

Saint Peter's Church, Woodmansterne June Monthly Newsletter



(This replaces Spotlight for the time being)

Welcome to this month's newsletter! The newsletter will be in this form until we are able to get back to normal. If you have an activity or something uplifting to share please do get in touch: office@saintpeterschurch.org.uk We hope you enjoy this month's newsletter.

NOTE: *if you have received this as a paper copy and would be happy to receive the next monthly newsletter by email please contact office@saintpeterschurch.org.uk*

Service sheets and accompanying You Tube messages are being produced and distributed every week. You can catch up with the weekly messages at St Peter's Church, Woodmansterne You Tube channel: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCI9hrwcOXgd7g8lg9WVqg7A>

Sunday services are meeting via Zoom video conferencing. So please do get in touch with us for details.

If you want to receive more information about any of the above or would like to have a chat with someone please do get in touch with us: rector@saintpeterschurch.org.uk or ring 01737 423892.

Woodmansterne Charities

A local charity, which can help people who are struggling to pay fuel bills. To qualify, you must live in the Parish of Woodmansterne. If you would like to be considered for assistance then please contact us: office@saintpeterschurch.org.uk or 07816293554.

Foodbank at St Matthew's Redhill

It is currently not possible for St Peter's to collect and deliver food to the Foodbank at St Matthew's Redhill. However St Matthews are accepting donations of money for the foodbank. The payment details and address can be found at the link below:
<https://www.redhillfoodbank.org.uk/how-can-i-help>

A word from Rev. John Itumu, Rector, St Peter's Church, Woodmansterne

Thanks to what should have been a routinely ordinary death incident in the police records of Minneapolis, 25th May 2020 is now significantly etched in our modern history. A morbidly precise 8 minutes and 46 seconds inadvertently becomes a master lesson on the lethal power of the knee of a well-fed man on another's neck. The phrase, 'I can't breathe' suddenly takes a different tenor – as George Floyd's life is extinguished. And suddenly scores of statues across the pond start to sway from this domino effect. Yes, another master class in the 'rediscovery' of the historical brotherhood of Edward Colston, Robert Milligan, Francis Drake, William Gladstone, Cecil Rhodes and their mates. And yes too, it would help to understand the attraction of a wide swathe of American evangelicals to the incumbent White House tenant.

At the very least, I hope our recent events will reboot honest discussion about racism in our country, and the long-lasting effect of 'otherness' on opportunity, both economic and political. Closer home, Archbishop Welby's remark in the February 2020 General Synod that the church he leads is 'still deeply institutionally racist' should offer a stable premise to commence this conversation.

Beyond that however, what could all this mean for followers of Jesus Christ? Some of the difficulty in answering this question emanates from the archbishop's indictment of the church. Because for purveyors of the message concerning Christ, the kingdom of God and salvation (aka as the gospel), it ought to be different, but it is not.

Part of the reason is that racism has largely mutated from rude words and gestures to a subtle but perhaps more lethal form of exclusion and subjugation. It is about being present and yet invisible, about diminished opportunity. The critic of the church as being deeply institutionally racist should be seen in this rather nebulous context. As a consequence, in most of our reasonably multicultural UK cities, the words of Martin Luther King Jr to his native and racially segregated America in 1963 sadly still ring true. Said King, 'It is appalling that the most segregated hour of Christian America is 11 o'clock on Sunday morning'. Of course, the pursuit of racial diversity in a church where neighbourhoods dictate otherwise is foolhardy. However, there is something to be said of our complicity which in turn complicates our response.

So, condemned we stand, but should this silence us? Absolutely not! The church is a holy mess of forgiven sinners, a lot who in recognising that they cannot do life on their own have chosen to follow the teachings of the Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. The church is a people who believe and practise Galatians 3.26-28:

²⁶ So in Christ Jesus you are all children of God through faith,

²⁷ for all of you who were baptized into Christ have clothed yourselves with Christ.

²⁸ There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free, nor is there male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.

As we pray for our communities and world, may these words inspire us, comfort us and raise a new hope about tomorrow. Because every life is precious and matters to its creator, God. Amen

UK: Praise for the doctors, nurses and other NHS staff and carers in nursing homes and elsewhere, all doing their utmost to care for all those affected. Pray for wisdom for those in power, who are making decisions about coming out of lockdown.

LATIN AMERICA: Now at the centre of the coronavirus pandemic, where numbers of cases and deaths are high but still grossly underestimated. Pray for the health systems struggling to cope, for wisdom for the leaders of Latin American nations to make wise decisions and for the most vulnerable and most marginalised who are suffering the most across the region.

