

THE REVIEW

AUGUST 2020



THE BEAUTIFUL WINDOW IN CROMER URC, LOW FELL.

**WADDINGTON STREET UNITED REFORMED CHURCH,
DURHAM CITY DH1 4BG**

Church Website: www.durhamurc.org.uk



Dear friends,

Emerging from some time in a dank, still, dark cave requires adjustment: blinking, our eyes adjusting to the light, we breathe in air that is fresh, scented, moving. Our dark cave has been the lockdown and we are indeed emerging into the open air, in some cases literally, with relief but also trepidation.

The virus has not gone away. But nor can we stay deep underground forever.

This church, along with others, is making preparations to resume Sunday morning worship (Zoom will continue as an evening activity). So, at some point you'll have the option to venture from your own 'cave' to join with others in what will be a very different experience—and you equally have the right to stay away if you feel it not right for you. Full details of opening will be given in due course, but what is clear is that there will be no singing.

From a historical point of view, congregational singing of hymns is a recent addition to Christian practice. I came across an interesting comment in researching for a Zoom gathering. The Wikipedia article on John Newton (he of 'Amazing Grace') says: "In the Church of England, hymns other than metrical psalms were of questionable legality until the 1820s, as they were not explicitly sanctioned by the Book of Common Prayer. As a consequence, many church leaders reserved hymn-singing for meetings other than the main Sunday services, and for private or household devotions." In a way, that's where we are now: sing all you like at home, but not together in the enclosed venue of worship.

Not that history is in any way repeating itself in our situation: Things are never as they used to be. We cannot go back to chanting Psalms (speaking loudly is against Covid rules) and I think we can do a heck of a lot better than the Book of Common Prayer for our services.

Indeed, I think we should do better: the cave still beckons and it's a real possibility that we'll be sent back in. (I am also convinced that we can do better to include those who, for good reason, have not left their 'caves' at all). Second time round, we can and should make it less uncomfortable: less dank, less still, and a lot more light. Let's best use this period of physically-distanced relaxation to prepare.

The task is everyone's. Not just mine, not just your Elders, or the active few. I am dismayed to hear that some have not been ringing around, and encouraged that most are intentionally reaching out in this way. I am concerned that some—who have the ability but who chose not to use it—have not joined in with what we're doing through Zoom, and I am humbled by the many (some of whom are not naturally cyber-citizens) who persist in connecting through technology. I am worried that some think the church has closed throughout lockdown, and I am moved by the efforts of many to show Jesus' love in action in different ways throughout the lockdown.

And even if we never need to retreat again to the safety of a lockdown cave, it is still good to nurture meaningful relationships with each other in between Sunday's hallowed hour, it is still a fact that technology is here to stay and has some inclusive advantages, and it is still theologically true that the church is not a building but all God's people acting in love. These are necessary things in themselves, and are equivalent to surfacing from darkness to breathe in and enjoy and relish the life around: the air, the greenery, the perfumes of plants, and the warm love of our companions who emerge from the cave with us.

Regards,

Marcus

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY AND CHURCH NEWS

Ministerial Services – Revd. Marcus Hargis is contactable in the following ways:-

Phone: 0776 949 2629 and 0191 366 4930 (messages can be left on either).

Email: marcushargis@outlook.com For routine pastoral matters, please first approach your Elder.

Time of Sunday Services – 10.45 a.m. [Temporarily suspended.]

COPY DATE FOR THE SEPTEMBER REVIEW IS – SUNDAY 23RD AUGUST 2020.

Please be aware when submitting articles that our Church Magazine goes on the website and is available for anyone anywhere in the world to read.



Thoughts, Prayers and Posters.

As the pedants' letters in Private Eye usually conclude, "I should get out more". Only like many, I'm not allowed to – so it's a long time since I've been anywhere near Waddington Street, and I can hardly imagine what our church has looked like during the long weeks of lockdown.

And of course the doors are still closed, though I imagine more and more people are walking past every day. I wonder how we appear to them: does it look as if we have given up, and are dead, or are there signs of life?

Well, thankfully there are – and the signs are on the noticeboard. Every week there is a new poster, always hopeful and inspiring, and giving the reassurance that through all that is happening God has not deserted us. We should all be grateful to Ruth Crofton who not only designs a new poster every week, but also goes down to Waddington Street to put it up herself.

And if like me you don't get out much and haven't seen it there, I'm sure Ruth will be happy to add you to her weekly emailing which contains not only the poster, but also an accompanying reflection and a prayer. Many of us value this ministry, and I know that the posters are going up outside a number of churches in our synod – and a few beyond. So, Thank you Ruth!

John Durell



Zooming into Focus

Thanks to Marcus for our regular Sunday services – which not only provide us with opportunity to worship together, but may also help us to get to know one another a little across the churches in this new Group.

