

Triangle

The quarterly magazine of the
Methodist Churches of Springdale,
Wombourne and Gospel Ash



Autumn 2010

Message from the Manse

Rev Robert Ely

It's good to be back! Yes, really it is. That's not to deny that I had a wonderful time during my Sabbatical. Where should I begin?

I'll begin with Rwanda, where Teresa and I spent three unforgettable weeks. It's a very beautiful country, with lots of rolling hills, well cultivated with a variety of crops. There is plenty of rain, and it's very warm, but high above sea level, so not too oppressive. The capital city Kigali is amazingly clean and tidy, with no litter or graffiti, and lots of new buildings going up.

We stayed in a variety of Guest Houses - one Presbyterian, one Anglican, and one Roman Catholic – and in a lovely bungalow at the Methodist Mission Hospital. After a few days in Kigali, when we were taken around to see one of the Genocide Memorials and some of the Methodist Churches in the north and west, one of our first visits was to the Baby Unit in the hospital. There we handed over the clothes you had sent for the premature babies. We have a few photos of very grateful mothers with tiny babies wearing some of them!

Our main task was to take part in the training of some of the Methodist pastors there. Our brief was New Testament and John Wesley, which proved very challenging. They were very keen to learn, but many of them had had very little education because of the terrible genocide in 1994. How easy it is to take for granted so many of the blessings we enjoy.

The people we met have so few material things, but they have great faith and determination to spread the gospel and build up the church. Preaching there was amazing!

I promised to continue to remember the people there in my prayers, and to encourage others to pray for them as well. Please will you join me in that? Thank you.

With Christian greetings,

Robert

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Springdale Vestry News

Judy Staley, Senior Steward



The summer is fast fading and as September approaches we enter another 'Methodist Year'. We thank God for his goodness, mercy and blessings over the past twelve months.

Much has happened during the summer. Robert went on his Sabbatical, taking in Rwanda and Iona. It was good to see him safely returned and refreshed in body, mind and spirit - eager to share his many and varied experiences! There have been times of fellowship, fun and fundraising- Action4Children in West Park, Summer Fair, Taste of Britain, Family BBQ. Thanks to all who gave time and energy making these events socially and financially rewarding. The Circuit Choir, under the able leadership of Roger Hides, performed 'Hopes and Dreams' at Fallings Park and St. Andrew's. Together with talented dancers, actors and musicians, it was a moving performance involving all parts of the Circuit - Springdale included.

One of the founder members, dear Margaret Race, died in June. We shared a moving and uplifting Thanksgiving Service remembering her life dedicated to her Lord. Our love and prayers go to Geoff and the family.

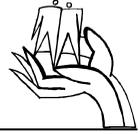
It has been a summer of farewells. We hope that Rev. Cecil King and Beatrice have a happy, healthy retirement. We remember him with fondness and have learned much from his unique style of preaching. Our dear friend and lay-worker. Adele Cotterill, retired at the end of August. We shall be thanking her on 12 September for all that she has done at Springdale.

Our many organisations and meetings re-start in September and we ask God's blessing on all involved. For some time Ruth Hipgrave has co-ordinated and prepared a printed prayer list. It is so easy to underestimate the power of prayer in our busy lives. Please contact Ruth if you wish to have a printed copy or something included, and thank you Ruth for this very worthwhile job. Please pray for the 'Start' course commencing in September - a new initiative for those seeking to learn about the Christian Faith.

May God bless us and the community we serve.

Springdale Pastoral News

Jane Rawlings, Pastoral Secretary



Since the last triangle it has been an eventful time. Robert has returned from Sabbatical looking refreshed and I am sure with lots of stories to tell us of his adventures while he has been away.

I am sad to say that on 24 June, 2010, Margaret Race died. Margaret was one of our founding members and has shown such loyalty to Springdale. She continued to play her part until in recent years when health would not allow it. She was a great character and will be greatly missed by us all, but especially by her devoted husband Geoff and family. Our thoughts and prayers are with them at this difficult time, but take reassurance that Margaret is now at peace with her Lord.

Several of our members have had falls resulting in hospital treatment. We are grateful of the Lord's healing spirit and hope they continue to improve in the coming days and months. Our thoughts and prayers go out to anyone who is suffering in anyway at this time whether it be due to bereavement, poor health or perhaps just finding life difficult at this time. Please take strength from the knowledge that the Lord is with you at all times.