Peru: Pray for mission partner Anna Sims as she leads the prison ministry team through a Covid-19 focused trauma healing Bible study and course module which will potentially then also be used with the prisoners and ex-offenders.

Argentina: Andrew and Maria Leake update us with good news about long term efforts over 30 years with helping indigenous people secure land rights in several countries in Central and South America.

Uganda: Pray for 100,000 people who have been displaced by floods, for the poor and vulnerable who are affected more than anyone else, and pray for churches as they plan to reopen in mid-June.

South Sudan: Experts are predicting huge swarms of locusts in June and July, with the eastern side of the country particularly at risk. Pray that major infestations may somehow be averted, and that crops may survive and be harvested.

Despite having signed a truce agreement last January, fighting continues between the rebel group NAS and government forces.. Reconciliation efforts have been hampered by COVID-19 restrictions on travel and public meetings. Pray for the observation and implementation of the peace agreement;

Lebanon: Food prices are rising rapidly and for many, work is coming to a stop even without pandemic-based closures. Relief programmes for the many refugees are all being adversely affected, with food vouchers decreasing in value as food prices rise. Unrest on the streets is increasing, with fewer, but more desperate, protestors than before. Pray for refugees, who are struggling more than ever to put food on the table, for the many without work, and for wisdom for those in power to make good decisions.

India: As the infection rate continues to rise and the country faces a shortage of hospital beds. Pray for already hard-pushed healthcare personnel who are facing a particularly tough time over the next few weeks.

Pakistan : There has been a spike in infections following Eid celebrations and as country opens up and has effectively stopped, they expect numbers to increase. Continue to pray for our partners there providing emergency support in terms of food and education resources. Delivering online theological education is difficult with so many people lacking the resources.

A Prayer from Lockdown...

Thank you, dear Lord, that I'm still here
Despite Corona Virus fear.
I've breakfast sitting on my plate
Despite my getting up so late.
My house has never been so clean
I'm taking pleasure in the gleam
Of shiny taps and carpets bright,
And cushions plumped, and windows light.
I've time to think, and time to pray...
Forgive me when I have to say
THIS TIME IS TOUGH! I want to shout!
I'M REALLY MISSING GOING OUT!!!
For tea with friends and coffee dates,
And hugs, and meeting with my mates,
And family so far away...
I LONG to see them every day!
But I know that you understand,
And that our times are in your hand,
I know I take so much for granted -
Just help me blossom, where I'm planted.

Update from The Banstead Bible Society Local Action Group.

"Because of the Covid virus the Bible Society was unable to hold the popular May lunch or the cream tea scheduled for July. It is hoped that the Christmas quiz will be able to go ahead.

The Bible Society is pleased to report a surge in orders generally for Bibles and tracts from around the world. In a situation where people are thinking about life, death, God and what really matters, there's a greater openness to the Scriptures. Please pray that those involved in sharing the Bible in online services and Bible studies will respond creatively and sensitively to the opportunities that may open up in these difficult times.

The Bible Society remains deeply grateful for the support of St Peter's."

Philippa Bassett - St Peter's representative for the Banstead Bible society Local Action Group



RECIPE FOR JUNE - TOMATO SAUCE

As some of you may know my cookery skills have been limited for a while due to having an operation at the Royal Marsden Hospital, Chelsea. For more than several weeks I have just been putting 'Ready to cook' meals in the oven or living of salads.

This tomato sauce recipe is an old one that can be adapted for many uses, even to making a minestrone soup. It will serve 4 as a sauce and freezes well.

1 medium sized carrot

1 stick celery

1 peeled red onion

4 tablespoon olive or sunflower oil

2 garlic cloves peeled and crushed

1 teaspoon chilli flakes - optional

2 x 400g tinned whole plum tomatoes or if you have a glut of home grown tomatoes about 1kg peeled and chopped.

Some fresh basil

Salt/pepper/teaspoon sugar

Chop the carrot, celery and onion into very small cubes, or pop into the local supermarket and buy a bag of mixed chopped vegetables. I think called soffritto (my Italian is non existent)

Heat the oil in a saucepan and cook the chopped vegetables until soft, stir in the garlic and chilli (if using) and cook for another minute or so.

Mash the tinned (or fresh) tomatoes into the pan along with the juices and basil and bring to a simmer. Turn down the heat and cook, stirring occasionally so it doesn't stick or burn for about 30-40 minutes, until thick.

