the farm house, Granda always insisted I went up to see my Uncle and family, which was a pleasure for me anyway. It wasn’t until I grew up that I learned that there had been a terrible family disagreement but my Granda didn’t bear any malice and showed me how to forgive. I was so glad he was my Granda and am thankful for all he taught me about living a Christian life!

**Ruth with her
Dad and Granda.**



**Happy memories from
Naomi and Bruce's wedding
on 3rd February!**

In a Christian school's cafeteria there was a pile of apples on a table with a sign reading, "Take only one, God is watching."

At the other end of the table there was a pile of cookies with a note put there by one of the students, "Take as many as you want, God is watching the apples."

King: You have offended me so I condemn you to death. But since you had previously been a good fool I will let you choose your manner of death."

Fool: In that case sire, I choose to die of old age."

Three men, all wearing watches, went up a hill. The first threw his watch down the hill and it broke. The second did the same and it smashed to pieces. The third threw his down the hill, walked to the bottom and caught it. The other two men were amazed and asked how he did it.

"Simple. My watch is five minutes slow!"

Memories from Northumberland



Holy Island causeway,
Seahouses Methodist
Church

Rhod walking the walk!



*Reading the article in this month's mag about how things have changed in our lifetimes got me thinking about what I was doing directly, or soon after leaving school. Here's my piece about **"Starting out on Life's Adventure"** to get your creative juices flowing and telling the Church family how you began your adult life! I look forward to reading your story! Ed....*

After leaving school at the earliest opportunity, 15 years old at Christmas 1962 and enduring a year of misery as a first year apprentice fitter, turner, welder at a large Ipswich engineering factory, I took the big brave step into manhood by joining the Royal Navy. In trepidation I bade farewell to family as I boarded a train for London in time to catch the overnight sleeper from Paddington, en route to my training "ship" HMS Raleigh in Torpoint, Cornwall. Upon arriving at Paddington it became clear that the word - "sleeper" was not to be taken literally as, with hundreds of "matelots" from the many ships and establishments in the Plymouth area boarding and occupying every seat and even luggage rack, my lot, being a spotty, insignificant "sprog" was an uncomfortable sleepless night sat on my suitcase in a drafty corridor!



As the train eventually pulled into Plymouth railway station I joined the stampede bound for the ticket barrier and headed for a large blue bus with RN emblazoned on its side where I along with other new recruits were driven, via the Torpoint ferry across the River Tamar, to HMS Raleigh – a "stone frigate" training establishment. My

sense of foreboding did not decrease upon driving through the gates and past the sentries to a row of wooden Nissen huts where we were each allocated one where we were to spend the next 16 weeks. Rows of single beds separated by steel lockers, floors of brown lino (polished to death) with a communal wash and shower room at one end.

After being issued with a massive amount of kit we had to then make up a wooden stamp bearing our name to mark each item in indelible ink. We were also issued with marching boots for the innumerable hours of square bashing on the “ship’s” parade ground and instructed how to bring up a shine on them from which your face reflected, using a spoon and spit and polish! I lost count of the hours spent on that task! Kit musters were a regular occurrence where every item had to be folded exactly to specification and in the correct order – if not it was unceremoniously dumped on the mess floor and we were made to repeat the muster.

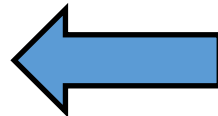


Life became a blur for the first few weeks at Raleigh with the endless programme of basic training to prepare us for our first ship posting, learning basic seamanship, knots and ropes, fire fighting and damage control. We were taken to a part of a real ship where we actually fought fires and plugged holes from simulated attacks, and on other occasions taken to a sealed chamber with gas masks and made to remove them and take a breath before being permitted to leave.

That left your eyes smarting for a while! On other days we were taken to the river and made to row huge naval cutters for miles. Very soon however, through the whole experiences, camaraderie surfaced and good friendships were made. The usual bullying types were evident as in all walks, but I was fortunate not to experience any. After the first three weeks we were allowed a “run ashore” and I felt quite the “Geezer” stepping out into the big world in our uniforms, oblivious to the fact we were viewed as the “erks” from “up there!” As junior ratings we had to be back onboard by midnight, and to be late at *ANY TIME* throughout my Naval time was simply not an option, with draconian punishment.

We were permitted a weekend home leave pass later on and, being in uniform away from a main navy port was a much more enjoyable experience!!

Eventually our sixteen weeks training came to an end and we “passed out” with a grand ceremony on the parade ground to which families and friends were invited. All of us new recruits were given “drafts” to our first real ships and to my joy and excitement I was being sent out to join HMS Tartar, a Tribal class frigate, presently on the West Indies station and to join in Bermuda! To a 16 ½ years old boy that was music to my ears and I left Raleigh for some home leave before departure with a smile on my face and spring in my step!



But that's another story!

Services— Audio Recordings

Our morning services are not routinely recorded, however if you wish for a particular service to be recorded then please ask the duty AV operator in good time before worship begins. A digital copy can then be made for you and placed on a USB stick. If necessary the recording can be transferred to a CD.

Do you have any items you wish to be inserted into next Magazine, a summer edition? Please let the editor have them at your earliest convenience.

Copies of this Magazine are placed in Vestibule. Would those **pastoral visitors** with “non email” members on their list who are unable to attend Church please ensure they receive a copy.

Our Church website, for those with internet access, is a useful tool for looking up details of the Preaching Plan, Rotas, Calendar of Events, etc. Rev. Langley writes an article and Tim also has a page to inform you of what he is engaged with. It can be found via:

www.whittleseyqueenstreetchurch.org

YOU MAY CONTACT US AS FOLLOWS:

Minister: Rev Dr Langley Mackrell-Hey

Email: revlmh@gmail.com

Secretary: Paul Abel

Email: paul.abel124@virginmedia.com

Children's, Family & Community worker: Tim Wong

timwongwhittlesey@gmail.com

Website & Magazine: Tony Wright

Email: tony.whittlesey.wright@gmail.com