

# **THE VOICE**

## **MERROW METHODIST CHURCH MAGAZINE**



**JUNE 2020**

## **MESSAGE FOM THE MANSE – JUNE 2020**

Dear friends,

Three important Church festivals, two of which, Ascension and Pentecost, were celebrated last month, and the third Trinity is to be on the first Sunday in June. If you ever wondered how the story of Jesus post resurrection appearances ends, he brings the disciples up to the Mount of Olives and as he is giving them the final instructions, he is lifted up out of their sight; the Ascension. It is the confirmation that the conquering of death leads to eternal life. The disciples, despite being with Jesus for three years and had witnessed his death, resurrection and ascension, still had difficulty putting into action what they had learnt from their Master.

It is one of the things that challenge us: what are we here for? We should have a purpose in life, a sense that we exist for a reason. It defends us when we feel judged or feel as though we are less than others. It organises our thoughts and life. A sense of purpose shows what we aim for and when we achieve our aims, it allows us to be proud of our faith in God. Jesus had taught and given the disciples a purpose in life, to share the new perspective of life, love and forgiveness called the Gospel or Good News. On the day of Pentecost in the empowering of the Holy Spirit, the disciples realised that they could actually live the faith. They found that they could speak about this Good News of God's love in Christ and that people wanted to hear, wanted to change.

Even all these centuries later, many people in this world still look for a purpose and still look for the power to change their lives. Great things have happened through history because men and women of faith with drive and vision have looked for ways to bring abundant life to others.

We in Christ are blessed with a model of perfect love to follow, in the perfect communion of Triune God - Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The blessed Trinity teaches us how we share and use heavenly power, how we love and forgive. I sincerely pray that as we continue to celebrate and share in these festivals and traditions, that those within and without the four walls of the Church will not lose hope but be given a sense of value and purpose, where they can see the chance for positive change in their own life and the life of their communities.

Every blessing in Christ, Asif Das

**The question is?**  
**by Gillian Brierley**

Can I, can't I?  
Will I, won't I?  
May I, may I not?  
Should I? Shall I? Questions rise  
from every 'Boris' slot.

Meet a friend now,  
Only one though  
Who then shall it be?  
In the park, not in my garden.  
Here it's only me!

I can drive  
But must return  
Before the midnight hour.  
Staying over? Not a chance, they'll  
throw me in the tower!

Out in public,  
Shopping, walking,  
Should one wear a mask?  
Keeping sneezes to oneself, that's  
not too much to ask.

Have I got it?  
Have I had it?  
I may never know.  
But today I'm virus free,  
at least I think that's so!

Can I? Will I?  
May I? Should I  
Stay at home alone?  
Well at least there's text and email  
and the telephone.

But by far

The biggest question:

Will it ever end?

Boris doesn't know and so

On that we can depend.

But he'll keep us

up to date on

rules and recompense.

As for answers, best I think

to use your common sense.

## A Matter of What Matters – and What Doesn't

The Revd Peter Hills

I do it. Paul Hume did it when he was here. Barrie and Keith occasionally do it, and Allan will on certain occasions. I know that our Chair of District does, and that Sam Funnell, who is coming soon to Woking, sometimes does. I don't think that Dave or Sydney Samuel or Claire ever would, but I could be wrong, and am fairly sure that Asif wouldn't. Put on a robe to lead worship, that is. Those who choose not to robe are no less dignified than those of us who do, and both sit well within Methodist tradition; and it really doesn't matter.

Some things do matter in worship. Perhaps some things matter more even than worship...

*and what does the Lord require of you but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God? (Micah 6,8)*

...but worship is what we do, and what we are made for. The first thing that matters in worship is the gathering itself. The word translated 'church' means 'assembly': we gather to meet in Christ's name. Currently that may mean joining a virtual service using a media platform, tuning in to the BBC morning service, or praying together with the help of 'Whatsapp'. The Christian assembly has an open door. 'All are welcome in this place,' as the hymn reminds us (sadly, not always truthfully, to our shame.) Assembly matters.

Then there is the Washing (Baptism) – it happens only once in a lifetime, perhaps as infants or as adults. Not all babies come to faith in later years,

which is one reason why we have a service of Confirmation (Reception, if you prefer) – for those who do. This may be the place, but it isn't the time to discuss the relative merits of adult or infant baptism. Worth doing, though. For the moment the point is that Baptism matters.