Season to taste with salt and a lot of black pepper and if it tastes too acidic add a teaspoon (or two) of sugar. Be careful you don't want it to taste of ketchup.

If you are serving it with spaghetti it can be pureed in a food processor but I never go to this bother.

You can also serve the tomato sauce with chicken breasts or fish (haddock or cod)

The sauce can also form the basis of soup. Cook as above but add chopped mushrooms, peas, some lentils and 500ml of Italian passata. Cook any pasta separately and add to the soup towards the end of the cooking time .

Buon appetite!

Ann Kayser



THE GARDEN IN JUNE BY A WOODMANSTERNE GARDENER

We are living in unusual times, not just with the coronavirus, lockdowns and face masks but unusual weather also.

We had a very wet and windy winter, luckily for the South East of England no serious flooding, then the jet stream decided to move away from 'depressions' into 'high pressure' and England has now had the warmest spring on record and hardly any rain for several months.

Where does this leave our countryside and gardens? I guess that our gardens have never been so 'gardened' with families in lockdown and glorious sunshine and blue skies day after day the temptation to get out into the garden has been overwhelming - I have heard lawn mowers and trimmers most days since 23rd March.

Usually at this time of year we are also thinking about forthcoming holidays and how to keep the garden tidy when we are away but not this year it would seem.

At present the most important jobs in the garden are deadheading roses and other summer flowering perennials so that they bloom again, even though it can be fiddly. Also deadhead any annuals so that they continue blooming all summer long.

Regularly water trees and shrubs in containers especially in hot spells when pots dry out quickly and in windy weather hanging baskets may need watering twice a day as the wind aids evaporation.

It is not only plants in containers that need watering, any newly planted trees and shrubs will need their water levels maintained, not just a sprinkle but a really good drenching once a week is better than little and often.

On the water theme please, please remember to keep bird baths full and clean them out regularly, also top up ponds and thin out over vigorous oxygenating plants and duckweed which seems to grow overnight in warm weather.

Continue to harvest crops as they mature otherwise the heat will make them go to seed (bolt) quickly.

Don't forget that while us humans enjoy hot dry weather so do pests and diseases. Keep a watch for green and blackfly, snails and slugs which tend to come out in the cool of the evening and diseases such as black spot on roses.

RHS garden Wisley has now reopened but appointment slots have to be booked to avoid overcrowding and to enable visitors to keep social distancing. However there is an easy way to enjoy Wisley, Rosemoor (Devon) Hyde Hall (Essex) and Harlow Carr (Yorkshire) just log-on to the RHS websites and you can see the glorious gardens in your own home. Their podcasts are excellent so if the weather changes back to normal cool, wet summer you can still enjoy indoor gardening.

Home By Margaret Chorlton

The sky was leaden. Louise humped her shopping onto the crowded bus. She sat down with a bump as the vehicle lurched forward; her wet umbrella poking a fat thigh which belonged to a dreary woman with a scowl and hooded eyes.

"I'm so sorry," Louise muttered apologetically. The hooded eyes flickered momentarily, the scowl still in place.

What a day it had been; if only the rain would stop, just for a minute, at least then she would be able to see something of her new surroundings. The bus slowed and came to a halt at the next stop; the dreary woman clambered over her, without so much of an "Excuse me" treading heavily on Louise's foot. "Revenge!" Louise thought gritting her teeth.

Peering through the dirty, misted windows, she recalled the day's events as she settled herself for the twenty minute journey to her new home.

It had all started with the twins' usual arguments at the breakfast table: "You've taken the last piece of toast" "You drank my orange juice." "I hate you!" "I hate you more!"

Louise was used to this daily occurrence, but this morning as she drew back the curtains and saw the rain for the third, consecutive morning, it had all become too much. She hadn't really relished the thought of travelling into town, especially today. There was so much to do in the house; all she seemed to be doing was drying wet clothes and washing muddy floors. She was so sure she had wanted to move to the country; couldn't wait for her dream to come true. Now here she was in her dream which, in her disappointed mind, was becoming a nightmare.

"We'll have the garden straight in no time Darling." Rupert had said cheerfully three days ago, trudging through the long wet grass with the children's paddling pool, canvas chairs and BBQ. He was always so optimistic, annoyingly so sometimes, even in a crisis – and this was a crisis!