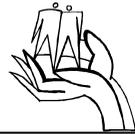
On a happier note on 27 July we congratulated Sheila and Fred Thompson on the celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary - may they have many more years to come. Also on the 27 July (what a joyous day) we congratulated Laura Priest and Neil on the birth of their daughter Chloe Elisabeth, and to her proud grandparents Norman and Sheila - may you all receive many blessings.

For those of you who have undertaken exams and have recently received results, we pray God's blessings on you at this time of great change and wish you well wherever your life may lead you.

Finally we send our congratulations to Caroline Baldwin and Magnus Weighton on the celebration of their wedding on 27 August in Alton, Hampshire. We hope this is the start of a lifetime of love, friendship and the building of memories.

Wombourne Pastoral News

Carole Walker, Pastoral Secretary



As we move towards a new Methodist year we hope that all who have been on holiday at home or away are feeling refreshed and ready to “get into the swing” again with their regular church meetings.

It was really good to see Phil Summers, Jo and Ele at the end of June; and especially listening to Jo as she sang at Gospel Ash’s Coffee and Worship morning in July. We also welcome Robert as he returns from his sabbatical, and pray that he will feel refreshed and strengthened as he continues to minister to us.

For all young people who have recently received exam results, we wish them well and pray for their future, whether it be further education at another school, college, university or place of work. Congratulations to Emma Hancox (ex-Sunday School member) for having passed her A level exams – we wish her well as she begins to study further at Bristol University. May God guide all these youngsters in all they do.

In June and July several of our members experienced hospitalisation. We pray for the continued good health of Louise Wright, Cintra Beaumont, and Pauline Hotchkiss, and any others who are still receiving ongoing treatment of any kind.

Be with Ivy and Jack Cartwright as they settle into their new home at Prestwood; and to Annie Rackstraw in Himley Mill nursing home. May they feel your presence with them and help them to know your peace. We pray, too, for Annie’s daughter-in-law Diane, seriously ill in Birmingham Queen Elizabeth Hospital. For all our housebound members, we ask God to bless them each day.

We congratulate Russell Pike and all the family on the birth of son Finlay on 27 June. May God guide them now and in the future. On 8 August we welcomed Harvey Aston at his baptism. We pray for God’s blessings and guidance on Harvey and all of his family and look forward to seeing them again at Prayers and Bears this month.

At the end of August Eleanor Moyle became married to Richard in Wales, and our love and prayers go to them in their future lives together, and to all the families. Looking forward, congratulations to Brent Williams on his forthcoming marriage on 25 September. May God's peace abide with him and his new wife.

We also ask God to bless any who have celebrated a special birthday or anniversary in the past few months – to Alan Edwards and Gill Worrall on their 70th birthdays, and to Doreen and John Pike on 5 September on reaching their Golden Wedding Anniversary. We also remember Phil and Pam Smith as they, too, will soon be celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary. We remember them all in our prayers.

Finally we pray for the family of Raymond Dicken who recently passed away – to June, Charles, Margaret and all of the family as they mourn Raymond's passing.

As this will be my last report as Pastoral Secretary I would like to thank all of you for your support and wish your lives to be happy in the love of Jesus Christ. May God surround us all with his Shepherd's care.

God bless,

Carole

Thought running through the Book of Daniel

Bill Stubbs

There is no sin that the Lord will not forgive,
There is no wound that he cannot heal,
There is no darkness that he cannot light,
There is no ignorance that he cannot enlighten,
There is no infirmity that he cannot take away,
We are the children of the day,
Not prisoners of the night.

Pastoral Care

Robert Ely



After three years of devoted caring work we have had to say “Farewell” to Adele Cotterill as our Pastoral Lay Worker at Springdale. (But we don’t have to say “Goodbye” yet as she will still be around for a while). She has served us all wonderfully well, and we shall miss her very much. I am very pleased that Richard French is taking over from her. We shall soon get to know Richard, and this process will be helped along by the fact that he is leading worship at Springdale (he is one of our Local Preachers) on 3 October. Thank you Adele, and Welcome Richard!

While on the subject, let me take my chance to say thank you on behalf of us all to Denis Beaumont, who does so much for the churches in Wombourne and Gospel Ash. Denis, we are all very grateful!

