

Rushen Parish Magazine

December 2010



St Catherine's



St Peter's



Kirk Christ



St Mary's



Letter from the Editor

In my youth I travelled to and from places on a bicycle. Occasionally I would use public transport, especially in the rain, but most of all it would be on two wheels. The thought of buying a car and driving it here and there never crossed my mind. Today it seems a right of passage to reach the age of seventeen, take driving lessons, pass a test, and then buy a car, or have one bought for you. In those days money wasn't so easy to come by and because of this I didn't buy my first car until 1976. It was a green Ford Cortina and I treasured it dearly. It was far better than going here and there by public transport, or on a moped which succeeded the bicycle. It certainly helped Pauline and I especially as we had a young family and we lived quite a way from our respective parents, and dare I say it, from Old Trafford where we used to watch our favourite football team!

It was when we were returning from a visit to my mother's house when the car broke down. We were on the M56 motorway approximately five miles from home. Fortunately we were members of the AA and one of its mechanics was able to get us home. We had a friend in the village where we lived who knew something about cars and he diagnosed the problem the following day. It was the petrol pump. He took me to the local scrap yard where we managed to secure a similar item from one of the many Ford's littered around the place. On our return we replaced the faulty pump, started the car, and lo and behold the problem was solved. The fact that you could replace broken or faulty items on your car by going to a scrap yard amazed me and, to a certain extent gave me confidence to deal with any other setbacks which might have occurred with the car. Actually I ended up at that yard more times than I can remember and as a consequence became quite adept at repairing faults with the engine.

There was, however, one occasion when I was baffled by a carburettor problem. I had found out from my friend that I needed to strip it down, clean it, and make sure that all was in working order. I followed the instruction book to the letter, removing each part, cleaning it, and then putting it down carefully so that it didn't get lost. It took me ages but I had been told to be methodical in order to achieve the best results. Eventually I put it back together, put it on the car, and started the engine. It didn't work. I tried again and again, and still it did not work. I couldn't believe it. In the end I became so frustrated that I went to the scrap yard and bought one from another Ford. When I put it on to the car it started immediately. It was only when I started to clear up the mess I had made in the garage that I found a tiny spring. It was about half a centimetre long and a millimetre wide. I had forgotten to replace it in the carburettor I had cleaned. It was so tiny you could hardly see it. It reminded me of the nursery rhyme: *'For want of a nail the shoe was lost. For want of a shoe the horse was lost. For want of a horse the rider was lost. For want of a rider the battle was lost. For want of a battle the kingdom was lost. And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.'* I realised

then that to ensure that everything worked well you had to include all the component parts, however significant or insignificant they are.

The same is true in our lives. Everything works well until something, big or small, is missing, and at that point all seems to go wrong. The disciples felt that when they lost Jesus on that Good Friday two thousand years ago, they didn't know which way to turn. They had lost their leader, their inspiration and the person to whom they had put their trust. For those of you who have lost a loved one, you too have felt the sheer desolation of not having them with you, to comfort you, or to guide you. Similarly those of you who have lost a pet whose devotion has been part of your everyday life.

When you read this you too will have lost someone who has been part of your life for the past six years. When Norma came to this parish she made some very important promises. They were made for our benefit, and for everyone else residing in the parish. She promised to look after us both spiritually and pastorally, to teach us the Word of God, to help us to pray, and to bring us closer to Jesus in the way we behave, and in following His example. For that we thank her, because I am sure that many of us have benefited from her contribution, and for the love and devotion that she has given us. It will be when she has left, and our leader has gone, when we will feel the loss most, especially as it might be some time before her successor is found.

Some of you may not agree with these sentiments. I can, however, speak from experience, as in my two previous churches I have undergone three interregnums. In all three I have been church warden and have been responsible for the appointment of new vicars. I know that in each of the interregnums those who have left have been sorely missed. Each had their own gifts and talents, all of which left an enduring effect on evangelism and outreach from which the churches are still benefiting today. Let's hope that we too will realise the tremendous input that Norma has given us, and use it to nurture our own spiritual journeys.

I began by telling you the story of a missing part of a carburettor. It was small and yet hugely significant. Our parish is losing a part of its workings, this time not quite so small. Nevertheless it needs all of its component parts to make it work successfully. We must all work that little bit harder to keep us ticking over, we must trust each other, work for each other, pray for each other and most of all love one another. If we can do this we will tick over well enough to be able to greet our new leader with joy and resurgence in our spiritual and prayerful lives.

I would like to take this opportunity in wishing you all a very Happy and Peaceful Christmas.

David Bowman

Where is Your Bethlehem



Joseph went up from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to Bethlehem... He went there to register with Mary, who was pledged to be married to him and was expecting a child. Luke 2:4, 5

As the crow flies, it was a journey of approximately 100 kilometres but travelling over hills, through villages and around rivers would likely have made the trip even longer. Christmas pictures always show Mary riding a donkey but we really have no idea of their mode of travel. In any case, whether on foot or on the back of a swaying brown animal, it wasn't an easy journey, especially for a woman nearing the end of her pregnancy.