Earlier, the twins decked in rain coats and Wellington boots, waited apprehensively for the school minibus which would take them to their first day at the new school. Stephanie had waved as she tentatively climbed aboard, but George defiantly pushed his way passed his sister to the front and sat down. He didn't look back. Louise swallowed, as she tried to ignore the lump in her throat. She watched them disappear down the lane.

Now, the green country bus was nearing its destination, Louise gathered up her bags and made her way unsteadily to the exit. Nobody looked at her. Nobody cared; all too busy getting on with their own mundane lives on this dismal day. Alighting from the bus, she put up the offending umbrella and with a heavy heart made her way down the dripping, leafy lane to her new home. Drenched and chilled to the bone, her feet ached, she was drained of everything. She trundled through the wet grass once again, and as she opened the front door, was met by the distinctive smell of damp washing hanging in the kitchen. She dropped the shopping in the corner and before removing her shoes and coat, put the kettle on. She made herself a cup of hot, sweet tea and looked at her watch. The twins would be home soon; she wondered if they had adapted to their new surroundings, please God they were feeling better than she was! She couldn't bear to think

of them, sitting alone surrounded by strangers. The lump rose in her throat again as she thought of the friends they had all left behind.

It had been her decision to move away from the rat race, Rupert had readily agreed. Had she made a terrible mistake? Would the twins adjust? Would she adjust? A large tear dripped into her tea. Stifling a sob, her thoughts were suddenly shattered by the sound of children's laughter. She wiped her stinging eyes with the back of her hand and straightened up. She hadn't heard the bus; she should have been at the gate to meet them. Panicking, she rushed towards the door as she heard the familiar voices.

"I'm going to tell her first" "That's not fair!" The door flew open; in tumbled not two, but four children. "This is my friend Oliver." said George, proudly pushing a bedraggled, red haired boy towards Louise. "I wanted to show you Emily first," cried Stephanie breathlessly, "she's my best-est ever friend and she wants me to go to tea, and she lives at the shop on the corner, I can go can't I mummy? Please say I can go!"

Louise looked at the muddy footprints on her shiny, clean floor and through glazed eyes, saw four bedraggled, wet, dirty, happy children. "Of course you can go my love, of course, and Oliver can stay to tea with George if it's all right with his mother." "Oh I already told her at the bus stop." George said, in charge of the situation. "Cos I knew you would say yes."

Louise laughed as George continued. "We're going out to play now, come on Oliver, I'll show you my new garden." "We're coming too!" yelled Stephanie, letting her new friend know that she was not to be outdone by her brother.

"But it's raining ----" Louise began to protest following them through the door. She stopped suddenly; she felt the warmth on her face, the sun had begun to emerge from behind the stubborn, grey clouds and a rainbow started to appear in all its multicoloured glory. She smiled. Ignoring the muddy footprints, she put the shopping away and then picked up the wet school bags which had been abandoned willy nilly across the hallway. She went upstairs to change and flung open the bedroom window. She was surprised to see Rupert's car in the lane heading for home. She breathed in the sweet, clean air as she watched her husband park the car and walk towards the cottage. He looked up and smiled "I thought I'd come home early and make a start on the garden."

Louise laughed happily as she ran down the stairs to greet him. "Oh Rupert, can you smell the honeysuckle?"

Easy

2			3	7		8	5	
	1				8			7
	9	7	5	2	4			
6		5		3				8
	3						6	
7				9		3		5
			6	8	3	7	9	
3			7				2	
	7	9		1	5			3

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Medium

	6		4					
					5	9	4	
1			3				5	7
		9						
	4			6			7	
				7		2		
7	3				6			8
	8	1	9					
					4		3	

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LAUGHTER LINES

Our minister is still getting used to live streaming our church services. Last Sunday he invited us to join him digitally in prayer by saying firmly: "Let's bow our eyes and close our heads."

Last year, some friends took their six-year-old on a car trip to France. To help pass the time on the way down to the Channel, they encouraged their son to practise his new reading skills by calling out road signs.

He fell asleep just before they entered France. When he awoke, he saw the French motorway signs and said in a worried tone, "I think I forgot how to read while I was asleep."

Here are some of the answers seven-year-olds gave to the following questions...

What kind of little girl was your mum? I don't know because I wasn't there, but my guess would be pretty bossy.

What did your mum need to know about your dad before she married him? His last name.

What's the difference between mums & dads? Mum knows how to talk to teachers without scaring them.

What would it take to make your mum perfect? On the inside she's already perfect. Outside, I think some kind of plastic surgery.