So does the Lord's Supper, 'rooted in the fact that the churches were meal-keeping assemblies that remembered the meal-keeping of Jesus and believed that they encountered the risen Christ "in the breaking of the bread".' (*Gordon Lathrop, 'Holy People', Fortress 1999*). Also known as Holy Communion or the Eucharist (meaning 'thanksgiving'), it both unites and divides, as we know too well: Roman Catholics, for example, are forbidden from sharing communion with us (not that they always obey the rules) and we may share with them only in exceptional circumstances. Our close cousins in the Salvation Army do not have a sacramental meal, though they may argue that, for them, every meal is sacramental. I can relate to that. There is no Holy Communion during lockdown – yet every meal can be a moment to recognise the presence of the Lord in the breaking of the bread. Gathering around the Lord's Table matters.

Neither the Washing nor the Supper would be complete, however, without the Word. Reading from the Bible and preaching are central – and if there is no preacher the Bible is sufficient, as we know from our 'local arrangement' services. Many a Christian has survived in captivity or isolation by being fed by what bits of scripture they could remember. The Word gives meaning to the sacraments I have mentioned, and forms the basis of all Christian worship. Thus the Assembly, the Washing, the Supper and the Word are essential. Therefore water, bread and wine (or elements representing bread and wine) and the Bible are the essential tools. Then there is prayer, of course: we would expect that Praise, Penitence and Thanksgiving are expressed in some way – spoken prayers, hymns, psalms or canticles; and in addition we intercede for the world, the church and those in need. There should always be intercession. While the Lord's Prayer is not strictly speaking essential, no other prayer gathers up all our prayers as it does.

And that's it. Everything else is, as they say, the icing on the cake. That's even true of music and hymns which enhance worship. The Methodist Worship Book provides patterns of worship and prayer, and I would like one on my desert island, but as long as I had the psalms I'd be happy. I value the passing of the Peace at Communion, but it's not vital. It matters not whether we share a common cup or use tiny glasses; come to the rail to receive, have the elements brought to us, or sit around a table and pass them around. Candles appear in Methodist churches now from time to time, but the absence of a box of matches is not a catastrophe. The icons of the eastern churches may

be valuable aids to prayer, but matter less to us than to our Coptic brothers and sisters in Gomshall. Processions are a way of tidily moving a choir into its place, bringing in the Bible (why it is placed on the Communion Table I don't know!) and the entry of the Preacher. The Offering in church (another procession!) is symbolic, but there are alternative ways of receiving gifts for the maintenance of the church and ministry or for the needy. And what the preacher chooses to wear or not wear doesn't matter (though tee-shirt and shorts might raise an eyebrow or two).

I do robe. My cassock is no more formal than a suit, though there is something special about a full-length garment – hence many brides wear long dresses and put their grooms into tails. The black cassock I wear (with gown and hood on special occasions, like Remembrance Sunday) is essentially a long coat. The frock-coat worn by Wesleyan ministers a century ago was really a short cassock. The cassock is useful, too. A minister I knew in the 1980s, would arrive on a motorcycle, enter the vestry in his leather jacket and a red lumberjack shirt, and emerge only ten minutes later elegant in cassock and bands. Only a brief glimpse of blue denim as he moved upstairs into the pulpit gave the game away. The cassock is not so much a gown as a habit, anyway, and I often travel to a preaching appointment in it. I wear it with so-called preaching bands: these are the white 'tabs' similar to those worn by lawyers and some academics. They have the same origin, descended from the Tudor ruff and wide Stewart collar, and are distant cousins of the tie. In other words my 'robes' are merely the equivalent of a jacket and tie! I wear either a black scarf, mainly to conveniently hold my microphone; or a coloured stole at Communion services and Baptisms. I sometimes dress in white for these, but am no angel, as you know. And it doesn't matter.



There is one more element of worship which does matter: the sending-out. It is so important that Catholics name the Communion service after it. The word

‘Mass’ is closely related to the word ‘Mission’. It is the coming down from the mountain of Transfiguration to bring healing and hope to the people we meet. The preacher gives a blessing and then says, ‘Go!’ We sit down and say another prayer and then have a cup of coffee and chat before returning home to eat lunch. ‘Perhaps tomorrow,’ we seem to be saying. But that blessing and dismissal are as important as any other part of the service, if you think about it:

Go in peace to love and serve the Lord.