Why did she go? True, government officialdom decreed a census and that everyone must go to one's "own city," the place their families called home, for this official registration and counting. Perhaps Mary was also quite ready to leave the village of Nazareth where tongues were wagging about her pregnancy and unmarried status. But Mary and Joseph knew they were going far from family and into a city whose streets would be clogged with travelling strangers. They were assured of no warm welcome, no cosy place to birth the expected child. Perhaps they *hoped* for a small house or a distant relative or a way for Joseph to earn money for their keep, but in almost every way, they were travelling into the unknown. The journey was long and hard, the destination uncertain.

Nearly nine months before their arrival in Bethlehem, Mary spoke life-changing words to God, words that were to comfort her in the many uncertain years ahead. "I am the Lord's servant. May it be to me as you have said." With those simple words of faith, she could endure the long journey on the back of a donkey, the cold streets of Bethlehem, the staring faces of strangers, and even the crude stable with its straw-lined manger.

Where is your Bethlehem? Has the path been long, the people uncaring, and the circumstances burdensome? When we submit ourselves as servants to a loving God, we can—in quietness and confidence—add "May it be to me as you have said" no matter the place or position in which we find ourselves.

Marilyn Ehle



He Became Man and Dwelt Among Us

Once upon a time, there was a man who looked upon Christmas as a lot of humbug. He wasn't a scrooge. He was a kind and decent person, generous to his family, upright in all his dealings with other men. But he didn't believe all that stuff about incarnation which churches proclaim at Christmas. And he was too honest to declare that he did.

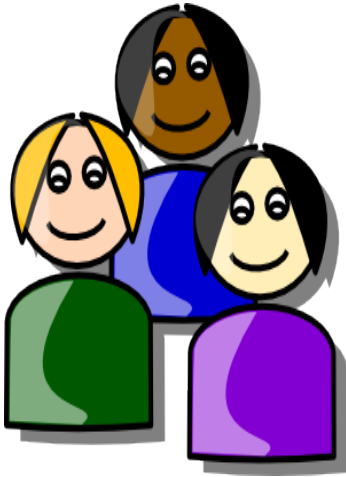
"I am truly sorry to distress you," he told his wife, who was a faithful churchgoer. "But I simply cannot understand this claim that God became man. It doesn't make any sense to me." On Christmas Eve, his wife and children went to church for the midnight service. He declined to accompany them. "I'd feel like a hypocrite," he explained. "I'd much rather stay at home. But I'll wait up for you."

Shortly after his family drove away in the car, snow began to fall. He went to the window and watched the flurries getting heavier and heavier. "If we must have Christmas," he thought, "It's nice to have a white one." He went back to his chair by the fireside and began to read his newspaper. A few minutes later, he was startled by a thudding sound. It was quickly followed by another, then another. He thought that someone must be throwing snowballs at his living room window. When he went to the front door to investigate, he found a flock of birds huddled miserably in the snow. They'd had been caught in the storm, and in a desperate search for shelter had tried to fly through his window.

"I can't let these poor creatures lie there and freeze," he thought. "But how can I help them?" Then he remembered the barn where the children's pony was stabled. It would provide a warm shelter. He put on his coat and galoshes and tramped through the deepening snow to the barn. He opened the doors wide and turned on a light. But the birds didn't come in. "Food will bring them in," he thought. So he hurried back to the house for bread crumbs, which he sprinkled on the snow to make a trail into the barn.

To his dismay, the birds ignored the bread crumbs and continued to flop around helplessly in the snow. He tried shoeing them in the barn by walking around and waving his arms. They scattered in every direction, except into the warm, lighted barn. "They find me a strange and terrifying creature," he said to himself. "And I can't seem to think of any way to let them know they can trust me. If only I could be a bird myself for a few minutes, perhaps I could lead them to safety..." Just at that moment, the church bells began to ring. He stood silently for a while, listening to the bells pealing the glad tidings of Christmas. Then he sank to his knees in the snow. "Now I do understand," he whispered. "Now I know why you had to do it."

Louis Cassells



Ladies Working Party – St Mary's

This month seems to have flown by and I can't believe I have to get something written for the December magazine.

We have maintained our numbers really well this winter, averaging 14 at our weekly meetings. Although our dates are always decided at the start of the year, our Christmas Tree and Sale of Work seems to have crept up on us and before we knew it the event has been and gone. This

year we were blessed with a wonderful result and can only thank God for all his goodness at all times. As yet we don't have a final total but are looking at having raised over £1,300 on what could only be described as a terrible day of storms, wind and rain! Nevertheless people turned out and were delighted to come in to a warm hall looking very festive with stalls groaning with goods and cakes looking very tempting, raffles, and Christmas gifts of all sorts, the ladies had put an enormous amount of effort into getting everything ready for the opening. The Rev. Brian Shephard welcomed everyone and gave us our opening prayers, before introducing our opener Mr Stanley Clucas, Captain of the Parish, who enthralled everyone telling us all how much the village had changed over the years. The something that hadn't changed was the importance of the church in the community of the village which is always there for everyone who needs it at anytime. Mr Allan Knox gave a vote of thanks and the buttonholes were given by Amelia Thurroch who also presented a gift to Mr Clucas. It was lovely that Mrs Clucas was able to be there with her husband. We thanked them for coming along and joining in with everyone. It was a very happy time for everyone and the weather was soon forgotten.

On 26th November we held our final Friendly Lunch of the year, so the ladies were once again very busy. It was good to see all our friends there with us again. I would like to thank all our members for all their help and support and hard work at all times, you are such a great working party. We send our love to Peggy and hope she will soon be back with us, we have missed you. We send love and prayers to our vicar Norma and hope she will soon be better.