But as things are I do find it very hard to recognise most people! If only they would sit looking out of the window (and yes: I know the mind might wander) rather than with their backs to the light, I might just memorise a few more faces. Could anyone drop the hint?

John Durell



Thanks to our Minister, Marcus, who had it circulated in advance, and our hardworking Elders, we were able to join in the prayer said at Keso's Funeral. This was very much appreciated since, sadly, the number of people allowed to actually attend at the Crematorium was limited.



A sculpture of Captain Sir Tom Moore has been unveiled – in tribute to his role as a “beacon of light” during the coronavirus pandemic. The bust of the Second World War veteran – complete with medals and the National Health Service fundraising hero’s trademark blazer – was commissioned by Garry McBride, of Derbyshire-based Monumental Icons. Captain Sir Tom Moore, who raised over £33 million by walking laps of his Bedfordshire garden, was knighted by the Queen in a personal open-air ceremony at Windsor Castle. Captain Sir Tom said that he was “absolutely overwhelmed” at the thought of meeting the Queen, and then quipped: “If I kneel down I’ll never get up again.” After the ceremony, the veteran went on to say: “To meet the Queen was more than anyone could expect, never ever did I imagine I would get so close to the Queen and have such a kind message from her, that was really outstanding, it was truly outstanding.”



Lottie’s Gems: In the Netherlands, there’s a village specifically to help people with dementia! *De Hogeweyk*, operated by nursing home *Hogewey*, is a gated **model village** in [Weesp, Netherlands](#). It has been designed specifically as a pioneering care facility for elderly people with **dementia**. The benefit of using all-day **reminiscence therapy** at Hogewey, compared to traditional **nursing homes**, is that the residents with dementia are more active and require less medication. Carers, doctors and nurses work around the clock to provide the 152 residents the necessary 24-hour care. The Hogewey complex is set out like a village with a **town square**, **supermarket**, hairdressing salon, theatre, pub, **café-restaurant** - as well as the twenty-three houses themselves. In 2018, 4 houses were added to The Hogeweyk. Each house reflects a style that is common to, and familiar for, the six or seven people who live in that house. The seven settings provided are:

Stedelijk, for those used to living in an urban area; *Goois*, with an **aristocratic** Dutch feel;

Ambachtelijk for those used to working as trades people or craftsmen/women

Indisch for those with an association with **Indonesia** and the former **Dutch East Indies**

Huiselijk for homemakers; *Cultureel* for those brought up with theatre and cinema;

Christelijk for those with a central religious aspect to life, whether Christian or another religion.

(Text from Wikipedia)



EDITOR'S LETTER

DEAR READERS,



In July, for our first “outing” since lockdown began, Les and I drove to Crook to have coffee and scones in one of our favourite places – The Blue Stone Tea Room, just off the Market Place, where parking is free. During lockdown the Tea Room, always smart, had been repainted and set out to allow for 2 metres social distancing. There is also a small outdoor seating area.

Paul, one of the Proprietors, gave us a warm welcome and I took the opportunity to ask him how the name of the Tea Room had been chosen. In Crook Market Place, is a large blue stone which was originally deposited on nearby Dowfield Hill. The three pieces of

stone were originally one large stone, created more than 10,000 years ago in the Lake District during the last Ice Age and moved 60 miles east by glacier action! The Tea Room is named after Crook’s famous Blue Stone.



(Photo by Jake Ian Russ in Wikipedia)

My thanks to everyone who has contributed to this month’s Review. I should be grateful if any contributions to The Review for September 2020 could be sent to me by the date given below.

Lucille Thomson

The next issue of The Review will be published on **Sunday 6th September 2020**.
Contributions please to Lucille Thomson at church or BY POST or **Tel. 0191-3861052**
or e-mail **lesthomson@talktalk.net** - no later than **NOON on Sunday 23rd August 2020**.



The Funeral of Kesolenuo Suokhrie (Keso)

Thursday July 9th 2020

Only fourteen people may have been able to attend Keso's funeral in person, but we who were there were joined through video link with people all around the world. Meaningful contributions were heard from Liz McGregor of the Langham Partnership, which sponsored Keso; Professor Walter Moberly, who taught her; Keso's student friend Jean Luah; and, from Waddington Street, David Thornborrow—as well as a reflection from myself as follows:

“Can anything ever separate us from Christ's love?” says Paul the Apostle to the Romans, “Does it mean he no longer loves us if we have trouble or calamity, or are persecuted, or hungry, or destitute, or in danger, or threatened with death?... No, despite all these things, overwhelming victory is ours through Christ, who loved us.

And I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from God's love. Neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither our fears for today nor our worries about tomorrow... nothing in all creation will ever be able to separate us from the love of God that is revealed in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Keso was, of course, here in the UK by her own choice and the moving outpouring of grief on her sudden death shows that she was not alone here. But, for Keso, it was a time of exile, of sorts. In obedience to God's call on her life to learn and to teach, Keso travelled widely, separated from family, separated from familiar places of her birth, all so that the will of God might be found in her life.

