

Rushen Parish Magazine

April 2011



New Life



St Catherine's



St Peter's



Kirk Christ



St Mary's



Letter from the Rural Dean

Dear Friends

In the first few months of 2011 there has been much suffering and tragedy across the world. There have been those events which we refer to as 'natural disaster' and in other places the suffering has been as a result of human conflict.

In particular, we have witnessed severe flooding in Pakistan, Australia and Brazil. There have been devastating earthquakes in New Zealand and Japan. The earthquake in Japan resulted in the tsunami, the horrific effects of which have unfolded before our eyes through modern media. In terms of human conflict, the uprisings in North Africa and the Middle East have resulted in injury and loss of life, in addition to feelings of uncertainty and insecurity.

Over recent days I have been mindful of the fact that many people want to talk about all that is happening. So many tragic events coming so closely together in time are causing people to ask, 'What's going on?' and 'Where is God in all of this?'

What is an appropriate response to such questioning? My answer is to first acknowledge that none of us has all the answers. Just as there is that which we simply do not fully know about the wonder and mystery of creation, so there is that which we do not know about much pain and suffering, other than to acknowledge it is part of the world of which we are part.

However, I'm not happy to leave things there. In response to the question, 'Where is God in all of this?' we can surely answer that he is to be found in every response of compassion. He is also surely to be found in every attempt to bring rescue and relief. Perhaps God is also to be found in the heart of the person who is angry and asking 'Where are you, Lord? After all, they wouldn't be the first to ask such a question (e.g. read the first verse of psalms 10 & 13). I often think that God is closer to many of those who feel like giving up on him than they themselves would believe!

On Good Friday, (April 22), we especially focus the suffering and death of Jesus. As he took on the sin of the world he felt abandoned by his heavenly Father. Jesus uttered from the cross, 'My God, my God why have you forsaken me?' (Psalm 22.1). However,

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neither this sense of abandonment, nor pain and death were to have the last word. God raised Jesus from death. There lies our Easter hope. Our response to the immediate troubles across the globe must surely be to act as Jesus would have us act i.e. to care, to pray and to give.

Wishing you a really joyful Easter

Peter C Robinson
(Rural Dean)

Worth It

For a true friend, is it worth it to sacrifice even your own life? Jesus said - Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.

Horror gripped the heart of the World War I soldier as he saw his lifelong friend fall in battle. Caught in a trench with continuous gunfire whizzing over his head, the soldier asked his lieutenant if he might go out into the "No Man's Land" between the trenches to bring his fallen comrade back.

"You can go," said the Lieutenant, "but I don't think it will be worth it. Your friend is probably dead and you may throw your own life away." The Lieutenant's words didn't matter, and the soldier went anyway.

Miraculously he managed to reach his friend, hoist him onto his shoulder, and bring him back to their company's trench. As the two of them tumbled in together to the bottom of the trench, the officer checked the wounded soldier, then looked kindly at his friend. "I told you it wouldn't be worth sacrificing it," he said. "Your friend is dead, and you are mortally wounded."

"It was worth it, though, sir," the soldier said.

"What do you mean?" responded the Lieutenant. "Your friend is dead!"

"Yes sir," the private answered. "But it was worth it because when I got to him, he was still alive, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him say, 'Jim, I knew you'd come.'"

Author Unknown



The Bridge Keeper

There was once a bridge which spanned a large river. During most of the day the bridge sat with its length running up and down the river paralleled with the banks, allowing ships to pass through freely on both sides of the bridge. But at certain times each day, a train would come along and the bridge would be turned sideways across the river, allowing the train to cross it.

A controller sat in a small shack on one side of the river where he operated the controls to turn the bridge and lock it into place as the train crossed. One evening as the controller was waiting for the last train of the day to come, he looked off into the distance through the dimming twilight and caught sight of the train. He stepped to the control and waited until the train was within a prescribed distance when he was to turn the bridge. He turned the bridge into position, but, to his horror, he found the locking control did not work. If the bridge was not securely in position it would wobble back and forth at the ends when the train came onto it, causing the train to jump the track and go crashing into the river. This would be a passenger train with many people aboard. He left the bridge turned across the river, and hurried across the bridge to the other side of the river where there was a lever switch he could hold to operate the lock manually. He would have to hold the lever back firmly as the train crossed. He could hear the rumble of the train now, and he took hold of the lever and leaned backward to apply his weight to it, locking the bridge. He kept applying the pressure to keep the mechanism locked. Many lives depended on this man's strength.

