



Ripon & Lower Dales Methodist Circuit



November 2022

Herald
Newsletter -
Issue No 35

God, it's difficult to see the point of wearing a poppy, or what difference two minutes' silence will make when we could be shouting protests. But we can recognise a broken life being valued, a gift being given, and taking two minutes to reflect on how much we have. We look to the future, not to the past. We cannot change what has been but do not need to repeat its mistakes. So as old and young come together before you, take the very best of our lives; bind us into one people of faith and help us to share our common values, love of Jesus and care for each other; to build dreams, and, with your Holy Spirit, turn them into reality. Amen.



A pastoral note from Revd. Gareth Baron, Superintendent Minister.

November, we reach this eleventh month having now got used to the night's drawing in earlier, the cold wind sweeping across the land more frequently and the runway for take-off towards Christmas is in view. Of course, despite shops doing their usual thing of promoting the commercial trimmings of Halloween and Christmas, the Christian looks first to Advent, the first season and entry into a new (liturgical) Church year. Advent Sunday, the 27th of November kicks off the start of the Christian year and it marks a start to a season of expectation and preparation in looking forward to celebrating the birth of Christ. It is a season when we remember, remind, and teach the wider communities in which we witness and serve the real meaning of Christmas.

During this watchfulness expectation we not only look to celebrating the birth of Christ, but we also begin a new Church year readying in the belief that Christ will come again in the same way as the disciples saw Jesus go into heaven. It is God Our Father who knows the time, and we profess that Christ Jesus will come again. This depth of meaning points us all towards the significance of Advent, Christmas and Epiphany, seasons in the life of the church and 'there is Room' for everyone to join Inn, pun intended. 'THERE IS ROOM' is this year's Christmas campaign from The Methodist Church and downloadable resources are available from the website.

Beginning on the first Sunday of Advent it has resources for use in your context up to the first week of Epiphany.

This statement and invitation 'THERE IS ROOM: Christmas for everyone' raised my attention to look again at how accessible we are in not only offering welcome but ensuring whoever responds to the invitation is made truly welcome to participate

fully. As a family of Methodist churches, the expression of Christianity we seek to embody is that we offer the Love of God through Jesus Christ to each other and those at the Edges. We recognise that within the Methodist Church we do not always agree, just as people in other denominations, organisations and the world at large do not always agree. Such disagreement does not prevent us living, worshiping, or serving together. The phrase contradictory convictions, recognises this and provides a healthy environment which encourages everyone to come to God.

Let our welcome and invitation reflect what we receive from God, which I feel sometimes we take for granted. Just consider the weight, gravity, and awesomeness of being welcomed and invited by God through Salvation in Jesus Christ and in the power of Holy Spirit to be children of God. Adopted because of the redeeming act of Christ Crucified and set free from the grip of sin into a relationship with our loving and living God.

It is a welcome and invitation to have relationship with the Creator of Heaven and Earth. Just consider the vast beauty and immense scale of Creation, it is such that no human eye has seen it all. There are depths of the sea which remain undiscovered, with the heights of space still being discovered, but we have clear indications towards a vast magnitude of space that is beyond our grasp. And yet, God who created it, made you, me and everyone and welcomes and invites us all into a life in all its fullness relationship with Him. I always remember that the person or people I am talking with are loved by God just as much as God loves me. That gives motivation enough to ensure I don't neglect to invite and welcome wholly and holy as I am able to do in God.

With this all this in mind, reenergised and enthused to welcome everyone this advent and Christmas season, may I encourage us all in our local churches to consider anew

how we might provide space for people to explore the Christian faith and seek God further. Jesus calls us to make disciples, the first disciple we make is ourselves, through our relationship with God, our Christian experiences and disciplines and devotions to God. What then will we do to not only welcome but to accompany others on the path towards becoming devoted and faithful children of God. Something to explore together in our local context, and potentially with our ecumenical church family.

I pray as we arrive at advent this year, we will do so ready for God to do a new thing in us, individually and collectively, as a church family but also within our communities. Jesus was born in a borrowed room, there is room for all with God, a place for everyone to belong. Will we make room for God? Will we respond to the invitation to share with God in mission, by making room in our traditions and customs for God? Will we welcome God in our lives, our churches, our communities this year?