**Have a Happy Christmas and New Year.
Love Brenda.**





St Catherine's

I would like to start this month's message by thanking Mrs Thornley for stepping forward to help again in Sunday School while Mrs Gale is incapacitated and sporting a purple cast on her leg! We all wish her a speedy recovery.

We enjoyed hearing the story of Mary and Martha which is always a good way of reminding us all that we need to put Jesus first in our lives. We had a good discussion with the children who could see both sides and understood that Martha only wanted everything in the house to be perfect for Jesus, but that Mary had it right!

We have just started a series of lessons on Samuel, 'Hearing from God'. When Hannah had her longed for son Samuel, she kept her promise to dedicate him to God. When he was old enough she took him to the Temple where he was cared for by Eli. We discussed how hard this would be but that God blessed Hannah with five more children. We made a trust box and placed inside some items to help us remember the story. Jelly babies to symbolise the child, a piece of material (the new robe Hannah took to the Temple every year for Samuel) and a sad and happy face to show her feelings before and after the birth of her son.

We will be starting to practise for our Christmas Family Service so it would be good to see the children each week to get ready!

Love from us all at St Catherine's

Used Stamps

I know I have not been able to deal with the stamps this year but Tony has continued to collect them and we do thank everyone for all the stamps they have very kindly saved and given already this year. I would just like to ask people who are not already giving stamps to other charities if you could remember to save the ones that you receive over the Christmas period. You do not need to cut them off, you can just pop the envelope in a bag and leave them at the back of your own Church and Tony will collect them. I can assure you it is worth doing as the used stamps do raise a lot of money which enables the Leprosy Mission to buy the drugs to treat and cure the disease. May God bless all we do this Christmas to help others.

Jean Ronan

RUSH Update

Following on from our successful and enjoyable "Luke Street" series, where we "visited" a different house with a different story from Luke's gospel each week, we are currently following a series called "Target Challenge" which is all about King David. We started off by looking at David the shepherd boy and how he got to play the harp for King Saul; we acted out the story of David being chosen by God and anointed by Samuel as the future king. We focused very much on the fact that God didn't choose the oldest or strongest son and learnt that 'people judge others by what they look like, but I [God] judge people by what is in their hearts.' (1 Sam 16:7) To illustrate the point that things and people aren't always what they look like on the outside, we let the children guess what was inside various wrapped-up parcels and found that some of them were obvious but some of them were very different to what they looked like at first. The children also decorated picture frames for a picture of a very special person - themselves! - because to God we are all special no matter what we look like.



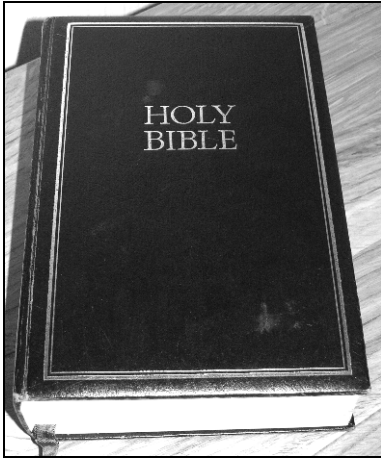
We have had a lot of fun with a variety of target games such as trying to hit a target with our stomp rockets, trying to knock over plastic bottles with small balls, throwing bean bags into bowls (or trying to catch them with a laundry basket) or trying to guide balloon sheep into their pens! Before our break for Christmas we will be looking at the story of David and Goliath (the children will try to make an armour for Goliath out of cardboard) - a real "target challenge" for David! - and how David could beat the giant because he had God on his side and trusted him.

Our last meeting for this year will be on Wed 8th December when we are planning to do some Christmas craft, the nativity as well as a bit of a party.

A big thank you to all the members of the team and to St Catherine's Church and St Mary's Ladies Working Party for their generous donations.

A Happy and Blessed Christmas to you all from

RUSH



Is this Your Bible?

This Bible was left in the Parish Church (Kirk Christ) some time ago. It appears that it was used at a wedding and may have been presented to the bride. Inside it bears the written inscription *'To Kimberley, from Peter, Jackie and James'* It also bears a written date *'1.1.1984'* If you think you know to whom it belongs please contact Mr Arthur Cregeen, the Church Warden of Kirk Christ.

News from St Catherine's

The month of November has arrived and also the dark days leading up to Christmas. But we at St Catherine's are busy preparing for our Christmas Bazaar on 27th November. We then move into December looking forward to our Christmas Family Service on 19th December. Also on that day we join together with Kirk Christ at 6.30pm for the Parish Carol Service. We also enjoyed a wonderful fellowship service together on 31st October at Kirk Christ. For our November Family Service we welcome Mr Peter Shimmin, a lay reader from Castletown, and we look forward to a wonderful hour of worship together. Mrs Marjorie Gale has had an accident and has her leg in plaster, but with the other teachers, has managed to put together an order of worship for this day. Thank you to all.