Margaret Race’s Thanksgiving Service

Libby, Geoff and Family

I would like to express our thanks to everyone who helped to make this service so special for my mum. We are so grateful to everyone who helped with serving the refreshments, opening up the church, organising the flowers, and setting up the projector. We are particularly indebted to Rev. Don Ryan who was able to support us all in prayer and who took the two services in such a sensitive and helpful manner. Helen Cooper’s musical accompaniment throughout was perfect and we are most appreciative of her time and effort.

Mum was prepared to meet her maker and it is a relief to know that she is at peace with the Lord. Over the last two and a half years she has been visited by many of you on a very regular basis. I know that she was always so pleased to see all of you and you have helped to make her life more interesting when she was unable to leave the nursing home. I don’t feel able to mention all of you by name in case I should overlook someone! Also thank you for all of your prayers, especially the ladies fellowship.

I feel that a special note of thanks should go to John Hodgson and to Adele Cotterill. They have been loyal friends and visitors who were able to support us when mum was nearing the end of her life. Their support will always be remembered with gratitude.

Nails in the Fence

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence.

The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.



The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. But it won't matter how many times you say "I'm sorry", the wound will still be there. A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one."

Traidcraft

Teresa Ely

The Traidcraft logo runs, "Fighting poverty through trade".

In early August the new catalogue dropped through my letterbox. As I thumbed through the pages I saw not only all the goods, but faces too, and I read this comment from a stone worker in Kenya: "From what I earn doing this work I am able to buy food for my family, to send my children to school and take care of the other basic needs of my family." Food, education, basic needs... of course we all want to provide these for our families. But for most of us it goes without saying that such needs are met even if we cannot find work. It is so different for so many around our world.

Traidcraft, with its charity Traidcraft Exchange, has worked for over thirty years to provide a market, to develop skills, to raise awareness of Fair Trade. Yet still poverty blights the lives of so many. Their influence is needed still. So what can we do to promote the work of Traidcraft?

Well firstly, if you can, buy your Fair Trade goods from Traidcraft: at the stalls in church, at the shop in Darlington Street Methodist Church, or on line from www.traidcraftshop.co.uk.

Secondly, spare us some of your time to help in church on a Sunday, in the shop in Darlington Street (ask Teresa or Diana), and at the Just Fayre on Saturday 16 October again at Darlington Street from 11am to 3pm (we need help on the stalls and in the kitchen).

Thirdly, make Traidcraft Exchange one of the charities you support with your giving.

Fair Trade goods are available in so many places, but when you buy from Traidcraft, you will be supporting one of **the** pioneers in the Fair Trade movement.

Finally don't miss these chances to browse and buy this Autumn:

Just Fayre - Darlington Street

Saturday 16 October

11am to 3pm

many craft stalls, the Fashion Show and refreshments all day.

Traidcraft Open House - 34 Bellencroft Gardens

Friday 29 October

10am – 5pm & 7-9pm

Saturday 30 October

10am – 5pm

Browse, order and buy, and enjoy refreshments and a chat. Proceeds will go to Traidcraft Exchange.

Contacts: Diana Beaumont, Teresa Ely

Start!

Robert Ely

“Start!” starts on Saturday 25 September! It’s a series of six sessions about the Christian faith, and it’s for anyone who wants to find out more about following the Jesus way. We shall meet at Springdale at 5 o’clock, have a bite to eat, and then there is a DVD and lots of chance to ask questions and discuss what we’ve watched. We’ll finish by 7!

If you would like to know more, have a word with me (Robert), Penny , Lesley or Liz; or just come along!

We hope we shall be able to share something about the faith which means so much to us. If you know anyone who might be interested, do tell them about “Start”.



The Atheist and the Bear

An atheist was walking through the woods. “What majestic trees! What powerful rivers! What beautiful animals!” he said to himself.

As he was walking alongside the river he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to look and saw a 7-foot grizzly bear charging towards him. He ran as fast as he could up the path. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the bear was closing in on him.

He looked over his shoulder again and the bear was even closer. He tripped and fell on the ground. He rolled over to pick himself up but saw that the bear was right on top of him, reaching for him with his left paw and raising his right paw to strike him.

At that instant the atheist cried out, “Oh my God!”