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST. AMEN

## IT’S THAT TIME OF YEAR IN THE GARDEN

June is the month to finish planting out the flowers and edibles that we will enjoy through the summer and autumn. Filling the beds and borders with summer colour and planting up our containers and hanging baskets; planting thickly for the best displays.

The clematis are blooming well now and need to be kept well watered. If they are in a hot sunny spot, it’s good to cover the soil around the roots with stones or a thick mulch to keep the roots cool.

My dahlias are all now planted out and shooting strongly, so I’m looking forward to a colourful display later in the summer.

The sweet peas are well up the sticks and keep me busy taking off the side shoots and tendrils. I also take off any flower stalks with less than four florets; this gives me a bit later, but better blooms. It’s worth the effort!

My vegetable beds have never had so much time spent on them and are looking very promising. However we could do with more rain and less dust bathing by the sparrows – they do love a seed bed! I was surprised to realise that I am growing eighteen different vegetables (nineteen if you count rhubarb).

The broad beans are already in full bloom and I’ll pinch out the tops as soon as the pods start to form; this will boost the crop as well as discouraging blackfly. The runner beans are climbing well and look as though they will provide an early crop this year, thanks to the lack of late frosts.

The potatoes are already well earthed up to promote the formation of more tubers and stop them being exposed and turning green.

Tomatoes need feeding (I use Tomorite) once the first fruits begin to form. Out door plants need a weekly feed, but those in the greenhouse need a feed two or three times a week.

It has been fairly easy, so far, to keep the lawn tidy, the dry weather has held the spring growth in check, but any appreciable rain will soon change that! Keeping the lawn edges neat always does wonders for the appearance of any garden and is worth the effort.

Enjoy your garden!

F W Gardener

## **Poem**

I find it incredible that I should receive the same poem from 2 different sources, firstly via Megan's neighbour who is spending lock down in Suffolk and secondly from Catherine Winder, who comments IN THE TIME OF PANDEMIC by Catherine (Kitty) O'Meara\*

(\* written in March 2020 in the US – it has been wrongly attributed to a 19<sup>th</sup> century poet, Kathleen O'Mara, and linked to the Spanish Flu pandemic)

And the people stayed home.  
And read books, and listened, and rested,  
And exercised, and made art, and played games,  
and learned new ways of being, and were still  
and listened more deeply,  
Some meditated, some prayed, some danced.  
Some met their shadows.  
And the people began to think differently.



And the people healed.

And, in the absence of people living in ignorant,  
dangerous, mindless, and heartless ways,  
the earth healed.

And when the danger passed.

and the people joined together again,  
they grieved their losses, and made new choices,  
and dreamed new images,  
and created new ways to live and heal the earth fully  
as they had been healed.

## **Action For Children**

On Sunday 12th July we would have been celebrating 151 years of **Action for Children**. In previous year's we have had our gift day service. Obviously, this will not be happening due to the lock down.

More than ever this year, they need our help and an appeal has gone out by the deputy chief executive at AFC. If you are unable to donate on line or text, you can send me a cheque payable to Action for Children and I will forward it on. I have included the article below from Action for Children magazine.

Carol Iddon, deputy chief executive at Action for Children, said: "Millions of vulnerable families with children were struggling to put food on the table even before they were hit by the economic impact of this once-in-a-generation health crisis. A month into lockdown, they are hanging by a thread.

"Action for Children's frontline staff are battling to help frightened families come out the other side of this but are overwhelmed by the sheer desperation of those who are only a pay cheque away from no longer being able to keep their children and babies warm and well fed.

“With so many families close to breaking point and many more on the breadline, we’re supporting struggling families all over the country through our emergency appeal to help them pay for essentials, and are asking people to donate to Action for Children. But the government must act too, and use the most effective way we have of getting help to children, by increasing child benefit by £10 a week.”

To support Action for Children’s Emergency Coronavirus Appeal which is helping families cover the cost of essentials like food, nappies and utility bills, please visit [actionforchildren.org.uk](https://actionforchildren.org.uk), call **0300 123 2112** or text **ACTION to 70175 to give £10**.

