

KNAPHILL METHODIST CHURCH

MAGAZINE

Changing lives for good through the power of God's word



Easter 2021

A Word from the Editor:



It seems to have been a long winter and yet that said, looking back now, it seems to have gone quite quickly. Of course, the speed at which time passes will all depend on what each of us has been able to do in the last 3 months. In the Lockdown Stories and KMC Family News, a couple of people decided to really challenge themselves and came out winners. Others have immersed themselves in their individual interests both to take their minds off what has been happening and keep boredom at bay. I wish I could say I have been as productive as Sheila & John Mynard but I can't, so I won't!

The sad passing of Helen Baker is reflected in this issue and I hope you will find the various items in memory of Helen, including one written by Helen herself, both interesting, informative and appropriate.

The article on Supporting Charities is worthy of note. Many charities have suffered a decline in donations throughout the pandemic for obvious reasons. Lynda Shore brings to our attention several charities which she would like us to remember at this time including Christian Aid.

Easter is a time to celebrate the promise of eternal life through Christ's death and resurrection with Easter Day coming as a reminder of renewal and life restored. Spring started on 20 March this year with Easter following close on its heels so making the feeling of renewal especially strong. This sense of rebirth will be felt even more keenly, I would suggest, because we will hopefully soon be slowly emerging from lockdown. This anticipated feeling of life getting back to some sort of normality is well represented I think by the picture on the front cover where the sun is starting to appear from behind the Cross.

As we start to appear from our homes on a more regular basis, let us hope that we can look forward to basking in some sunnier and warmer days very soon at the same time as rejoicing in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

May I wish you all a very Happy Easter and end by saying that I hope that it will not be too long before we can all meet up again and resume life praying and praising God together.

Robin Spice, Editor.

KMC MAGAZINE

Editor: Robin Spice. Layout & design: Allan Wright. Proof Reader: Yvette Wright

NEXT ISSUE: Summer 2021. Look out for information about the copy deadline.

Copy to: Robin Spice - magazine@knaphillmethodist.co.uk

Message from Dave:

Dear Friends,

As I write this our society is troubled and shocked by the death of Sarah Everard. That a woman is not safe walking home at night is truly disturbing. That so many women have made it plain they regularly feel unsafe in such circumstances is a terrible indictment on our society. Stories have emerged from women about just how young they were when they were first subjected to cat-calling, and it's despicable. That a serving police officer has been arrested for Ms Everard's kidnapping and murder has rocked us to the core. That the Metropolitan Police is under investigation not only because one of its own has been charged but because a week beforehand it is alleged they failed to process properly an allegation of indecent exposure by the same police officer has shattered confidence in the Police for many. And as a nation we are apparently divided over how the Police handled the vigil on Clapham Common.



Now before we say, this was London and Sarah Everard lived in Brixton, let's remember all the recent local media coverage of male indecent exposures to women along the Basingstoke Canal. I can tell you it makes Debbie and me nervous as parents of a teenage girl.

Against this background I was at least slightly heartened to hear the Prime Minister say that women must feel 'properly heard' when they complain about violence. Among the placards at the vigil was one that read, 'We will not be silenced.' Indeed. Women must be heard.

What to say? I have no doubt that Jesus is on the side of women speaking out. We are entering the Easter season, when the first witnesses to the Resurrection were women. We should remember that was no small thing in Jewish society of two thousand years ago. From the pious prayer of the Jewish man, 'Blessèd art thou, King of the universe, who hast not made me a slave, or a Gentile, or a woman' to the inadmissibility of women's evidence in the court system and the limitation of education to boys, women were silenced and demeaned by strong cultural forces.

Therefore, not only is it evidence for the honesty of the Resurrection stories that women are the first witnesses (if you'd made it up, then you'd have had men), it reminds us that Jesus and the early church gave a voice to women. The Apostle Paul even had a female apostle: 'Greet Andronicus and Junia, my fellow Jews who have been in prison with me. They are outstanding among the apostles, and they were in Christ before I was.' (Romans 16:7 – Junia is a woman's name.) And the other texts in Paul's letters which have traditionally been taken to subordinate and silence women have meanings different from what first appears on the surface, by the way.

This Easter, and at this troubled time in our nation, may Christians play their part to ensure that women are not silenced and that they are, in Boris Johnson's words, 'properly heard'. We have unique reasons for doing so. In creation, God made male and female in his image (Genesis 1:27), both sexes sharing his

mandate to manage the world. In salvation, there is no distinction either, as Paul tells us in Galatians 3:28: 'There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free, nor is there male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.' He reverses the Jewish man's prayer I quoted above.

All this means that women are beloved of God with no qualification. As a man, I don't have to think anything like as much about what precautions I will take or strategies I will deploy if I go out at night. Let us as the Church raise our voices until in our society women can go about their business with the same freedom as men.

Let us ensure that women can bear witness.

Your friend and minister,

Dave Faulkner

Dear Friends,

I need to inform you all that we are introducing some major changes into the way Yvette Wright works as our Church Administrator with effect from next Monday, 1st March. Due to changes in employment law and to GDPR and also for pastoral reasons, please note the following:

- Yvette will be working set hours each week as the church administrator. Normally these will be Mondays from 10:00 am to 12:30 pm, Thursdays from 10:00 am to 1:00 pm, and Fridays from 4:30 pm to 6:30 pm. If you contact her outside these times, your query will wait until the next time she is working.
- All 'phone calls about church administration work must no longer be made to her home phone number, but to a dedicated church 'phone number, which is 07556 711236.
- Similarly, all emails about church administration work must no longer be sent to Yvette's personal email address, but to:
admin@knaphillmethodist.co.uk

Employment law now requires specific hours of work to be nominated in an employee's contract. GDPR requires that personal email addresses not be used for work where at all possible. Overall, the changes should be beneficial to Yvette, because she will be able to separate home and working life more clearly, and not feel like she is 'on call' all the time. I should add that all the other administrators employed in the Circuit adhere to working practices that follow these principles.

If you have any questions about this, please do not hesitate to ask me.

Blessings to you all,



Dave Faulkner

minister@knaphillmethodist.co.uk

A SERVICE TO CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF

HELEN CHRISTINE BAKER

15th December 1935 - 4th February 2021



Woking Crematorium
Tuesday 23rd February 2021 at 9.00 am

Helen Baker - Eulogy

This is the Eulogy given by Rev. Dave Faulkner at the Helen Baker's Celebration Service on 23rd February 2021 at Woking Crematorium

Helen Christine Baker was born on 15th December 1935 at Littlewick Common and baptised that very month in the newly rebuilt Knaphill Methodist Church. In 1939 her baby brother Bob was born and the family moved more into the heart of Knaphill at Barnby Road. Her education began at Knaphill School and her primary school years coincided with World War Two.



Around junior school age she also began in the Sunday School at Knaphill Methodist, where she was taught by Beryl Fagence and Mrs Fagence's father, Mr Ruggles. She took part in various shows, something that would carry over to her own days later as a Sunday School teacher.

Helen's secondary education was at Woking Grammar School, and from there she went into a career of caring for children in Residential Care Homes and council Children's Homes. These took her away from Knaphill, but eventually she returned to Knaphill, this time to Wood Lane.

Rejoining the church, she started helping the Primary Department of the Sunday School with Marilyn Meller. As well as the musical shows I've already mentioned, they took the children to the circuit sports day and Eisteddfod. They also took the youth group to MAYC London Weekend and hosted visiting youth groups who slept on the church floor for Operation Friendship.

Helen had two other great loves in her life. One was the cactus society, to which she belonged for sixty-two years, including several years when she was the treasurer. In fact, the first time I met Helen, which was when my family and I attended a service just after we'd moved into Knaphill but before I began as the minister, the one thing Helen talked about was the cactus society.

She also loved singing and was a member of Woking Choral Society until her health began to fail.

Indeed, she was to fight many health conditions, from cancer to diabetes, to heart problems, and broken limbs among them. I used to joke with her that she got value for money out of the NHS.

But still for many years she doggedly walked from Wood Lane to the

church on Sunday mornings, showing the same fight and determination she had exhibited in her working life where no-one pushed her around, and where she defended the vulnerable with no concern for her own safety.