The Royal British Legion Remembrance Service was held at Kirk Christ on Sunday 14th November. Our Governor, Vice Admiral Sir Paul Haddacks and Lady Haddacks attended this service. His Excellency read the lesson and laid a wreath on the War Memorial. The service was well attended and was led by Revd. Peter Upton-Jones. The organist was Mike Porter. The Legion Standard was carried by Orry Drinkwater, and a senior Cub Scout carried their standard. Jennifer Cook and Matthew Callister from Rushen Silver Band sounded the Last Post and Reveille for the two minutes silence at 11am. Barbara Glassey from Castletown Metropolitan Silver Band did this at St Catherine's, with the service being led by Mr Dick Clague, and the organ being played by John Binns.

We have to say goodbye to our vicar Norma who retires on 28th November. We hope and pray she can be with us for some part of that day. At the time of writing this article Norma has just had a fall and is in hospital. We also pray that during retirement her health will improve and that she may be able to do some of the things she has been unable to do owing to poor health over the past year. We send our best wishes from St Catherine's and ask our Lord to be with her and her family.

May I wish everyone a very Happy Christmas and New Year from all members of St Catherine's Church.

Gerry Callister

Christmas Quiz

Here's a Christmas teaser for you. Try and solve the cryptic clues. All the answers are based on Christmas, some are easier than others...

The answers will be in the next Parish Magazine

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Adds salt and pepper to a welcome | 20. Viscum Album |
| 2. The start of an adventure | 21. Two ladies are both full grown |
| 3. Children, wings and tea towels | 22. Helleborus Niger . |
| 4. Exclamation of joy in Christmas Carols | 23. Showy trinket |
| 5. Top of the bill or Top of the tree | 24. Euphorbia pulcherrima |
| 6. The Feast of Stephen | 25. Traditional Fairytale entertainment |
| 7. Carol's invitation to every believer | 26. Two lobed fruit in spheroidal shell |
| 8. Where Santa might come to a sooty end! | 27. Monarch's Oratory |
| 9. Children want them filling but no runs for ladies | 28. Chinese language |
| 10. Hand it over! Now | 29. Precious metal |
| 11. Sounds like advice from Prince Phillip to his wife | 30. A kind of Japanese glazed pottery |
| 12. A welcome gift for new parents at any time of year | 31. A gift from a King |
| 13. SO TRIO DANCE anagram | 32. It's tail often needs replacing at parties |
| 14. Do they empty most of the shelves for Santa? | 33. A left hook might do more harm than a rum one |
| 15. Peri illuminations | 34. Bolt attachments to front of the torso |
| 16. The little town with good sleepers | 35. CMP S I I N E E |
| 17. KE E NI NR E P | 36. Aromatic gum resin from the Boswellia tree? |
| 18. Labour. Tory or Lib Dem - should be fun | 37. A holiday venue to get the bird? |
| 19. Biscuit or firework? | 38. Feast of the Epiphany |

Best of Luck!



The Voice of Christmas

He had been a long time member of the church but refused to show up for services let alone join. He was an integral part of the Christmas Choir, but would not attend rehearsals. Still, everyone looked forward to seeing him once a year. So much, in fact, they would hold a seat for him at the candle light service every Christmas Eve. Many of the congregation would arrive early to get a good seat near to the gentleman. Was it his personality? No he really kept to himself rarely sharing a word with anyone.

It was his voice. "Oh Holy Night" was his song. Throughout his life he often wished for the chance to perform it at a local church. Although the spirit of Christmas had left his heart years ago with the passing of his wife, this one song, those special lyrics, belonged to him. It was said that it was her favourite song and although poor, the richness of his voice was his gift to her. This church that night was always theirs. As the service progressed anticipation would build. Everyone joined in singing familiar carols. Then the big moment would arrive. The choir would stand, and the church organ would begin to play the introduction to "O Holy Night." Then, as if heaven had open its doors, the choir softly faded and the man began to sing. You could feel the excitement as music began to build to the refrain, and by this time there was never a dry eye. After the service the man would blend into the crowd and exit the rear door. The tradition lived on until a month before Christmas that year. Sadly he passed away. Some said that his wife's passing had left him with a broken heart and that all he wanted to do was to be with his wife in heaven. "What will they do?" one of the elders asked. "Who could take his place?" No one would dare attempt to fill his spot. It would be difficult indeed to come close to that long treasured moment. "We will always include the song in his memory" the choir director declared. It was as if the loss of this one man meant that "O Holy Night" would never be the same again. Finally he assured them by saying, "He will bless us again."

That Christmas Eve, as everyone filled the church, you could hear the choir warming up in the basement. A small piano began playing followed by, "O Holy Night." The minister began by welcoming everyone and in particular the visitors who only came to this service. "In the centre of the church you will notice a single seat holding a bouquet of Christmas flowers. It is in memory of a man we called, "The Voice of Christmas." The service began building to the very moment they all waited for. Lights dimmed and a young child holding a single candle in his hand walked toward the front. The organist began the introduction and the choir stood to sing, "O holy Night." There was a sudden hush and the faint sound of one small voice was singing... "It is the night of the dear Saviour's birth!" The organ stopped. The choir remained standing as everyone looked to see where the voice was coming from. That beautiful voice was the child, the child holding the candle. He slowly, nervously turned around toward the crowd and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to..." and he began to cry. The choir director rushed to his side and assured him everything was fine. Then the young boy said, "I always sang along but no one could hear me. Some man was always louder than me." Laughter filled the church. The minister declared, "God has indeed answered our prayers. We are blessed once again with "The Voice of Christmas." The organist began again as the young boy was lifted up to sing and they all joined in. "Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices!"...