Actual complaints received by a resort chain (before lockdown!)

On my holiday to India, I was disgusted to find that almost every restaurant served curry. I don't like spicy food.

We booked an excursion to a water park, but no one told us we had to bring our own swimsuits and towels. We assumed it would be included in the price.

The beach was too sandy. We had to clean everything when we returned to our room.

No one told us there would be fish in the water. The children were scared.

It took us nine hours to fly home from Jamaica to England. It took the Americans only three hours to get home. This seems unfair.

I was bitten by a mosquito. The brochure did not mention mosquitoes.

CALENDAR QUOTES

One of the greatest problems today, is not so much knowing where to draw the line.
Rather realizing that a line should be drawn at all

INSANITY

Doing the same thing over and over and over again, and expecting a different result.

A. Einstein

The practical doer counts for more than the supercilious critics who content themselves with searching out perceived mistakes and inadequacies in others

Prayer is not a safe activity. Be careful what you pray for.
You may get it!.

SUDOKU SOLUTIONS

EASY

2	6	4	3	7	1	8	5	9
5	1	3	9	6	8	2	4	7
8	9	7	5	2	4	1	3	6
6	4	5	1	3	2	9	7	8
9	3	1	8	5	7	4	6	2
7	2	8	4	9	6	3	1	5
1	5	2	6	8	3	7	9	4
3	8	6	7	4	9	5	2	1
4	7	9	2	1	5	6	8	3

MEDIUM

3	6	5	4	9	7	8	2	1
8	2	7	6	1	5	9	4	3
1	9	4	3	2	8	6	5	7
2	7	9	8	4	3	5	1	6
5	4	8	2	6	1	3	7	9
6	1	3	5	7	9	2	8	4
7	3	2	1	5	6	4	9	8
4	8	1	9	3	2	7	6	5
9	5	6	7	8	4	1	3	2

The man who created Sherlock Holmes

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the multi-talented writer who created Sherlock Holmes, the world's most famous detective, died 90 years ago, on 7th July 1930 at his home in Sussex, probably of a heart attack. He was 71.

He had been born in Edinburgh to a prosperous Irish-Catholic family with a dysfunctional father and a loving mother who had a talent for inventing stories. He spent seven years in a Jesuit boarding school in England, which he loathed, and qualified as a medical doctor at the University of Edinburgh. He added 'Conan' to his name at that stage.

He wrote the first Sherlock Holmes story, *A Study in Scarlet*, in 1887. In all, he wrote nearly 60 novels or short stories involving Holmes and his sidekick, Dr Watson. He did not regard them as his best work – he wrote prolifically on many subjects – but their characterisation and ingenious plotting made them by far the most popular.

He was married twice – first to "gentle and amiable" Louisa Hawkins, the sister of one of his patients, and then, after she died of tuberculosis in 1906, to the "strikingly beautiful" and talented Jean Leckie. Towards the end of his life he developed a strong interest in the occult and spiritualism. He was knighted in 1902.

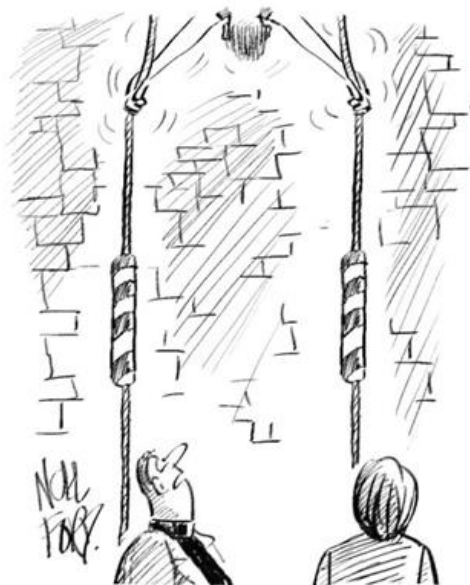
Remembering the man who founded Barnardo's

It was 175 years ago, on 4th July 1845, that Thomas Barnardo, the humanitarian and philanthropist, was born in Dublin. He founded Barnardo's, a charity which continues to care for vulnerable children and young people.