Time stopped. The bear froze. The forest was silent.

As a bright light shone upon the man, a voice came out of the sky. “You deny my existence for all these years, teach others I don’t exist and even credit creation to cosmic accident.” Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament? Am I to count you as a believer?”

The atheist looked directly into the light. “It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as a Christian now, but perhaps you could make the bear a Christian?”

“Very well,” said the voice.

The light went out. The sounds of the forest resumed and the bear dropped his right paw, brought both paws together, bowed his head and spoke:

“Lord, bless this food, which I am about to receive from thy bounty, through Christ our Lord, Amen.”

Wombourne Methodist Autumn Bazaar

Saturday 6 November, 2010

10am till 12 noon

Wombourne Community Centre

Admission 30p

Tombola

Quality china
and glassware

Books

Food hamper

Autumn/spring plants

Homemade cakes
and jam

Light refreshments
CD/DVDS

Nearly new

Toys and games

Jig-saw puzzles

Light Refreshments

Please come along and have a lovely morning

You'd Better Belize It!

Caroline Ely

Greetings again from Belize (sorry for the cheesy title)! I've just read over the article I wrote for the previous edition of Triangle, and I'm struck again by how different the second half of my time here has been to the first. Whereas the first three months were busy, they were often characterised by running around with Maggie, planning, hearing about things that would happen or had happened, and so on. My second three months here have really seen me be-part-of-the-things-that-are-happening, forming stronger relationships, both with Belizeans and also with volunteers and mission teams from the USA; and I now feel I have found *my* place here. Obviously such clarity of thought and purpose always happens when it is nearly time to leave - by the time you read this I will probably have been among you once more! I think I'm ready to come home, but I wish I could answer people's queries of 'are you coming back to Belize?' more affirmatively.

So, the last three months in a nutshell (or maybe a lime skin, since we don't eat many nuts here):- with June came the end of term, and the end of my time in Wesley college. I also finished teaching the English classes to Haitians, since from late June to early August I was to be fully occupied with camp and Vacation Bible Schools (VBS's - think holiday club), many of them run by mission teams from the states. Camp, however, was a home-grown affair. On 28 June (which became the 30th as a precaution after the first tropical storm of the season passed by on the 26th) we took about 60 children (7-13's) and 40 young people (14-18's) from across Belize on two 'camps' held in Methodist schools in the northernmost circuit of the Methodist Church in Belize. The youth camp had 'love' as a focus, and Facebook albums describe the week as a 'spiritual blast'. I served at the children's camp, where we had an underwater theme - we were right on the sea front after all - and had daily Biblical themes focused on passages featuring the sea or lakes. Five nights on a school floor being eaten by mosquitoes and woken by the light shortly after 5 were hard work even for my youthful self (!). But, it was worth it for getting to know the kids, giving them a fun week away from the worries of the city, and sharing a couple of fantastically vibrant worship sessions including the Sunday morning worship. Once camp was done, and I'd

slept it off, I spent much of July helping with the VBS's!

I now have some holiday time and the chance to enjoy a truly beautiful country, and a fascinating mix of cultures, for a few weeks. Coral reef, Mayan ruins, drumming lessons and a waterfall or two are all on the horizon, God willing, and I'm trying to enjoy the warmth, because I am sure I will miss it when I am gone! Meanwhile, I am thinking of all starting their new beginnings a little before I start mine, both here in Belize where some schools and universities start tomorrow (16 August), and back in England. The end of the summer vacation here has been marred by the news of several untimely and sudden deaths, and so we pray, too, for those whose new beginnings are tinged with sadness and sorrow, that they be comforted by the knowledge of God's guiding hand in our lives. I think it's fitting to end with a Bible verse that was given to me on a card (rather perceptively, I think) by one of the visiting mission teams:

"We can make our plans, but the Lord determines our steps" (Proverbs 16:9)

God Bless and see you soon if I haven't already!!!



Door 2 Door!

Anon

I do hate giving out envelopes. Actually, giving them out is ok, it's collecting them in which is the problem. When the phone rings in the spring and the co-ordinator asks, "Would you kindly help this year?" I try and quickly think of why I can't. "Oh, sorry, got to pack for my holiday abroad in the sun that week." "Oh, sorry, have to work late that week and won't be able to go."

