

POETRY

Poetry

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*The Mag in
October*

2023

The monthly magazine from Adeyfield Free Church.

Bumper Edition

From the Editor.....

Some people love poetry, some hate it. Some say they don't understand it. Some of us had inspirational teachers of poetry who inspired us with their flair and insight. Others suffered from stale or lifeless teaching that sealed its fate for us. Like any other kind of literature, there are many styles of poems. In every good library there will be a poetry section and the Bible is a library. Even in the Psalms we see different approaches from a variety of poets.

Our God is a creative force and we are made in His image. Poetry is one of the most creative linguistic forms of expression. There is a little poetic force in all of us. In some it lies right on the surface, in others it is buried so deep we don't know it is there until someone else helps us dig it up.

I'm setting a challenge.....

Go on, have a go at expressing one thought using the most rhythmic or expressive words and phrases you can dream up. No one else need see it. Do it just between you and The Lord. It need only be two lines. You may be surprised that two lines will not be enough and you will be off on a fantastic journey, painting pictures in words from your inner most thoughts and experiences.

May God inspire you to branch out.....

In the meantime, I am able to include in this month's edition some of your favourites and even some of your own.



**Harvest Service October 1st.
Macmillan Coffee Morning October 6th**

Poetry



Pam asked if I like poetry or do I find it marmite
I suppose my answer would have to be if it's good or if it's trite
I'll admit the type that I prefer consists of rhyming verse
Although I wouldn't go so far as to say other sorts are worse

At school, for English homework, I'd write a poem because
I could honestly never tell what a composition or essay was



Keats, Coleridge and Shelley are favourites of mine
But there are lots of newer poets who I'm sure are fine
Like Seamus Heaney and Carol Ann Duffy and the ideas that
they employ
And the way Benjamin Zephaniah uses language is a pure joy

So, do I like poetry, well, if my answer's true
I really would have to say that, on the whole, I do.

Brian Jackson

Janiel has sent in a favourite of hers.....

Psalm 37: 23-24 The Lord directs the steps of the godly. He delights in every detail of their lives. Though they may stumble, they will not fall for the Lord holds them by the hand.

Isaiah 41: 10 Do not fear for I am with you. Do not be dismayed for I am your God. I will strengthen you; I will help you. I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.

One night I dreamed a dream.
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord.
Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.
For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,
One belonging to me and one to my Lord.

After the last scene of my life flashed before me,
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,
there was only one set of footprints.

This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.
"Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,
You'd walk with me all the way.
But I noticed that during the saddest and most troublesome times of
my life,
there was only one set of footprints.
I don't understand why, when I needed You the most, You would
leave me."

He whispered, "My precious child, I love you and will never leave you
Never, ever, during your trials and testings.
When you saw only one set of footprints,
It was then that I carried you."



*The Lord is gracious and compassionate, slow to anger
and rich in love.*

When you pray

Using a Psalm to pray can be very enlightening. If you have never tried it have a go at this.....

Speak each line of this part of the Psalm below slowly and allow God to speak to you through it. Then agree with Him if He has said anything pertinent to you. Pray for people, issues, events, thoughts or concerns that relate to each line as you work through the Psalm.

Psalm 91

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High

Will rest in the shadow of The Almighty

I will say of The Lord ‘He is my refuge and my fortress,

My God in whom I trust.’

Surely He will save you from the fowler’s snare and from the deadly pestilence

He will cover you with His feathers and under His wings you will find refuge.

His faithfulness will be your shield and rampart

You will not fear the terror of night nor the arrow that flies by day

Nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness

Nor the plague that destroys at midday

**A thousand will fall at your side, ten thousand at your right hand,
but it will not come near you**

You will only see with your eyes and see the punishment of the wicked.

If this has been helpful why not carry on with the rest of the Psalm.

Prayer morning at AFC October 14th 10-12 in the café.

A little part of Congregationalist history

AFC has roots in the Congregationalist branch of the United Reformed Church. This is a part of our history that I have only just discovered. It was in an article in the weekly Synod news.



The Demerara Slave rebellion, of which the main protagonists were Congregationalists, was an uprising involving more than 10,000 enslaved people that took place in the colony of Demerara-Essequibo, in Guyana. The rebellion began on 18 August 1823, and lasted for two days. In part the slaves were reacting to poor treatment and a desire for freedom; in addition, there was a widespread, mistaken belief that Parliament had passed a law for emancipation, but it was being withheld by the colonial rulers. Instigated chiefly by Jack Gladstone, a slave at "Success" plantation, the rebellion also involved his father, Quamina, and other prominent members of their Congregational Church. Its English pastor, John Smith, was implicated.