Joy and peace from God be with you. – **Gareth**



Note From the Editor

If you don't see anything in this issue of the Newsletter from your Church it probably means your Church doesn't have a "Roving Reporter", so if this is something you would be interested in, I would love to hear from you, my contact details can be found on the back page. The deadline for November's Edition is Friday 18 November 2022. Thank You – **Amanda Milner (Editor)**

It's boring

Asked about Remembrance Sunday on a radio programme, one person said 'It's boring'. That seems to be the easiest way of making a criticism without really thinking, and it can be applied to everything.

Do you like Maths? No, it's boring. Literacy? Boring.

Will you now load the dishwasher, tidy your room? Do I have to? It's boring.

The reason why so many things are dismissed in this kind of way must be because the whole world seems to be designed to stop us getting bored. Watching the telly, you are bored, so zap, and there is another programme in a split second.

Car journeys are boring, so play with your Nintendo DS. If you don't like one game, try another. In comparison with all that digital entertainment offers, real life may seem pretty boring.

Sadly in our world today, some people in worship on Sundays are bound to be wondering where the fast forward button is so that we can get past the sermon and find something more interesting.

If only we could stand up some Sunday mornings with the TV remote control, point it at the preacher and say, 'OK, you've made your point, let's have something more interesting'.

Then someone else stands up and says, 'This is the real world with things happening in real time, not a make-believe one on a screen'.

However, the preacher continues

Thanks for that. It's really important, because we all know that the most important part of the Remembrance Sunday service consists of two minutes of complete boredom. For two minutes we stand still, and nothing happens. No hands on the zapper. No scratching because the back of your head has started to itch. No turning round to see if anyone is looking.

As we stand still and remember, there is absolutely nothing to entertain us. The fact that we have come to do this, stand in silence, and the evidence that you are listening now, is the proof that for you, Remembrance Sunday is something of tremendous importance and real significance that will drag you away from a Sunday morning lie in, flicking idly through screens or the Sunday papers, or following celebrities on Twitter. Everyone here needs to be congratulated first on knowing that some things in life are actually too important to be dismissed as boring.

Today we are remembering with people who have experienced war. And these people have learned the hard way that being bored isn't just the last word. They know that some things are so important that you do them no matter how tedious they seem. These people are probably wearing medals, the medals that recognise their devotion to duty in war. And those who know about these things say that, for most people, war is 95% boredom and 5% the most terrifying thing you will ever experience in your whole life.

What every military commander knows is that they always must be ready to fight, and the real battle is often to keep boredom at bay. A sentry must be absolutely vigilant, even if there doesn't seem to be anything to look at. The lookout on a ship must look, even if there is nothing to see. The equipment must be ready; it must be checked every day. The plans must be in place, the preparations must be made. Before a battle there are years of training, practising. (Perhaps we know this best after the Olympics. The race might be over in a minute, but behind it there are years of training and boring stuff: getting up early, straining every muscle, resting, eating the right things, not partying all night; a really strict and boring regime, focussed at one brief moment. But the boring stuff is vital. If they don't do the boring stuff, the athlete hasn't a chance.)

A person in the congregation fiddles with a mobile phone

and calls the other. The recipient answers ‘What are you doing? I’m in the church.’

The caller says, ‘Oh sorry. I was just fiddling with it and got you by mistake.’

Recipient says, ‘Why were you fiddling? Look, we’re here for something important. I think we all need to turn our phones off and stop playing around with them?’

Caller says ‘Yes, good idea. Everyone check their phone is off.’

The preacher continues.

We’re going to have two minutes’ silence, no distractions, and real concentration. We’re here to remember. And that is going to be hard because, when we remember those who died in war, we are faced with the most terrible evil. The deaths of service personnel and the deaths of civilians are part of the terrible cost of war. And we haven’t learned to avoid it yet. War still goes on. So, when we remember we have to say sorry to God for conflicts that have brought about so many deaths. And if it is difficult to concentrate in the silence you may like to have just one thought to help you remember in the right way. It is a line from the Lord’s Prayer. Each time you remember, or think of something about war, and those who lost their lives, pray to God, ‘Deliver us from evil.’