Then, coming across the bridge from the direction of his control shack, he heard a sound that made his blood run cold. "Daddy, where are you?" His four-year-old son was crossing the bridge to look for him. His first impulse was to cry out to the child, "Run! Run!" But the train was too close; the tiny legs would never make it across the bridge in time. The man almost left his lever to run and snatch up his son and carry him to safety. But he realised that he could not get back to the lever. Either the people on the train, or his little son must die. He took a moment to make his decision.

The train sped safely and swiftly on its way, and no one aboard was even aware of the tiny broken body thrown mercilessly into the river by the onrushing train. Nor were they aware of the pitiful figure of the sobbing man, still clinging tightly to the locking lever long after the train had passed. They did not see him walking home more slowly than he had ever walked: to tell his wife how their son had brutally died.

Now if you comprehend the emotions which went through this man's heart, you can begin to understand the feelings of our Father in heaven when He sacrificed His Son to bridge the gap between us and eternal life. Can there be any wonder that He caused the earth to tremble and the skies to darken when His Son died? How does He feel when we speed along through life without giving a thought to what was done for us through Jesus Christ?

Butterfly Attack



Walking down a path through some woods I saw a puddle. I angled my direction to go around it on the part of the path that wasn't covered by water and mud. As I reached the puddle, I was suddenly attacked from a source so totally unexpected.

I was startled as well as unhurt, despite having been struck four or five times already. I backed up a foot and my attacker stopped attacking me. Instead of attacking more, he hovered in the air on graceful butterfly wings in front of me. Had I been hurt I wouldn't have found it so amusing, but I was unhurt, and it was funny. After all, I was being attacked by a butterfly! Having stopped laughing, I took a step forward and my attacker rushed me again. He rammed me in the chest with his head and body, striking me over and over again with all his might, still to no avail.

For a second time, I retreated while my attacker relented. Yet again, I tried moving forward, but my attacker charged me again. I was rammed in the chest over and over again. I wasn't sure what to do, other than to retreat a third time. After all, it's just not everyday that one is attacked by a butterfly. This time, though, I stepped back several paces so as to assess the situation. My attacker moved back as well to land on the ground. That's when I discovered why my attacker had charged at me. He had a mate and she was dying. She was beside the puddle where he landed. Sitting close beside her, he opened and closed his wings as if to fan her. I could only admire the love and courage of that butterfly in his concern for his mate. He had taken it upon himself to attack me for his mate's sake, even though she was clearly dying and I was so large. He did so just to give her those extra few precious moments of life, to prevent me from being careless enough to step on her.

Now I knew why and what he was fighting for. There was really only one option left for me. I carefully made my way around the puddle to the other side of the path, though it was only inches wide and extremely muddy. His courage in attacking something thousands of times larger and heavier than himself, just for his mate's safety, justified it. I couldn't do anything other than reward him by walking on the more difficult side of the puddle. He had truly earned those moments to be with her, undisturbed. I left them in peace for those last few moments, cleaning the mud from my boots when I later reached my car.

Since then, I've always tried to remember the courage of that butterfly whenever I see huge obstacles facing me. I use that butterfly's courage as an inspiration and to remind myself that good things are worth fighting for.

Author Unknown



Ladies Working Party – St Mary's

March, which is a long month, is already coming to an end, and this coming week we have our Friendly Lunch. So once again we have a hectic week which will end with us looking forward to seeing our friends back among us once again. As April's lunch will fall on the Royal Wedding Day, it has been decided to cancel it and not try to put it on at another time. This will mean that there will only be one Friday Lunch in Lent, so we have decided to put the money made at both

February's and March's lunches together and give to whatever charities we decide to support. This month we will be missing Joan's soup, and we wish her and John much happiness in their new life in Spain and every good wish for their retirement. We will miss them greatly, as they have become very good friends with many in the parish. We hope they will visit us at some date in the future.