And indeed, Helen was a strong character who organised things well and got involved in heated discussions over the right way to do things to the point where some adults who disagreed with her came out feeling like scolded children.

Yet where would Helen have been without that strength of character? It carried her through personal adversity, and it enabled her to stand up for those whom she thought were being abused.

But more than that, where would Helen have been without her faith in Christ? Resilience of character is important and helpful, but all human beings have their limits and our sins need forgiving. Helen's faith that Jesus died for her sins and rose again to promise new life and resurrection are the reasons that in a few minutes we shall commit her body to be cremated, 'in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.'

Our grieving today is real, but that hope means our grief is not desolation but consolation. May the hope of the risen Christ sustain us all as we feel the loss of Helen.

For the many who were not able to be at the Service, here is the Order of Service:

Entry Music: Carnival of the Animals: The Swan - Saint-Saens performed by André Rieu

Welcome

Prayer & Introductory Words

Bible Reading: John, chapter 14: verses 1-6 and 27

Eulogy

Music for Reflection: Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring - Bach

Prayers of Thanksgiving & Commendation

The Lord's Prayer

Committal

Prayer & Blessing

Exit Music: Canon in D - Pachelbel arr. H, May performed by Andrew Watkinson and City of London Sinfonia

Donations in memory of Helen for Cancer Research UK



Tributes to and Memories of Helen Baker

First up is Christine with her particular memories of Helen which you may not be surprised to know revolved around, in particular, their shared love of plants.

I joined KMC after the new millennium shortly after moving to Knaphill village, but I did not get to know Helen properly straight away. It was only after the then Minister Nigel Wright asked me if I would like to help out on the plant stall at the forthcoming Christmas Bazaar. As I had always fancied myself as a “bit of a gardener”, I readily agreed and found myself sandwiched between Helen and Jack Rutter – wow! What a font of knowledge and information of all things horticultural. I thoroughly enjoyed the day and learned so much, this earning myself a regular slot on the plant stall for many years afterwards.

Helen and I shared many things in common, the love of gardens being the most obvious, so when Nigel asked me to be a pastoral friend to Helen our friendship “blossomed”. I enjoyed our times together chatting over a cup of tea, as Helen was a good conversationalist and very knowledgeable of local history and how Knaphill has changed over the years.



Later Helen asked me to be her gardener and we spent Saturday mornings together sowing, planting and mowing the lawn.

We shared the same birthday too – 15th December – and also the name Christine, I suspect because we were both born in Advent.

Helen had a kindly nature. I never heard her speak unkindly of anyone – rather in fact the opposite.

During the later years Helen had many health problems, but she remained uncomplaining of her personal difficulties and was very appreciative of our NHS and the care she was given.

I shall treasure the memories of our friendship and will miss her, as will many of us at KMC, and I know all will send thoughts and sympathies to her brother Bob and his family for their loss.

Christine Woodley

Mike remembers a very nice person....

I used to liaise with Helen when she was Treasurer for the Cactus Group who hired Room 3 once a month - Helen was just such a very nice person to talk to, I always made a point of saying hello to her when we met at KMC. I think Helen used to assist in giving out prizes to the children once a year - that was a very long time ago. Helen was always there at our Bazaar representing the Cactus group.



Mike Allison

Lynda remembers Helen as someone with great stoicism....

I'd like to comment on Helen's sustained, faithful service, through KMC, and her stoicism when she was diagnosed with cancer and undergoing treatment.

Lynda Shore

Maggie & Robin remember a kind and knowledgeable lady.....

We remember Helen, in particular, as someone who was always pleased to be able to pass on her knowledge whether that was about caring for cacti, the history of Knaphill and lots of other things too.

We always found her to be a faithful and committed church member who was not going to let any illness stop her from going to church or doing anything else for that matter!

She will be missed not only within KMC but also by those who knew her through the Cactus Society and Woking Choral Society, both of which she was a member of for many years. **Maggie & Robin Spice**



The following article written by Helen Baker herself, first appeared in a KMC Magazine in 2015. It is repeated here in tribute to her.

Times Are Changing

My father and his brothers all worked for Slococks Nursery. Originally they lived in St Johns, then moved to Knaphill into Halls Farm on Anchor Hill (opposite the entry to Barley Mow Lane), this being a house belonging to Slococks.

My mother's father and brothers worked in the brickfields which were in Knaphill at that time. Her family lived in the old house called Stevens Cottage lying back behind the newer cottages in Barnby Road, which at one time had been a corn chandlers - their name board was still under the ivy on the house wall, and the old bushel measures were still in the garden shed - useful to hold the gooseberries in the large garden when we picked them!

My parents married in June 1930 at St John's Church. They didn't have cars to take them there, they all walked down Barnby Road, along Robin Hood Road, into St John's village, and up to the Church.

They moved into one of the cottages just down Littlewick Road (near the "Mink Farm") so I was officially born on Littlewick Common. That was in December 1935, just as the new church building for Knaphill Methodist Church was completed. My mother's family were Methodists, and I was the first baby baptised that day, the one following after me was Vera Lody, who later was in the same class throughout Infant and Junior School.

In August 1939 I got a baby brother, and soon after, we moved house up to Barnby Road, near the Anchor Hill End, this being two houses away from Gran and Grandad Harwood (Mum's parents).

Then soon time to start school. The Junior School was the building looking into the recreation ground, next to the bowling green. Behind it was the Senior School, on the High Street.

Then came the war. I was in the reception class at the time when the bombing raids started. The reception class (you were promoted up to the next class when you had mastered the alphabet) sheltered in the school corridor, sitting on P.E. benches.

All the rest had to run across the recreation ground to the field beyond, where there was a line of shelters. The Seniors went into the first ones as they had already come from their building across the Junior playground. The shelters were each like a long corridor with a slatted wooden bench along it,



and one light. We carried our "air raid kit" - a pencil and one piece of paper with us - we never used these as there was nowhere to rest the paper to be able to write on it! I think we had a different shelter for each class and the teacher just talked to us to keep us calm till the All-Clear went. If it was dinner time or afternoon home-time and the All-Clear had not sounded, we had to wait for a parent to collect us before we were allowed out of the shelter. As my mother was able to come, the Headmaster collected all the children who lived along our route to Lower Knaphill and off we went in a crocodile, being dropped off as they came to their house.

The next thing we had to deal with was the Gas Mask. I had an ordinary black one and a van arrived at school at intervals through that time, to fix new filters into them. My brother was still too young for a mask, so we were given a cardboard box with a pump on top.

You were supposed to put the baby inside and shut the lid and pump air in. I remember my mother thought it would be no good, as to shut a baby in a dark box would frighten it too much. Luckily she never had to use it to find out. Later she was given a mask specially for a toddler - bright red with a flappy "beak" on it, probably worse-looking than the black ones!

That was the time we had to carry our masks everywhere, so at register time at school we had one mark for being present, one mark for having our gas mask, and one if we had brought a halfpenny for our bottle of milk (if we brought a penny, we got a bottle in the afternoon as well).

Somehow we all managed to get in some lessons between all this disruption, even doing some country dancing! If wet, in the Church Hall next door, otherwise in the playground.

When I was 7 or 8 I started going to the Methodist Sunday School, in those days taking place in the afternoons. Beryl Fagence took the youngest. Her father Mr Ruggles took the Juniors. We had class teachers to take their small group for a story etc, while Mr Ruggles led the hymns playing his violin.

I remember the outbreak of Polio, when we prayed during special Sunday School time for Tony Burch who fortunately survived but needed an iron leg support with a chain to hold up his toes from dragging along.

I also remember vividly our Christmas Party in the Church Hall the year the war ended, when a lot of men were still coming home. Beryl Fagence was running the games after the party tea. We sat on the floor and waited to hear what we were playing next "Don't wriggle or you'll get splinters off the floor!". Suddenly the outside door banged open, and there was a soldier in his khaki uniform walking in. Mrs Fagence gave a loud shriek and dashed over and flung her arms round his neck! We were still sitting on the floor (minding the splinters) with our mouths open and eyes like saucers! It was her husband Cyril, just demobbed with no advance notice to relatives.

The Sunday School put on various shows while I was young. My first effort,

when I was about 8 was a bluebell fairy. Also Orpah in the story of Ruth - performed in the Church.