When you say those words, ‘Deliver us from evil’, remember that God is not blaming you or wanting to punish you. Jesus came to forgive. This is not just to take away the painful memories and pretend that they didn’t happen; not to distract us or even to teach us. To forgive is to heal, to restore, and to bring us back to a loving relationship with our God. To do this, we remember that Jesus, like so many who died in war, gave his life, when he died for us on the cross to give the proof that we are loved and forgiven by our Father. So, as we remember, we might pray, ‘Deliver us from evil’. – **Every Blessing**

Amanda Milner

Underneath the weeping willow tree

It was a warm spring day. The sun shone gently down on the grassy hillside above the city. Clusters of wildflowers, celebrating the spring, were growing all over the grass. There were children all over the grass too. The older ones were sitting or strolling, some in groups, some alone; the younger ones were playing. A little boy of four, called Joshua, was playing with an older girl, called Rachel. Rachel had decided to look after Joshua. They were picking bunches of forget-me-nots together.

A mile away, the city ground on at its daily work. Cars and trucks made their way round the ring road below the hill; sounded their horns, queued at the lights, then grumbled off again in low gear.

The children did not hear the cars and trucks. Their only world now was the hillside, with the ring road at the bottom, and at the top tall pine trees, standing shoulder to shoulder like soldiers, guarding the summit of the hill.

The pines were not concerned about the children. But below the pines, alone in a damp hollow on the hillside, stood another tree, a weeping willow. Its slender trailing branches were clothed in spring green, reaching down towards the ground. Its trunk leaned towards the children. The tree felt for the children. It shared their distress.

It was a Saturday afternoon. The traffic had stopped at the lights. A woman crossed the ring road from the city. Now she climbed the hillside towards the children. She carried a bunch of flowers she'd bought from the shop in town. She paused to gain breath. She looked up. But she could not see the children; for they were dead.

She saw only what the dead children could not see - their graves. The graves were set out in neat rows. They were all the same; each a marble rectangle set in mown

grass, surrounded by a tidy path; every grave the same size. And on each grave, in the same place was writing: the child's name, dates of birth and death; and a photograph of him or her; a living face frozen onto the grave.

The woman knelt by her little boy's grave: 'Joshua, 1998-2002'. She looked at his picture; and she wept as she removed last week's flowers, and arranged the fresh bunch she had brought.

She could not see the children watching her, as they watched every grieving parent who visited this hillside graveyard. From a little further up the hill, near the willow, Joshua recognized his mother. He ran, half tumbling down the slope, forget-me-nots in hand, to his own grave. He called 'Mummy!' He tried to hug her, longed for her to pick him up. But she heard nothing, felt no touch; sensed not his presence but his absence.

She remembered the horror of the day he died. After a night of terrifying shelling, she had gone out in the clear dawn with him to find food. She remembered the whine of the late shell shattering the stillness, the explosion that blew her off her feet. She remembered neighbours finding Joshua's little body beneath the rubble.

Heavily she stood and began to walk among the other graves; every one of them a memorial to a child killed in war. Trying to comfort herself she said: 'He is at peace now. They are all at peace.'

But she was wrong. They were none of them at peace. Joshua had died too young to understand why not. But the older children knew. They knew the terrible truth they had found on dying, which they carried with them everyday on the hillside. They knew that there could be no peace for dead children until living grown-ups stopped killing living children in war. They knew that the living are giving the dead no peace.

Every day living parents and grandparents, brothers and sisters would come to the hillside, bringing flowers, to grieve.

Everyday the living remembered the dead with genuine sadness. And the willow wept with them all. But the children had no way to communicate to the visitors the message they so urgently needed to share.

Every day the dead children longed to touch the living, to speak, to shout. 'Stop! Tell them stop, to stop killing children in war!' But no word could be heard.

If only, the older ones said to each other, if only we could return from the dead and hold up signs, like school crossing wardens, saying 'Stop! Let the children pass through life in safety.' But they knew of no way back.

The afternoon passed. Joshua's mother went, and Joshua continued to play with the older girl, picking forget-me-nots. Other parents came and went too.