We are looking forward to Felicity returning from holiday shortly. Doris, who broke her ankle two days from the end of her holiday, is back on the Island but will be missing from church, and our meetings for a short time. We wish her well. We continue with our weekly meetings and we deal with all things that come to our notice and continue to give financial support to the church. We recently gave them a cheque for £900. It is important that we keep holding events as well as giving support to charities. We do realise that everyone is finding it a lot harder with the prices rising each week, but the generosity of our members and supporters, is exceptional. Thank you to you all.

**With love and Best Wishes
Brenda**

Whispers

A young curate lost his voice at the local football match one Saturday and, being due to preach the next morning, he thought he should call in and consult his vicar. So he rang the vicarage bell and the door was answered by a very attractive teenage daughter. "Is your dad here?" the curate managed to whisper very quietly. "No," she whispered back, thinking she had got the message. "Come on in!"



Are you Onesimus? We learnt in one of our lessons that Onesimus means 'useful' but we heard how this slave was not very useful to his master Philemon and eventually ran away! This worked out well for him as he met Paul who helped him to know about Jesus. In turn, Paul persuaded Onesimus to return to Philemon and wrote a letter asking him to forgive Onesimus over whom he had the power of life or death. It is

not revealed in the Bible whether Philemon was merciful but we know he received Paul's letter.

Our next two lessons were about forgiving and being merciful. In order to explain the concepts of mercy we enjoyed playing a ball game, which meant, once the ball was dropped, you could only join in again when someone granted you mercy! It has to be said that some of the throwing was not very merciful, especially to the teachers! Our story was about Jonah and we enjoyed acting out the boat journey to Nineveh, with sea sickness, stormy seas etc. We wondered about how it would be inside a big fish! God was merciful to Jonah and he found himself back on land to carry on his journey to Nineveh, a people who were not living God's way. Jonah was angry because God was willing to forgive them when they changed their ways and he wanted revenge and thought the people should be punished. We talked about how 'merciful' we are to others. We agreed that although we know what we should do, we don't always follow this route. Until next month....

Love from St Catherine's Sunday School

St Mary's Family Service

Our theme for the first Sunday of Lent was 'Lead us not into temptation', with two Lectionary readings to illustrate the dangers of being tempted and one to sum up the contrast between Adam and Jesus. We extended the Genesis reading to include the creation of the Heavens, Earth and the Animal Kingdom. The children wore animal masks and sang, 'Who put the Colours in the Rainbow'. Most of them came dressed as superheroes in order to sing, 'Jesus you're my superhero,' with actions, following the Matthew reading of the Temptations. The congregation responded with great warmth to the children, and Colin Finney, who led the service, was able to use the superheroes and their enemies to illustrate his talk. We were all delighted with Colin's leadership and contribution to the service and thank him, our readers and organist, Jonathan, for giving us a great start to Lent. We look forward to our Mothering Sunday Service on 3rd April.

Love from St Mary's

News from St Catherine's

We held our annual local church congregational meeting on Thursday 24th February for which we had a very good attendance. Many items were set for discussion on our agenda for the evening, but we managed to get the meeting concluded in under two hours. After a brief welcome to everyone by myself, our secretary opened the meeting with prayer. We then commenced our evening business. We discussed the repairs to the fabric of our church which at this time are many. Also included were repairs to the organ which will cost in the region of £5,000. We then proceeded to nominate our officials for 2011/2012. I am pleased to report that there were no resignations from the PCC or from our sidespersons. We have Janet Morley and Brian Trustrum to be elected at the April Annual Vestry and PCC Meeting. It is so nice to have Janet, a previous magazine editor for the parish, and Brian, who previously served as a PCC member and treasurer, re-joining our PCC. Over the years Brian has done some sterling work and been a great help to me. To our sidesperson's rota we welcome Phil Preston who has already helped us in this position as a volunteer. On a sad note, the meeting was held on the same day as the funeral of a very dear friend, Jean Ronan. Jean again has carried out sterling work, over many years, for our parish. She had so many roles including being a sidesperson at St Catherine's. Jean will be missed so much by all of us. The Rev'd Anne Quilliam also could not be with us at our meeting. However, the news of her health is much better. Anne hopes to be able to go to London on Thursday 21st April to receive her Maundy money from Her Majesty the Queen. This service will take place in Westminster Abbey where Anne, alongside Brenda Watterson, will receive the gifts from Her Majesty. We are so pleased and honoured that two ladies, who have done so much good work in God's service in this parish, are to receive these gifts from Her Majesty.