In doing so, she was never separated from Jesus. That said, exile could be hard and Keso found solace in her friends here in the UK. Indeed, she was overjoyed in meeting my wife who is from India: both were so pleased to be with their own.

In the OT, exile was a time of formation as potential was realised in God's people. There was so much potential in Keso's life and work—potential in herself and those whom she taught—and Keso went into exile in order to realise that potential.

But many who travelled the Biblical wilderness did not live to see the next stage in God's plan. We need to remind ourselves that they were necessary in their own ways in getting God's people to where they needed to be; and Keso, I believe, has played her part, however briefly, in moving God's people today, just as she has moved us.

Marcus Hargis



Emeritus Professor James D.G. Dunn

It is with great sadness that I announce the death of James (Jimmy) Dunn, who passed away aged 80 on 26 June 2020.

Jimmy was a towering figure in the study of the New Testament and early Christianity whose worldwide reputation was pivotal in making Durham an international centre of excellence in this field. He came to Durham (from Nottingham) in 1982 as Professor of Divinity (from 1990, Lightfoot Professor of Divinity), and wrote a succession of seminal works on the 'parting of the ways' between early Christianity and Judaism, on the historical development of belief in Jesus, and, most famously, on the theology of the apostle Paul. Jimmy pioneered the 'new perspective' on Paul, demonstrating the correlation between major themes in Paul's thought and his radical mission to the non-Jewish world. Alongside multiple editing roles, Jimmy wrote more than 30 monographs, including a two-volume commentary on Paul's letter to the Romans. His international leadership in scholarship was attested by his role as President of the *Studiorum Novi Testamenti Societas* in 2002 and his election as a Fellow of the British Academy in 2006 (shortly after his retirement from Durham University in 2003).

Jimmy attracted numerous doctoral students from around the world and built a strong research community around a weekly research seminar in New Testament studies. Together with his wife, Meta, he excelled in building life-long friendships through hospitality and pastoral advice. He was twice Head of the Department of Theology, where he fostered a spirit of collegiality, was a staunch supporter of St John's College, and played a leading role among the churches in Durham. His prodigious energy, his infectious enthusiasm, and the warmth of his personality made him both highly respected and dearly loved in the multiple contexts of his Durham life.

Our thoughts and sincere condolences are with Jimmy's widow, Meta and their children, Catrina, David, and Fiona. A thanksgiving service will be held when conditions allow.

Stuart Corbridge
Vice-Chancellor and Warden

The Palatine Centre, Stockton Road, Durham, DH1 3LE

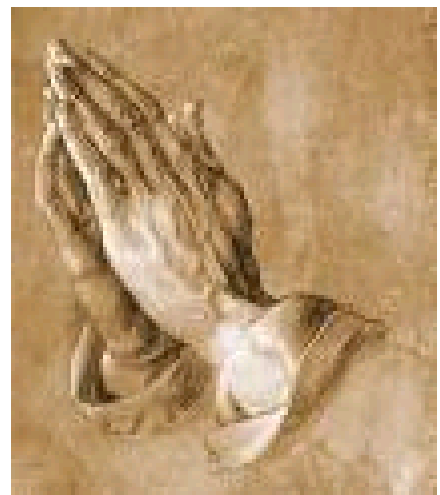
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A Prayer for comfort for the bereaved ...

DEAR LORD,

Thou knowest our innermost thoughts and fears,
The anguish and the strain of unshed tears.
Give us the strength we need to face each day,
And loyal friends to help us on our way.

When the world, to us, seems less than kind,
May we find in You, true peace of mind,
Turning to you – as we've been taught,
Since Your Son, Jesus, our salvation bought.



[From "*The Christian Yearbook of Praise in Poetry and Prayers*" by Lucille Thomson.]

DOING DISCIPLESHIP

- Part Three –

- THE TRUST -

You know someone doesn't trust you when they hover over your shoulder, making instructions and barking admonishments; not giving you a chance to do the task. Jesus is the opposite. He trusted his Twelve and the wider group of disciples around him—even though Jesus knew that they would betray, deny, and abandon him. He trusted them to get on with the business of love and to just do it—that was his training method, coupled with plenty of communication for further reflection. Having trained his disciples, the risen Lord Jesus showed his trust by ascending into heaven and leaving them to get on with it.

While Jesus is metaphorically hovering over us, he is inspiring rather than micro-managing our every move. Instead, the trust that our ascended Lord has in us enables us to grow and develop as we continue to learn through practice in the way of love. Jesus opens our minds to consider what is written (Lk 24:45) and plenty of grace abounds if we make honest mistakes and learn from them.