Meditations While Gardening

If my garden is infiltrated with weeds
that blow over from my neighbours,

Whose responsibility is it to dig them up?



Why, mine of course.

If my thoughts and attitudes become infiltrated

By the negative and harmful words, attitudes and actions
of those around me

Whose responsibility is it

To dig them up them?

Why, mine of course!!



Contributions of cakes or small savoury delicacies will be gratefully received at our **Macmillan Coffee Morning** on October 6th

Desiderata: Original Text

*This is the original text from the book where
Desiderata was first published. Sent in by Sue G.*

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and
remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms
with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to
others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have
their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious
to the spirit.

If you compare yourself with others, you may become
vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser
persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep
interested in your own career, however humble; it is a
real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world
is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what
virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and
everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither
be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and
disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully
surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden
misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark
imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and
loneliness.

Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.

And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be.

And whatever your labours and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

by Max Ehrmann ©1927

This next poem was quoted at my wedding on 21st June 1986 in the best man's speech when he quoted 'love is as perennial as the grass'. Years later I bought the book, July 1999, as a gift for Chris, my husband, called 'The Desiderata of Happiness' which is full of poems by Max Ehrmann. Chris has a favourite poem, called 'Away' and he still says the line to me 'Come, Love, let us away from here' when life feels too busy and overwhelming. I think it helps us to know we are facing tough times together. It's the only poetry we have read and has this special meaning.

Sue Grimsdale

Away by Max Ehrmann

I weary of these noisy nights,
Of shallow jest and coarse "good cheer,"
Of jazzy sounds and brilliant lights.
Come, Love, let us away from here.

Let us lay down this heavy load;
And, side by side, far from the town,
Drive on some lovely country road;
And, wondering, watch the sun go down.

What time is left to us, come, Love.
The woods, the fields, shall make us whole;
The nightly pageantry above
Our little world, keep sweet our soul.

No peace this city's madness yields
A tawdry world in cheap veneer.
Out there the lovely woods and fields.
Come, Love, let us away from here.

Morning Prayer

What can I do today, Lord, to bring glory to your name?
What can I do today, Lord, in the smallness of my life?
When so many live and struggle and pass on by in the wider world
What can I do today, Lord, to make the difference I was born to make?

Where should I go today, Lord, to take your gospel out?
Where should I go today, Lord, to carry your truth and love?
When so many walk with their heads down and their hearts full of worry
and strife
Where should I go today, Lord, to walk the gospel path?

How might I speak today, Lord, to bring your words alive?
How might I speak today, Lord, to share your saving grace?
When so many think they know what they've heard but their ears and
their minds are blocked
How might I speak today, Lord, to draw them closer to you?

All I can do is listen to you and follow your every word.
All I can do is go where you go and walk your narrow path.
All I can do is speak with your love, with your love that comes out of my
heart
And all I can do is trust you, Lord, to do the greater part.

Yvonne writes.....

Teaching in school from Nursery onwards I have found that the children love poetry, reading, reciting, and writing. I have observed how they are more at ease expressing themselves whether it is two lines of written words or twenty. As they read or recite their peers listen with interest and applaud their work. It is quite thought provoking, funny, ridiculously hilarious, and sometimes sad. I wonder if it reveals who they truly are their feelings, likes dislikes and outlook of the here and now and the future.

In my younger days poetry helped me live a complicated life, a traumatic one that writing poetry was the only way I could silently express my feelings. Like many who have kept a daily diary mine was several poetry books.

Many years on one of my greatest poets is the late Maya Angelou a Black American poet. At my auntie's funeral I made changes to her poem The Phenomenal Women to lead the service; Auntie Curly was a Phenomenal Women.



Another poet is Paul Laurence Dunbar



Paul was an African American poet and novelist, and this poem is a reaction to the experience of being Black in America. However, if one reads the poem its message is applicable to any circumstances and marginalised groups today in which one is forced to present a brave face. It came to my mind as I pray for the young people who need support with Special Educational Needs and mental health in educational institutions who are being excluded. Please pray for these children who are suffering.

We Wear the Mask

*We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,
This debt we pay to human guile:*

With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile but, O great Christ, our cries.
To thee from tortured souls arise,
We sing but, but oh the clay is vile.
Beneath our feet, and long the mile:
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask.
I still feel the sting of pain.
I have my share of heartaches
So I call upon his name.

When I say... "I am a Christian."
I'm not holier than thou.
I'm just a simple sinner
Who received God's grace somehow.

Returning to the children who are plaguing my mind. We have emerged from COVID, we are locked in economic disruption and societal norms have been challenged.