Many thanks

Suzanne June 2020

### **Is this what retirement is supposed to be like?**

After following the short act of worship first thing on Sunday morning and then tuning into the BBC service from Hereford Cathedral, I sat back and reflected on life at the moment.

Seven weeks of lockdown - no cuddles from grandchildren, no coffees, lunches, dinners with friends and no church rotas!!

I thought about my busy life before this when I never seemed to have a minute to myself. Lots of demands on my time, yet I had supposedly retired from full time work in 2012. I don’t know how I managed to fit everything in and also still work part time. What I am feeling now is good, sleeping well and not stressed at all. I am still busy but in a very different way. I garden, read, walk every day, do Pilates on line and exercise with others via zoom, cook different meals and bake (mustn’t eat the cakes so give some away!). I have had no demands on my time for 7 weeks.

I do feel quite guilty in saying that I have enjoyed the past 7 weeks. It has given me time to reflect, time to read passages from the bible, enjoy the daily devotions and checking out the occasional local church service on YouTube. I still rarely read a novel or haven’t watched TV in the day, apart from the daily briefings. I still haven’t watched any of the last series of Call the Midwife but have it recorded so that may be for a rainy day!

I sit in the garden with a coffee or lunch and listen to the birds and enjoy the peace. I think about those who are not so lucky as us. I hope and pray that there is the support for those with mental health problems and those who suffer from domestic abuse. Perhaps they will benefit from some of the money raised for NHS charities.

Obviously, I am missing my lovely family and do miss some social interaction with friends. I miss church and the singing and look forward to meeting again for fellowship and social events but I do hope to achieve a much slower pace of life.

If this is what retirement should be like, making choices, time for myself and others, then I will embrace it! Life will be very different for everyone when we come out of lockdown and hopefully our country will be better for it.

I hope everyone has stayed safe and continues to stay well and look forward to a time when we can all meet and worship together again.

**Thanks to Ruth McCulloch for this personal view of the current times**

## **Cynthia's Easter Garden – Catherine Winder**

Many Easter traditions and celebrations went by the board this year as COVID-19's relentless grip squeezed much of the joy out of our lives and lockdown brought an abrupt halt to so many things we had taken for granted. But in the Winder household, one tradition was maintained even though we could not share it with the church family as we usually would – the creation of an Easter garden.

I can't remember a time when Mum didn't make an Easter garden for the church, she certainly started it in the mid-1960s during Rev. Wallace White's ministry. Preparation back then started with a trip to the woods between New Inn and Merrow Lanes. This was always a favourite place as a child; Mum and I would walk there, gathering firewood (in those days, our only heating was a solid fuel boiler and a coal fire) and she would teach me how to identify trees and flowers - have you ever seen the tiny scarlet flower on a hazel tree? Dad used to come with us on Good Friday, carrying an old tea knife and a bag. We would head for the pond at Middle Oak where Mum would choose patches of moss, ideally of different textures, and Dad would cut them from the banks; on the way back we would pick celandines,

primroses, periwinkles and coltsfoot. Environmentally we wouldn't dream of doing such things now and as the tree canopy thickened with lack of maintenance over the years, the moss declined. But thanks to climate change and a 'no dig' philosophy in our own flower beds, we seem to have a ready home-grown supply these days! (Although there is invariably a dry spell during Lent and lush green carpets quickly turn to wiry brown mats, but somehow there is always enough to fill a tray). We lay the moss out on the tray and water it well.