Best practice in the world of education these days is that children should see mistakes not as the end of the world but as a starting point towards learning and growth. Students are encouraged to think about their thinking and try different strategies in response to things they try which don't work out as well as they could. Learners are free to try and fail, so long as they reflect on mistakes and use them as building blocks towards progress.

“You are truly my disciples,” said Jesus, “if you remain faithful to my teachings. And you will know the truth and the truth will set you free.” (Jn 8:31,32 NLT) Freedom in Christ is liberty to learn and to apply the principles of his message to our own lives. Disciples are not greater than their teacher (Mt 10:24) and the aim of discipleship is to learn from the life of their teacher, our Master Jesus.

Keep in mind that I'm looking at principles rather than specifics when I remind you of Jesus' words: “If you want to be my disciple, you must, by comparison, hate everyone else—your father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters—yes, even your own life. Otherwise, you cannot be my disciple. And if you do not carry your own cross and follow me, you cannot be my disciple ... you cannot become my disciple without giving up everything you own.” (Luke 14:26,27,33 NLT)

Does this mean that we all should hate our families, donate all we own, and die on a cross? No. The principle to learn from is that we should travel lightly through this world, not clinging to family, property, or even life itself. Discipleship means openness to what God has in mind for us, which can include loving those closest to us, using worldly wealth to make friends, and living as best we can for as long as we can. However, the process of learning needs us to be open to new processes, people, facts and connections—perhaps putting them ahead of established ways of living.

Jesus opened the eyes of the disciples on the road to Emmaus and Christ opens those who listen to him. However, the goal of discipleship is not simply in hearing or openness or even learning for learning's sake; our aim as disciples of Christ is to be like Jesus—in deed as much as in what we say:

“Why do you keep calling me ‘Lord, Lord!’ when you don't do what I say?”, says Jesus. “I will show you what it's like when someone comes to me, listens to my teaching, and then follows it. It is like a person building a house who digs deep and lays the foundation on solid rock. When the floodwaters rise and break against that house, it stands firm because it is well built. But anyone who hears and doesn't obey is like a person who builds a house right on the ground, without a foundation. When the floods sweep down against that house, it will collapse into a heap of ruins.” (Lk 6:46-49 NLT)

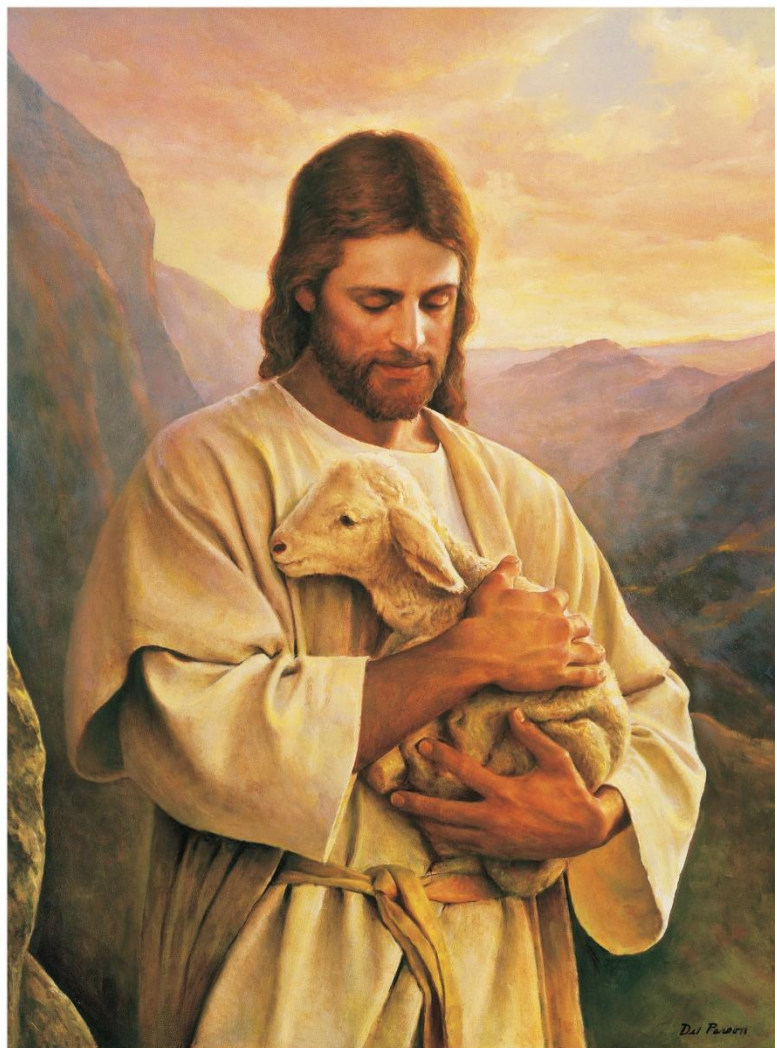
Discipleship is the foundation for all we do, learning to be like Jesus in how we communicate as well as in actions we take—not just when we’re engaged in church or charitable activities but throughout the whole of our lives. As we come to the conclusion on this series of articles here are the main points:

- † The call to discipleship is the call to an adventure in learning how to love as Christ first loves us.
- † We can read and study and talk all we like about discipleship, learning and love. But before long (straight away, in fact) we’re to get on with it and just do it.
- † The trust that our ascended Lord has in us enables us to grow and develop as we continue to learn through practice in the way of love.