Later, while I was teaching in the Primary Department, several pantomimes, musicals - *Greater Than Gold*, *A Grain of Mustard Seed*, *Jerusalem Joy*.

We also had coach outings for all the children and parents.

As the war ended the old plant nursery at the back of Stevens Cottage and Halls Farm started to be developed for housing to replace bombed buildings. A little gang of prisoners of war came every day with a supervisor, and laid out drains and a roadway. They built a little bonfire each day, where they sat round and ate their lunch. My cousins Joan and Eileen (who lived at grans with their mother – my mother's youngest sister, throughout the war) my brother and I used to go through the hedge and join them with our dolls and my brothers rugby ball. no-one was supposed to talk to them or even give them water, but no-one seemed to bother. They were young soldiers and quite pleasant. I think a few stayed in England after they were released. This was the first new housing in Knaphill - which became Nursery Road.

Then came Larks Way. It had been a cornfield during the war with a footpath across the middle - about where the road is now. Also Lane End Drive, where the circus and funfair visited after the war, was turned into housing.

Brookwood Hospital was still there and had a large flower show in their field on August Bank Holiday Monday (in those days at the beginning of August). As well as fruit and veg competitions, there was a small fun-fair with swinging boats the main attraction. Most popular were the old fashioned competitions - bowling for the pig, climbing the greasy pole, and best of all for fun "Tilting the Bucket", which had 2 men, a wheelbarrow, and a long pole. One sat in the barrow with the pole while the other ran pushing the barrow through an archway with a bucket of water attached to a swinging plank with a target hole to aim the pole at. The object being to push the pole through the hole without hitting the plank causing the bucket to tip over, soaking the 2 men, which happened more often than not, to the delight of the spectators.

After some years working in Residential Child Care in boarding schools for various special needs, and later in Council Childrens' Homes, I came back to live in Knaphill in Wood Lane, and renewed my attendance at the Methodist Church. I was approached about working in the Sunday School, now held on Sunday mornings at the same time as morning service. I started in the Primary Department as teacher to a small group - one year we had 48 Primary children split into about 7 groups. The Primary Leader was Marilyn Meller and after a while she asked me if I would like to swap jobs with her, so I became Leader and she took a small group and eventually moved to the Junior Department.

At that time we had circuit events - Sports Day one year and Eisteddfod the alternate one.

Our youngsters produced a lot of different talents to use in the Eisteddfod - art, music, cooking etc. and we won the cup for several years. It was kept in a small glass-fronted case hung on the wall in the hall. After several years, we came to take it to that year's competition, but no-one could find the key to open the case, so it had to be unscrewed from the wall and given over still in the case! Soon afterwards Sheerwater Sports Field was closed for renovation, and no-one had time to undertake organising the Eisteddfod, so both events ceased which was a great pity.

The hall floor "mind the splinters" was eventually replaced with a new concrete one. Unfortunately it needed to be done on the weekend of the Sunday School Anniversary, when we had a celebration tea for pupils and parents, so, as the concrete was to be poured straight through into the hall off the lorry, it was the only opportunity to do this after the old cottages next door had been demolished, and the lorry could drive straight back in the space, before they built Lloyds Bank there. So we had the children sitting on a ring out on the pathway outside the hall, being offered sandwiches and cakes by the plateful, while the parents sat on chairs in a row against the wall elbows tucked in, in the parlour, which along with the kitchen was the only part of the floor which was ok to walk on, the main hall being full of half-set concrete - a different sort of tea party than usual!

During the time of the MAYC London Weekend our Youth Club was near enough to travel to London and back to Knaphill in a comfortable time. But lots of churches needed to stay nearer for the weekend, so for several years we had clubs camping in our Church Hall, so for breakfast and supper a couple of Knaphill members, on a rota for each day, went to the church and prepared their meals. I did supper a couple of years - arriving in time to be ready so they could eat as soon as they arrived back, before bed ready for an early start the next morning.

As time went on lots of activities disappeared or altered, so things became different in many ways. We have more contact and joint activities with the other churches in the village nowadays.

Halls Farm and Stevens Cottage were eventually demolished and the large gardens they both had were turned into another batch of housing.

So things would seem very different to people from a previous generation, as even I can see a vast change, even within my time.

Helen Baker 2015



KMC Family News

It is with great sadness that I have to tell you, my brother passed away on Wednesday 10th February. Unfortunately, he became ill with Covid 19. I would like to say thank you to the church family for their support and cards that I have received.

Helen Brice

Shirley and Phil send thanks to everyone who sent cards, emails, phone calls and prayed for us during our home move in February. We are very happy and still unpacking boxes and finding places to put things.

Down-sizing has been quite an experience in de-cluttering. God bless and looking forward to seeing you all soon.

Shirley Chase

Walking for Charity

Being part of a large law firm means you are surrounded by a lot of competitive people, particularly when it comes to sport. Anyone who knows me knows how much I hate exercise and although I don't mind watching sport, I wouldn't want to take part in it. The

only exercise I actually like doing is walking and so when I saw a walking challenge advertised on the firm's intranet and that it was in aid of Refuge, the charity against domestic violence, it sparked my interest. The challenge was being run by the Junior Lawyers' Division throughout the month of January and they asked for teams of 10 people to take part. Each team was to aim to reach 500 miles walking, jogging or running and my firm managed to put together 4 teams (although my team only had 9 people).

We were all asked to download the Strava App on our phones which would record how far we walked and we could follow each other's progress. It wasn't long before my team took the lead and little by little, I found I was in second place and competing against someone about half my age! Every time I managed to walk about 8 miles over 3 walks in a day (first thing, at lunch time and before dinner) she would go off on a 3



hour, 10 mile walk! It spurred me on, but I didn't manage to beat her. It wasn't long before my team passed 500 miles first and then the target was changed to "walk as far as you can". In the end, my team finished second out of 26 teams having walked a total of 1,058.93 miles over 312 hours 44 minutes and 288 walks. My contribution to that was 210 miles which for someone who hates exercise isn't bad. We went out in all weathers - snow included! (See photo) Most importantly the challenge raised £6,205 (£7,162.50 including Gift Aid) for Refuge.

Maggie Spice



The Mobile Phone Sketch

What did we do before the existence of mobile phones? In the “old” days if we wanted to speak with someone we would have to wait until we were at home to ring them. Or if we didn’t have a phone at home, visit the nearest callbox. Remember them?

Now with the advent of the mobile phone it seems we all have to be in constant contact with each other. It’s almost at a point where if we don’t hear from someone we think the worst and believe something bad must have happened.

This situation is well-illustrated, albeit to extremes, by the following sketch that some of you may recall was performed at a “CAMEO” meeting some years ago.

Pete: Hi it’s me. I’ve been trying and trying to phone you. I was getting worried.

Vi: Why what’s happened?

Pete: Nothing’s happened. But it kept saying engaged.

Vi: Yes – because I was trying to phone you.

Pete: You were trying to phone me. Why – what’s happened?

Vi: Nothing’s happened. I was trying to phone you that’s all.

Pete: To tell me nothing’s happened?

Vi: No, to find out why you were trying to phone me. I was getting worried, I thought something might be the matter.

Pete: I was just worried that there might be something wrong with your phone.

Vi: That’s what you were phoning me for? Because you were worried there might be something wrong with my phone?

Pete: Yes, because if there was something wrong with your phone and something had happened, I shouldn’t have known, and I should have been worried.

Vi: You’d have been worried? If something had happened and you hadn’t known?

Pete: Of course, I should have been.

Vi: How could you have been worried if something had happened and you hadn’t known?



Pete: Because I wouldn't have known I hadn't known.

Vi: Exactly.

Pete: That's what I'm saying.

Vi: Anyway, nothing has happened.

Pete: No. As it happens. Well as long you're alright.

Vi: Fine.

Pete: So, where are you?

Vi: Oh no.

Pete: What. What's happened?

Vi: Nothing's happened. It's just we seem to be turning into one of those couples who keep phoning each other saying "where are you?" I'm in Tesco's, where are you?

Pete: You're in Tesco's?

Vi: That's not what I'm saying. What I'm saying is...

Pete: You're not in Tesco's?

Vi: ... that I don't want to start saying "I'm in Tesco's."