We are each called to be His Voice not only at Christmas but all year long.



New Lunchtime Carol Concerts Featuring the Isle of Man Wurlitzer

This year for the first time there will be a new chance to hear the Mighty Wurlitzer in the Villa Marina Arcade at a series of lunchtime carol concerts, supported by the Isle of Man Arts Council.

The Isle of Man Wurlitzer was installed at Summerland in 1989. Following the closure of that site, the Wurlitzer was repaired and overhauled by internationally renowned expert Len Rawle, and installed as the focal point of the newly restored Villa Marina Arcade. The inaugural concert was given by Len on 17th December 2009. Len returns this year for and is giving another concert on the evening of Wednesday 15th December 2010 – truly an opportunity not to be missed.

Meanwhile, in a new addition to the Wurlitzer season, a lunchtime series has been organised by Jonathan King. He said:

“Christmas is a busy time for musicians but the idea of a Wurlitzer-based carol event is just irresistible – not least because one of the many special features of this amazing instrument is a set of sleigh-bells which you can play from the keyboard!

The main feature of these events will be singing for all. Anyone who already sings in a choir is more than welcome to come and help lead the singing – bring your carol books! There will also be some very special guest artists over the course of the series.

The Isle of Man Wurlitzer is a tremendous asset. It is impossible to hear it and not love it. Now that we’ve got it, let’s make the most of it!”

The concerts are to be held between 1pm and 2pm on the first four Wednesdays of December (1 December, 8 December, 15 December and 22 December). Admission is free and there will be a collection for a different charity on each occasion.

Contact point for further information:

Jonathan King
07624 458117
jdc.king@yahoo.co.uk

A Christmas Carol

The Christ-child lay on
Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the
world,
But here is all alright.)

The Christ-child lay on
Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the
Kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on
Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the
world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at
Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up
at him,
And all the stars looked
down.

G.K.Chesterton

Nativity Play

Oh miss, I don't want to be Joseph,
Miss, I really don't want to be him,
With a cloak of bright red and a towel on my
head
And a cotton-wool beard on my chin.

Oh Miss, please don't make me a shepherd,
I just won't be able to sleep.
I'll go weak at the knees and wool makes me
sneeze
And I really am frightened of sheep.

Oh Miss, I just can't be the landlord,
Who says there's no room in the inn.
I'll get in a fright when it comes to the night
And I know that I'll let Mary in.

Oh Miss, you're not serious – an angel?
Can't Peter take that part instead?
I'll look such a clown in a white silky gown,
And a halo stuck up on my head.

Oh Miss, I am not being a camel!
Or a cow or an ox or an ass!
I'll look quite absurd and I won't say a word,
And all of the audience will laugh.

Oh Miss, I'd rather not be a Wise Man,
Who brings precious gifts from afar?
But the part right for me, and I hope you'll agree,
In this play – can I be a star?

Author Unknown

The Things Children Say

At Sunday School they were learning how God created everything, including human beings. Johnny was especially intent when the teacher told him how Eve was created out of one of Adam's ribs. Later in the week his mother noticed him lying down as though he were ill, and said, "Johnny, what is the matter?" Johnny responded, "I have pain in my side. I think I'm going to have a wife."

Blue Taffeta Dress



“Every good and perfect gift is from above” (James 1:17)

How are you doing with your Christmas shopping? I am about half done. With a family as large as ours, the shopping (wish) list is quite long. And when Christmas day arrives, after we have eaten, sung carols and focused on the real meaning of Christmas, we open gifts - and I sit there hoping I haven't forgotten someone.

When I was 14 years old, my parents told us we wouldn't be getting Christmas gifts that year. We would be getting the usual plate of nuts, candies and mandarin oranges, but no gifts. There were too many of us. Money was very scarce. I accepted that. Some years are like that.

However, on Christmas morning, to our surprise, there was a gift for each of us after all. I don't recall the gifts my brothers and sisters received, but mine was a beautiful blue taffeta dress. It fit me perfectly. I loved the colour and the style. It was so special because I wasn't expecting it. My dad had to sell some of his milk quota (we lived on a dairy farm) so they could buy us gifts. Sacrifice.

Of all the wonderful gifts I have received during the years, the blue taffeta dress stands out in my memory. It was an unexpected surprise.

I was thinking about that this week and thought I would like to surprise someone, too. I asked the Lord to bring to mind someone who wouldn't be expecting a gift from me - someone who wasn't on my list. I am going to buy her a real nice gift and surprise her.

Pray about it. Maybe God would put the same idea in your heart. You don't have to buy something - you could give your time.

Father, we are aware that every generous thought comes from You. Any thought of giving comes from You. You loved us so much that You gave Your Son. Thank You! Amen

Katherine Kehler

The Things Children Say

Mother: “Shirley, were you a good girl at church today?”

Shirley: “Yes, mum. A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, ‘No, thank you.’”