Marcus Hargis

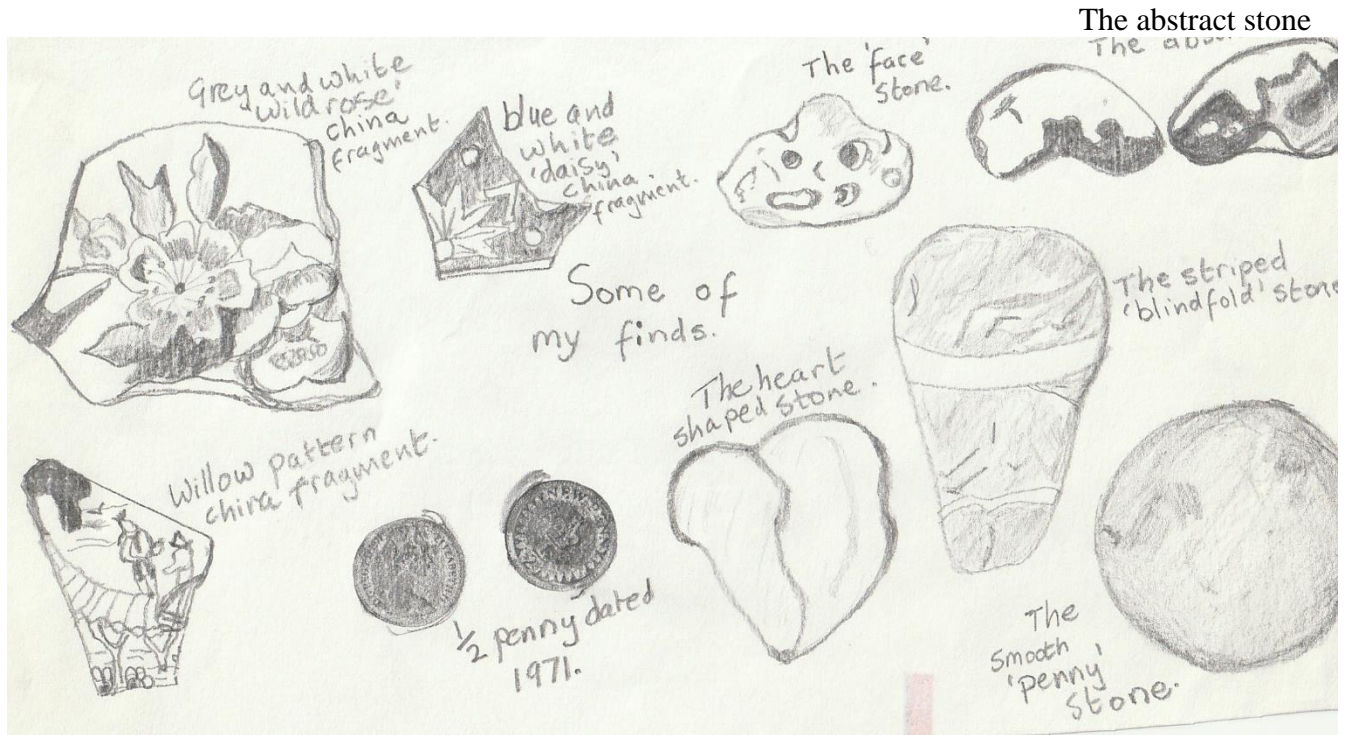
THE LORD IS YOUR SHEPHERD

He doesn’t drive, He leads.
 He doesn’t starve, He feeds.
 He doesn’t withdraw, He resides.
 He doesn’t flee, He abides.
 He doesn’t shun, He confides.
 He doesn’t withhold, He provides.
 He doesn’t abuse, He affirms.
 He doesn’t confuse, He confirms.
 He doesn’t provoke, He consoles.
 He doesn’t ignore, He upholds.
 He doesn’t avoid, He feels.
 He doesn’t mistreat, He heals.
 He doesn’t retreat, He pursues.
 He doesn’t quench, He renews.
 He doesn’t hide, He extends.
 He doesn’t run, He defends.
 He doesn’t quit, He remains.
 He doesn’t deplete, He sustains.
 He doesn’t drain, He fills.
 He doesn’t trouble, He stills.



The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Psalm 23:1

(With thanks to Jill for this and to Judith Ashby at Bethel, URC Chester-le-Street)



DIGGING FOR STONES ...