Pete: So, are you in Tesco's or aren't you?

Vi: I am in Tesco's as it happens, Why where are you?

Pete: In Tesco's.

Vi: You're in Tesco's?

Pete: Just by the cheeses. Oh, I can see you. Over by the jam. I'm looking straight at you. I'm waving. Can you see me?

Vi: Of course, I can see you.

Pete: I'm walking towards you.

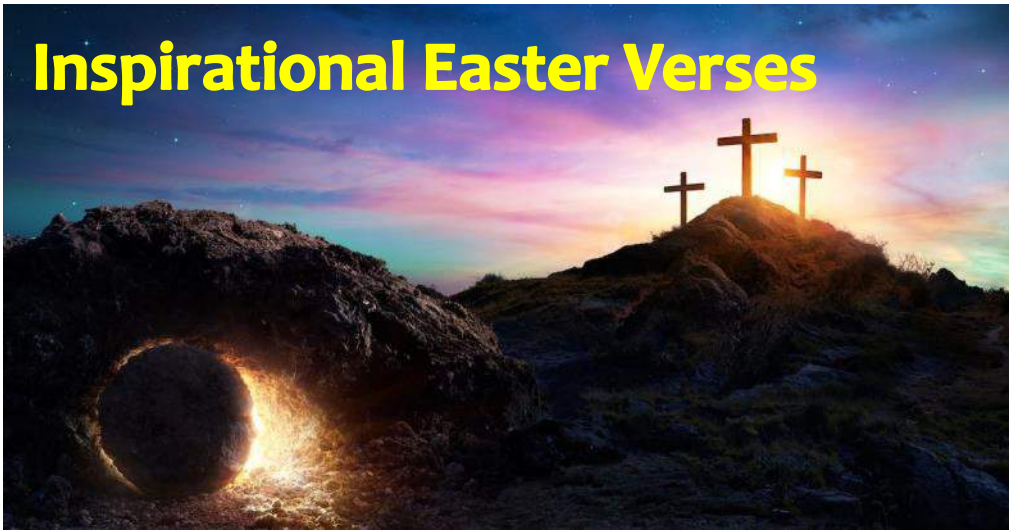
Vi: I know, I know.

Pete: I'm almost there... I'm right in front of you. I'll say bye bye then. Speak to you soon.

Thinking about it, perhaps this is an example of how we should communicate with God. In other words, as often as possible, ensuring He hears us and that we hear Him clearly.



Inspirational Easter Verses



This first group of verses reminds us of the sacrifice Jesus made on the cross for every one of us.

As we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, let these Bible quotes inspire you as to how much God loves us!

Luke 24: 6 – 7 He is not here; he has risen! Remember how he told you, while he was still with you in Galilee: ‘The Son of Man must be delivered over to the hands of sinners, be crucified and on the third day be raised again.

Luke 23:44 – 47 It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, for the sun stopped shining. And the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Jesus called out with a loud voice, “Father, into your hands I commit my spirit.” When he had said this, he breathed his last. The centurion, seeing what had happened, praised God, and said, “Surely this was a righteous man.”

Acts 3:15 You killed the author of life, but God raised him from the dead. We are witnesses of this.

Matthew 28: 18 – 20 Then Jesus came to them and said, “All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Therefore, go and make disciples of all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely, I am with you always, to the very end of the age.

Mark 8: 31 He then began to teach them that the Son of Man must suffer many things and be rejected by the elders, the chief priests, and the teachers of the law, and that he must be killed and after three days rise again.

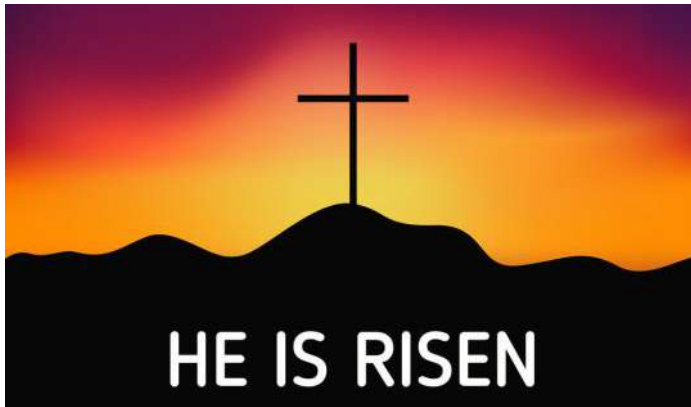
In the whirlwind of chocolate eggs, it can be hard to find the heart of Easter but while Easter celebrations have changed over time, the meaning of Easter remains the same: God sacrificed His one and only son so that we may have salvation, freely given in love. These bible verses remind us of the power of God:

John 3:16 For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.

Romans 10:9 If you declare with your mouth, “Jesus is Lord,” and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.

Philippians 2:8 And being found in appearance as a man, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to death—even death on a cross!

John 2:19 Jesus answered them, “Destroy this temple, and I will raise it again in three days.”



Jesus is risen!

While Jesus died for all our sins, the true miracle is His resurrection. This last group of Easter verses inspires us and reminds us of the wonder of Easter.

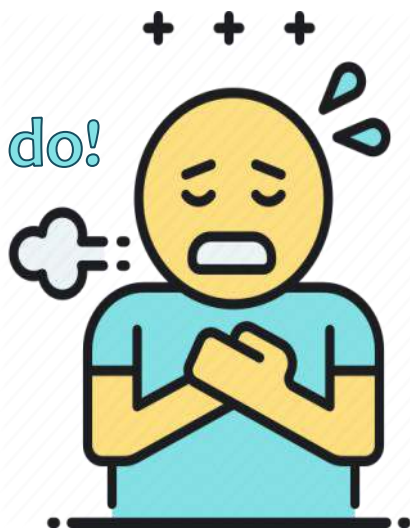
Mark 16: 4 – 6 But when they looked up, they saw that the stone, which was very large, had been rolled away. As they entered the tomb, they saw a young man dressed in a white robe sitting on the right side, and they were alarmed. ‘Don’t be alarmed,’ he said. ‘You are looking for Jesus the Nazarene, who was crucified. He has risen! He is not here. See the place where they laid him.’

1 Corinthians 15:3 – 5 For what I received I passed on to you as of first importance: that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, that he was buried, that he was raised on the third day according to the Scriptures, and that he appeared to Cephas, and then to the Twelve.

Matthew 28:5 – 7 The angel said to the women, “Do not be afraid, for I know that you are looking for Jesus, who was crucified. He is not here; he has risen, just as he said. Come and see the place where he lay. Then go quickly and tell his disciples: ‘He has risen from the dead and is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him.’ Now I have told you.”

Out of Breath?

But there's more to do!



Last Bible Sunday – 25th October 2020 – I mentioned that the pre-Methodists had been called ‘Holy Moths’ because they appeared to ‘feed’ on the words of the Bible, as moths feed on cloth. I made the analogy that ‘taking in’ (hearing, reading, marking, learning & inwardly digesting) scripture is to the Body of Christ – the Church – as eating food is to the mortal body: something that needs to be done frequently and in balance, so as to supply the body with a range of goodness and nourishment to build from.

If that’s so, then, to continue that analogy, Prayer could be considered to the Church as breathing is to the human body: something that needs to be done even more frequently – as ‘naturally’ as an involuntary action? – to provide the vital oxygen needed to sustain all ‘living tissue’.

Breathing is made up of two parts: breathing in and breathing out. The same is broadly true of Prayer: ‘breathing out’ is when we express the matters on our hearts TO God – adoration & praise; petition & intercession; penitence & confession. ‘Breathing in’ is when we take into our hearts what we receive FROM God – during listening & waiting; reflection & communion; meditation & contemplation.

We tend to do more of the ‘breathing out’ praying – perhaps because we find it easier to talk than to listen..., and so often our prayers are heavily word-based, (which they don’t have to be at all), – but the truth is that we, as the Body of Christ, only become filled & refreshed for living when we ‘breathe in’.

Just as in the ‘taking in’ of scripture - where there are a number of ‘absorptions & applications’ (the hearing, reading, marking, learning & inwardly digesting) before the ‘food’ can become useful to us - so with in-breathed prayer, we have to ‘allow’ the ‘oxygen’ of God’s will to get right into our being, so that our ‘cells’ can function correctly. And every ‘body part’ needs to be receiving the oxygen: the *whole* Church needs to pray.