During Headship I had many poems delivered at my door and on my retirement the poem below made me smile as the children entered my room; written by three boys who gave me grief. Why? They were the most charming well-mannered boys who had so much to say but their anger with society spilled into the classroom. The classroom teacher wanted to resign; she cried in the cupboard and other children took advantage of her vulnerability.

We are God's children, and we must love our children in taking time to understand their vulnerability leading to challenging behaviour in this case. They wanted time with their parents – in the boys' case their father.....They all attended Church and wanted their parental father to share the word of God and to spend time with them.

The Three of us

Mrs Davis you have been here for a while,
Every time we see you, it makes us want to smile.
You have been the best Headteacher,
You are born a leader.
An amazing reader

You are full of light, always shining bright.
Working from day to night, making sure everything is right.

I still remember, your amazing instruction.
On the well organised Windrush production
Your assemblies always inspired,
We were focussed and never tired.
With your time drawing near, we have a feeling of fear, when you
leave us with a tear.

As you retire, you'll get to fly higher,
On that plane to your desire.
Goodbye don't forget to say Hi and bring us some pie.

**Working together children and parents we listened.
Below is part of a poem by an anonymous caller at Samaritans.**

LISTEN

Listen All I ask was that you listen,
Not to talk or do- just hear me.

So, please listen and just hear me. And if you want to
Talk
Wait a minute for your turn:
And I'll listen to you.

Would you like to be editor for a month?
Contact me at pamramannison@gmail.com



Our joint Alpha course begins
28th September
for
10 Thursday evenings.

Could you

Cook a meal for 6

Serve food

Make and serve coffee

Wash up

Pray

?

*Speak to Liz, Dave, Sue, Pat
They would love to hear from you.*



These are the Mornings I Love.....

Opal the mists with a promise of sunshine
Gold in the leaf and dew on the grass
Diamond droplets cascading in spirals
Spread across branches like washing on hedgerows
And cool silver air as it wakens from darkness
Descending and lingering longer each day

Platinum trails from the path to the borders
Blackbirds still trilling from garnet clad creeper
And steeper the climb to the warmth of the noontime
But crystal the light at the start of the day.

Autumn arrives with a whispering greeting
Where only the morning has noticed the change
And, jewelled, the garden lies basking, half sleeping
And gently the summer slips
silently ...
slowly...
fondly.....
away.

The wonder of it all

There's the wonder of
sunset at evening.
The wonder of sunrise I see.
But the wonder of wonders
that thrills my soul,
Is the wonder
that God loves me.
Submitted by Janiel



A Good Read

Some of you will remember Paul and Rose Harvey who worshipped with us at AFC over 30 years ago! Most of you will recognise the names as we continue to support them in their work with WEC (Worldwide Evangelism for Christ) International and they send regular reports about their work which are included with the reports we circulate each year for our AGM. (I can send you a copy if you didn't see it.)

The tenuous connection, if the editor will forgive me, is that Paul is known for writing poems and songs but on this occasion I want to tell you about a book which has just been published which Paul edited. It's called "Only One Life: Mission stories from around the world". It's a very interesting and easy read as it is made up of lots of short stories written by different missionaries who have worked in various parts of the world.

No.11 is called "Doulos Days" written by Rose Harvey about her first missionary experience with Operation Mobilisation on the MIV Doulos, circumnavigating Latin America. No. 25 is written by Paul and is called "God speaks today through dreams". Paul and Rose have written No. 45 about their "Early days in Spain".

You can buy the book directly from the publishers, Christian Focus Publications:



<https://www.christianfocus.com/products/3125/only-one-life>.

If you would prefer to buy through a bookshop, and browse other possible good reads, why not try King's Bookshop in Kings Langley. They serve coffee as well!

Heather Lewis

King's Bookshop & Coffee Shop

Christ Church Baptist, The Nap

Opening times



Bookshop & Coffee Shop*

Mondays 10 am – 12 pm

Wednesdays 10 am – 12 pm

Saturdays 10 am – 12 pm

***Counter service**

Bookshop & Well being coffee morning

Thursdays 10 am – 12 pm

Fairtrade goods and ingredients used wherever possible.

Chris Smith has sent this ripping yarn..... a memory from her childhood

The Highwayman BY ALFRED NOYES

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.
They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the thigh.
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

**Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and
barred.**

**He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.**

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened. His face was white and peaked.
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair in the casement. His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the
west.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning. He did not come at noon;
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
 Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord. They drank his ale instead.
But they gagged his daughter, and bound her, to the foot of her narrow
bed.