On the face of it, digging for stones seems to be quite a boring pastime but it has proved to be quite the opposite. Why dig for stones in the first place? To make a pebble path of course, something to cover that annoying patch of ground in my front garden where nothing will grow, not even weeds!

As I dug, I was amazed at how interesting stones could be. There were dome shaped stones as big as currant buns that had to be prised from the soil, small stones that skipped out at a touch, jagged stones, smooth stones, brown, white, dark grey, light grey, pitted, mottled or striped. There were some that were so unusual that I put them aside to draw later. One was so smooth and round and flat, it was like a stone penny. Another, which may be a fragment of terracotta, had an abstract natural design of red, grey and black on its surface. One was almost perfectly heart shaped; another was striped so unusually, it looked as if it had been blindfolded. A pitted white stone seemed to have a strange little face on it.

Not only stones were among my finds. There were also fragments of china from no dinner service we ever had. Where had these antique fragments come from?

There were other finds too – a half penny dated 1971, a marble with a yellow spiral and, more gruesomely, a bird's skull.

I have completed my pebble path but I will not stop digging. This new interest of mine will keep me out of mischief for quite some time yet!

Barbara Tinsley



AND JUST THE TIDE WENT OUT

Last night as I lay sleeping
 When dreams came fast to me
 I dreamt I saw JERUSALEM
 Beside a tideless sea
 And one dream I'll remember
 As the stars began to fall
 Was Banksy painting Alun Wyn
 On my neighbour's garage wall.
 And dreams like that sustain me
 Till these darkest times have past
 And chase away the shadows
 No caring night should cast.
 But times like this can shine a light
 As hardship often can
 To see the best in people
 And the good there is in man
 And I remember Swansea with nobody about
 When the shops were closed like Sunday
And just the tide went out.

And I remember Mumbles
 with the harbour in its keep
 And the fishing boats at anchor
 that trawl the waters deep
 And I heard the seabirds calling
 As the gulls all wheeled about
 But all the town was sleeping now
And just the tide went out.

And when these days are over
 And memories remain
 Of children painting Rainbows
 When the sun shone through the rain
 And I thought of all the nurses
 who stretchered all the pain
 And I hope they never get to see
 a time like this again.

And I prayed last week for Boris
 Who knocked on Heaven's door
 And I thought of voting Tory,
 which I've never done before
 And though the sun is shining now
 I've no immediate plans
 So I'll write a book on 'Staying In' and
 'Ways To Wash Your Hands'
 And I'll remember mornings with nobody about
 When the shops were closed like Sunday
And just the tide went out.

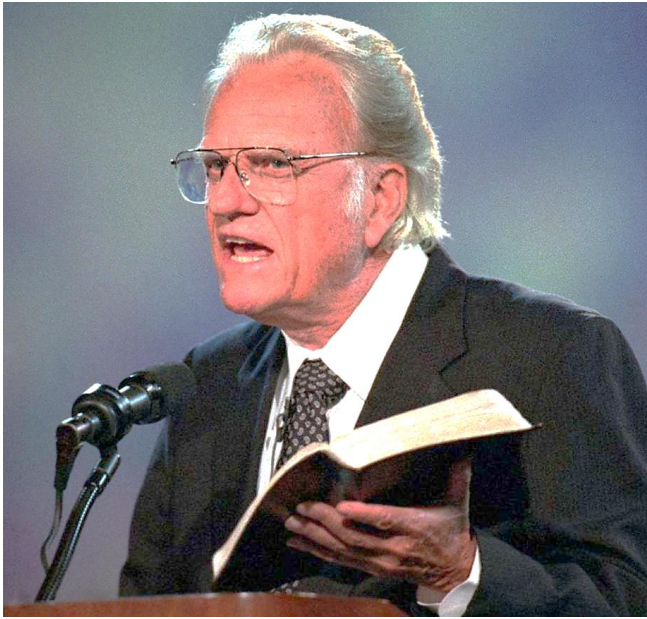
MAX BOYCE

[This poem by Max Boyce was in Cheadle Hulme URC's magazine, and was sent in by Val Hodgson.]

PANDEMICS ...



Imagine you were born in 1900.
 When you're 14, World War I begins and ends when you're 18 with 22 million dead.
 Soon after a global pandemic, the Spanish Flu appears, killing 50 million people.
 And you're alive and 20 years old.
 When you're 29 you survive the global economic crisis that started with the collapse of the New York Stock Exchange, causing inflation, unemployment and famine.
 When you're 33 years old the Nazis come to power.
 When you're 39, World War II begins and ends when you're 45 years old with 60 million dead.
 In the Holocaust 6 million Jews die.
 When you're 52, the Korean War begins.
 When you're 64, the Vietnam War begins and ends when you're 75.
 A child born in 1985 thinks his grandparents have no idea how difficult life is, but they have survived several wars and catastrophes.
 Today we have all the comforts in a new world, amid a new pandemic. But we complain because we need to wear masks. We complain because we must stay confined to our homes where we have food, electricity, running water, wifi, even Netflix! None of that existed back in the day. But humanity survived those circumstances and never lost their joy of living.
 A small change in our perspective can generate miracles. We should be thankful that we are alive. We should do everything we need to do to protect and help each other. (From Facebook)