We add the flowers on Saturday afternoon. The date of Easter and type of winter and early spring dictate what is available for the floral elements of the garden. There are some certainties: little trees are cut from our 'poor man's box' hedge and snippets of rosemary, signifying remembrance, for bushes. We can always find at least one celandine and a dandelion, while grape hyacinths, violets and daisies are usually reliable fillers. In my childhood, our Jewish neighbours had a large Japanese quince which bore deep coral flowers; they would gladly give us some sprigs (often along with some unleavened bread) so we could use the buds in the garden and eventually we rooted one of the sprigs so we now have our own bush. Elizabeth Doughty would often give some heather from her garden. Christine used to bring primroses from the Isle of Wight when she was living there and my Cheltenham garden is a useful source of primulas, cowslips, white periwinkles, forget-me-nots. In an early Easter, hyacinth pips ensure a scented garden with bluebells taking over in a later one. Blending the colours, textures and contrasts across the garden becomes a form of art. In the last few years, marigolds have survived the winter so we include at least one – its fiery orange really 'pops' out of the more pastel spring tones. The trick to ensure the flowers' survival overnight is to dampen the moss thoroughly before starting, then to cut the stems short and if need be, poke holes into the moss with a knitting needle so that they sit as deeply as possible to absorb the moisture. Then we spray them with water when it's finished and again the next morning (when some last-minute replacements may be needed!). As a child, my job was to pick all the 'ground' flowers such as daisies, then I would watch as Mum made beauty arise from darkness. As her sight began to fade and small detail became elusive, Mum took charge of 'major works' – the tomb, the hill, trees and shrubs but even that became too much of a frustration and she has now delegated all responsibility to me, preferring to admire the end result insofar as she can.

The garden has developed over time. It has been hosted on a range of trays (and even a dinner plate for Sunday school). A simple cave moulded from plasticine and covered with moss stands for the empty tomb in one corner, balanced by a 'green hill' opposite; this began in a year when we were spoilt for moss and it is always left bare – no flowers at Calvary. At first, one cross made from twigs tied with cotton was added to the hill, then two more; when we used philadelphus (mock orange blossom) twigs once, they'd started shooting by the following Sunday! Now the crosses are re-used each year. The stone that partly covers the tomb entrance has changed with time – the current one came from a Cornish beach on one of our many trips 'home', as Mum would say.

But it's not just about the doing, making the garden is an annual time for reflection – on the beauty of God's creation as you wonder at the intricacies of each flower and at the turning of the seasons with all the hope and promise wrapped up in spring, on the depth of the Father's love for us in giving his Son to bring us the promise of eternal life and the bright joy of that Easter morning after the darkness of Good Friday. And with the empty cross and tomb, it epitomises that great Easter greeting – 'The Lord is risen! He is risen indeed! Alleluia!' That's why we have continued to make it for more than 50 years, to share that message with anyone who sees it.

This year, I made a smaller garden in a plastic tray designed to catch water under a garden tub, largely because the dry spring reduced the available moss and we only had a little table to put it on. All the elements were included and with no possibility of a trip to Cheltenham mid-lockdown, the flowers came entirely from Cynthia and Frank's garden - I even found a token celandine lurking in one border! Plenty of bluebells this year but no native primroses, so I used a hybrid that has thrived in my sister's memorial flower bed. The old Sunday School hymn 'In our dear Lord's garden' came to mind as I made it. I took photos in the hope that we would be able to share it at some stage and you would know we kept the faith in every sense...



## **SUNDAY LUNCH AT THE TERROR CLUB IN SINGAPORE**

I lived with my wife and three children in Singapore between 1981 and 1983 working for one of the international accountancy firms. Most Sunday mornings, we attended St George's Church in Tanglin. The church dates back to the setting up of the British military garrison in the late 1860s. The original church was erected nearby between 1870 to 1890 but it soon became clear that a bigger building was needed to accommodate the soldiers and officers of the garrison. The current church was completed and in use by October 1911. Following the withdrawal of British Army troops in 1971, St George's took on a new role as a civilian church and was admitted into the Diocese of Singapore. Built of red brick and featuring a beautiful stained glass window above the altar, it has been a place of worship for many people of different races and nationalities throughout the years.

HMS Terror was a British discovery vessel that served in both world wars. The Terror Club was built in the mid 1930s to provide rest and relaxation to officers assigned to the ship. It was based in Sembawang at the northern tip of Singapore. With the complete withdrawal of British forces from Singapore in 1971, the Terror Club was badly neglected for a number of years. However, it was still used by a lot of expatriate families for swimming and for a BBQ

lunch on a Sunday. We usually went straight from church to The Terror Club for lunch and a swim.

