

FAREHAM

eFOCUS



Fareham Methodist Church eMagazine

Registered Charity No 1127814

Dear friends,

I trust that this finds you and your loved ones safe and well and continuing to cope with the situation as the easing of lockdown begins. I have said before that quality of life is often about the 'little things'. I've preached on this subject on more than one occasion. There is plenty of evidence in the gospels from Jesus' life and ministry and the time he spent with people that encourages us to do what might seem like relatively small things but through them we can make a big difference. Our small actions and expressions of care, concern and kindness can tell someone else that they matter, not only to you and others, but ultimately to the God who made them and loves them more than they could begin to imagine.

The 'little things' have been particularly important in so many ways as we have lived through the peak of this pandemic and plan for what the future might look like – a new and different 'normal'. Maybe it's because we haven't been able to do the 'little things' in the same way that we have always done before, that life has felt harder and more challenging for ourselves and others. In other ways we may have a new found appreciation for the small, simple things in life that we could have taken for granted before.

I came across this poem/meditation a few weeks ago and whilst talk of the pandemic being over is premature the words offer us a moment to pause and reflect on some of the little, simple, ordinary things that we might see in a new light because of the experiences of the last few months.

Stay safe and well,

Claire

When this is all over (Author unknown)

**When this is all over,
may we never again
take for granted
a handshake with a stranger,
full shelves at the store,
conversations with neighbours,
a crowded theatre,
Friday night out,
the taste of communion,
a routine check-up,
the school rush each morning,
coffee with a friend,
the stadium roaring,
each deep breath,
a boring Tuesday,
life itself.**

**When this ends,
may we find
that we have become
more like the people
we wanted to be,
and may we stay
that way – better
for each other
because of the worst.**



New Venture

After losing Garry on 07 May '19, I was first in the queue to undertake what was to be her next project, 'Basic Cooking for Beginners' conducted by The Team. A couple of weeks or so ago, thanks to Irene Russell, I ventured into baking. I've now baked three of these boiled fruit cakes and they haven't poisoned me nor, more importantly, Claire and husband John, Jill and Malcolm Groom and Meg and Nigel Cox and Jean and Gerald Everitt.

This is a message from the circuit stewards, If you can help please contact the circuit office.

As many of you are aware Rev. Elize Goddess is hoping to join us from South Africa in August (flights and Lockdown permitting), and will be moving into 5 Penarth Avenue (Andrew De-Ville's current Manse). Due to the cost of moving, Elize and her husband will not be bringing many belongings and has asked that if people are having a clear out then they would be grateful of any contributions of furniture and essentials.

We currently have the following:

Double Bed and Mattress, Sofa, Washing Machine, Tumble Dryer, Microwave, 2 x T.V's and 2 x chests of drawers.

We are particularly looking for the following:

Kitchen and cooking equipment including utensils,

Bed Linen, pillows etc.

If you are able to offer any items please let the circuit office know. We are able to store these.

Thanks

The circuit stewards.

WE ARE NOT IN THE SAME BOAT .

I heard that we are all in the same boat, but it's not like that. We are in the same storm, but not in the same boat. Your ship could be shipwrecked and mine might not be. Or vice versa.

For some, quarantine is optimal. A moment of reflection, of re-connection, easy in flip flops, with a cocktail or coffee. For others, this is a desperate financial and family crisis.

For some that live alone they're facing endless loneliness. While for others it is peace, rest and time with their mother, father, sons and daughters.

With the \$600 weekly increase in unemployment benefit some are bringing in more money to their households than they were when working. Others are working more hours for less money due to pay cuts or loss in sales.

Some families of 4 just received \$3400 from the stimulus while other families of 4 saw \$0.

Some were concerned about getting a certain candy for Easter while others were concerned if there would be enough bread, milk and eggs for the weekend.

Some want to go back to work because they don't qualify for unemployment benefit and are running out of money. Others want to kill those who break the quarantine.

Some are home spending 2-3 hours/day helping their child with online schooling while others are spending 2-3 hours/day to educate their children on top of a 10-12 hour workday.

Some have experienced the near death of the virus, some have already lost someone from it and some are not sure if their loved ones

are going to make it Others don't believe this is a big deal.

Some have faith in God and expect miracles during this 2020. Others say, the worst is yet to come.

So, friends, we are not in the same boat. We are going through a time when our perceptions and needs are completely different.

Each of us will emerge, in our own way, from this storm. It is very important to see beyond what is seen at first glance. Not just looking, actually seeing.

We are all on different ships during this storm experiencing a very different journey.

Realise that and be kind.

Thank you Bobby Watson

Unknown author



Whiteley Springwatch

During this lockdown I have made sure that I go for my daily walk, and from where I live in Whiteley the obvious place to go is round the lakes. A few weeks ago I spotted a swan with two cygnets, while the female was still on the nest brooding more eggs. Our resident pair of swans normally has three or four cygnets, this year they have had nine.



A few days later I spotted a pair of mallards with ducklings, this time eleven of them and another pair with three. Then last week I spotted moorhens with three chicks. I thought that would be it for this year, but this morning I saw mallards with fourteen ducklings which looked only a few days old!