His New Suit

When Billy Graham was 92 years-old, and living with Parkinson's disease the leaders in Charlotte, North Carolina, invited their favourite son, Billy Graham, to a luncheon in his honour. Billy initially hesitated to accept the invitation because he struggled with Parkinson's disease. But the Charlotte leaders said, 'We don't expect a major address. Just come and let us honour you.' So he agreed. After wonderful things were said about him, Dr. Graham stepped to the rostrum, looked at the crowd, and said:

"I'm reminded today of Albert Einstein, the great physicist who this month has been honoured by Time magazine as the Man of the Century.

Einstein was once traveling from Princeton on a train, when the conductor came down the aisle, punching the tickets of every passenger. When he came to Einstein, Einstein reached in his vest pocket. He couldn't find his ticket, so he reached in his trouser pockets. It wasn't there. He looked in his briefcase but couldn't find it. Then he looked in the seat beside him. He still couldn't find it.

"The conductor said, 'Dr. Einstein, I know who you are. We all know who you are. I'm sure you bought a ticket. Don't worry about it.' "Einstein nodded appreciatively. The conductor continued down the aisle punching tickets. As he was ready to move to the next car, he turned around and saw the great physicist down on his hands and knees looking under his seat for his ticket."

"The conductor rushed back and said, 'Dr. Einstein, Dr. Einstein, don't worry, I know who you are; no problem. You don't need a ticket. I'm sure you bought one.' Einstein looked at him and said, 'Young man, I too, know who I am. What I don't know is where I'm going.'"

Having said that Billy Graham continued, "See the suit I'm wearing? It's a brand new suit. My children, and my grandchildren are telling me I've gotten a little slovenly in my old age. I used to be a bit more fastidious. So I went out and bought a new suit for this luncheon and one more occasion. You know what that occasion is? This is the suit in which I'll be buried. But when you hear I'm dead, I don't want you to immediately remember the suit I'm wearing. I want you to remember this: "I not only know who I am. I also know where I'm going."

May your troubles be less, your blessings more, and may nothing but happiness, come through your door. "Life without God is like an unsharpened pencil - it has no point."

Amen & Peace My Friends

And may each of us have lived our lives so that when our ticket is punched we don't have to worry about where we are going.

(Thank you to Alex for this one.) (From Bethel URC June 2020 Newsletter)

Lottie's Gems:

1. Hot tub sales have increased by 495% since lockdown began.
2. Russia has more surface area than Pluto.
3. The Queen's handbag is a body language communication device. She uses it to signal to her aides.
4. High heels were originally men's shoes.
5. Peanuts, walnuts, almonds, cashews and pistachios are not actually nuts. They are all seeds.
6. Armadillos have shells so hard they can deflect a bullet.
7. Bees can fly higher than Mount Everest.
8. An ant cannot die from falling.
9. Cats communicate with their tail motion.
10. Honeybees hold hands when they move somewhere.





Five Finger Prayer:

(Thank you to Jill Lee for this.) (From Bethel URC Newsletter July 2020)

This is beautiful - and it is surely worth making the 5 finger prayer a part of our lives.

1. Your thumb is nearest you. So begin your prayers by praying for those closest to you. They are the easiest to remember. To pray for our loved ones is, as C. S. Lewis once said, a 'sweet duty.'
2. The next finger is the pointing finger. Pray for those who teach, instruct and heal. This includes teachers, doctors, and ministers. They need support and wisdom in pointing others in the right direction. Keep them in your prayers.
3. The next finger is the tallest finger. It reminds us of our leaders. Pray for the President, the Prime Minister, leaders in business and industry, and administrators. These people shape our nation and guide public opinion. They need God's guidance.
4. The fourth finger is our ring finger. Surprising to many is the fact that this is our weakest finger, as any piano teacher will testify. It should remind us to pray for those who are weak, in trouble or in pain. They need your prayers day and night. You cannot pray enough for them.
5. And lastly comes our little finger - the smallest finger of all which is where we should place ourselves in relation to God and others. As the Bible says, 'The least shall be the greatest among you.' Your pinkie should remind you to pray for yourself. By the time you have prayed for the other four groups, your own needs will be put into proper perspective and you will be able to pray for yourself more effectively.

Fun Business Names ... A Hairdresser's salon:





I have been inspired by Barbara's crossword to offer the following quiz: a mixture of anagrams and cryptic clues, all the answers are places in Northumbria.