We look forward to our church services over the Easter period. May our Lord be with us this Eastertide and send us His Blessings. I wish you all a Very Happy Easter.

Gerry Callister

No, not any

The manager of the garden centre came out of his office to hear Jenkins, one of his most trusted assistants, saying to a lady customer: "No madam, we certainly haven't had any for some time, and who knows when we will get any." When the customer had gone, the manager tackled him: "I heard that, Jenkins," he remonstrated, "and I must say that I am surprised at you. Never, never admit to a customer that we can't get them something. That's what we're here for. If it's out of stock, tell her you'll get it for her soon. Now, what was it the lady wanted?" "Rain," said Jenkins simply.

Bric-a-Brac Sale

St Catherine's Church are holding a Bric-a-Brac Sale on Saturday 30th April from 10am – 12 noon. Entry costs 50p, which includes a cup of tea/coffee and biscuit. Over the years the Church has accumulated a lot of Bric-a-Brac and people will be invited to give a small contribution for any article which is of some use to them.

Kathleen Trustrum

Easter Services

Kirk Christ

Maundy Thursday	21 st April	Holy Communion	7.30pm
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St Catherine's Church

Good Friday	22 nd April	Passion Narrative	11.00am
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Kirk Christ

Good Friday	22 nd April	Meditation	2.00pm
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Kirk Christ

Easter Sunday	24 th April	Holy Communion	9.30am
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St Mary's Church

Easter Sunday	24 th April	Family Eucharist	11.00am
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St Catherine's Church

Easter Sunday	24 th April	Family Eucharist	11.00am
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St Peter's Church

Easter Sunday	24 th April	Holy Communion	3.15pm
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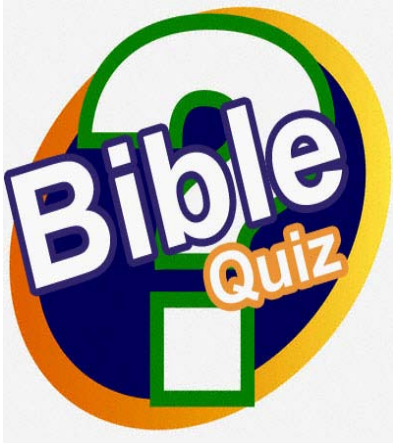
Advance Notice

Southern Mission Partnership

SONGS of PRAISE

Kirk Christ

29th May 2011 – 6.30pm



Parables of Jesus Quiz

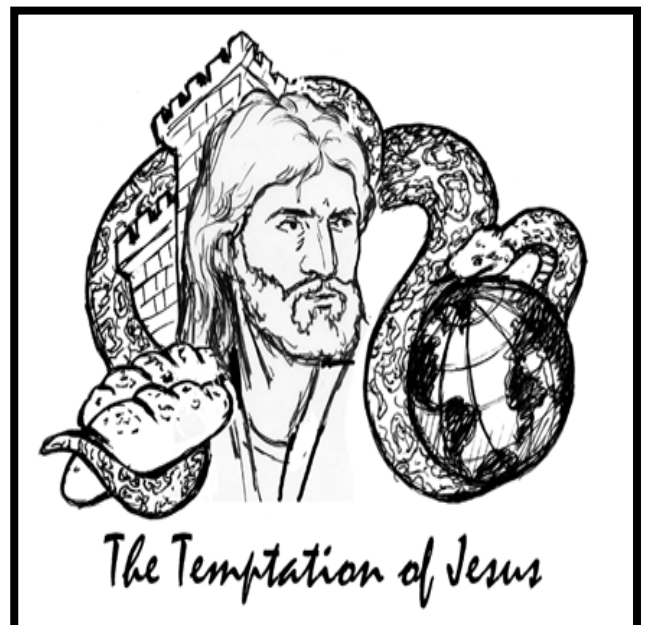
1. In which gospel are there no parables?
2. Which is the first parable in Mark's gospel?
3. In which gospel is the parable of the Good Samaritan?
4. In which gospel is the parable of the sheep and goats?
5. In which gospel is the parable of the Pharisee and the Tax Collector?
6. In which gospel is the parable of the workers in the vineyard?
7. In which gospel is the parable of the dishonest steward (shrewd manager)?
8. In which gospel is the parable of the growing seed?
9. In which gospel is the parable of the prodigal son?
10. In which gospel is the parable of the ten virgins (bridesmaids)?