Evening came. The sun, hazy now, was setting over the city, tinging the weeping willow with gold. Under the willow sat a man. The children had not noticed him come. And he showed no sign of going. The children kept looking at him; and he kept watching them. Slowly the children realised, he was one of them. He was not living. He was dead. And he was crying, crying on the hillside above the city. None of the children felt they should approach him – none that is except little Joshua. Joshua edged nearer the willow. Protectively, Rachel followed close behind. The man wiped his eyes and beckoned to them, smiling.

'Come to me' they heard him say.

He held out his arms to Joshua; and Joshua trotted forward. The man took him on his knee; and Joshua gave him his bunch of forget-me-nots. They drooped now, for wildflowers soon wilt when picked.

'Go and bring the others' said the man gently, encouragingly, to the girl. And she did.

All the children stood silently round him.

'What did you want to say?' he asked, with an inviting smile.

They told him why there was no peace for dead children so long as living grown-ups went on killing living children in war. The man listened; but it was as though he was listening to something he already knew. They said they needed to get their message back to the living. He understood that at once. It was as though the very reason for which he had come was to be their messenger.

‘But how?’ they wanted to know. They asked eagerly, ‘How can you take back our message?’

‘You will see tomorrow’ he said. ‘Or rather,’ he added with a smile, ‘you will not see!’

And with that they had to be content. None of them dared ask the man any more questions. They thanked him, said good night and walked away, leaving him alone.

Joshua took Rachel's hand.



‘Will the man tell mummy that I love her?’ he asked.
‘I’m sure he will,’ said Rachel. ‘But she knows that already.’
By morning the man was gone. The children half expected him to return the next evening to tell them what he had done, that he had delivered their message. They hardly dared to hope that the living would listen, that the killing of children in war would stop; that they would find peace.
The man never returned and the children remain disturbed, without peace. More dead children, killed in war, join them everyday.
But they have not given up hope: for, although he was with them for such a short while, they believe they can trust the man who came to visit them that Saturday evening.
Joshua's mother still comes each week to tend his grave. And the willow tree goes on weeping.

Prayer in a time of hopelessness

We entrust to you, eternal God,
those times when we can see only shadows
and lose sight of the hope to come;
the times when suffering seems so senseless,
life so fragile, war so unstoppable and death so permanent.
Bless us with the assurance that you are in all things,
the tragic and the beautiful,
the nightmare and the dream,
the light and the darkness.

This we ask in the name of Jesus Christ
the peace of the world, today, tomorrow and forever.

Amen.

Christians in the Dales

Masham, Christians in the Dales, a trailer, rather nice, steps up and an awning not a sheep dropping in sight. Rev Gareth and Pastor Catherine kindly invited me to help at Masham Sheep Fair. What a treat I was going to discover. Yes we could talk to people about how the Church engaged with the world with 'All we can' and 'Help the Children'. But the church at Masham had been creative with craft work which would appeal to children.

There were balloons and pencils. But for the families visiting there was a sheep trail to follow. Catherine had been involved in persuading the local businesses to put a knitted named sheep in their windows. The sheet of paper given had, 17 names to find, from the butchers to Johnny Bagdads coffee shop. If the children returned the completed sheet a small gift was given. There was also a prayer tree with ribbons and a table top green field to stick sheep on while praying for someone. Children engaged with both table and tree as well as adults. The trailer was part of others trailers selling crafts, ironwork, food and crafted gins.



In the centre of these trailers was a ring containing ducklings, ducks and geese expertly herded by dogs and accompanying music. The kids and adults loved the show then moved over to watch the sheep race.

Christians in the Dales was in the centre of this occasion allowing conversion with families and individual adults who wanted to talk about many subjects. Everything was given free in the name of Jesus, not voiced, but obviously apparent. What an exciting day greeting familiar faces and meeting new ones seeing the presence of the Lord in both. - **Deacon David**



Is this the new form of Circuit Transport???