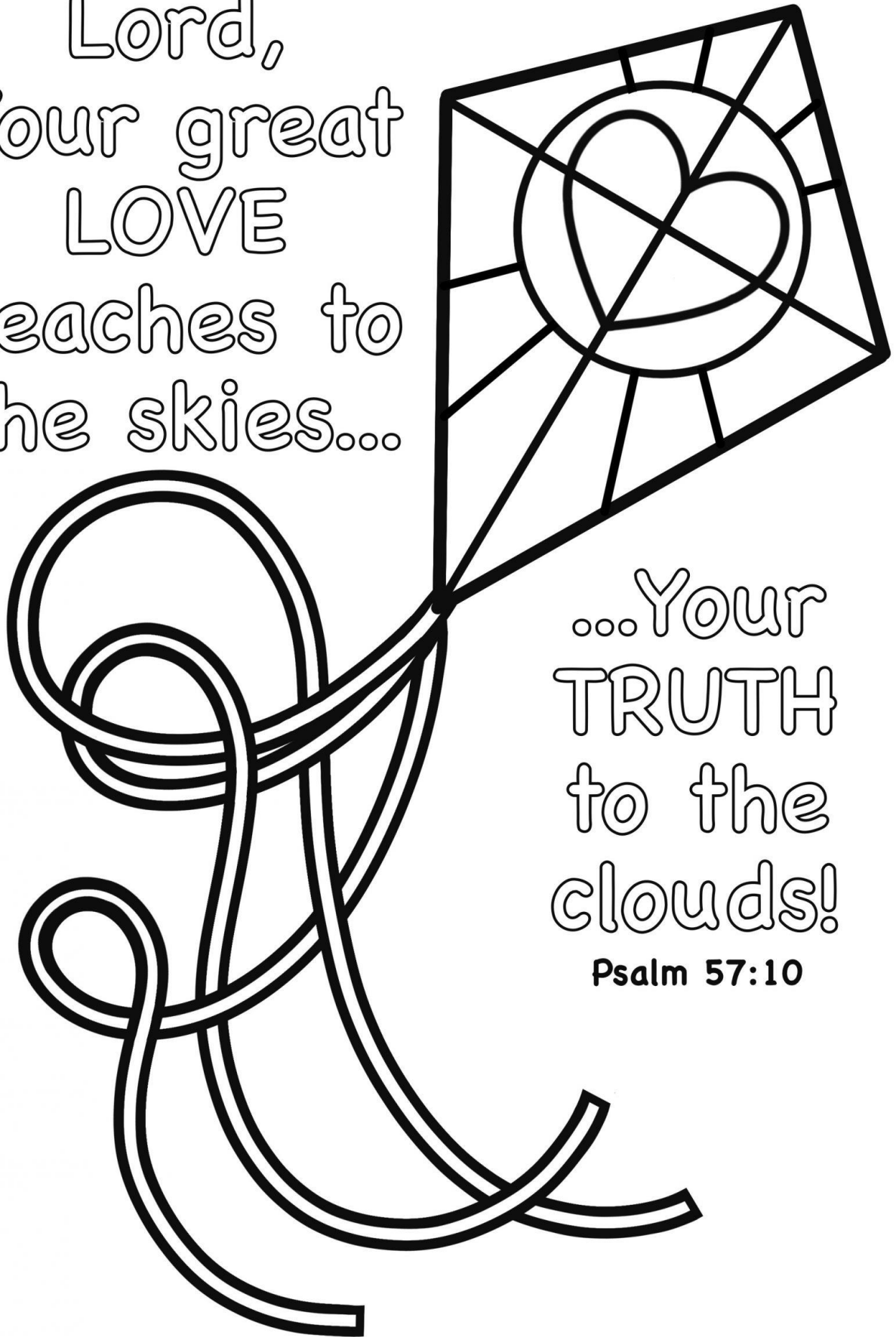
The son of a furrier, he worked as a clerk until converted to evangelical Christianity in 1862. He moved to London, intending to study medicine and become a missionary in China. He never qualified as a doctor – despite being known as Dr Barnardo – and soon decided that his real calling was to help poor children living on the streets of London, where one in five children died before their fifth birthday.

He opened his first home for boys in 1870 and soon vowed never to turn a child away. Most Victorians saw poverty as shameful, associating it with poor morals and laziness, but Barnardo refused to discriminate. He made sure boys were trained and found them apprenticeships.

When Barnardo died in 1905, he left 96 homes caring for more than 8,500 vulnerable children, including those with learning difficulties. Because he believed that children should ideally grow up in a family setting, in 1887 he introduced an early form of fostering – boarding out children to host families.



Lord,
Your great
LOVE
reaches to
the skies...



...Your
TRUTH
to the
clouds!

Psalm 57:10