

THE VOICE

MERROW METHODIST CHURCH MAGAZINE



November 2020

MESSAGE FROM THE MANSE – NOVEMBER 2020

Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

I am not sure how we have got to November so quickly, but here we are. November has always been my favourite month, a very solemn and poignant Remembrance Sunday and then a short quiet period before the heavily scheduled December. It is very different this year. We now find ourselves in the middle of a three pronged pandemic – economic, political and Covid-19. The brokenness, uncertainty and unrest in most walks of life are quite noticeable in our country. In our Church though we have resumed our Sunday worship services we are still some distance away from gathering safely and freely for worship and to do all the mission activities that are at the heart of being disciples of Jesus. The challenges are great and the need for the best of us is greater. We are facing a time that calls for our best selves. In the current situation the choices to moving towards normality are limited and decision making is not easy. Some hard decisions have to be made to minimise the risk to our health and general well-being. I know it can be very easy for us to choose sides, for we too feel uneasy with the situation and with those who assess the situation differently from us. I do realise we are weary of Covid-19 and it is tempting to live like the virus is not such a threat. But we are better than that - we are followers of Jesus.

In the Bible in 1 Corinthians, it is interesting that a passage written so long ago to a church in Corinth in such a different time could still be relevant. The Apostle Paul is reminding the church that they are different from the people of the world, and therefore, must live differently. They are not to be swayed by the culture, the thinking and the practices of others. And then comes the passage, we have often relegated to weddings. Paul reminds the church that they are to love and then he defines what that looks like. As we make our way through these days let us listen to these words. Let us take them to heart. Let us be strengthened by them. Let us live them.

“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails” (1 Corinthians 13: 4 – 8a).

God bless,
Asif Das

USEFUL ADDRESSES

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PROPERTY LETTINGS

ADMINISTRATOR: **01483 537655**
lettings@merrowmethodistchurch.org.uk

PRAYER SUPPORT GROUP:

This is a small group willing to put time aside for praying each day for special needs within the Church community. Your request will be passed on to other members of the group, where it will remain confidential.

The prayer contact for NOVEMBER will be

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Editorial note

Gillian Brierley
Is, only partly, not entirely
Sure what she's doing,
So there could, possibly, be trouble brewing.

As you may have surmised, this week I have been reading up about Clerihews. A Clerihew is a short, witty, biographical poem in rhyming couplets AABB about known people, past or present.

They were invented by Edmund **Clerihew** Bentley, writer and humourist (1875-1956). The first line must name the subject and the rest say something about them to entertain the reader. The lines may be of indeterminate length.

Perhaps in the December edition of "The Voice" we could have a "Clerihew" page.

All contributions submitted will be considered for inclusion by the editorial panel.

(Nothing defamatory please)

Due to the current situation, "The Voice" is being featured on our website and sent out by email. Copies are posted with the News-sheet to all those who do not have internet access.

Don't forget that 'The Voice' is YOUR voice.

Who? What? Which? How? When? Where? please make yourself heard!

Any items for inclusion in the **DECEMBER** issue of "The Voice" should be sent to me by:

WEDNESDAY NOV 18TH 2020

via email: gillianbrierley13@gmail.com;

or

by post: 57, Darfield Rd. GU4 7YY

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN NOVEMBER



This was how we recorded Asif in order that you would be able to see him on our screens
on

Sunday morning NOVEMBER 1st at 10.30am

Other services this month will be on:

November 8 th	at 6.30pm	led by Rev. Keith Beckingham
November 15 th	at 10.30am	led by Thelma Roberts
November 22 nd	at 10.30am	led by Rev. Sidney Samuel Lake
November 29 th	at 10.30am	T.B.A.

Stewards Rota – for Sunday Worship

Date/Time	Vestry	Door	Worship Leader	P/A & A/V
Nov. 1 st 10.30am	Suzanne Burnham	Hugh Bradley Helen Belsham	Gillian Brierley	Glenys Magill
Nov. 8 th 6.30pm	Hugh Bradley	Maggie Woolcock Ruth McCulloch		Glenys Magill
Nov. 15 th 10.30am	Joan Wells	Hugh Bradley Julie Wallis		Jane Vinall
Nov. 22 nd 10.30am	Suzanne Burnham	Maggie Woolcock Ruth McCulloch		Glenys Magill
Nov. 29 th 10.30am	Helen Belsham	Julie Wallis JoanWells	Gillian Brierley	Jane Vinall



Action for Children

the children's charity of the Methodist Church

We would have been holding our annual coffee morning in November and also collecting gift vouchers for vulnerable children and young people for Christmas in December.