I'll give our hundreds, but in the middle of the night when no-one sees me. Then guilt gets the better of me. Ok, yes, I can manage that week. Giving them out – no problem! Collecting them in – *fine!*

Then I think it would be easier and less uncomfortable if I gathered coins together and filled each bag so the co-ordinator didn't know I hadn't been.

I tell myself, "Go on Monday evening to collect them. That's the best day." Then I conveniently forget. Leaving it until the last minute I go along the allocated road. Will they think I am a Jehovah's Witness? "Hello! I've come to collect the envelope." "Just give it back, I pray, with either something in or nothing – just don't scowl at me or even give me verbal abuse.) To those with a smile or who are ready with their pennies inside – great. Often it's "I don't think I've had one." "Would you like one?" "No thanks!" I think, if you don't want to give or are unable to give, that is completely fine, just leave the envelope on the step then I won't have to knock and nether of us will feel awkward.

I get home with my little bags with coins in. My partner says, "Why do you do it?" Well, we are a nation of generous people. One only has to see the amounts raised in sponsorship on the television with Red Nose Day, and the Race for Life to see that. This way it gives people who want to give an opportunity to do so and feel they are helping. Also, it makes me thankful for all that I have.

"Are you making this your last year?" my partner says. "I tell you

what,” I reply, “If you can end typhoid and children drinking from empty sewers; if you can give everyone health care and help them grow enough food to look after their families; if you can make sure children grow up in loving families – then I promise you I won’t do it next year. Otherwise I will still hope the phone won’t ring in the spring but if it does and I’m not packing for my luxury holiday I might just do it for one more year.”

Local Arrangements

Judy Staley

On the Wolverhampton Circuit Plan each of the twenty-three churches has dates, when instead of a named preacher the word 'Local Arrangement' appears. This means that on that specified date the church concerned is responsible for providing its own Act of Worship. The reason for this is that there are not enough Ministers and Local Preachers available to fulfil all the preaching appointments in the churches of the circuit.

It is both a privilege and a responsibility to help provide an Act of Worship. It also gives the opportunity to 'try something different' as well as traditional worship. If you have any ideas now is your opportunity to make them known. Whether you have ideas or would like to take part in any way please speak to one of the Springdale stewards or Worship Leaders - they would be most happy to hear from you!

Circuit Choir

Jackie Neilson



The production of *Hopes and Dreams* on 11 June at Fallings Park and 12 June at St Andrew’s, Sedgley, was enjoyed by both audiences, and more than £250 was raised over the two nights. The money has gone to the Komera Project. A special thanks goes to Roger Hides, Chris Evans (pianist), the dancers, choir and sketch performers. We are looking for new members to join the choir. Give it a go – you’ll enjoy yourself!

The Lord's Prayer

You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even once say "I",
You cannot say the Lord's Prayer and even once say "my",
Nor can you say the Lord's Prayer and not pray for another,
For when you ask for daily bread you must include your brother,
For others are included in each and every plea,
From beginning to the end of it, it does not once say "me".

Anon

A few thoughts on the Lord's Prayer taken from Wisdom of Words
off Barbara Ford, URC

I cannot pray "our" if my faith has no room for others and their needs;
I cannot pray "who art in heaven" if all my interests and pursuits are in
earthly things;

I cannot pray "hallowed be thy name" if I am not striving with God's help
to be holy;

I cannot pray "thy kingdom come" if I am unwilling or resentful of having it
in my life;

I cannot pray "on earth as it is in heaven" unless I am truly ready to give
myself to God's service here and now;

I cannot pray "give us this day our daily bread" without expending honest
effort for it, or if I would withhold from my neighbour the bread that I receive;

I cannot pray "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass
against us" if I continue to harbour a grudge against anyone;

I cannot pray "lead us not into temptation" if I deliberately choose to remain in
a situation where I am likely to be tempted;

I cannot pray "deliver us from evil" if I am not prepared to fight evil with my
life and prayer;

I cannot pray "thine is the power and the glory" if I am seeking power for
myself and my own glory first;

I cannot pray "forever and ever" if I am too anxious about each days affairs;

I cannot pray "amen" unless I can honestly say "cost what it may, this is
my prayer".