I expect you could recall quite accurately how many meals you had today, and probably, how many times you have ‘fed’ on God’s word in scripture ...

It would be more difficult to count your breaths. And even harder to count your prayers?

'Breathing' is also a synonym for 'being alive'. To maintain, and improve, its spiritual health, every Body of Christ – Church - must *be* breathing – deeply and fully, and often! So, every member must be engaged in prayer, both outwards – offering – and inwards – receiving.

Some people seem to limit their understanding (and practise!) of prayer to just 'telling' God things. This is only a part of a whole prayer life, and we need to remember that ... God already knows!

(everything): our role is *not* to INFORM Him. (I remember once describing praying as being like 're-shuffling God's in-tray', so that the things that *really* matter to us are on the top!) What He desires is our EFFORT to do the praying: to BE IN a two-way conversation, connecting & communicating WITH Him.

I hope that KMC won't get 'out of breath': we need to heed Paul's advice to the Thessalonian Church: "Pray continually" (1 Thessalonians 5:17 NIV – yes, the *whole* verse is those two words ...)

And if you are not sure 'what' to pray *about*, you could try using the KMC Prayer Diaries as a guide.

These are produced monthly, often with an overall idea or topic, and then more specific daily prayer themes and prompts. The Diaries are currently being emailed - or posted - by Yvette (thank you, Yvette) to the Church family, and Rob Gill also puts them on the website.

I am hoping that the next one, for April 2021, will be a little 'different', and we will need *all* of your 'help' with the 'breathing'!

*"There's a hush of expectation,
and a quiet in the air;*

*And the breath of God is moving
in the fervent breath of prayer*

..."

Henry Burton StF 188 V2 L1-2

Elizabeth Gurd



The Tale of Three Guys

Three guys were tried for crimes against humanity.

Two guys committed crimes.

One guy didn't.

Three guys were given government trials.

Two guys had fair trials.

One guy didn't.

Three guys were whipped and beaten.

Two guys had it coming.

One guy didn't.

Three guys were given crosses to carry.

Two guys earned their crosses.

One guy didn't.

Three guys were mocked and spat along the way.

Two guys cursed back.

One guy didn't.

Three guys were nailed to crosses.

Two guys deserved it.

One guy didn't.

Three guys agonised over their abandonment.

Two guys had reason to be abandoned.

One guy didn't.

Three guys talked while hanging on their crosses.

Two guys argued.

One guy didn't.

Three guys knew death was coming.

Two guys resisted.

One guy didn't.

One. Two. Three guys died on three crosses.

Three days later, two guys remained in their graves.

One guy didn't.

Author Unknown.



There is a Green Hill Far Away



There is a green hill far away, beyond the city wall.
Where the dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all.
We may not know we can not tell, what pains he had to bear;
We believe it was for us he hung and suffered there.
He died that we might be forgiven; he died to make us good.
That we might to go heaven, saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate, of heaven and let us in.
O dearly, dearly, he has loved, we must love him too,
Trust in His redeeming blood, and try his works to do.

Reflection: In the Wilderness

Elizabeth Gurd writes “The following was for the service I planned to lead at Byfleet in November 2020 - which didn't happen due to Lockdown. The service was themed on ‘The Wilderness’ and this was written to link with Psalm 63, which you might like to read alongside it. I have submitted it for this issue of the KMC Magazine as it links closely with the current Lent Preaching Theme.”

They've all been *there*, for ‘a season’:
‘done time’ in the arid, rocky, barren
that's known as ... *the wilderness*.

The Hebrew people – fledgling Israelites –
spent forty years walking, and talking,
moaning, and groaning, travelling on
through the deserts, from Exodus
to the Promised Land.

David – the king of Israel –
spent several years in exile as a fugitive,
seeking refuge in the deserts of Judah,
at the time of the great rebellion,
when his own son was committing treason.

Jesus – the Son of God –
spent forty days and nights after His baptism fasting,
and being tempted by the devil in the desert of Judea,
having His allegiance tested before embarking on His mission.

And there are many, many more who endured
a ‘wilderness experience’:

Elijah – the vacillating prophet – running for his life;
Hagar – the pregnant maidservant – fleeing from her mistress;
Moses – the Egyptian murderer – escaping Pharaoh's wrath;
John – the radical baptiser – preaching repentance;
Philip – the evangelist-apostle – sent to wait beside the road;
even a ‘live male goat’ – the scapegoat – carrying all the people's sins.

No one chooses to enter the desolate wastes of the wilderness.
It's downright hostile: inhospitable; uninhabitable.
No, you *end up* there because you're lead, ... or driven.

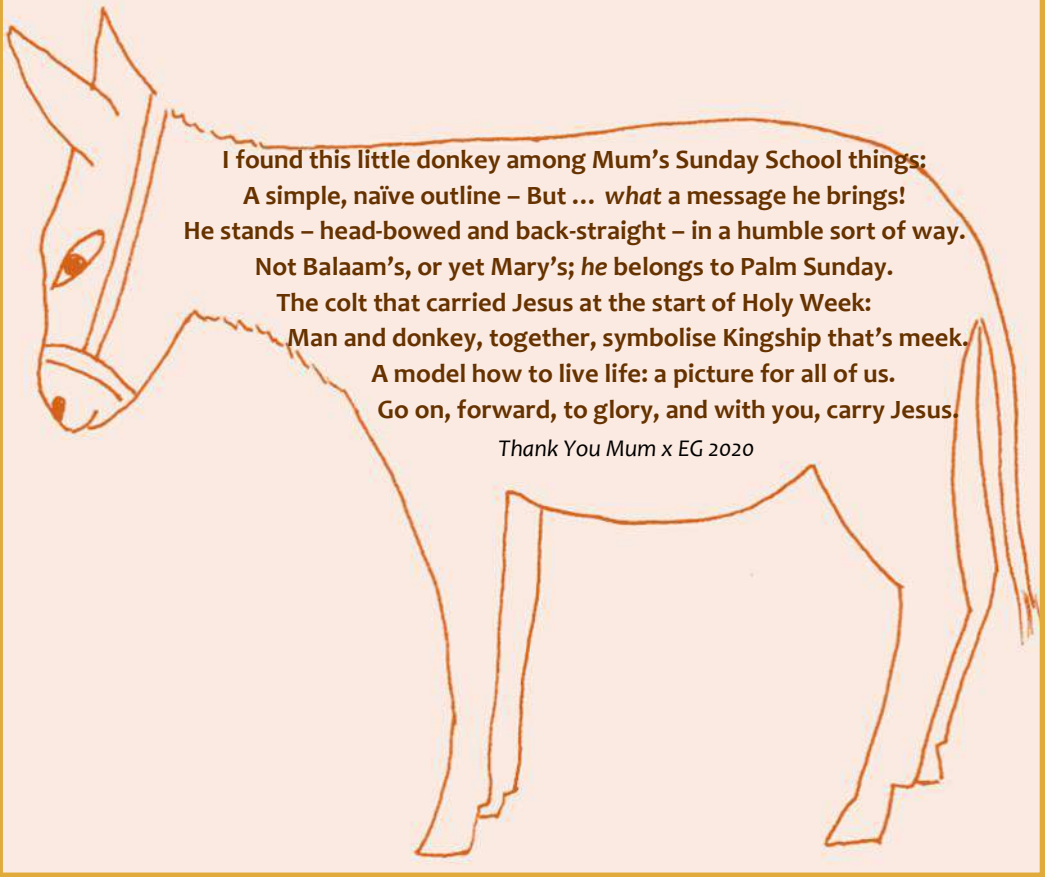
The wilderness is an environment that's *stressful*:
a place of hardship and challenge
for body, mind, ... and spirit.
A place where much is stripped away,
and you are left 'exposed' ... and *vulnerable*.
A place where 'the heat is on' ... and you are forced to consider –
What do I *really* need? What *actually* matters to me?
Who can I *truly* rely on?

For such wastelands are so often God's training grounds:
'bootcamps' to build strength, stamina and survival skills;
'schools' to discover priorities, perception and empowerment.
No one, ever, wanders the desert *alone*.
Even here, *everything* is in God's hands.
And it's *here* He does 'a new thing' –
something for you to 'perceive':
'a river in the badlands';
'water in the desert';
'streams in the sun-baked earth'.