One other feature of The Club was an air-conditioned cinema which my son, Jonathan, made a beeline for as soon as we arrived. I used to follow him to see what the scheduled film was and decide whether it was suitable for a 12 year old. On one occasion, the film was "Midnight Express" and it was "X" certificate. I had heard about the film and knew it was about an American caught smuggling hashish. He was prosecuted and jailed in Turkey for four years in horrific conditions. When his sentence was increased to 30 years, the American and some other inmates made plans to escape. So, I told Jonathan that the film was unsuitable and that he could not go to the cinema. He completely took the wind out of my sails by saying that he had seen it already! He explained that he and three other 12 year olds had walked into a cinema in Orchard Street in the city centre. I felt it was difficult to ban Jonathan from going to the film and reluctantly agreed. My elder daughter, Sarah, aged 11, immediately said: "If Jonathan is going to see it, so am I!" I had learnt long ago never to argue with Sarah.

In the end, I thought the best solution might be for me to join them at the film and so I did. However, after the film was over, we had an interesting discussion about it. I was still horrified at the treatment of the prisoners but the children did not seem affected by it. I came to the conclusion that they see so much violence on TV that it just runs off their backs.

I understand the Terror Club was refurbished a few years ago and now has some very nice facilities for the enjoyment of locals and expatriates.

Ian Prosser 14/5/20

## **“CHORISTERS’ CONFESSION”**

### **A Prayer to each of our Choir Mistresses**

Almighty and most merciful Choir Mistress,  
we have erred and strayed from your rhythm like lost sheep.  
We have followed too much the intonation and beat of our own hearts.  
We have offended against your dynamic markings;  
we have left unsung the notes we ought to have sung,  
and have sung the notes we ought not to have sung;  
and there is no breath in us.

But you, O Choir Mistress,  
have mercy on us miserable singers.  
Succour the musically challenged,  
restore us to the need for note-bashing,  
spare those who come without pencils,  
and forgive our mistakes.  
And have faith in us  
that we will follow your directions  
and sing together in perfect harmony.

*Submitted by Ken Mills via Lichfield Cathedral (Alt.)*



One of the unexpected advantages of the recent lockdown has been the opportunity to do some of those jobs you have been promising yourself you would do for a number of years - like wading through those piles of papers and files in the study!

It is amazing what you find, including a book of poems written back at school in the sixties when I was studying English.

This one was written on April 8th 1968 four days after Martin Luther King was assassinated in Memphis.

### **To M-L-K**

There is no sound where once the Voice was raised  
Only the silence of eternity  
Still is the tongue that thundered God be praised  
And cold the heart that beat for Liberty.

Streets are engulfed in a sea of black mud  
And buildings bow to the whims of the tide.  
Two races struggle in waves of fresh blood  
Void of the life belt on which they relied.

Earlier that year we were obviously experiencing a cold spell.

### **Winter Music.**

Heavy cloud clings to the sky  
Protected by waving trees  
And the vague outline  
Of distant land.  
The chimney tops dance on the roofs  
As curling smoke conducts  
The full orchestra of Nature  
In Winter's Symphony.  
Sun hides its face in shame  
Its body cloaked in gossamer

Clinging white and lost  
Draping Summer's children  
In its train  
Of quietness.

And I was obviously experiencing the pain of teenage angst! I remember writing this in a boring Geography lesson.....

### **Deceit**

She laughs and smiles  
And smiling leaves me  
Leaves me fighting tears inside  
Her smile deceives  
Deceives her feelings  
Feelings which she tries to hide.  
Her footsteps echo in the distance  
Feet so light, but steps so grave  
Her struggling heart cries out for comfort  
And for love that I once gave.  
She stops and turns  
And turning sees me  
Sees the tears I cannot hide.  
Her cry reveals  
Reveals her feelings  
Feelings which she fought inside.

Enough for now! I will go back to sorting through the papers  
( and my memories).....

Anon.

## **The Judas tree by Ruth Etchells**

In Hell there grew a Judas Tree  
Where Judas hanged and died  
Because he could not bear to see  
His master crucified  
Our Lord descended into Hell  
And found his Judas there  
For ever hanging on the tree  
Grown from his own despair  
So Jesus cut his Judas down  
And took him in his arms  
"It was for this I came" he said  
"And not to do you harm  
My Father gave me twelve good men  
And all of them I kept  
Though one betrayed and one denied  
Some fled and others slept  
In three days' time I must return  
To make the others glad  
But first I had to come to Hell  
And share the death you had  
My tree will grow in place of yours  
Its roots lie here as well  
There is no final victory  
Without this soul from Hell"  
So when we all condemned him  
As of every traitor worst  
Remember that of all his men  
Our Lord forgave him first

D. Ruth Etchells

## **PRAYER SUPPORT GROUP**

This is a small group willing to put time aside for praying each day for special needs within the Church community.