AFC believes that every child should grow up safe and happy. To make this vision a reality, they offer practical and emotional care and support, make sure children's voices are heard, and campaign to bring lasting improvements to their lives. Doing this lays the foundations for children to thrive.

The work AFC does is only possible with our support. The Methodist Church has been by the charity's side for more than 151 years. But, tragically, there are still thousands of vulnerable children who desperately need our help. Even more so in the UK at the moment.

We are all aware of the tragic loss to all charities in the past 7 months due to the pandemic.

Please give generously this Christmas with either donations or The One4all gift cards that can be purchased at the post office (minimum £10). Please write on the envelope the value of card.

Many thanks

Suzanne



Every year, the British Legion calls on the nation to unite in commemorating **Remembrance Sunday**

On **Sunday 8 November 2020**
the National Service of **Remembrance** is planned
to be held at the Cenotaph on Whitehall in London

You are invited to join this Act of Remembrance
at
11am on Sunday 8th November

The poppy is a symbol of Remembrance and hope for a peaceful future
and wearing a poppy is a show of support for the service and sacrifice of our
Armed Forces, veterans and their families.

One way to give financial support to the British Legion
is to visit the Poppy Shop - **poppyshop.org.uk**



Missing something? Missing someone?

2020 has been tough

- loss of jobs, broken relationships, ambitions thwarted,
hopes dashed, the death of someone close to you



Whether you feel you're a 'church-person' or not,
St Mary's, Quarry St, GU1 3UP
offers space to remember, time to reflect,
to light a candle or say a prayer,
spend time on your own or talk to someone;
if you wish, take a look at the exhibition

good grief?

- an exhibition of textile art

*A personal journey, by Jacqui Parkinson, as she worked
through her grief following the death of her husband*

Opening:

Thursday 29 October 11.00 – 15.00
Saturday 31 October 11.00 – 15.00
& 19.00 – 21.00

Sunday 1 November 12.00 – 16.00
Tuesday 3 November 11.00 – 15.00
Thursday 5 November 11.00 – 15.00
Saturday 7 November 11.00 – 15.00

IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR IN THE GARDEN!

November is a month when, if you are like me, activity in the garden depends very much on the weather.



In the greenhouse I will be looking to clear away the remaining tomatoes and cucumber plants to free up space to store the things that I want to protect from frost. There are still some green tomatoes hanging on, so I'll bring them inside to ripen on the windowsill. The grow bags, that they were growing in, I'll empty on to the vegetable garden.

Now is the time to sow some broad beans, if you want an early crop next spring. A good variety to sow now is Aquadulce.

Once the dahlias have been blackened by the frost, they should be cut down to a couple of inches and brought inside. I like to lay the tubers upside down for a while to let moisture drain from the stems, before I store them, frost free, for the winter. Any tender fuchsias that you want to keep can be stored in the same way.

Faded perennials should be cut down, but I leave my penstemons, because they still produce occasional colour. I cut this seasons growth down in spring when I can see the new shoots emerging at the base.

On the patio, it is a good idea to make sure that all the pots that are over-wintering have good drainage to prevent the plants sitting in cold water and the compost getting waterlogged, which can kill the plants.

Thinking of pots, it's time to take a look at the hyacinths and narcissi that are being kept in the dark for blooming at Christmas. If they have started to shoot, they need to be brought out into a light, cool place to grow on.

It is also time to plant Amaryllis bulbs for Christmas blooming.



Looking forward to next Spring, now is the time to plant tulips, either in pots or in the borders. They need to be planted deep and they look much better in the border if planted in clumps rather than rows.

If you have put the lawn mower away for the winter, it might be opportune to have it serviced, before the rush starts in the New Year!

When the weather this month keeps us indoors, bring the prospect of spring closer; by exploring the seed and plant catalogues and planning just how beautiful your garden will look next year.

Enjoy your gardening!