We normally have cygnets and ducklings in Whiteley, but I have never before seen this many. The wildlife has certainly had a busy Spring.

Linda Press

Shoe Box Appeal

I have recently been notified that there won't be a Rotary Shoe Box Appeal this year. LP



Notes from the Editor

Hi Everyone

Hope you have enjoyed reading the new eFocus - it won't be the same as the printed version but it will keep us connected as I think that things will not change in the near future in respect of us all getting together as one. The eFocus will be compiled monthly but not on a specific date but around this time.

Life in lockdown has brought many challenges, a time of reflection and slowing down but however you are managing to get through this period:-

“God is our refuge and strength a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear”
Psalm 46:1-2

I would love to receive any pictures of what you have been up to baking/crafting/gardening. Any little poems or short stories you may have written. Perhaps a thank you for a family or friend that has helped you out or a key worker you would specifically like to mention. Any information that would be helpful in relation to the church community.

I am writing this on the 76th year of the D.Day landings – did you go down to Portsmouth for the 75th celebrations, weather was cold and miserable on that day. It doesn't seem like a year since then and how different things are today.

Thank you for all the contributions I did receive for this issue. Please forward anything you wish to have published to:-

Fareham.focus@gmail.com by July 5th.

Thank you Lin Woodhams

Bible Word Search:

LYDIA LEARNS TO FOLLOW JESUS (Acts 16:11-15)

G P R B O N Z A H L C O H A G
Q O L E E D L T W I Q P R I N
U D D K Q L O X T Q L Y W D L
M V O N C L I Y S W Z L P Y T
Z T C L C P G E D H O B D L T
H O P O L A S L V P O T J G Z
Q F J U T T O L F E Y M X B P
E Y K E F H Y A H L D R U I H
J D G S E D E C L R T W U V I
E A L S I T B A P T I Z E D L
V L U H T A B B A S P A U L I
O O P V Y J T S A I P M D V P
H W T R K A J D T U U R V S P
V K J E U O E P Y A T E T I I
A A I N V P R P F M V D B B A

BAPTIZED

CLOTH

LYDIA

PURPLE

GOD

BELIEVED

PAUL

SABBATH

CITY GATE

HOUSEHOLD

PHILIPPI

Find and circle the words from the list. Words may be forward, backward, vertical, or diagonal within the puzzle.

CRANKY OLD MAN

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in an Australian country town, it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meagre possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

One nurse took her copy to Melbourne. The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas editions of magazines around the country and appearing in magazines for Mental Health. A slide presentation has also been made based on his simple, but eloquent, poem.

And this old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' poem winging across the Internet.

Cranky Old Man

What do you see nurses? . . . What do you see?
What are you thinking . . . when you're looking at me?
A cranky old man, . . . Not very wise,
Uncertain of habit . . . With faraway eyes?
Who dribbles his food . . . and makes no reply.
When you say in a loud voice . . . 'I do wish you'd try!'
Who seems not to notice . . . the things that you do.
And forever is losing a sock or shoe?
Who, resisting or not . . . let's you do as you will,
With bathing and feeding . . . the long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking? . . . Is that what you see?
Then open your eyes, nurse . . . you're not looking at me.
I'll tell you who I am . . . as I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, . . . as I eat at your will.
I'm a small child of Ten . . . with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters . . . who love one another
A young boy of Sixteen . . . with wings on his feet
Dreaming that soon now . . . a lover he'll meet.
A groom soon at Twenty . . . my heart gives a leap.
Remembering, the vows . . . that I promised to keep.
At Twenty-Five, now . . . I have young of my own.
Who need me to guide . . . and a secure happy home.
A man of Thirty . . . my young now grown fast,
Bound to each other . . . with ties that should last.
At Forty, my young sons . . . have grown and are gone,
But my woman is beside me . . . to see I don't mourn.
At Fifty, once more . . . babies play 'round my knee,
Again, we know children . . . my loved one and me.
Dark days are upon me . . . my wife is now dead.
I look at the future I shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing . . . young of their own.
And I think of the years . . . and the love that I've known.
I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.

It's jest to make old age . . . look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles . . . grace and vigor, depart.
There is now a stone . . . where I once had a heart.
But inside this old carcass...a young man still dwells,
And now and again . . . my battered heart swells
I remember the joys . . . I remember the pain.
And I'm loving and living . . . life over again.
I think of the years, all too few . . . gone too fast,
And accept the stark fact . . . that nothing can last.
So open your eyes, people . . . open and see.
Not a cranky old man.
Look closer . . . See ME!!

Remember this poem when you next meet an older person who you might brush aside without looking at the young soul within. We will all, one day, be there too!

In fact, the provenance of the piece remains somewhat hazy. However, credible reports suggest that the poem may actually have been written by Phyllis McCormack in 1966, who at the time was working as a nurse in a Scottish hospital. In a 2005 report about the poem for 'Perspectives on Dementia Care', 5th Annual Conference on Mental Health and Older, [Joanna Bornat notes](#):

Thank you Bobby Watson

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