**The prayer contact for JUNE will be**

**Helen Belsham 01483 823742**

your request will be passed onto other members of the group, where it will remain confidential.

**MINISTER:** REV.ASIF DAS 01483 575432 [asifdas@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:asifdas@hotmail.co.uk)

### **CHURCH OFFICE**

Bushy Hill Drive, Guildford, GU1 2SH. 01483 537655

[office@merrowmethodistchurch.org.uk](mailto:office@merrowmethodistchurch.org.uk)

**PROPERTY LETTINGS ADMINISTRATOR** 01483 537655

[lettings@merrowmethodistchurch.org.uk](mailto:lettings@merrowmethodistchurch.org.uk)

The **JULY 2020** issue of “The Voice” will hopefully be available online from **MONDAY 6<sup>TH</sup> JULY 2020** and the close off date is **WEDNESDAY 1<sup>ST</sup> JULY 2020** any items should be to me by then via my email [royvinall@gmail.com](mailto:royvinall@gmail.com) or by telephone 01483 222071.

As these are exceptional times we are going to produce a separate edition of “The Voice” for August 2020. Details to follow in July.

**KEN'S QUIZ**

1	3	=	BM	BLIND MICE
2	3	=	S to H	STEPS TO HEAVEN
3	6	=	W of H the E	WIVES OF HENRY 8TH
4	6	=	Z in a M	ZEROS IN A MILLION
5	10	=	Y in a D	YEARS IN A DECADE
6	12	=	S of the Z	SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC
7	12	=	I in a F	INCHES IN A FOOT
8	12	=	D of C	DAYS OF CHRISTMAS
9	12	=	D in a G	DOZENS IN A GROSS
10	12	=	K of the RT	KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE
11	13	=	BD	BAKER'S DOZEN
12	13	=	C in a S	CARDS IN A SUIT
13	16	=	O in a P	OUNCES IN A POUND
14	24	=	H in a D	HOURS IN A DAY
15	26	=	L in the A	LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET
16	26	=	M in a M	MILES IN A MARATHON
17	36	=	I in a Y	INCHES IN A YARD
18	50	=	S in the USA	STATES IN THE U.S.A.
19	60	=	M in an H	MINUTES IN AN HOUR
20	80	=	DA the W	DAYS AROUND THE WORLD
21	101	=	D	DALMATIANS
22	147	=	MB in S	MAXIMUM BREAK IN SNOOKER
23	366	=	D in a LY	DAYS IN A LEAP YEAR
24	1760	=	Y in a M	YARDS IN A MILE
25	20000	=	LU the S	LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

**Spare a thought for our advertisers at this time; they are all finding life hard, as we are.**

ELECTRICIAN	T WILLIAMS	01483 282154
BUTCHER	CONISBEE	01483 283391
OSTEOPATH	ANDREW PETERS	01483 570921
FRESH FOOD SUPPLIES	PEACOCKS	01483 829768
OAKWOOD BUSINESS CONSULTANTS		01483 276100
ROOFING	ABLE ROOFING	01483 283137
CARPENTRY	NICK HAYWOOD	01483 225323
DECORATOR	RICHARD LEE	01483 612055
GARDEN MACHINERY	J&M GARDENS	01483 894855
COAL MERCHANTS	HILLS QUALITY COALS	01483 252223
CARPETS	LADYMEAD CARPETS	01483 506616
FUNERAL DIRECTORS	ALAN GREENWOOD	01483 567845
SOLICITORS	JENNIFER MARGRAVE	01483 562722
ELECTRICIAN	WARREN MILTON	01483 458310
FISH AND CHIPS	SEAFARE	01483 534253
DANCE GROUP	SURREY SAINTS	07900 902527
FUNERAL DIRECTORS	LODGE AND MONK	01483 562780
BTU INSTALLATION		01483 590600