So, 'do not be afraid' to go there:
walk where others have trod;
'unbind' yourself and learn a lesson for life:
"knowledge of God is nurtured *in the wilderness*."

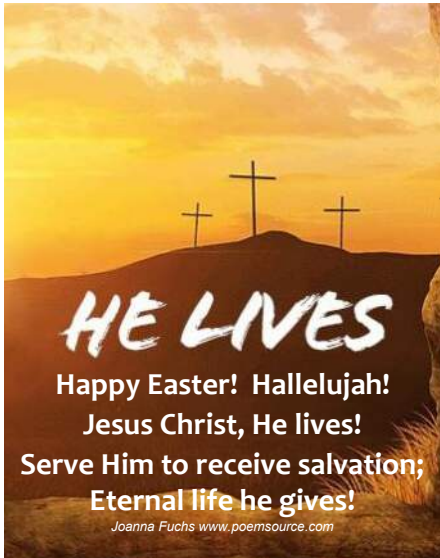
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I found this little donkey among Mum's Sunday School things;
A simple, naïve outline – But ... *what* a message he brings!
He stands – head-bowed and back-straight – in a humble sort of way.
Not Balaam's, or yet Mary's; he belongs to Palm Sunday.
The colt that carried Jesus at the start of Holy Week:
Man and donkey, together, symbolise Kingship that's meek.
A model how to live life: a picture for all of us.
Go on, forward, to glory, and with you, carry Jesus.

Thank You Mum x EG 2020



HE LIVES

Happy Easter! Hallelujah!

Jesus Christ, He lives!

Serve Him to receive salvation;

Eternal life he gives!

Joanna Fuchs www.poemsource.com

The sign below was seen in a church pew in Herefordshire last year. Some novel and creative thinking at work here!

Reserved for the Angels

Mortals,

Please sit in the row in front or the row behind

Please keep a gap between you
and the next group of people

Easter Joy

Jesus came to earth,
To show us how to live,
How to put others first,
How to love and how to give.

Then He set about His work,
That God sent Him to do;
He took our punishment on Himself;
He made us clean and new.

He could have saved Himself,
Calling angels from above,
But He chose to pay our price for sin;
He paid it out of love.

Our Lord died on Good Friday,
But the cross did not destroy
His resurrection on Easter morn
That fills our hearts with joy.

Now we know our earthly death,
Like His, is just a rest.
We'll be forever with Him
In Heaven, where life is best.

So we live our lives for Jesus,
Think of Him in all we do.
Thank you Saviour; Thank you Lord
Help us love like you!

Supporting Charities



Methodist relief and development



Last year I wrote a short article appealing for support for various Methodist charities during the Covid-19 crisis. I make no apology for repeating that appeal, as we enter the second year of crisis.

I am well aware that Knaphill, in common with each of our Circuit churches, has lost a great deal of money because of the Pandemic – I am, after all, Treasurer – but I am not talking about church donations. Doubtless there are members who have suffered financially during the past year, but there will also be folk who, because their income has remained steady but they have not been able to enjoy holidays, or theatre and restaurant trips, or other celebrations, do have money available to support good causes. Doubtless, many people are already doing that – there is no shortage of worthy causes. I just want to put in a particular plea for Methodist charities, because it behoves Methodists to support those, along with Christian Aid, which is known to be a cause particularly close to my heart, hence my sponsored litter-pick last autumn.

The scale of losses for many organisations is enormous. We held our usual Missions Coffee Morning in January 2020. Since then, we have been unable to hold the other fundraising events we would expect to do annually, resulting in a loss of some £1200 for World Mission and Mission in Britain so far, just from our church. The only monies received since then have been donations from individuals, which are valuable, but cannot make up for such losses. Christian Aid Week 2020 went ahead, via appeals through the media and online, but with no house-to-house collection and many other events impossible to stage, the income dropped from 8 million in 2019 to less than 4½ million in 2020. Therefore, I earnestly appeal to everyone who can to make a donation in support of one or more of the Methodist charities – MHA, Whitechapel Mission, All We Can, Action for Children, Mission in Britain, World Mission.

All of these organisations have websites, on which it is very easy to donate. However, if anyone wishes to support a particular cause but is not comfortable donating online, I can supply contact details for them all, or I am willing to pass on cheques.

This year Christian Aid Week is 10th to 16th May and the focus is on Climate Change and how it disproportionately affects those already marginalised in society – i.e. the very poor and those who live in less developed countries. The literature concentrates on Rose, a Kenyan who, along with her fellow villagers, struggles against adverse weather conditions, specifically water shortage. Again, this year there will be no house-to-house collections so we, the Christian Aid organisers, are being left to order our own materials, depending on what we want to do instead. I am considering some "deliver only" envelopes, depending on whether I can find some folks who will be willing to be "drop-off" points, and promotion of the Christian Aid quiz and an appeal within KMC itself.

Finally, 2021 is the 75th anniversary of Christian Aid so in this special year please may I ask you to give as much as you can. With thanks. **Lynda Shore**



WORLD MISSION FUND



MISSION IN BRITAIN FUND





Once a Guide... always a Guide!

I really enjoyed my time and learned a lot when I joined 1st Knaphill Guide Company (aged 11) at Holy Trinity Church Hall in Chobham Road.

I loved camping and the out-of-doors and gained many badges, including the 1st Class award.

At 15 I joined the Woking Cadets training to become a leader and then went on to be Captain at age 20.

In the 1960s when Coldingley Prison came to Bisley and warders houses with young families moved in, there was not enough room at Knaphill, so I formed 1st Bisley Company.

We met at the Old School canteen until the new school was built in 1967. It was very limiting for all our activities (as it was for the Brownies, Scouts & Cubs) so the Bisley Scout and Guide Guild was formed of leaders and parents of the children.

A much-needed HQ was designed and to be built on the green opposite the Village Hall. Hence fundraising began. Jumble sales, newspaper collecting, gang shows, pantomimes, theme evenings, barn dances etc. were organised.



Easter Pilgrimage 1980s
with David Parkes



In 1974 the completed HQ Was officially opened by Robert Baden-Powell, (grandson of the Founder). Now there were 2 guide companies, 3 Brownie Packs, a Scout troop and 2 Cub packs (catering for over 250 children each week).

By this time, I had started 2nd Bisley Company and at the same time 2nd Knaphill was formed at KMC.

By 1982 there was a shortage of Guiders, so I was able to pass on 2nd Bisley to a willing helper and took on our Company until I retired in 2003. During this time, many Brownies and Guides were in our Sunday School, so we became “2nd Knaphill Methodist”. We joined in Parade Services, Easter Breakfast, annual youth pilgrimage to Guildford Cathedral on Easter Monday, pantomimes, bazaars, sponsored walks, and Methodist District Youth weekends for the 8- to 14-year-olds, (the younger version of MAYC) i.e. Go Guildford, Highlight Horsham, Wacky Woking, Ealing Feeling, etc. (8 all told.)

In the 1980s Scout & Cub leaders Alan Lowe & Colin Bennett and others arranged International camps abroad for our Scouts and Guides and parent helpers.



The first was to Amsterdam, then Delft and Norway. Also, our two Knaphill Guide Companies visited “Our Chalet”, a guide house in Switzerland.

I have been on a weeks’ camp every year since I joined and many weekend ones and

indoor sleepovers too. I’ve been a District & Division Commissioner and Camp Adviser and represented Woking Division at a Buckingham Palace Garden Party.

When I retired, I joined Goldsworth Park Trefoil Guild, meeting with ex-Guiders from all over Woking West. We meet monthly for speakers, crafts, celebrations, and general chat. We have holidayed on Brownsea Island where Scouting began, and twice yearly, a four-day break at Foxlease, a Guide residential training centre in the New Forest.

In the meantime, daughter Paula, having been a Queens Guide, Young Leader and Assistant Guider moved to Devizes in Wiltshire and took on 2nd Devizes Company, of which she is still in charge. She is also “chair”



of the Young Trefoils – most of whom are ex-guides, not wanting to leave!