My Sabbatical

Robert Ely

I had a great time! As you probably know, I was given three months to spend doing things I really wanted to do but would never have had the chance without this opportunity. I've written my "Message" about the first adventure in Rwanda: the second one was on the beautiful peaceful island of Iona, the cradle of British Christianity and home of the Iona Community. I'll tell you more another time: for now just let me tell you that it was the most wonderful experience, and that God was more real to me there than anywhere else I have ever known. It was so good that I'm planning to take a group there for a week next May or June: do get in touch if you are interested in joining us. Watch out for occasions when I'll be talking about my time in Rwanda and on Iona! And let me put on record my thanks to all those who did lots of extra work to cover my absence: they know who they are, and I'm very grateful.

Wedding Album



The marriage of Caroline Baldwin, daughter of Dennis and Penny Baldwin to Magnus Weighton, son of David and Lisa Weighton, took place in Alton, Hampshire, on 27 August, 2010.

The new Mr and Mrs Weighton would like to thank everyone for their kind wishes - it was a fabulous day!

Rev Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-75)

Jackie Neilson

An eccentric vicar and poet at St Morwenna (and St John the Baptist) Church from 1834 – 1875. Born 1803 the son of a poor curate, his education at Oxford was paid for by his older rich wife.



When he came to Morwenstow most of his parish were farmers and labourers. Life was hard. It was no rural idyll for Hawker. Smuggling and wrecking (luring ships with lights to the rocky coast) was a way of life to survive. He felt it was his duty to bury shipwrecked sailors (previously they had been interned on the shore). A haunting memorial in the churchyard is a ships figurehead from the Caledonia (a brig, 500 tons, from Arbroath, Scotland) wrecked offshore en-route from Odessa, Russia, in September 1842; of the ten crew only one survived. The captain of the vessel was burned under the figurehead. With perseverance, and fulfilling his pastoral duties, they stopped wrecking.

Hawker once wrote, “If I eat and drink and see my poor people hunger and thirst I am not a minister of Christ but a lion that lurketh in his den to ravish the poor”. He thought it was his task to bring the humblest soul to God through images, symbols and parables. He wore formal clerical clothes with a seaman’s jersey and sea boots. He is credited with introducing the Harvest Festival. In 1842, during a hungry period known as the “Hungry Forties” the harvest turned out good. Thanksgiving prayers were decreed by the authorities. On 13 September, 1843, Hawker asked his parishioners of Morwenstow to meet in the church the first Sunday in October for a Harvest Thanksgiving Service. The idea was taken up by others and so the modern Harvest Festival began. He also introduced the regular offertory which brought him into conflict with rural synods.

His wife, Charlotte, died in 1863 aged 81 (she was 20 years older than him), but to the satisfaction of his parishioners, who had seen his distraught state, he married a Polish governess a year later. Pauline had visited the parish before as she worked for a local family. He was 61, she 20. It was a short but happy marriage, producing three daughters. He died in Plymouth. We know he wore rosaries so he must have been an early ecumenist. A catholic priest received him into the Church of Rome on his deathbed. His youngest child, Juliot, died in 1950, aged 81 – she'd been a nun for 60 years.

His most notable poem is “Song of the Western Men, 1688”. His most notable hymn “Sing to the Lord” (number 571 in Hymns Ancient and Modern).

Inscribed on the door of Hawker's vicarage was written:

A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleaseant place to watch and pray,
Be true to church, be kind to poor,
O minister, for evermore.

He was truly a remarkable man.

A Visit to North Devon

Jackie Neilson

We enjoyed a break at Ilfracombe this summertime. The weather was quite lovely, although a little breezy at times. Travelling down we stopped at Knightshayes Court (National Trust), a grand house with views over Tiverton – lovely parkland and mature trees, plenty of colour in the gardens with bees and butterflies busy amongst the flowers. The Topiary – it looks like squirrels dancing along the hedge! A wonderful lily pond with three different coloured water-lillies – whit, pink and lemon. A large kitchen garden, a dazzle of textures and colours of fruit, vegetables and flowers. The gardeners patiently tending the plants whilst swallows are darting in and our of the storage shed. Three large scarecrows – a man, a

lady, and a large white rabbit! A garden of Eden!