25 December: My dearest darling - That partridge in that lovely little pear tree! What an enchanting, romantic, poetic present! Bless you and thank you. **Your deeply loving Emily**

26 December: My dearest darling Edward - The two turtle doves arrived this morning and are cooing away in the pear tree as I write. I'm so touched and grateful. **With undying love, as always, Emily**

27 December: My darling Edward - You do think of the most original presents; whoever thought of sending anybody these French hens. Do they really come all the way from France? It's a pity we have no chicken coops, but I expect we'll find some. Thank you anyway, they are lovely. **Your loving Emily**

28 December: Dearest Edward - What a surprise ... four calling birds arrived this morning. They are very sweet....even if they **do** call rather loudly....They make telephoning impossible. But I expect they'll calm down when they get used to their new home. Anyway, I'm very grateful....Of course I am. **Love from Emily**

29 December: Dearest Edward -The postman has just delivered five most beautiful gold rings, one for each finger and all fitting perfectly. A really lovely present...lovelier in a way than the birds, which do take rather a lot of looking after. The four that arrived yesterday are still making a terrible row, and I'm afraid none of us got any sleep last night. Mother says she wants to use the rings to wring their necks....she's only joking, I think: though I know what she means! But I love the rings. **Bless you. Love Emily**

30 December: Dear Edward - Whatever I expected to find when I opened the front door this morning, it certainly wasn't six great geese laying eggs all over the doorstep. Frankly, I rather hoped you had stopped sending me birds. We have no room for them, and they have already ruined the croquet lawn! I know you meant well, but....let's call a halt, shall we? **Love Emily**

31 December: Edward -I thought I said no more birds, but this morning I woke up to find no less than seven swans all trying to get into our goldfish pond...I'd rather not think what happened to the gold fish. The whole house seems to be full of birds...to say nothing of what they leave behind them. Please, please STOP. **Your Emily**

1 January: Frankly, I think I prefer the birds...what am I to do with eight milkmaids...AND their cows? Is this some kind of joke? If so, I'm afraid I don't find it very amusing. **Emily**

2 January: Look here, Edward, this has gone on far enough...you say you're sending me nine ladies dancing - they're certainly not ladies. The village just isn't accustomed to seeing a regiment of shameless women with hardly anything on cavorting round the green - and it's mother and I who get blamed. If you value our friendship - which I do less and less - kindly stop this ridiculous behaviour at once. **Emily**

3 January: As I write this letter, ten strange old men are prancing about what used to be our garden - before the geese and swans and cows got to it -and several of them, I notice, are beginning to make friends with the milkmaids! Meanwhile the neighbours are trying to get us evicted. I shall never speak to you again **Emily**

4 January: This is the last straw. You know I detest bagpipes. The place has now become something between a menagerie and a madhouse and a man from the Council has just declared it unfit for habitation. At least Mother has been spared this last outrage; they took her away yesterday afternoon in an ambulance. I hope you are satisfied.

5 January: Sir, Our client, Miss Emily Wilbraham, instructs me to inform you that with the arrival on her premises of the entire percussion section of the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra and several of their friends she has no course left open to her but to seek an injunction to prevent your importuning her further. I am making arrangements for the return of much assorted livestock.

Adapted from an article found in another church magazine

Editor

Answers to November's Quiz

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. <i>Jonah</i> | 2. <i>Zechariah</i> | 3. <i>Amos</i> |
| 4. <i>Habakkuk</i> | 5. <i>Zephaniah</i> | 6. <i>Hosea</i> |
| 7. <i>Malachi</i> | 8. <i>Joel</i> | 9. <i>Haggai</i> |
| | 10. <i>Obadiah</i> | |

‘Stocking up’

Christmas is coming
The days are getting short,
And some of us are spending
More money than we ought.

It started in September
And gathered with great speed,
And most of us are shopping
For things we do not need.

Two turkeys in the freezer
(It was buy one get one free).
Trays of endless nibbles
Put by for Christmas tea.

Endless tins of chocolates
At bargain offer price
A special treat for Christmas,
We don't need telling twice!

We're well stocked with Christmas
cards
With Santas, stars and lamps,
To send to folk we barely know,
And don't forget the stamps!

The wrapping paper's mounting
It's piling up in stacks.
It's such a shame it finishes
In endless rubbish sacks!

The Christmas decorations,
Last year's will never do.
This year's choice is prettier,
We simply must have new.

I think we've got the point now.
I won't write any more.
And we won't change from year to year,
We'll go on as before!

We'll all enjoy the season,
For better or for worse.
And when it's over, we all will have
A very empty purse!

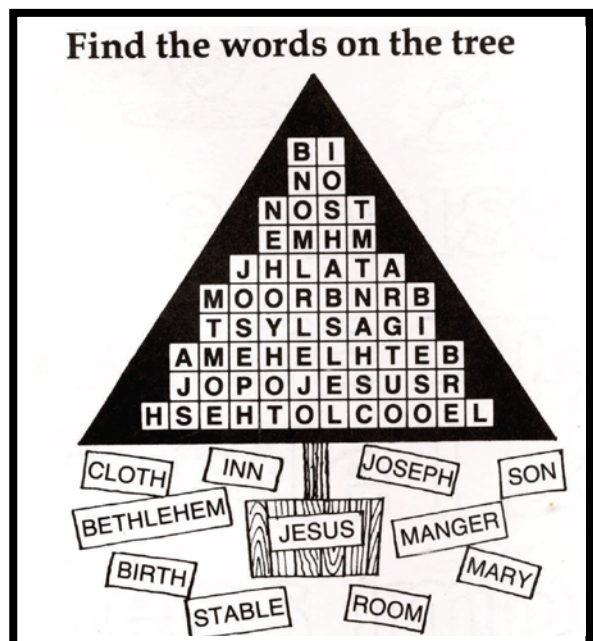
Happy Christmas everyone
God Bless

Pauline Bowman

Church Chuckles

The minister had no knowledge of the deceased, and in fact realised to his horror as he entered the pulpit that he was uncertain even of the sex. "We meet today to pay tribute to our departed er..." – leaning over to a relative he whispered: "Brother or sister?" Back came the reply, "Cousin".

