

Good-News Desk!

The Magazine of Tylers Green Methodist Church



Minister:
Rev. Vida Foday

New Series No. 139



October 2019

The story is told of a poor man who was once found plodding along toward his home, carrying a huge bag of potatoes. A horse and wagon finally drew up alongside him on the road and the driver invited the man to climb aboard. After getting on the wagon, he sat down but continued to hold the heavy bag. When the driver suggested that the man set the bag down in the wagon, he replied, 'I don't want to trouble you too much, sir. You are giving me a ride already, so I'll just carry the potatoes.'

'How foolish of him!' we say. Yet sometimes we do the same thing when we attempt to bear the burdens of our lives in our strength. No wonder we become weary and overwhelmed with anxiety and fear. In Psalm 55, David gave his concerns to the Lord and was filled with renewed hope and confidence. That's why he could write, 'Cast your burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain you' (v22).

The Autumn season is full of Harvest Thanksgiving Celebrations during which time God, the giver of all good gifts of harvest is praised. We are reminded of the importance of the four seasons – winter, spring, summer and autumn, and also that without the special gifts of each season there would be no growth nor food

nor harvest. As members of various congregations laid their gifts before the Lord during their Harvest Celebrations, I hope and pray that they remembered to lay down their burdens with them as well.

Let us try not to behave like the man and his bag of potatoes, but rather learn to set our burdens down in God's hand as He is our Sustainer, and it's only then that we shall be filled with renewed hope and confidence for His mission.

With much love and every blessing

Vida

Best wishes to Angela Davis on her move to Hughenden Gardens Village. May God Bless you in your new home.

Diary and Notice Board - October, 2019

MONDAY BIBLE STUDY FELLOWSHIP: There will be one meeting in October led by Rev'd Angela on **Monday, 14th @ 3.00pm**. This will be held at Angela's home - please note the later time as Angela has an earlier commitment.

WEDNESDAY BIBLE STUDY: Meetings on the 9th & 30th October @ 3.45 pm in the Church Lounge.

ACTION FOR CHILDREN LUNCH: This is being held on Saturday, 12th October at 12.00 noon (instead of the coffee morning). Please let Chris or Rosemary know if you are able to come along. There will be a bring and buy sale and Patsy Graham will be selling greeting cards. Please put this date in your diary and invite friends and family as well.

Circuit Meeting

We hosted the Circuit Meeting at our church on Monday 16th September. It was the first visit of Canon Rev Helen Cameron, our 'new' District Chair.

Helen chaired that part of the meeting deciding on Rev Nick Thompson's application to remain as Superintendent Minister of our Circuit for two further years until August 2022. This was approved with no voting necessary.

Helen also introduced the Overview of Marriage and Relationships Consultation which has been referred from the 2019 Methodist Conference. There will be more information in due course and the local consultation will take place at The Avenue on Wednesday 8th January 2020 from 10.30am until 3pm.

Every Circuit in the Connexion has been challenged to increase the number of Local Preachers in each Circuit by two in the next Connexional year.

The meeting gave a warm welcome to Rev Georgina Bindzi-Simpson the new minister with responsibility for Wesley and The Avenue. As a probationer minister, Georgina outlined her on-going heavy training programme. Please pray for Georgina and also for Nick |Thompson who is her supervisor.

Lesley Hatten gave a very encouraging interim report on those churches actively working with young families and children. Marlow now employs a young families worker similar to the similar worker in Flackwell Heath.

The sale of Naphill Methodist Church is progressing and most of the proceeds will be appropriated to the redevelopment scheme at our Marlow Church. This is possible because of the mission initiatives proposed at the Marlow Church.

Members from Stokenchurch have been transferred as a class meeting to Marlow Methodist Church whilst also worshipping at Stokenchurch Parish Church.

Editor: Bible Sunday is on 27th October, and this article may be useful in supporting the day. By the Rev Tony Horsfall.

Best way to enjoy the Bible? Be like a dog with a bone!

Sarah brought her beautiful dog Bobby to a Quiet Morning at church. He was very well behaved and loved all the attention he received. As we began our time together Sarah gave him a bone to chew on, and he settled down contentedly, enjoying his own experience of 'heaven'!