Our B & B was lovely, with sea views and wonderful sunsets, caught on camera, of course! Tuesday we trekked through the Valley of the Rocks with lovely sea views, past the Abbey, and up over the hill to return to Lynmouth and back to the car. Weather was glorious, walk lovely, with a very steep climb over *that* hill! Wild ponies and goats followed us en-route. Sadly we didn't see any birds of prey, but who would have thought you'd find a cricket pitch here? It's 134 years old.



Our day trip to Lundy (means puffin in Norse, and saved by Sir Jack Hayward for the nation) was blessed with blue sky and sunshine, no rain thankfully. It took two hours each way on the boat so we had four and a half hours to explore. Time whizzed by and we only saw three quarters of the island. Plenty of sky larks (a joy to hear and see) and lots of brown birds (stonechats and wheatears, according to our friends The Twitchers)! We ate our packed lunch by a pond watch by three mallards. Journeying on following the coast path to see the sea birds on rocks – we'd come to spot the puffins but they were situated on the rocky crops some distance away. You can recognise the way puffins fly by their ungainly flapping, but so far away! (When we went to the Farnels we didn't need super lenses – they were only three or four strides away). This was a bit disappointing but there were plenty of wild flowers, sheep, bees and butterflies. Lundy is a wonderful island though, with sea views all around. There's accommodation to stay in, campsite, pub, shop, Post Office, church and lighthouse. I was amazed at the red moths flying around landing on thrift, clover and birdsfoot tre

trefoil in competition with the bees. I think they're seven-spot burnets; just like red petals fluttering down. Time slipped away (it was a long walk back to the boat, moored down below, but at least it was downhill this time). Around two hundred people on the boat back – it's also a supply ship, sailing about three times each week in summer. Didn't have time to go in the Post Office – just managed an ice-cream from the shop and some postcards and Lundy stamps – they cost 35 puffins each to send. If you write your postcards on Lundy or on the boat (there's a post box on the boat) they will be franked for the mainland and delivered. The stamp goes on the left and it hasn't got the Queen's head on – quite a novelty! I managed



to scribble my cards to family on the boat to catch the “puffin post”.

Another day was spent at Bude. A sunny day, blue sky and sea, and let's say “bracing”. Warm in the sheltered spots. I sat in a sun trap watching the Atlantic rollers hitting the beach. Not many surfers the day we were there but some brave souls paddling in the sea. There's a big Methodist church alongside Bude Canal in the town.

We travelled along the coast to Morwenstow – a beautiful location – only the farm (now a tea-room) by the church and vicarage. We walked along the lane to find the “Hawkers Hut” which is the smallest National Trust property. Picture the scene – a grey granite church tower glinting in

the sunshine, green grass, blue sea and sky. Picture perfect. We strolled over the field for about five minutes – the church looks right over towards the Atlantic – and we espied what we were here for. Tucked on the side of the cliff about ten pieces of timber with a door and grassy roof, very basic, with a bench. The place where Rev Hawker used to sit, write poetry, watch the sea, thank and pray. Lovely today but surely “testing” in rough weather. Returning over the field we spotted an adder taking in the heat of the sun. However, before anyone could get a picture he’d slithered away in the long grass at great speed. Adjacent the church – the vicarage. Here the chimneys are all miniature towers representing the churches that Rev Hawker had been associated with through his life.

On our journey home we called at Arlington Court (National Trust) near Barnstaple. This is a small family house on a 2,700 acre agricultural estate, which had been owned by Miss Rosalie Chichester, an avid collector, Sir Francis Chichester’s aunt. She loved shells especially, and elephants. Her favourite elephant, made of red amber, dazzled in the daylight. One is felt to be quite important when visiting this house – you are requested to ring the bell at the front door to gain entry and the door is opened by a smart, polite gentleman. Arlington has the National Trust Carriage Museum here. Some beautiful carriages on display and you can take a carriage ride, and see the horses leaving, harnessed. Unfortunately we didn’t have time for this on the day we called. As with most places you need to revisit to really find out what you’ve missed on your first visit. There’s always so much to discover.

A Farmyard Tale

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package. "What food might this contain?" the mouse wondered. He was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap.

Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed this warning: "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"



The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said, "Mr. Mouse, I can tell this is a grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it."

The mouse turned to the pig and told him, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!" The pig sympathized, but said, "I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray...Be assured you are in my prayers."

The mouse turned to the cow and said, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!" The cow said, "Wow, Mr. Mouse. I'm sorry for you, but it's no skin off my nose."