Submitted by Kathleen Trustrum

Answers in the next Parish Magazine

Answers to March's Quiz

1. Eats its fruit
2. Love of money
3. Branches
4. The word of our God
5. Figs
6. Healing of the nations
7. Under his vine and fig tree
8. Apples of gold
9. A windblown leaf
10. Blossom



Scripture Union Ministries Trust S.U.M.T. Lifepath 2011
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June 2010 saw over 330 children aged 9-10yrs spend an entire day with Christ Followers exploring Christianity - Prayer, Lifestyle and Faith. Phenomenal! All within the education system! It was a day filled with interaction and fun; opportunities to think about life choices; and a time for Christ-followers to be an active part of mission on our Isle of Man! Take a look at www.sumt.im on the Lifepath page to see the video of last year's Lifepath.

This year, SUMT in conjunction with Department of Education, Heritage and local churches, will once again utilise Rushen Abbey for the week of 20th -24th June 2011 to deliver an educational experience for Yr 5 pupils exploring key aspects of the RE curriculum for that year group. We already have over 360 children from 14 schools booked to come to Lifepath this summer!

We need around 100 volunteers (all ages welcome!) - part-time and full time, prop-makers, card-cutters, flag-wavers, bag-makers and story tellers - can you help?

If you can help in any way – either with preparations for Lifepath or during the week itself – or if you have any questions, please contact Amanda Brown from SUMT on 431607 (or email thebrowns@sumt.im or ruth.w@sumt.im) or speak to Claudia König on 832974 (or email claudiakoenig28@hotmail.com). There will also be a sign-up sheet for volunteers in all four churches (with additional information).

So please join the team from SUMT as well as many other volunteers for what will certainly be an amazing week and a great opportunity to share our Christian faith with the children (and their teachers) of this Island!

Claudia König

The Late Jean Ronan

Thank you to those who came and used the opportunity to have some of Jean's books and CD's, and to all who gave donations. A total of £220 has been sent to Hospice. Thank you for your overwhelming generosity

Margaret Moore

What Good Does Reading the Bible Do?



The story is told of an old man who lived on a farm in the mountains with his young grandson. Each morning, Grandpa was up early sitting at the kitchen table reading from his old worn-out Bible. His grandson who wanted to be just like him tried to imitate him in any way he could.

One day the grandson asked, “Papa, I try to read the Bible just like you but I don’t understand it, and what I do understand I forget as soon as I close the book. What good does reading the Bible do?”. The Grandfather quietly turned from putting coal in the stove and said, “Take this coal basket down to the river and bring back a basket of water.”

The boy did as he was told, even though all the water leaked out before he could get back to the house. The grandfather laughed and said, “You will have to move a little faster next time,” and sent him back to the river with the basket to try again.

This time the boy ran faster, but again the basket was empty before he returned home. Out of breath, he told his grandfather that it was “impossible to carry water in a basket,” and he went to get a bucket instead. The old man said, “I don’t want a bucket of water. I want a basket of water. You can do this. You’re just not trying hard enough,” and he went out the door to watch the boy try again.

At this point, the boy knew it was impossible, but he wanted to show his grandfather that even if he ran as fast as he could, the water would leak out before he got far at all. The boy scooped the water and ran hard, but when he reached his grandfather the basket was again empty. Out of breath, he said, “See Papa, it’s useless!”

The old man said, “So you think it is useless? Look at the basket.” The boy looked at the basket and for the first time he realised that the basket looked different. Instead of a dirty old coal basket, it was clean. “Son, that’s what happens when you read the Bible. You might not understand or remember everything, but when you read it, it will change you from the inside out.”

Author Unknown



The Board Meeting had come to an end. Bob started to stand up and jostled the table, spilling his coffee over his notes. “How embarrassing,” he said, “I am getting so clumsy in my old age.”

Everyone had a good laugh, and soon began telling stories of our most embarrassing moments. It came around to Frank who sat quietly listening to the others. Someone said, “Come on, Frank. Tell us your most embarrassing moment.”