F W Gardener



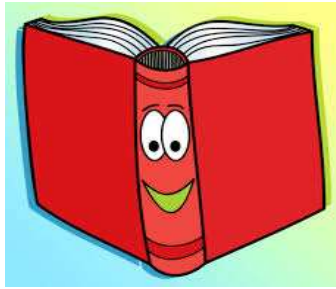
Celebrating the saints!

Every year on the 1st November we celebrate All Saints Day and remember all the saints of the past. There are lots of well known saints, like St Paul and St Patrick but lots of lesser known ones too, like St. Cuthbert and St Genevieve. There are 16 Saints names in the Word-search: including one that isn't on the list below. Can you find that too? (Answer on last page)

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

Matthew; Mark; John; George; Francis; Agnes; Ignatius; Andrew; Paul; Peter; Jude; Stephen; Mary; Patrick; Philip.

Saints are everywhere. Churches are named after them, like St. John's, and even whole cities - St. Petersburg in Russia, San Francisco in the USA and St. Albans here in the UK. Santa Claus is really Saint Nicholas and on Bonfire Night we might light a Catherine Wheel named after Saint Catherine, who was tortured on a wheel by the Emperor Maxentius for refusing to renounce her Christian faith. The wheel broke and Catherine was eventually beheaded.



The Little Engine That Could

An American fairytale

A stranded train is unable to find an engine willing to take it on over difficult terrain to its destination. Only the little blue engine is willing to try and, while repeating the mantra "I think I can, I think I can", overcomes a seemingly impossible task.

An early version goes as follows

A little railroad engine was employed at a station yard for such work as it was built for, pulling a few cars on and off the switches. One morning it was waiting for the next call when a long train of freight-cars asked a large engine in the roundhouse to take it over the hill. "I can't; that is too much a pull for me", said the great engine built for hard work. Then the train asked another engine, and another, only to hear excuses and be refused. In desperation, the train asked the little [switch engine](#) to pull it up the hill and down on the other side.

"I think I can", puffed the little locomotive, and put itself in front of the great heavy train. As it went on the little engine kept bravely puffing faster and faster, "I think I can, I think I can, I think I can."

As it neared the top of the gradient, which had so discouraged the larger engines, it went more slowly. However, it still kept saying,

"I—think—I—can, I—think—I—can."

It reached the top by sheer determination and drawing on bravery and then went on down the other side, congratulating itself by saying,

"I thought I could, I thought I could."



Hugh's views

“ Although regular online shoppers, (particularly for ladies fashions!) , pre lockdown Wendy and I had never got around to doing our weekly supermarket shopping via the internet. Initially we managed with “ Click and collect” but then were lucky to find a convenient slot on a delivery rota and have remained with this ever since.

Personally it makes me wonder why we never ventured down this route years ago although to be fair Wendy does quite enjoy the opportunity to choose her fruit and vegetables by look and touch rather than remotely on a screen.

Anyway when I saw this poem recently in our newspaper it touched a chord.....”

I came a cropper as an online shopper!

I shopped online some months ago
Due to the coronavirus,
Something I'd not done before
But self-isolation was desirous.
And then after a lot of trying
I managed to get a slot,
At 9pm three weeks hence
Because that was all they'd got.

I sought the things I needed
But had to take pot luck,
They had no eggs or cottage cheese,
No chicken, beef or duck.
No self-raising flour
With which to make a cake,
No haddock, cod or salmon –
Just one small piece of hake.

They had no tinned tomatoes,
Disinfectant or hand soap.
The choice of bread was limited
And of loo rolls just no hope.
I needed paper tissues



But they'd had a run on those,
I only hoped that none of us
Would get a runny nose.

When it came to vegetables
I had to choose by weight,
But it was all in kilograms
And I'm past my sell-by date.
I still weigh in pounds and ounces

So I had to make a guess –

I just put in any number
And hoped for more, not less.

At last the day arrived
And – at 9pm exact –
The shopping was delivered.
Not a lot, compact in fact.
It seems my lack of metric
Had got me in a fix;
They delivered just one
potato
But the carrots – 96!

They didn't have the spinach,
The substitute was cabbage.
And as for leeks, not onions,
I suppose I'd have to manage.
So I'm now learning
metric tables
Which I'm finding far
from clear.
But if done while making
carrot soup
Then I should have at least
a year!

Janet Byrne,
Harrow, Middlesex

Gill's trills

Heads bowed in prayer, the congregation at the morning service listened in complete silence to the minister as he said "Now let us pray in the words that Jesus taught us." A little girl's voice could be heard throughout the hushed congregation as she said "Daddy, I didn't know Jesus had a tortoise!"