Methodist
relief and
development

Change Begins
with a Bicycle

News From Canada

Well, here we are approaching the end of the year, with all the Christmas preparations looming ahead. As in our country, there are many and various farm jobs to be done, together with caring for all the animals, (which of course is a 365 days of the year job.) This month Jayne is writing about the way they approach this busy time of the year and has included for us some photographs of the soya beans being loaded into the big truck, together with one of the beautiful colours they see in “The Fall”



October has rolled around already, and we are now at the start of harvest. As per usual, you wait and wait while the crops mature, daily visits to the fields reveal, “not quite ready, another week or so,” then all of a sudden, “bang”, everything’s ready at once and it’s all systems go! One of the hardest things we struggle with, is the fact, we can’t just focus



completely on harvest. We still have all the daily jobs to fit in too. Also, as a farm, we don't have a large inventory of machinery. This is mainly because we don't like machinery standing idle for most of the year, so the logistics of having enough machinery and men for the job are taxing.

At the moment, we are harvesting some of the corn (maize) fields into cob meal for the cattle. The remaining corn fields will be combined later. We take the corn head off the combine and attach it to the forage harvester instead of the silage head. This enables us to harvest the whole cob (as opposed to just the kernels with a combine) as well as a small number of leaves. It is chopped up into small pieces, blown into a clamp and sheeted down like silage. The advantage of doing this, is that the kernels are broken up during harvesting which enables the cattle to digest them better. It also utilizes more of the plant, which is always a good thing. Finally, it also has the added advantage that it can be harvested sooner and wetter. In other words, we don't have to wait for it to fully mature. This process requires a full team of men all the time, so takes a bit

of planning.

Tomorrow however, Chris has to take a load of cattle to the market to sell and replenish his stocks by buying some more which means it won't be possible to "do cob meal". Therefore, weather and machinery willing, the plan is to make a start on combining the soybeans.

Up to now, we have only had one combine driver, Dan, but Andrew really wants to learn so he is going to start having a go. This should hopefully make life a little easier and ease the pressure on Dan. So tomorrow he is going to be let loose on our first 250acre field of soybeans. The plan is, he will combine directly into the big transport truck, Dan will then follow behind and bale the soybean straw and Marc will be drilling Rye mixed with Peas directly into the corn stubble ready for silage in the spring. This will leave Chris free to go to the market. See what mean about Logistics?



Yes, I am sure that now we all see what Jayne means by Logistics in relation to the farm work. We wish Andrew the very best, as he sits behind the wheel of the combine for the first time. They to be seem such massive vehicles as they trundle through our little villages. It must be quite daunting to know that you are actually in full control.

It is also interesting to see the loading of the soya beans being done in the dark. Farming is certainly not a 9 to 5 job.

Kathy's Corner

Last month, I began by saying how depressed I was at the state of our pond, but didn't explain why. It hasn't been the best of summer's in this corner of our garden. The two water lilies went rampant, covering the surface with their leaves and causing the planters to rise up to the top, instead of sunk in the depths. We had to wait until the leaves died back before the two plants untangled, and we could drag them out. The lily corms had grown out of the sides of the plastic pots, so the spade was needed to break them apart to find decent pieces we could re-pot - that weren't attached to plastic.

The Canadian pondweed has had its growth stunted by the lilies, but it still covered a good quarter of the pond. Having tidied it up as well, we then turned our attention to the fish. They seemed rather pleased to see the lily gone, suddenly they have surface to spread around – and more importantly, they can see us! If you walk by the pond, you see a wave flow over the surface as they all swim toward you saying “Feed me”. After being stressed over the hot summer with the water quality not as good as we like, the fish haven't eaten much. So they are now making up for it. Recently, I told Malcolm, the fish were very hungry and I'd thrown 5 handfuls of pellets in, to which he replied that he'd given them the same amount an hour ago! It's really nice to see them much happier – and that we still have a few large ones left, as 4 died in the heatwave. But the hose-pipe ban is a nuisance. We'd wanted to use the pond-vacuum to get the sludge out of the bottom. Think it's been

giving off methane, as we've noticed bubbles coming to the surface, which isn't good. Malcolm decided we'd have a session of dredging it with the fishing net instead. So I am probably going to have blackcurrants the size of strawberries next year, with the fertiliser they have just received! Stirring up the mud didn't half turn the water cloudy. Fortunately by the next morning it had settled and it's still clear enough to see the bottom of the pond.