Frank laughed and began to tell us of his childhood and where he had grown up. “My Dad was a fisherman, and he loved the sea,” he said. “He had his own boat, but it was hard making a living on the sea. He worked hard and would stay out until he caught enough fish to feed the family. Not just enough for our family, but also for his mum and dad and the other children that were still at home.”

He looked at us and said, “I wish you could have met my dad. He was a big man, and he was strong from pulling the nets and fighting the seas for his catch. When you got close to him, he smelled like the ocean. He would wear his old canvas, all-weather coat and his yellow overalls. His rain hat would be pulled down over his brow. No matter how much my mother washed them, they would still smell of the sea and of fish.”

Frank’s voice dropped a little. “When the weather was bad he would drive me to school. He had this old truck that he used in his fishing business. That truck was older than he was. It would wheeze and rattle down the road. As he would drive towards the school, I would shrink down into the seat hoping to disappear. Half the time, he would slam to a stop and the old truck would belch a cloud of smoke. He would pull right up in front of the school, and it seemed like everybody would be standing around and watching. Then he would lean over and give me a big kiss on the cheek and tell me to be a good boy. It was so embarrassing for me. Here, I was twelve years old, and my Dad would lean over and kiss me goodbye!”

He paused and then went on, “I remember the day I decided I was too old for a goodbye kiss. When we got to the school and came to a stop, he had his usual big smile. He started to lean toward me, but I put my hand up and said, ‘No, dad.’ It was the first time I had ever talked to him that way, and he had this surprised look on his face. I said, ‘dad, I’m too old for a goodbye kiss. I’m too old for any kind of kiss.’

My dad looked at me for a long time, and his eyes started to tear up. I had never seen him cry. He turned and looked out of the truck window. 'You're right,' he said. 'You are a big boy....a man. I won't kiss you anymore.'

Frank got a funny look on his face, and the tears began to well up in his eyes, as he spoke. "It wasn't long after that when my dad went to sea and never came back. It was a day when most of the fleet stayed in, but not dad. He had a big family to feed. They found his boat adrift with its nets half in and half out. He must have headed into a gale and was trying to save the nets and the floats."

I looked at Frank and saw that tears were running down his cheeks. Frank spoke again. "Guys, you don't know what I would give to have my dad give me just one more kiss on the cheek....to feel his rough old face....to smell the ocean on him....to feel his arm around my neck. I wish I had been a man then. If I had been a man, I would never have told my Dad I was too old for a goodbye kiss."

Author Unknown

Two Boxes

*I have in my hands two boxes
which God gave me to hold
he said, "put all your sorrows in the black
and all your joys in the gold*

*I heeded his words, and in the two boxes
both my joys and sorrows I store
but though the gold became heavier each day
the black was as light as before*

*With curiosity I opened the black
I wanted to find out why
and I saw in the base of the box a hole
which my sorrows had fallen out by*

*I showed the hole to God, and mused aloud,
I wonder where my sorrows could be
he smiled a gentle smile at me
my child they're all here with me*

*I asked, "God, why give me the boxes,
why the gold and black with the hole?"
"My child the gold is for you to count your blessings,
the black is for you to let go."*

My Silence

*In my silence I find peace,
comfort and joy,*

*In my silence I find my inner
most thoughts and feelings,*

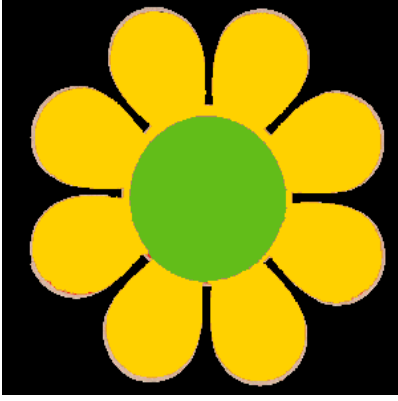
*In my silence I hear only my
heart beat,*

*In my silence I meditate, I
speak to God and he speaks
to me,*

*In my silence I find the most
treasured quiet times with
God,*

*In my silence, how I love to
be silent in a world of my
own.*

The Sacrifice Flower



My mother, who was a native American, taught me all kinds of wonderful ways to pray when I was a child. A very special one was the Sacrifice Flower prayer, which she adapted from the heritage of her people.