Musical terms

- Con moto - I travel by car
- Allegro - A small motor car
- Metronome - Person small enough to fit comfortably into a mini.
- Antiphon - Do not make phone calls when driving
- Flats - Perils of pot-holes

Ken's pen

Some time ago Rosemary and I went on a mystery day trip by coach. Among other places we found ourselves in Wells. We didn't have the experience that two young ladies had in the past.....

'They both worked at Port Sunlight soap factory, and went to Blackpool for a week. They also went on a mystery coach trip. It ended up at Port Sunlight, and as an extra treat they were shown round the works!'

We now live in strange times, and it is rather like a mystery tour. However, our "driver" is our Father God, and he will guide us safely through.

A minister and his wife were stationed to a Circuit by the sea, and their manse was very close to the beach. In the garden was a pond that had several frogs and a newt. Each morning the newt got out of the pond and stood watching the waves come in. People soon heard of this strange action and the newt became quite famous. The minister's wife decided to call the newt Kinky, because of its strange behaviour. So, we all were taught about Kinky newt who stood and watched the waves roll in!

In the days when streets were kept clean by road-sweepers, once a week one passed along by Miss Gidding's cottage. Every week Miss Gidding went out and gave the man a glass of lemonade and a slice of cake.

One evening there was a knock on the back door. There stood the sweeper, looking a bit embarrassed, holding a cauliflower and a bunch of sweet peas." "These are for you, ma'am, for your kindness." "Oh, but you shouldn't. It was nothing." "she replied. "Well, no, maybe it wasn't much I suppose, BUT IT WAS MORE THAN ANYONE ONE ELSE DID."

If you feel that your contribution to God's work is insignificant, compared with those with "important" jobs some others do, just remember the old road-sweeper and Miss Giddings.

TIMES GONE BY

Congratulations

to all born in the 1930s, 1940s, 50s, 60s, 70s and early '80s!!!

First you survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they carried us. They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a tin and didn't get tested for diabetes. Then after that trauma your baby cots were covered with bright coloured, lead based paints.

You had no child proof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets and when you rode your bike you had no helmets, not to mention the risks you took hitch-hiking..... As children you would ride in cars with no seat-belts or airbags. Riding in the back of a van – loose – was always great fun.

You drank water from a garden hosepipe and not from a bottle. You shared one soft drink with four friends from one bottle, and NO-ONE actually died from this. You ate cakes, white bread and real butter and drank pop with sugar in it

but you weren't overweight because
YOU WERE ALWAYS OUTSIDE PLAYING!!

You would leave home in the morning and play all day as long as you were back when the street lights came on. No-one was able to reach you all day, and you were OK.

You would spend hours building your go-carts out of scraps, and then ride down the hill, only to find out you forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times you learned to solve the problem.

You did not have Play Stations, Nintendo's, X-boxes, no video games at all, no 99 channels on cable, no videotape movies, no surround sound, no mobile phones, no text messaging, no personal computers, no Internet or Internet chat rooms.

You had FRIENDS
and you went outside and found them.

You fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no law suits from these accidents. You played with worms (well most boys did) and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever....
You made up games with sticks and tennis balls and, although you were told it would happen, you did not poke out any eyes.

You rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell or just yelled for them!

Local teams had try-outs and not everyone made the team.
Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.
Imagine that!

The idea of a parent bailing you out if you broke the law was unheard of.
They actually sided with the law.

This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever. The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas. You had freedom, failure, success and responsibility and you learned HOW TO DEAL WITH IT ALL,
and YOU are one of them.
Congratulations.

Is there any truth in it?

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated our lives for our own good, and while you are at it, let your kids see it so they will know how brave their parents were.

STOURHEAD: source of the River Stour

Sent in with every good wish by Iris Walker



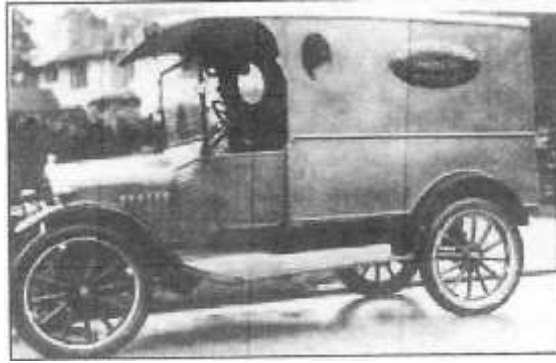
Just a few miles away from us is the National Trust's pride and joy, Stourhead. Probably many of you will know it. Frequently we are there, delighting in its many and varied walks with always something new to explore – lakes, temples, grottoes, monuments, a church and so it goes on.