So, the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer's mousetrap... Alone...

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house - the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey. The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it. It was a venomous snake whose tail was caught in the trap. The snake bit the farmer's wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital.

When she returned home she still had a fever. Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup. So the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soups main ingredient. But his wife's sickness continued. Friends and neighbours came to sit with her around the clock. To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig. But, alas, the farmer's wife did not get well...She died.

So many people came for her funeral that the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them for the funeral luncheon. And the mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness.

So, the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and you think it doesn't concern you, remember - when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk. We are all involved in this journey called life. We must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another.

Slow Dance

This is a poem written by a teenager with cancer. This young girl has only a little while left to live, and as her dying wish, she wanted to send a letter telling everyone to live their life to the fullest, since she never will. She'll never make it to prom, graduate from high school, or get married and have a family of her own.

Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?
Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?
You'd better slow down, don't dance so fast.
Time is short, the music won't last.

Do you run through each day on the fly?
When you ask "How are you?", do you hear the reply?
When the day is done do you lie in your bed
With the next hundred chores running through your head?
You'd better slow down, don't dance so fast.
Time is short, the music won't last.

Ever told your child, "We'll do it tomorrow?"
And in your haste not see his sorrow?
Ever lost touch, let a good friendship die,
Cause you never had time to call and say, "Hi"?
You'd better slow down, don't dance so fast.
Time is short, the music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your day,
It is like an unopened gift...thrown away.
Life is not a race, do take it slower.
Hear the music before the song is over.



Testimony of a Tree

Words inscribed on a plaque of a woodworkers craft stall in Cornwall.

“For a hundred years and more I breathe and live – the flower of beauty and the bread of kindness. I am your friendly shade in the noonday heat of summer, and I stand pencilled against the winter twilight – a silhouette for dreams. At dawning in the spring I am filled with song, host to a thousand birds and I decorate the autumn with pageantry and colour.

Then comes the woodsman with his axe. And still I serve. I am the timber that builds your boat, the rafters of your cathedrals, the choir stalls of your church enriched by the magic of the carvers fingers. I am the beam that holds your house, the door of your homestead, and the lintel too. I am the handle of you hoe, the wood in your cradle, the bed on which you lie, the board of your table, and the board for your bread.

When I am living, harm me not: when I am dead, respect me and use me kindly.”

Cathedral Quiz (answers on back page)

Jackie Neilson

Where was Thomas a'Beckett murdered?

Where was Prince Arthur was laid to rest?

Which cathedral displays the “Mapped Mundi” and has a chained library?

What is Lichfield Cathedral's greatest treasure?

The tower of Ely cathedral features on an LP cover of a 1990's album.

Name the album and the pop group.

A gilded painting of Elijah being fed by ravens hangs in which cathedral?

Which saint adorns the outside wall of Coventry Cathedral?

Where is nurse Edith Cavell buried?

Which cathedral towers above the River Wear?

Where is England's only cathedral spire visible from the sea?

Which cathedral contains the most medieval stained glass?

The Three Choirs Festival – how often does it take place, and name the cathedrals.

And finally...a message from the editor

Please, please, please - if you do type your words up on the computer then email them to me rather than handing me a type-written sheet - it makes my life so much easier! As in the past, anonymous contributors sending via email will always remain anonymous except to myself. If you can't email then please consider getting someone to help you. Thank you in anticipation!

Helen

Cathedral Quiz answers:
Canterbury
Worcester
Hereford
8th century St Chad's Gospel (written on parchment)
The Division Bell - Pink Floyd
St David's
St Michael
Norwich
Durham
Chichester
York
Each year 3 cathedrals in rotation—Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester

Deadline for the next edition of Triangle is

Sunday 21 November, 2010

Please would all stewards, pastoral secretaries, etc., etc. make a note in their diaries so as not to miss this deadline. Thank you.

Remember! No photocopies! Please check copyright and gain permission where necessary! Email if you can - it makes things so much easier! Thanks!

Please hand in your articles directly, or via your stewards, to **Helen Cooper**. Alternatively, follow the link on the Springdale website in the "contacts" section (www.springdalechurch.org.uk) or just email to [triangle\[at\]springdalechurch.org.uk](mailto:triangle[at]springdalechurch.org.uk)