She taught me to say this prayer when I was feeling low or had a burden that I wanted lifted. Later, I learned to use it for happy occasions and when I had a special request I wanted to

ask of God. Like all mothers, she could always tell when something was bothering me. She'd say to me, "All right, I think it's time you went outside and find yourself a Sacrifice Flower. It's time you get your burden lifted from your heart and give it to God.

So, I'd go looking for a flower. Sometimes Mother would go out with me to help me with my flower or talk about what was bothering me. Sometimes, too, she had something weighing on her heart and she would find a Sacrifice Flower of her own.

The flower was supposed to be special, one that meant a lot to me. As a girl, I picked dandelions, hollyhocks, and daises. So, I usually picked one of them. In addition, Mother said I was to be very careful with the flower because it had been selected for a holy purpose. I lovingly cupped it in my hands so nothing would happen to it.

When I got home, I did as my mother instructed and told the flower what burden I wanted lifted and taken to God. How was the flower to do this? Remember, this was a Sacrifice Flower, one that was going to die. The idea was that as life went out of the flower, it would carry my prayer to God.

That meant, of course, the flower was not to be placed in water. I had a shelf in my room that I liked to use for my Sacrifice Flower because it was sort of private and yet I could see it as I went in and out.

Every time I saw the flower, I could see it giving its life for me and I could imagine my prayer being carried to the Lord. That was true even when I was elsewhere and was just thinking about the flower. Either way, I had a strong sense that my prayer was being heard. My flower and I were in union.

Sometimes it took a few days, sometimes a couple of weeks. When the flower finally died, I would take it outside, say goodbye to it, and thank it for giving its life for me and for delivering my prayer. Then I would bury it so it would have a chance at a new life, and I always hoped it would come back as an even nicer flower.

In this simple, graphic way my mother taught me how uplifting prayer can be. And, in the process, she taught me about life too, how basic both dying and rising are to living and how important it is that we become Sacrifice Flowers for each other.

Author Unknown

The Storm



After a few of the usual Sunday hymns, the church's priest slowly stood up, walked over to the pulpit and, before he gave his sermon that evening, he briefly introduced a guest minister who was in the service that evening. In the introduction, the priest told the congregation that the guest minister was one of his dearest childhood friends and that he wanted him to have a few moments to greet the church and share whatever he felt would be appropriate for the service. With that, an elderly man stepped up to the pulpit

and began to speak.

"A father and son, and a friend of his son were sailing off the Pacific coast," he began, "when a fast approaching storm blocked any attempt to get back to shore. The waves were so high, that even though the father was an experienced sailor, he could not keep the boat upright and the three were swept into the ocean as the boat capsized." The old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers who were, for the first time since the service began, looking somewhat interested in his story. The aged minister continued with his story. "Grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life - to which boy he would throw the other end of the life line. He only had seconds to make the decision. The father knew that his son was a Christian and he also knew that his son's friend was not. The agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of waves. As the father yelled out, "I love you, son!" he threw the life line to his son's friend. By the time the father had pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beneath the raging swells into the black of night. His body was never recovered. By this time, the teenagers were sitting up straight in the pew, anxiously waiting for the next words to come out of the old minister's mouth. "The father, he continued, knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus and he could not bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. Therefore, he sacrificed his son to save the son's friend. How great is the love of God that he should do the same for us. Our Heavenly Father sacrificed His only begotten Son that we could be saved. I urge you to accept His offer to rescue you and take a hold of the life line He is throwing out to you." With that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room. The priest again walked slowly to the pulpit and delivered a brief sermon with an invitation at the end. However, no one responded to the appeal.

Within minutes after the service ended, the two teenagers were at the old man's side. "That was a nice story," politely stated one of the boys, "but I don't think it was a very realistic for a father to give up his only son's life in hopes that the other boy would become a Christian." "Well, you've got a point there," the old man replied, glancing down at his worn Bible. A big smile broadened his narrow face. He once again looked up at the boys and said, "It sure isn't very realistic, is it? But I'm standing here today to tell you that story gives me a glimpse of what it must have been like for God to give up His Son for me. You see, I was that father and your priest is my son's friend."

Author Unknown

Good News



Good news or bad news? It depends on how you see things. You can be bitter after being cheated. Or you can choose to move on with your life...