She carried on camping but needed help – so I was involved in the annual and weekend camps becoming Quarter Master (QM) until 2009.

Granddaughter Rebecca, now a Rainbow Guider, called me Grandma – so I became Grandma to 36 Guides!

Devizes is twinned with Tornio in Finland, so another trip abroad in 2004. We stayed in a community centre and were looked after by the Scouts taking coach trips to various places including the Arctic Circle where 6 guides were awarded their Baden-Powell Awards and we all met Santa in his Grotto where we sang “Campfires Burning” in a round and were applauded by the waiting queue.

I now have a great-granddaughter who just moved up from Rainbows to Brownies. So, guiding is in the family and may it continue!

Marilyn Meller



COVID-19 LOCKDOWN *Stories*

Following on from the Christmas Magazine you will recall **Sheila & John's** project in the garden last year when they built a slate waterfall, bringing back some great memories of North Wales. Well, once that was done it was onto another project... their kitchen:

Sheila continues: Now if you know me well, you know that my motto has always been 'I've started so I'll finish' and go mad on something all in one go till it's done. Well, those days are long gone. I had found it too much to do the church flowers, clearing up old ones, buying new ones, putting in soak, then arranging, meant 4 separate jobs.

However, our kitchen cupboards and drawers all needed replacing as the plastic coating had steamed off. Couldn't decide what to choose, then thought it would be more permanent to paint them, but a huge job. But I thought I would give it a try, we could always give up and pay out £1000 for replacement doors!

So, each piece had to be unscrewed, sandpapered, with 2 undercoats and then 2 top coats. And I only had space for 2 worktables to use. So it was 2 at a time, each day, just one layer at a time. So, it took all year, but finally it is finished. We wouldn't do it again, but it saved us a fortune.



Strangely, we have found it a pleasure to be housebound, no pressure to have to go places, and as health is unreliable, this was a relief.

We are so blessed to have each other, and we both have a multitude of hobbies, so we have been content. We send our love and prayers to all of you, for your wellbeing now and onwards.

Sheila & John Mynard

Joan has been busy too, including grappling with technology and succeeding, as you will read....

What have I done during lockdown?

Well, as my only sister lives in Italy, I had planned to sort out all the inherited photographs – sadly they remain unsorted.

My biggest achievement as a reluctant technophobe has been to embrace technology on the tablet my daughter kindly gave us. We enjoyed Zooming our family at Christmas and my grandson in Scotland is trying to show us how we can all celebrate our youngest daughter's 50th birthday!



The other thing I have achieved is going on YouTube and finding some fitness exercises for Seniors (in the absence of my usual class). And, of course, I have been able to

tune in to Dave's Sunday morning message.

For pleasure I am enjoying one of my favourite pastimes which is doing a 1000 piece jigsaw.



I have really missed the physical contact with the Church family and am looking forward to being able to meet up again in the not-too-distant future. **Joan Bearman**

Now **Raj** talks about the challenges he has faced in the last year and how his faith has seen him through.

My Lockdown journey started on 21st March 2020 as per the Government's Guidelines. I was identified as vulnerable due to my age, underlying medical conditions and ethnicity which made me almost four times more vulnerable to this viral infection. Travel restrictions as per the Government's advice limited my movement. I began to avoid shops and my wife and I would walk along Redding Way past Florence House and the Recreation/Sport ground. The limitations of the reality began to interfere with my daily life and I started to live a sheltered life. All this began to interfere with my Mind, Body and Spirit.

Social distancing, mask wearing and washing hands with soap and hot water is what we had to do, and I continued thanking God Almighty for keeping me alive. The everyday Bulletin on the Covid-19 Infection Rate, struggles to fight off the infection, and the Death Rates were battering my Precious HOPE to remain alive. But I remembered, "Ask my Father in my name", which I began to add into my prayers I have been praying not just for my wife, son, our relations and friends, but also humanity around the world. I include humanity, animals all creatures great and small, inland and sea, nature and those in hospitals fighting for their lives. I have included bereaving family members in my prayers too.

Every day I hoped and checked the post for an invitation to receive the vaccination. The regular call from Eileen the pastoral lady, was an uplift for my mood and hope for the injection. By the 3rd week of January I received the call that on the 30th I was due for the vaccination at the McLaren Centre in Woking. It was music to my ears waiting for 30th January 2021. We are a lucky couple as our son does all the shopping. No chance of starving and going short on toilet rolls and soaps. Yvette regularly delivered the printed Weekly Notices, as I do not have a printer. Reverend David Faulkner's Sermons via Zoom or recorded, helped my morale and faith. Meetings with Alzheimer's Cafe Charity, other Charities and statutory organisations via Zoom helped me to keep my head fully occupied. Of course, self-indulging was a temptation sometimes. This pandemic made me realise humanity and all life on Earth is dependent on God the Creator. Amen.

Raj Chhetri

*If there is one thing I cannot imagine it is **lan** being bored. He just doesn't seem the type and I am right as you will read....*

It's Lockdown number 3. Boring. Nothing to do....

Oh, hang on just a bit... what do I normally do when it's not lockdown? Answer: I write music. Not very good music, I admit, but quite a bit of it. And why do I write music? That's not really a choice – I love music, it's been a passion



of mine for as long as I can remember, and it has always been a major part of my life. I write music because I want to say something, but what I want to say cannot be expressed directly in words, and the art form of music frees me from restrictions of language.

And who will listen to what I am musically saying? I can't be musically talking to just myself – that would be like writing a private diary – diaries are great things and can bring you back to how you felt and thought in the past, and how you see the present – but diaries use only words. Words are limited, but feelings and awareness are not limited. I can't be musically talking to lots of other people – because very few people get to hear my music – I did say it is not very good music. So, if it's not me, and it's not other people, who is the audience?

Before any concert or performance of music I always remind the other musicians not to worry about the audience in the room (or online – isn't Zoom great!), because the audience there is not listening – not listening properly. Some of them are thinking about what's for lunch tomorrow, some of them are looking for the list of what's being presented, some of them are even falling asleep. I hasten to add that you should always,

always, always do the best you can in your singing or dancing or playing whatever instrument you have – but if you are not as good as Maria Callas or Yehudi Menuhin or Darcy Bussell don't worry about that: the best you can do is to present the human audience with the best you can do, and that is the best you can give them. The human audience is important – but not the most important....

...because you always, always, always have God as your audience. He listens properly. He misses nothing. If you are singing in an empty room or picking out a tune with one finger on the piano or nodding your head in time to music on the radio, God lovingly sees you and listens to you. And He is the best, the very best possible audience. It does not matter how many wrong notes you play, or how out of tune you sing, or how badly you forget the words, God is there as the kindest, most forgiving, most loving audience in the whole universe.

God is the audience for my music. I'm not telling Him anything He does not know – that is not possible – but I am offering to Him what I can feel and think that I cannot put into ordinary words. So, sing and play and dance in freedom, without worrying how your performance is seen in this world – because you have the best audience possible. Some audience!

Third lockdown. So much music to write! So much to do!

Ian D K Kelly, Quality through Thought

Lynda has been fundraising whilst tidying up the local area. Here she tells us why and how she got on.....

I have been collecting for Christian Aid for almost 50 years. I started in 1975 in Edinburgh and then when we moved to Woking in 1978, I continued as a collector, taking over as organiser in 1982.

So since then, I have been organising the local Christian Aid Week collection throughout Knaphill. Each year we have raised on average £2000 during our collection week which we then donate to Christian Aid to support their charitable projects.

Due to Covid 19 and the lockdown restrictions, it wasn't possible for our local collection to take place so I was looking for a socially distanced way that I could do my bit instead.



Hence, I decided to undertake a sponsored litter pick in the Knaphill and St John's areas of Woking. My plan was to spend at least 20 hours over the course of September last year, come rain or shine, tidying up our streets.

I initially set a target of £500 and then £750 but they were both broken quite quickly which was truly amazing! Due to such generosity from lots of people I aimed my sights much higher and set a new target of £1200.

I am very pleased to report that by the end the final total was £1640 so my thanks go to everyone who sponsored me.

Lynda Shore

It's been a tough time for those living in care homes in the past year. And it cannot have been easy for the care staff either, having to wear PPE and trying to keep all their residents safe and well.