The expression came into my mind, 'like a dog with a bone', and watching Bobby at work further confirmed my thinking. Here before us was a wonderful example of what it means to meditate on Scripture – to slowly and patiently chew things over in our mind until we begin to grasp internally what God is saying to us.

The Bible encourages us to meditate in this way. Think of Psalm 1, where we read about the godly person 'whose delight is in the law of the Lord and who meditates on His law, day and night (v2).' Think also of Joshua who was told, 'Keep this book of the Law always on your lips; meditate on it day and night, so that you may be careful to do everything written in it (Joshua 1:8). Mary did this as well, when at the birth of Jesus she 'treasured up all these things and pondered them in her heart (Luke 2:19).'

Perhaps sometimes we don't spend enough time with Scripture, letting its truth soak into our minds and pondering its meaning and application to our lives. The spiritual discipline of Bible meditation helps us to do just that. Why not take a verse of Scripture that has caught your attention recently, and chew it over as you go through the day, looking at it this way and that way until you feel you have received the goodness it contains?

Making Faith Visible

We may not have children at home, but I thought this article, from the Methodist Church Website to be very interesting. I hope you do too!

It's been an interesting journey since I've started thinking about how I can be more intentional about sharing my faith with my kids. One of the key things that has struck me was about being real and making my own relationship with God more visible so that my children get to see how it works for me.

I've experimented with some different ideas, some that have stuck, and others that totally didn't work! But some of the ways that I've found useful and that have had an impact are really very simple, don't take a lot of time and even if they don't happen that regularly, they are slowly becoming more natural.

When I do read my Bible (I'm going to confess, sometimes it's every morning – at other times I can suddenly find myself a month down the line wondering how I've managed to leave it at the bottom of a pile of 'things to do' for so long!) ... BUT! When I do read my Bible and my little ones interrupt with a million questions, I've started saying "Hang on, I know you want mummy's attention, but I'm spending time with Jesus at the moment. Do you want to know what I'm learning?" Then I read them one or two verses, and share with them what it means, if I'm confused or what I think God is saying to me through it.

Reframing their interruption, and viewing it as an *opportunity* instead has meant that I give them some spiritual input, and actually, as someone who 'thinks out loud' it really benefits me to share what I've read!

Another helpful idea has been to put worship music on a lot of the time. Not only does it mean that we don't turn the TV on, or stare at my phone, but it just changes the atmosphere. There have been times where I catch the kids singing along, others where they persuade me to change it to the Moana soundtrack, and that's ok!

We're by no means doing this all the time, but the more we practice these small ideas, the more natural it is becoming – so it's just part of how we do things, and hopefully something that is helping my two growing humans to discover the wonder of God in our lives.

Becky Denharder, Project Manager at the Kitchen Table Project

'Yeshua'

I know a man. Perhaps I should say I knew a man, because he's gone now, but not gone completely; he made such an impact on me that he can never truly leave me. I hear his voice in my head still; I'll turn and expect to see him; I'll look in the mirror and see his eyes looking back at me, dark and deep and beautiful. He was beautiful. Not in an ordinary way; neither his face nor his body was particularly pleasing and he wasn't conventionally attractive, but his smile was wide, his eyes were warm and his hands were gentle. How did I meet him, again?

I was on holiday at a retreat, singing love songs to God at the tiny local church, and he sidled up to me, stood beside me, smiled at me and sang with me. I've never forgotten, nor could I ever. I learnt about his life slowly after that first meeting, though I quickly felt as though I had known him all my life. He told me his story in parts and I had to put it together myself:

He was born in Palestine; a Jew. His mother's chastity, and therefore his heritage, was under question and due to social pressure, his family moved to Egypt where they were treated as refugees, poor and isolated. He was the eldest of many sons and they worked hard at the family business: carpentry. It seemed so odd to me that those gentle hands had once fashioned hard wooden furniture and ornaments; they were far too loving to wield the heavy carpentry tools he described to me.