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
 There was death at every window;
 And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest.
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle beneath her breast!
“Now, keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She heard the doomed
man say—

*Look for me by moonlight;
 Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!*

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like
years
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it. She strove no more for the rest.
Up, she stood up to attention, with the muzzle beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
 Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins, in the moonlight, throbbed to her love's
refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The red coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the echoing night!

Nearer he came and nearer. Her face was like a light.

Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned. He spurred to the west; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness
there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high.
Blood red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet
coat;

When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,

A highwayman comes riding—

Riding—riding—

A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard.
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred.
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

We are holding a Coffee Morning for
Macmillan in the church café on 6th
October 9-12



**Macmillan Coffee
Morning Help
Needed**

Friday
6th October

**Bakers, Hosts,
tea and coffeemakers, washers up**

**Sign up to help at reception
or on Sunday morning**

The poster features a green background with a white coffee cup icon on the left and a Macmillan logo on the right. The text is in bold black font.

Harvest Celebration 1st October 10am.

Our Cubs and Beavers are joining us for Harvest. They have been preparing donations for a child-based food charity both here and abroad called The Food Foundation.

HARVEST SERVICE

1st October

10am Family friendly service

Donations in aid of



Our harvest gifts this year will be either chosen from the Dens High Needs list [see in Reception] or items for the shoeboxes we will be sending in November. Please choose from either and bring your gift to church on 1st October.

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

Mag Wordsearch

BYRON-CAROL-CARROLL-CHAUCER-DAVID-ELEGY-
 EPIC-FREE-HAIKU-LEWIS-KEATS-LYMERIC-LYRICS-
 PLATH-NIGHTINGALE-NURSERY-ODE-POEMS-PSALM-
 RHYME-ROGER MCGOUGH-ROSSETTI-SHAKESPEARE-
 SONNET-SONG-VERSE-WORDSWORTH

Knock, Knock Who's There?

*Can you unscramble these names of people you will find in the Bible?
 Answers on the back page.*

eeeiklz aadhijno behhhmoopt adeiln aagghhi abehlmoortw
 aeslmo abdehor

Festival of Church Music



The Cathedral and Abbey Church of St Alban

Saturday 14th October 2023 7.00pm

Choirs from across the country

The Officiating Minister
Revd Dr Mary Cotes

Festival Conductor - Peter J Williams
Organist - Rufus Frowde

Visit the website <http://www.freechurchchoirs.org.uk>

ADMISSION FREE



Donation boxes are in reception and the hall

Shoebox Gift Suggestions

SPECIAL GIFT

- Football with pump
- Doll or cuddly toy
- Large toy car/truck
- Musical instrument



TOYS

- Skipping ropes
- Yo-yos
- Toy cars
- Toys that light up and make noise (with extra batteries)



PERSONAL CARE ITEMS

- Toothbrushes
- Washcloths
- Combs
- Hairbrushes



SCHOOL SUPPLIES

- Pens, pencils, sharpeners, crayons, and markers
- Notebooks and paper
- Colouring and picture books
- Solar calculators



ACCESSORIES

- Socks
- Sunglasses
- Jewellery and watches
- Wind-up Torch (or torch with extra batteries)



DO NOT INCLUDE

Toothpaste, sweets, lotions and liquids; used or damaged items; war-related items; seeds, gum, chocolate or food items; religious or political literature; medicines, aerosol cans, sharp or fragile items.

GOOD NEWS. GREAT JOY.

Pam Goes Forth.....



After a long time planning Pam Lay has finally been able to move to the next phase in her long and fruitful life as she relocated to the seaside on September 21st. She is now in Brighton, living near relatives and has already found a lively church to worship God. Pam has been with us for well over 20 years and has made so many vital inclusions in our church family life that we are sure this will not stop for the folks in Brighton.

After her last Sunday service with us, when we prayed for her, she cut her special cake, made by John Blastock and we enjoyed sharing it with her during our refreshments in the hall. Many chatted with Pam and found out about her plans for the future.

Wreath Recreation



- **Helpers needed**
- Cake donations
- Craft sale donations
- Collect holly and ivy
- Set up
- Refreshments
- Gift table
- Clear up

Sat 25th November, 3-6pm
Adeyfield Free Church Centre
£20 from church office (£25 on the day) incl. cake & tea
Gifts on sale – Cash only
Age 12+

0793971 6691 / admin@adeyfieldfree.org.uk 

Please speak to Janiel or Penny

The Mag's Back Page

Contacts

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Knock, Knock Answers.... Ezekiel, Adonijah, Mephibosheth,
Daniel, Haggai, Bartholomew, Salome, Deborah