Pauline Holden who is 96 in June, has been living at Kingsbury Court Care Home since 2015. She has always enjoyed all the activities that are laid on including flower arranging. The photograph of her here was taken in February this year and shows her at a flower arranging class hence the flowers in the foreground! Pauline wishes everyone who remembers her a very happy Easter.



Helen Jones, who used to play the organ at KMC for many years, has lived at Jackmans Lodge since 2014. Helen is 95 but still going strong as you can see from the photograph which shows her playing the piano, something she has been doing regularly during lockdown just before lunch each day.



Those were the days...!

Back in the days of tanners and bobs,
When mothers had patience and fathers had jobs.
When football team families wore hand me
down shoes,
And TV gave only two channels to choose.
Back in the days of three penny bits,
when schools employed nurses to search for your nits.
When snowballs were harmless; ice slides were permitted
and all of your jumpers were warm and hand knitted.
Back in the days of hot ginger beers,
when children remained so for more than six years.
When children respected what older folks said,
and pot was a thing you kept under your bed.
Back in the days of Listen with Mother,
when neighbours were friendly and talked to each other.
When cars were so rare you could play in the street.
When doctors made house calls; Police walked the beat.
Back in the days of Milligan's Goons,
when butter was butter and songs all had tunes.
It was dumplings for dinner and trifle for tea,
and your annual break was a day by the sea.
Back in the days of Dixon's Dock Green,
Crackerjack pens and Lyons ice cream.
When children could freely wear National
Health glasses,
and teachers all stood at the FRONT of their
classes.
Back in the days of rocking and reeling,
when mobiles were things that you hung from the ceiling.
When woodwork and pottery got taught in schools,
and everyone dreamed of a win on the pools.
Back in the days when I was a lad,
I can't help but smile for the fun that I had.



News from Ruth Pugh in Dragapur

Ruth is working in India for the Diocese of Durgapur, under the Church of North India (CNI) part of the Methodist Church. Her main role is to teach children music, specifically to play string instruments. She also trains them to be Cathedral musicians enabling them to play for all the services at the Cathedral. Ruth also coaches them to take The Associated Board of the Royal School of Music (ABRSM) and Trinity College London (TCL) exams. The ultimate aim is so they can get jobs as teachers teaching Western Music or playing professionally in orchestras. Ruth also works as a music teacher at a school in Perulia and at another school to help with music in pre-primary classes.



Dear friends at KMC

Happy Easter to you all!

This has been an extremely busy few months. Father Sam (Rev. S. Halder) Presbyterian in charge of the cathedral had a small heart attack on Christmas Eve in the early morning. That same evening he had a stent put in, he recovered well and is back doing his work. Well, that gave me a busy Christmas. I had the Bishop with me for Christmas Eve midnight service and he was due to preach and be celebrant, so I just had to lead the rest of the service and play lead violin as none of my experienced players could come. I cannot let them travel that late at night. It was a good service and well attended.

On Christmas Eve I was sorting the flower decorators and making sure all was arranged and prepared for the service that day and Christmas Day. This also meant writing a sermon as Father Sam was due to preach. Christmas Day saw Rev S. Pramanick coming in to do communion; we are lucky that St. Michaels has two presbyters, so could lend one a few times over those few weeks. 95% of our services are communion. So very much thrown in at the deep end, running the cathedral at such a busy time of year. The Bishop said to me on one occasion when he was there, “what would we have done if I hadn’t ordained you?”



So, my main responsibility in the cathedral is the organisation of Sunday services and during Lent I also lead the Lenten devotion and the Bible study mid-week as well as the music.

Having done our children’s programmes online before Christmas, it was decided that the Inter Project Cultural meeting would also happen online. So, a couple of afternoons each week from January, all the local children came in to learn their dance. They were all videoed and you can see their programme on YouTube. Go to Diocese of Durgapur channel and you will

find it there along with the Sunday sermons, either in Bengali, Hindi or English. Last year the Bishop was doing the sermon and this year still uploading sermons with different pastors given the responsibility each week.



From the first week of February all the day centres opened for classes 8 and above, to help children with their schoolwork and then the third week hostels opened after being shut for 51 weeks, for children in classes 9 and above. So, we have 4 children in Durgapur,

3 in Bankura and 2 in Purulia. The schools have opened for classes 9-12 (Years 10-13 equivalent – exams years). In Durgapur we have only brought back Tarun Dutta, the teacher who is tutoring in Maths and Sciences and I am working on English with Bengali medium children. We have about 10 children a day. The rest of the children also come in on Mondays for dance classes and on Fridays for yoga and sport.

Music is also very much still there; the children in the hostel play for an hour in the morning and an hour in the evening, and the Bishop's children come in for an hour and a half in the evening.

Friday night is hymn practice for musicians and singers and my numbers vary each week from maybe just three up to ten, some being children from cathedral families. At the moment I have no cello/bass players, so I am having to rearrange all the music each week.

We had a wedding in the church in January and the usual annual Thanksgiving service, which was a much smaller affair due to Covid restrictions, held in the



Cathedral with an overflow tent outside and the service relayed there. It was also streamed live.

The Diocese is coming up for its Golden Jubilee and it is going to celebrate for a whole year from 1st July 2021 to 1st July 2022 when it will have completed 50 years. I

am on the organising committee for that too, as music will be involved and hopefully by next year travel restrictions will have been lifted and we can have international guests come and join our celebrations.

I am still working at St Peter's School with the Pre-Primary department who are doing all their teaching online and exams. I am also teaching some of the teachers keyboard, violin and guitar.

Our St Michael's children have just finished their annual exams online and I am overseeing the collection of their papers and delivery to school and sorting any problems and will pick up their report cards in the next couple of weeks. We still do not know when schools will fully reopen. Simon and Philip will return to the hostel just after Easter as they move into class 9. Bengali medium schools will not open for the younger children until probably June after the elections. It is election time in West Bengal.

Life is busy and very varied. I am still walking about 6km a day but it is good, and great to have some company back in the hostel with the warden also being back to look after them. I also go to all of the Pastor's Retreats every month. There are still lots of Covid restrictions in place, but Durgapur has only had a few cases as opposed to places like Kolkata. It is on the rise again in some big cities and Nagpur has just gone back into full lockdown. Our staff that work in the eye clinic have all had both vaccinations.

Thank you for your continued prayers and support and please continue to pray for all that is taking place.

Yours in Christ

Ruth

**Rev. Dn. Ruth
M. M. Pugh**



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KNAPHILL METHODIST CHURCH



Knaphill Methodist Church, Broadway, Knaphill, Surrey.

GU21 2DR Minister: Rev Dave Faulkner 01483 472524

minister@knaphillmethodist.co.uk

www.knaphillmethodist.co.uk

Church Mobile 07556 711236

SUNDAY SERVICES

This is a Q code -
scan it with your
Smartphone to
go straight to
our website



10am - Morning Worship *(includes facilities for children)*

Our services are warm and cordial. We include traditional and contemporary hymns and songs, led by our Worship Group.

The sermons are Bible based and are sometimes themed over several weeks. Holy Communion is generally on the 2nd Sunday of every month. After the service everyone is welcome to join us for refreshments; a time for a chat and to get to know each other.

We have a special Family Area at the back of the church with lots of things for children to do.

6.30pm - Monthly Evening Holy Communion

This is usually the 4th Sunday of the month, and is a small intimate service of Communion with about 15 or so people, some from other churches in the village. You are welcome to join us.

If you would like to worship on a Sunday evening when we do not have a service, our local Anglican church, Holy Trinity, Chobham Road, has a service at 6.30pm on the 1st Sunday of the month.

For further information see the notice boards outside the church or contact: admin@knaphillmethodist.co.uk

ALL SERVICES ARE CURRENTLY SUSPENDED (SEE BACK PAGE)

Services @ KMC

Due to the continuing COVID-19 restrictions imposed by the Government and the Methodist Church, we are still not meeting for services of worship. Alternative methods of worship are available on our web site.

Other external activities such as our regular Coffee Mornings, Clothes4U and other meetings continue to be suspended until the COVID-19 restrictions are permanently lifted - hopefully later this year.

We'll be back to normal as soon as we can!



Contacts:

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Clothes4U: clothes@knaphillmethodist.co.uk

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