Hope this kills some time in an enjoyable fashion! *Jill Ramsay*

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| (1) Is this place a finer island? | (11) The President has lost his head! |
| (2) Thoroughly cut up! | (12) Do pigs come here when they're too hot? |
| (3) It's draughty here. | (13) Coastal dwellings. |
| (4) Sounds like indigestion. | (14) Anagram of number 7. |
| (5) Jane's husband. | (15) A gentle stroll. |
| (6) Jealous boss. | (16) Sounds like Shelley's spirit. |
| (7) In every lady's handbag. | (17) Twit has hell working this one out. |
| (8) Here is me only hut! | (18) Nasty sounding collision! |
| (9) Continue talking! | (19) Meadow of punishment. |
| (10) The rock of the stone. | (20) Are we in Ayrshire? |

ANSWERS
 (1) Lindisfarne (2) Chopwell (3) Wide Open (4) Harburn
 (5) Rochester (6) Greenhead (7) Acomb (8) Lynemouth
 (9) Chatton (10) Adderstone (11) Ashington
 (12) Chillingham (13) Seahouses (14) Cambo (15) Amble
 (16) Blyth (17) Haltwhistle (18) Heddon
 (19) Stocksfeld (20) Prestwick.

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The Sin of Lying

A minister told his congregation, "Next week I plan to preach about the sin of lying. To help you understand my sermon, I want you all to read Mark 17."

The following Sunday, as he prepared to deliver his sermon, the minister asked for a show of hands. He wanted to know how many had read Mark 17. Every hand went up. The minister smiled and said, "Mark has only sixteen chapters. I will now proceed with my sermon on the sin of lying."

FAITH

(F) FORWARDING
 (A) ALL
 (I) ISSUES
 (T) TO
 (H) HEAVEN

WHEN *life* GETS
 TOO HARD TO STAND,
kneel

(Thanks to Bethel URC for)
 (these three items from)
 (June 2020 Newsletter)



**Letter home to the farm from: NORTH DAKOTA farm kid in the Marines
(PARRIS ISLAND MARINE CORPS RECRUIT TRAINING CENTER)**

Dear Ma and Pa,

I am well. Hope you are. Tell Brother Walt and Brother Elmer the Marine Corps beats working for old man Smith by a mile. Tell them to join up quick before all the places are filled.

I was restless at first because you get to stay in bed till nearly 6 a.m. But I am getting so I like to sleep late like that. Tell Walt and Elmer all you do before breakfast is smooth your cot, and shine some things. No hogs to slop, feed to load, mash to mix, wood to split or fire to lay. Practically nothing at all to do in the mornings.

Men have to shave but it is not so bad cause here there's warm water.

Breakfast is strong on trimmings like fruit juice, cereal, eggs, bacon, etc, but kind of weak on chops, potatoes, ham, steak, fried eggplant, pie and other regular food. But tell Walt and Elmer you can always sit by a couple city boys that live on coffee. Their food, plus yours, holds you til noon when you get fed again. It's no wonder these city boys can't walk very far.

We go on 'route marches' which the platoon sergeant says are long walks to harden us. If he thinks so, it's not my place to tell him different. A 'route march' is about as far as to our mailbox at home. Then the city guys get sore feet and we all ride back to our barracks in trucks.

The sergeant is like a school teacher. He nags a lot. The Captain is like the school board. Majors and colonels just ride around and frown. They don't bother you none.

This next bit will kill Walt and Elmer with laughing. I keep getting medals for shooting. I don't know why. The bulls-eye is near as big as a chipmunk's head and don't move, and it ain't shooting at you like the Hoggett boys at home. All you got to do is lie there all comfortable and hit it. You don't even load your own cartridges. They come in boxes.

Then we have what they call hand-to-hand combat training. You get to wrestle with them city boys. I have to be real careful though, they break easy. It ain't like fighting with that ole bull at home. I'm about the best they got in this bunch except for that Tug Jordan from over in Silver Lake. I only beat him once. He joined up the same time as me, but I'm only 5'6" and 130 pounds and he's 6' and near 250 pounds dry.

Be sure to tell Walt and Elmer to hurry and join up before other fellers get onto this setup and come stampeding in.

**Your loving daughter,
Alice**



YOUR DELIGHT

If Christ is your comfort, your strength and your stay,
If He walks beside you by night and by day,
If you ask His forgiveness, so full and so free,
Once purchased for you on dark Calvary.

If you come in repentance, acknowledge your sin,
Ask Him to cleanse you, and pour His life in,
He'll come with His Spirit of love, joy and peace,
He mends shattered lives, and brings sweet release.

If He is your Lord, and your constant Friend,
His love, joy and peace, they never shall end.
If He is your treasure, your dearest delight,
If you follow His truth, and all that is right.

Then He will grant the desires of your heart,
From you His dear child, He never will part,
He will hear every whisper, hear every prayer,
Supply every need, for so great is His care.

[From "Great & Precious Promises" by Dorothy Anderson]
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