I gave our lawn it's last mow of the year, Malcolm pruned back some trees, and son-in-law cut our side of the thorn hedge. Farmer Peter has done the field side – with the tractor, so we now have everything tidied up for the autumn. I can sit back and enjoy the autumn colours whilst they last. I rather like this time of year, the colours marking the end of a season, but also the promise of the next one when we look at conkers, pine cones and seed heads – which reminds me – I've got a wildflower patch to clear yet. God's creation needs taking care of, as well as what we've planted.

Happy Autumn and blessings from – **Kathy**



A wonderful bible-based art show at Ripon Cathedral ...



Do come and see *Threads through Creation*, it runs until November 20. A breath-taking exhibition of 12 large, embroidered silk panels exploring the story of Creation by textile artist Jacqui Parkinson which is touring 20 cathedrals. Dean John said: "In a year when Ripon Cathedral has been celebrating its 1350th anniversary, bearing witness to the providence and faithfulness of God through many centuries, Jacqui Parkinson's colourful meditations on the creation stories remind us of the fundamental gift of life which comes from God in the first place.

"Visitors to the cathedral will be helped by these tapestries to contemplate how the God who was revealed in Jesus Christ, is the same God who provides and sustains all life."

Entry to the exhibition, and cathedral is free.



News from our “Roving Reporters” from around the Circuit

Carthorpe - We began the month with our Harvest Festival. The chapel looked beautiful, everyone using their talents of decorating, arranging and cleaning up!

The flower arrangements were as beautiful as ever, and the windows were full of lovely fruits and flowers.

It was decided to make our main priority the Local Food Bank, and what a lot of different ideas there were for those gifts.

Then there were many gifts from the bountiful Harvest that we have all enjoyed this year.

We were delighted to have Rev James Glyn Thomas, who is our local vicar, to take the service. We had a wonderful Harvest Service with a full Chapel and a lot of the congregation participating, helping James and us to get to know each other better.

This was followed by a Carthorpe tea! then as people left, they took gifts from the front and kindly left a donation for All we Can, so we have been able to help there too. Thank you to everyone.

The Tuesday Get Together met on the first Tuesday and 3 cars set off for Yafforth Church, Eileen had arranged for someone to show us round and he was most helpful and interesting, telling us quite a bit of its history, we all enjoyed that and then some retail therapy and tea and cakes at Strikes. A lovely afternoon out.

Our next meeting is Tuesday 1st November at 2pm when we look forward to an update of the work of Mr Muncaster and his team in Metapattalia.

Any one is very welcome to join us at this.

We have had our Church Council which I understand went very well, so Church life continues. Thank you, Lord.

High Ellinton - Second Sunday in October in our chapel means one thing. Harvest festival. The time of year when we decorate the chapel with produce and greenery and recently I make a large conker chain draped around the pulpit , Conker chains are a staple in our house we have some a few years old and we shorten the string as the conkers dry out and get brought back to chapel every year this year we had a Sunday afternoon service lead by Mr and Mrs Prest from Ryedale we had a great service with stories of brambles with a slide show also we had contributions from Jessica Greensit playing recorder and reading a harvest prayer also Ellie Greensit read a poem (not spike of green by Barbara Baker which she committed to memory 3 years ago and can still recite word for word) . Other contributions included a violin and guitar duet played by Grace Barker and Mary Whitbread. The service concluded and we all relocated to Fearby village hall for afternoon tea where we were joined by a few other guests. All in all, a very good festival and we had a good congregation of friends extended family and visitors help us celebrate and sing harvest hymns with gusto. We continued on Wednesday with a midweek harvest service led by David Emison, another good congregation although Mary played the organ

for congregational hymns, she also was convinced to Sing a solo accompanied by Her Grandad on Piano. After the service we stayed on for supper and sale and we continued the covid tradition of giving out supper boxes with a selection of sandwiches and cakes most folk ate some and took the rest home. All in all, a great Harvest Celebration chapel always looks, and smells dull the week after when all decoration is removed.

Bedale & District - What a delight to welcome [Mowbray School](#) into our church last Tuesday for their Harvest Service - all of them! Pupils, teachers, helpers and parents/family. Never seen our building so full (and we had the ukulele group practicing in the hall). The children were a credit to parents and school, their choir excellent - had us joining in, and some very brave boys read poems and prayers with great confidence.