Find the words on the tree





Mothers' Union

Our November meeting turned out to be a very windy and damp day and I was delighted when so many members started to arrive at the hall. When our speaker arrived it was just as well her husband was on hand to assist her with everything she needed for her talk.

We started the meeting with the hymn, 'Through all the Changing Scenes of Life', which was a good choice as the title of the talk was "A hundred years of Fashion". I have to say that we enjoyed a brilliant afternoon of looking and hearing about the clothes on display from the early 1900's. As we reached the thirty's it was amazing how many of the ladies remembered having worn dresses and coats just like that, and as we passed on into the fifty's and sixty's lots more members could add stories of their own. She not only had brought dresses and coats, but boxes full of hats, gloves and underwear, which made us wonder how people were able to breathe! By the end of Mrs Caldwell's talk the afternoon had flown, and nobody was ready to go home. We did have our short service and business meeting. We arranged some very important dates in our diaries, the first one being on Sunday 5th December which is our Diocesan Advent Service to be held in Arbory Parish Church at 3pm. Do please try and be there as it is the first time it will have been held on a Sunday and also in the afternoon. The second date is Monday 13th December, when our meeting will be our "Garland for Christmas" in St Mary's Hall at 2pm. Can I ask members to remember to bring food for our Faith Tea.

We send our love and Best wishes to those who are at home and not well, for whatever reason, and especially to Norma our Vicar, still in hospital. We send our love and prayers knowing that her operation will be successful and that full health will return to her soon.

My Love and Prayers to you all that you will have a Blessed and Peaceful Christmas.

Brenda

Vacancies: Rushen Parish Sexton and Assistant Sexton

Both of the above positions will become vacant in 2011. Anyone interested in either position should in the first instance contact Mr John Hayes, the current Sexton, on 484031 to obtain full details of the work involved.



Two Babes in a Manger

It was nearing the holiday season, 1994, time for our orphans to hear, for the first time, the traditional story of Christmas. We told them about Mary and Joseph arriving in Bethlehem. Finding no room in the inn, the couple went to a stable, where the baby Jesus was born, and then placed in a manger.

Throughout the story, the children and orphanage staff sat in amazement as they listened. Some sat on the edges of their stools, trying to grasp every word. Completing the story, we gave the children three small pieces of cardboard to make a crude manger. Each child was given a small paper square, which was cut from yellow napkins I had brought with me. No coloured paper was available in the city.

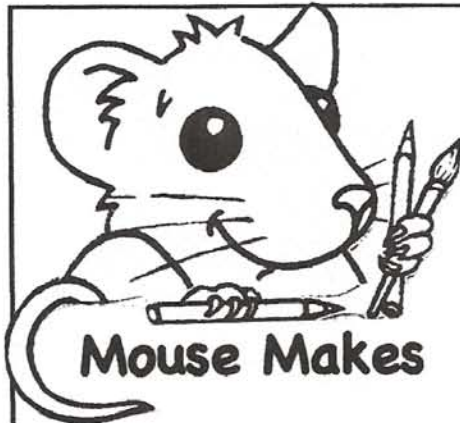
Following instructions, the children tore the paper and carefully laid strips in the manger for straw. Small squares of flannel, cut from a worn-out nightgown a lady was throwing away, were used for the baby's blanket. A doll-like baby was cut from felt we had collected over the years. The orphans were busy assembling their manger as I walked among them to see if they needed any help. All went well until I got to one table where a little boy sat. He looked to be about six years old and had finished his project. As I looked at his manger, I was startled to see not one, but two babies in it. Quickly, I asked the lad why there were two babies in the manger.

Crossing his arms in front of him and looking at this completed manger scene, the child began to repeat the story very seriously. For such a young boy, who had only heard the Christmas story once, he related the happenings accurately, until he came to the part where Mary put the baby Jesus in the manger. Then he started to ad-lib. He made up his own ending to the story as he said "...and when Mary laid the baby in the manger, Jesus looked at me and asked me if I had a place to stay. I told him I have no mum and I have no dad, so I don't have any place to stay. Then Jesus told me I could stay with him. But I told him I couldn't, because I didn't have a gift to give him like everybody else did. But I wanted to stay with Jesus so much, so I thought about what I had that maybe I could use for a gift. I thought maybe if I kept him warm, that would be a good gift. So I asked Jesus, 'If I keep you warm will that be a good enough gift?' And Jesus told me, 'If you keep me warm, that will be the best gift anybody has ever given me.' So I got into the manger, and then Jesus looked at me and told me I could stay with him - for always."

As the little boy finished his story, his eyes brimmed full of tears that fell down his little cheeks. Putting his hand over his face, his head dropped to the table and his little shoulders shook as he sobbed and sobbed. The little orphan had found someone who would never abandon him, someone who would stay with him - *for always*.