He travelled a lot, later in life. He was in his thirties when I met him. When he stayed too long in one place, he became restless and would long for the open road. He owned no car or steed; he walked everywhere. He had no home but for the sofas and spare rooms of his army of friends, all loyal to the last, all inspired by him to love and give and help. I travelled with him sometimes. He brought no money, no change of clothes, no hairbrush. His hair was thick, dark and curly, falling down as far as his elbows and always tangled. He would comb it with his fingers to get the twigs out after sleeping in the grass at the roadside, and he would wash it in a stream, perhaps, or a lake when we happened to pass one. His dark eyes looked always onward, down the road. I was never sure he knew where he was going, but he always knew where he was.

He was a people-person, that's for certain. He remembered names and faces as easily as he remembered how to breathe or blink or smile, and when I spoke to him, or when anyone spoke to him, he would turn towards them, look them in the face and listen with all the enthusiasm and fascination of a scholar at his teacher's feet.

Really, he was the teacher. He would sit on a rock beside the road and talk about life, death, God, humanity, everything, and all his friends (people from all

over the world who would visit him whenever they could) would sit in the grass at his feet and listen. We ate together whenever possible; he loved to eat a meal with his friends, and everyone was a friend to him. To me, he was like a brother. I followed behind him like a lamb and watched him as attentively as a faithful puppy. He often said things I had a hard time understanding or coming to terms with, but he never hurt me, offended me, scared or angered me. One time, he was angry so that his cheeks flushed and his eyes glowed and his bushy eyebrows knit together and I thought I might fear him, but he tended to me afterwards so that wouldn't, and I couldn't find it in myself to feel anything but love and awe towards him.

He died eventually. It was painful, how it happened. I remember it with tears. There was some gang; stupid, ignorant, hateful and trigger-happy. They stole him away in the night and nailed him to a tree; some sick joke, I think. Nobody was laughing. He died slowly, over the course of a few hours, bleeding, weeping. He wasn't afraid of death, but we stood, his friends and me, we stood and watched and wept, and he wept for us. His mother stood beside me, I think. Her cries split the sky open and everything, all the world went dark, as if everything in existence was mourning the death of one so good and honest and humble. People came and went, walking past on their way to work, or wherever they were going. They stared at the ground and pretended not to see. As for me, I couldn't look away.

I knew a man once. A beautiful man. A good man. A kind man. His eyes, his skin, his hair was dark. He wore simple clothes and an eternal smile. His face glowed and nothing could dim it. It has been many years, lifetimes it feels like, since he died, and yet I can't say he's dead. When I hurt, I feel his comforting hand on my shoulder, calloused from work but gentle in love. When I cry, I hear his voice in my ear, rough with laughter and warm with empathy. When I bleed, when I break, when I stumble or fall, I see his eyes, his tears, his pain; he smiled at me to reassure me, even as he died, and I loved him. How I loved him! And some days, when I think I can't make it, when I feel guilty or ashamed, insulted, angry, lonely, I look up at my reflection in the mirror and see him looking back at me, strong, alive, eternal, and I know that I can face the world, because he did.

I knew a man once. I know him still.

This remarkable story was written by a teenager from my sister's church in Tisbury, Wiltshire, for a mock English A level test. PS

Rock

Matthew 7:25

By Daphne Kitching

In the changing seasons,
in the terrifying, changing world
where landscapes are no longer recognisable,
where things spin so quickly out of control,
You are the one still point.
You are unchanging,
always faithful,
always present.

In a world of shifting sands
You are the rock on which I stand,
I am secure in You alone.
You are the rock on which I stand,
Jesus,
My Saviour.

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Prayer for changing seasons

Faithful Father,

As the leaves change colour and fall we are reminded of life's changing seasons. We become aware that time passes more quickly than we expect or plan for. Help us to make the most of each day You give us - and to be thankful. Thank you that through all the changing seasons You are unchanging. Your love goes on reaching out. Thank you for sending Jesus who died to make it possible for us to know You and come to You when our days on earth are completed. Help us to trust Him, to receive Him and to live in the power of His Spirit, now and forever.

In Jesus' name,
Amen.