When? 1st Saturday of Every Month
– 9.00am to 10.00am

Where? Bedale & District Methodist
Church

Who? Men of all ages welcome

Join us for good food and great fellowship.

Jesus said to them, "Come and have breakfast." None of the disciples dared ask him, "Who are you?" They knew it was the Lord. John 21:12

The **Methodist** Church 

Masham - Please pray for those Ukrainian families now living in Masham and the surrounding area and for the friends and relatives they have had to leave behind.

There are some very sad stories behind the smiling faces. Most of the adults are now working and the children are settling well into school. The Thursday evening classes in our schoolroom are going very well, and their teacher is delighted with his students' progress. Because so many of the Ukrainians are now working, only two or three usually come for extra conversation on a Wednesday afternoon. They are very grateful for the welcome they have received.

Reminder; Our Coffee Morning with a difference is on the 5th November 10am til 12noon. Come and see what it's all about, (and start your Christmas Shopping !!).

Grewelthorpe - Our monthly G Club continues, with a consistently good turnout. This remains a popular monthly event, with children of primary age exploring biblical themes through fun activities. Our next G Club will be held on **16th November. 6-7pm.**

Our Harvest Festival was well attended, and we were joined by the village school children. The church looked beautiful as had been decorated with flower arrangements along with many donations of fruit and vegetables. The Harvest Thanksgiving, Supper and Auction on the following Tuesday was very much enjoyed and we were enriched by having as our preacher Mr Norman Clark the widower of the late Rev. Elizabeth Clark. Norman shared the service with us that Elizabeth had prepared for our Harvest thanksgiving, if sadly, she hadn't passed away. Memories were shared and we were very grateful for Norman making the trip to Grewelthorpe. We remembered how in Grewelthorpe that Elizabeth was instrumental in moving the LEP forward. A photo of her taking part in this special service is displayed in our church. The auction followed with much merriment and eagerness to

pick up a bargain. As always a delicious supper followed. Collections for both these services was divided between church funds and the Ukrainian Appeal.

Our Autumn Lunches continue, and our last lunch will be on Monday **7th November 12-1.30pm**. Please join us for homemade soup, bread roll and a pudding, with tea and coffee. Donations will be towards Church funds.

We are hoping that Revd Ian Pruden will soon be back amongst us as we have an enlightening talk booked about his recent sabbatical entitled Sacred Space. Tuesday, 15th November 7.30pm in Grewelthorpe Village Hall. In the meantime, we all wish him well and look forward to seeing him soon.

Finghall - Busy time in Finghall so far this month, in the garden and the kitchen. Because it's Harvest time.

The time of Gods provision and this year the fruitfulness has been truly bountiful. We see it in the farmlands, the fields, orchards, hedgerows and gardens, not to mention that which has four legs and horns or wool on its back!

After the hot summer the harvest is good.

There is a song with a line that says, "raindrops keep falling on my head". Well, in our case, it's not raindrops. It's apples! The trees are overloaded, and the fruit is dropping off them.

The village has barrows and bucketsful in the street for passers-by. Lots are left to go to waste.

We do make a lot of preserves etc with them, so much that we keep running short of jam jars to put these in.

What to do with it all?

Unfortunately we cannot donate any to the food banks.

We do however take the more unusable fruit to a farm in Bedale for their animals.

We just cannot waste this harvest, it's not in our nature.

How could we waste God's goodness!

Building up high levels of stock too is almost a criminal act

when people are starving, and a hard winter is expected. What a dilemma!

This brings to mind the landowner who's granaries were full to bursting with grain and when his workers told him they had nowhere to put the incoming harvest of wheat, he told them to build more granaries.

The message he received later was, in short, "Use it or lose it"!

So, any visitors we get are pressed to take some away when they leave.

Our home group were treated to a very interesting presentation on York Minster given by David Burke, the husband of one of our members Betty. David is a volunteer guide at the Minster and the graphic presentation with his knowledge was captivating.

We hope to be meeting more often as the years draws to a close and we stay nearer home.