This year the NT celebrates its 125th anniversary. One of the founders, Octavia Hill, believed that beautiful, natural, historic places should be protected for future generations. She saw sweeping industrialisation in cities. Nature and beauty were at risk and needed to be saved. She said, "We all want quiet. We all want beauty. We all need space. Unless we have it, we cannot reach that sense of quiet in which whispers of better things come to us gently."

All that time ago she spoke of the very things so much needed in our world today. Pessimistically we could be saddened that so little has changed, but more positively we can take heart that the NT is making such places accessible in this frenetic world, so we can find quiet, beauty and space that can indeed "whisper of better things."

Let us pray together:

Lord, we pray that we may be faithful stewards of all that grants us quiet, beauty and space; and in that quiet may we be aware of Your presence filling that beauty and space with gentle whispers of Your love for us. Amen.



Kimber's Van

This photograph first appeared in 'Merrow Matters' more than 20 years ago, and more recently appeared in 'Merrow Life'. John Sutton wrote:

“Bread, and cakes if we were lucky, was delivered daily in a little maroon Ford van by *H. Kimber and Sons*. One of the sons was Mr. Harold Kimber. I can well remember his weekly calls to collect our grocery order – he was such a cheerful character and always had kind words for us boys. He would come up the drive with pencil behind his ear and order book in hand, approach the back door and knock, then call out ‘HK!’.

One day I remember that he told my mother of a new line of confectionery – it was the now well known *Kit-Kat* bar which then sold at 1d for a small one and 2d for a large one. Yes, we were lucky boys that day. I’m sure that we eagerly awaited the return of the little maroon van that evening with that special order. I expect that many readers will recall that many years later Mr. Kimber became mayor of Guildford.”

Frank Winder has many memories of him from the very beginnings of Merrow Methodist church when Harold Kimber was one of the figureheads, at the forefront of the financing and building of the church.

“He had a lovely wife who was also very involved in church activities and was the possessor of a very loud voice. ‘He could out-sing anyone!’” commented Frank

PHONE SCAMS

Be careful!

Fraudsters are busier than ever and constantly finding new ways of targeting the unwary, and especially the elderly.

Do not

- believe those phone calls purporting to be from the police or your bank regarding criminal activity on your bank-card.
- answer texts or emails which *seem* to be from people you know with 'sob stories' asking for money to help them out of a fix.
- listen to calls about your Amazon Prime account – just hang up.
- believe that your internet connection is about to be cut off because of a fault which can be corrected if you just follow the instructions of the caller –

JUST HANG UP

If someone says they are the the police or your bank or even a friend, **NEVER** give them any information about your bank account, or card details.

NEVER give the customer services number from the back of your bank card. If you do,

NEVER answer any follow up call purporting to be from your bank's customer services. It isn't.

Instead - phone your bank, the police station or your friend on a phone number you have and know is correct, to confirm whether there is any problem with your account.

BE WISE

Let's not forget our advertisers who are all facing challenging times.

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Prayers worth sharing



***O God of all,
You bring life and transformation
and offer us the gift of joining in partnership with you.***

***All over the world we see change beginning.
We see ordinary things and ordinary people having an
extraordinary impact.***

***Show us how to demonstrate your generous love in all we do.
May we have hearts that overflow from you.***

***Living God, we pray that change will begin here, in this place.
We pray that change will begin with us.***

Amen

from allwecan.org.uk

Blessing

***“And now unto him who is able to keep us from falling and lift us
from the dark valley of despair to the bright mountain of hope,
from the midnight of desperation to the daybreak of joy,
to him be power and authority, for ever and ever.”***

*spoken by Martin Luther King
as he left his congregation in Montgomery
to devote all his time to political action.*

..... and finally an ancient prayer, but one for all time,
submitted by Derek Varley

AN ANCIENT PRAYER.



Answer from P.9 – St. MICHAEL