What gifts would you bring to the manger?

Children's Page



Glue this sheet to a piece of thin card and carefully cut out around the stable shape. Colour in and hang on the Christmas tree. Add glitter for extra sparkle.

Away in a manger,
no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky
looked down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay.

Read the Christmas
story in **Matthew**
1:18-25 and
Luke
1:26-2:20





December 2010

Wednesday	1 st	Play & Praise	2.00pm	St Mary's Hall
Friday	3 rd	Coffee Morning	10am	St Catherine's Hall
Sunday	5 th	Mothers' Union Diocesan Advent Carols	3.00pm	Arbory Church
Tuesday	7 th	St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
		PCC Meeting	7.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Wednesday	8 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Monday	13 th	CAMEO	11.45am	Cherry Orchard
		Christmas Lunch		
		Mothers' Union	2.00pm	St Mary's Hall
		Christmas Garland		
Tuesday	14 th	St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall

Tuesday 14th Last date for Magazine Articles

Wednesday	15 th	PE Mens' Fellowship (Manx Aviation History)	7.30pm	Methodist Hall
Tuesday	21 st	St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	Jan 12 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
	Jan 19 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
	Jan 26 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
	Feb 2 nd	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
	Feb 9 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
	Feb 16 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
	Mar 2 nd	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall

Contact Details for Rushen Parish

Vicar

Vacancy

For any information regarding the parish contact 474924/834627

Readers

Mr Richard Clague, 4 Eagle Mews, Port Erin 834606
 Mrs Heather Cornwell-Kelly, Mellray, Gansey, Port St Mary 836913
 Mr Malachy Cornwell-Kelly, (as above) 461937/836913
 Mr Harry Dawson, Thalloo Reagh, Cregneash 478050/835770
 Mr Cedric Owen, Sunnymount, Bradda Road, Port Erin 838022

Retired Clergy

Rev Anne Quilliam, 13 Raad-Ny-Gabbil, Castletown 822375
 Canon J.M Payne, Cubbon House, Marathon Rd. Douglas 672316
 Canon John Sheen, Kentraugh Mill, Colby 832406
 Rev Brian Shephard, Keayn Ard, Queens Rd, Port St Mary 833315

Wardens

Mr Gerry Callister, 60 Ballamaddrell, Port Erin 474924/834627
 Mr Arthur Cregeen, 23 Close Famman, Port Erin 832488
 Mr Harry Dawson, Thalloo Reagh, Cregneash 478050/835770
 Mr Allan Knox, 1 Park Court, Athol Park, Port Erin 837862

PCC Secretary

Mrs Joan Fleetney, 43 Magherchirrym, Pony Fields, Port Erin 835249

PCC Treasurer

Mr Peter Vanderpump, 1 Bradda Glen Close, Port Erin 832567

Contact Details for Rushen Parish

Sunday School Leaders

St Catherine's, Port Erin

Mrs Marjorie Gale, 4 Erin Way, Port Erin 832957

St Mary's, Port St Mary

Mrs Susan Maddrell, Atholl Lodge, Fistard Rd. Port St Mary 833151

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St Catherine's, Port Erin

Rev Anne Quilliam, 13 Raad-Ny-Gabbil, Castletown 822375

St Mary's, Port St Mary

Mrs Brenda Watterson, Cair Vie, Linden Ave. Port St Mary 833618

Hall Bookings

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St Mary's, Port St Mary

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Magazine

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Articles for the January 2011 magazine should be submitted to the editor no later than 14th December 2010.

Services December 2010

1 st Dec.	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)	JS
	11.45am	Southlands Holy Communion	AQ
	2.00pm	St Mary's Play & Praise	AQ
5 th Dec.	8am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)	BK
	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (CW)	MG
	11am	St Mary's Morning Prayer (CW)	CO
	11am	St Catherine's Morning Prayer (CW)	HD
	3.15pm	St Peter's Holy Communion/Baptism (BCP)	BS
	6.30pm	St Mary's Meadowside Christmas Programme	
8 th Dec.	10.30am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)	
12 th Dec.	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (BCP)	HD
	11am	St Mary's Family Service	CO
	11am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (CW)	
	3.15pm	St Peter's Evening Prayer (BCP)	HD
	6.30pm	St Mary's Evensong	AQ
15 th Dec.	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)	PUJ
	7.30pm	St Peter's Carols, Candles & Cake	HD
16 th Dec.	7pm	St Catherine's Commissioners' Carol Service	PUJ
18 th Dec.		Kirk Christ Wedding	PUJ
19 th Dec..	8am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)	JS
	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (CW)	AK
	11am	St Mary's Holy Communion (CW)	PUJ
	11am	St Catherine's Family Service	MG
	3.15pm	St Peter's Evening Prayer (BCP)	CO
	6.30pm	Kirk Christ Carol Service	CF
22 nd Dec.	10.30am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)	JS
24 th Dec	4pm	St Mary's Crib Service	MG
	7.30pm	St Peter's Christmas Eucharist	BS
	11.30pm	St Catherine's Christmas Eucharist	PUJ
25 th Dec.	10am	Kirk Christ Family Service/said HC	PUJ
26 th Dec	10am	Kirk Christ Holy Communion (CW)	JS
29 th Dec	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)	PUJ