Daphne Kitching (Parish Pump)

One Can Trust

As we head into Autumn, we are ever more in need of your support in bringing food donations in to the food bank.

A continuing increase in demand for food parcels is being made more difficult due to drastically low stock levels.

You may also have heard that following the appointment of our new Trustee, food scientist David Titman, we have updated our parcel contents to ensure that the recipient has the means of making filling and nutritious meals. We feel this is vital as we do have some clients who are receiving parcels for extended periods of time. As a result we are particularly low on high protein food items such as tinned meats and tinned meat meals, tinned vegetables and pulses and also long-life milk. We are also finding for the first time in many months that we are short of cereal too.

The reference to the need for meat meals does not include the flat round tin pies some of have been buying. David Titman has advised that they have no nutritional value.



Thought for the month

Never undertake more
Christian service that you
can cover by believing pray-
er.

Alan Redpath



*The treasurer made the most of his
moment in the limelight*

Christ

Christ my Saviour, Christ my Friend

Christ my Treasure without end;

Christ when waves of sorrow roll,

Christ the Comfort of my soul.

Christ when all around should fail,

Christ when enemies prevail:

Christ when false accusers rise,

Christ my Solace in the skies.

Christ when days are dark and drear,

Christ when all around is clear;

Christ when all the earth is gone,

Christ my Portion on the throne.

Christ at home, and Christ abroad,

Christ my Company on the road;

Christ in sickness, Christ in health,

Christ in poverty and wealth.

Christ who once on earth has trod,

Christ the blessed "Son of God"

Christ for time and Christ for aye,

Christ for all eternity.

Edwin B. Hartt

And finally...

A little boy was fascinated as he fingered through the pages of the old family Bible. Suddenly, an old leaf that had been pressed between the pages fluttered out. "Mum, come quick!" he cried. "I think I just found Adam's underwear!"

CHURCH DIRECTORY

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Minister: Rev. Vida Foday* - 📞 562788 (Vida's day off is Friday)

Worship Leaders: Geraldine Nelson* and Chris Oxby*

Senior Church Steward/LP : Peter Stevens*— 📞 815256

Church Stewards:

Toyin Akinwale— 📞 817792

Martin Hellewell— 📞 816168

Geraldine Nelson – 📞 815631

Chris Oxby – 📞 814982

Communion Stewards

Angela Davis — 📞 671836

Rosemary Newman — 📞 461492

Jenny Crayford — 📞 812546

Church Treasurer : Geraldine Nelson - 📞 815631

Church Council Secretary: Sue Horley Sue.horley1@gmail.com

Room Bookings: Geraldine Nelson – 📞 815631

Pastoral & First Steps: Rosemary Newman— 📞 461492 and Christine Stevens - 📞 815256

Property : Peter Stevens— 📞 815256

*** Church Leadership Team**

Church Premises

Please mention anything requiring attention to any of the
Property Stewards: Peter and Christine Stevens,
Martin Hellewell or Rosemary Newman.

ITEMS FOR THE NOVEMBER GOOD NEWS DESK TO PETER BY 15TH OCTOBER PLEASE

We are grateful to Parish Pump for providing some of the content of
Good News Desk



SERVICES DIARY - SERVICES AT 10.45 a.m. unless otherwise stated.

Date	Preacher/Service Details	Vestry Steward	Org	Welcome Stewards <small>If you are unable to do your turn please arrange cover!</small>
6th Oct	Rev Vida Foday—Holy Communion	Martin Hellewell	Yes	Christine Stevens & Jenny Crayford
13th	Peter Stevens (change from the published plan)	Chris Oxby	Yes	Angela Davis & Chris Oxby
20th	Lesley Hatton	Geraldine Nelson	No	Christine Stevens
27th	Pan Sweet	Toyin Akinwale	No	Margaret Hallam & Rosemary Newman
3rd Nov	Peter Green	See November GND		Christine Stevens and Jenny Crayford

Please pray for

Peter Green and Beryl and Roy Taylor who all have health issues at the moment.
Please continue to pray for Chris and Margaret Hallam and Denis and Chris Oxby.