We also had a training evening on how to carry out CPR and emergency procedures at the Chapel. Fourteen villagers attended the session presented by a lady from the Yorkshire Ambulance Service who had travelled from Wakefield. Apart from CPR, we also had instruction on how to use the AED (defibrillator) we have on the building.

Oh! After all this apple stuff we made a last-minute decision to rove to a site at Ripon racecourse to join about eighty other campers for a few days. People from all points of the compass meeting to spend time together and make new acquaintances and hopefully lasting friendships when we meet again. Funds raised at the event were donated to charity by the organisers. Lots of joy and happiness and smiles. And smiles are more infectious than covid and can mean so much to many of us. This, together with a morning strolling round the peace and tranquillity of Fountains Abbey just a short ride away made an enjoyable break.

CHRISTMAS FOR EVERYONE



THERE IS NO ROOM



Come and take **your** place

The **Methodist** Church
methodist.org.uk/ThereIsRoom

Prayer Page

Lord, we do not know how or when you will call us to serve you.

We do not know when we may have to face difficult times, or when the difficult times we face now may end.

We do not know how and when you will come to us.

Help us to pray and learn so that, when you call us, we may be ready.

Help us to find courage to change,
to trust you and to listen for your call.

Amen.

Living God, as we light the first Advent candle,
and the first flicker of your coming is kindled in our hearts,
may the flame of our desire for justice and peace
burn brightly within us,
releasing in our lives, our churches, and our world,
the transforming power of your Holy Spirit.

Amen.

We praise you, living God, for these days of Advent,
for the opportunity they offer to reflect on Scripture,
and to prepare our hearts and minds for the coming
of your Son.

As we set out on our journey,
may we find a stillness that is your presence with us,
leading us on to Bethlehem
where our spirits can soar
towards the light of your eternal love,
revealed in the Christ Child.

Amen.

Advent God, forgive us, we pray,

when our preparations for the coming of your Son are superficial and we don't invest our whole selves into them prayerfully, practically or purposefully.

May we not be left with regrets and 'if onlys', but adapt to the challenges of our lives and our world with the grace and agility of your Holy Spirit – in whose power we pray.

Amen.

God of all creation,
though the nights are long, the sun still rises;
though the mornings are dark, the birds still sing;
though the world isn't ready, your Son still comes;
though we don't listen or prepare or deserve,
you still love and forgive and renew us –
in Jesus' name.

Amen.

We praise you, living God, for the words of Scripture that breathe life into our prayers,
urgency into our complacency,
energy to our discipleship,
depth to our faith,
and warn, challenge and equip us
to prepare for Christmas more deeply,
more fully, more honestly and more purposefully.
In Jesus' name.

Amen.

God of hope,
where things seem to be one big tangle of pain and unhappiness,
intervene with your saving love;
where people are in conflict or locked in a stalemate,

release them from the cycle of war;
where your name is outlawed and your
children are forced to hide,
break through their darkness and be God-
revealed to them;
where despair takes centre stage and
depression and anxiety
sharpen their claws,
fill those situations with unexpected peace
God of hope,
God-with-us,
God of all time and of every place:
may the earth be filled with the knowledge of you,
and may your light flow over the world like a covering,
bringing protection from the darkness
and from the evil that often frightens and wounds us.
Amen.



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Prayer Commitment by the Circuit Meeting:

- Pray for the Royal Family as they continue to mourn the loss of a mother, grandmother and great grandmother. We pray for King Charles III that God will enfold him, Christ will uphold him, and the Holy Spirit will guide him in all things.
- Pray for the World Day of Prayer Committee in Taiwan (World Day of Prayer 3 March 2023) as the world begins to look at their service. Pray that they start to feel the wave of prayer coming their way leading up to the Day of Prayer 2023.
- Pray for the Churches of our circuit who have lost their buildings; Melmerby, Finghall and Kirkby Malzeard as they seek to be new ways of being church in their communities.

Newsletter

If you know someone who would like to receive a postal copy of this newsletter, please let Amanda Milner know on 01677 427909 or 07805 623464, email milnera68@gmail.com. OR the Circuit Office.

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Please Check out the Circuit Website for Prayer Space, plus poems and resources from The District: riponlowerdalesmethodists.org.uk – yorkshiremethodist.org