Robert De Vincenzo, the great Argentine golfer, once won a tournament and, after receiving the cheque and smiling for the cameras, he went to the clubhouse and prepared to leave. Some time later, he walked alone to his car in the parking

lot and was approached by a young woman.

She congratulated him on his victory and then told him that her child was seriously ill and near death. She did not know how she could pay the doctor's bills and hospital expenses.

De Vincenzo was touched by her story, and he took out a pen and endorsed his winning cheque for payment to the woman. "Make some good days for the baby," he said as he pressed the cheque into her hand.

The next week he was having lunch in a country club when a Professional Golf Association official came to his table. "Some of the boys in the parking lot last week told me you met a young woman there after you won that tournament." De Vincenzo nodded. "Well," said the official, "I have news for you. She's a phoney. She has no sick baby. She's not even married. She fleeced you, my friend."

"You mean there is no baby who is dying?" said De Vincenzo.

"That's right," said the official.

"That's the best good news I've heard all week." De Vincenzo said.

Author Unknown

Out of the mouths of babes....

A woman invited some people from church to dinner. At the table, she turned to her six-year-old daughter and said, "Would you like to say the blessing?" "I wouldn't know what to say," the girl replied. "Just say what you've heard Mummy say before," the hostess answered. The daughter bowed her head and said, "Lord, why on earth did I invite all these people to dinner?"



Rushen Mothers' Union

For our March meeting we had Mr Galpin come to speak us on Sharks and Dolphins found in the waters around the Isle of Man. Before his talk we had our own form of service, at which Maureen gave us the reading and Valerie played the hymns. It was good to see so many members there on such a lovely sunny after noon. Members were reminded of the Mothers' Union Festival Service which was on Saturday 26th March at the Cathedral in Peel at 10.30am. At the March Council we heard that the Saturday morning service is not going down at all well with the younger members as children have so many activities at the same time. This means that mums are needed to transport their children to one of these activities. It is thought that the service will have to revert to the evening next year.

In April there is to be a Diocesan Mothers' Union Afternoon Tea to celebrate the Royal Wedding. This will be on the 28th April at Braddan Church Hall. Tickets are £5 and are limited to 80 so if you want to go please let me know as soon as possible. Other business items were discussed and Maureen told us that there was over £17 in our overseas box at the previous meeting. Once the business was over Mr Galpin then started to show us some wonderful slides, taken in the waters around the Island, and I for one had no idea we had such a variety of both dolphins and sharks. There really was far too much information for us to retain in an hour, but the pictures told the story very well. What came over very strongly was that there was no shortage of any of the different types around the Isle of Man. Mrs Marjorie Jackson gave Mr Galpin a vote of thanks. After the closing hymn and the Grace and tea and biscuits, we all had the chance to chat and ask questions of Mr Galpin. The next meeting will be held in St. Mary's Hall, Port St. Mary, on Monday 11th April, when the speaker will be Mrs Caroline Salmon, the M.U. Worker in the Diocese at 2 p.m.

To any of our Members who aren't well at the moment we send our Love and Prayers, and to Doris, who has returned from holiday with a broken ankle, we pray that it will heal well and she will soon be back with us

**With Love and Prayers
Brenda**





I, the Lord of Sea and Sky

There's been an explosion of writing of church music over the last few decades. Hymns have come from all traditions of the Christian Church. Though modern music is more closely associated with Evangelical Christians, the Roman Catholic Church has had its own composers, including Fr. Daniel Schutte, who wrote the words and music for our featured hymn this month. Born in 1947, Schutte is a member of the Society of Jesus (S.J.), the Jesuits. He was part of a US movement that produced music for texts in English following the reforms of the Second Vatican Council. Though he has written many hymns and songs, this is his best known in the UK. It features in hymn books of different Christian traditions, including Anglicanism. The first line of each verse depicts God as Creator. This God who has made all things — will he not also care for the people he has made? The chorus is based on the call of the prophet Samuel in chapter three of the First Book of Samuel. Samuel hears the Lord calling him, and from then on serves him. This hymn reminds worshippers of the call of God to follow him, and to

The Story Behind the Hymn

I, the Lord of sea and sky,
I have heard my people cry.
All who dwell in dark and sin
my hand will save.
I who made the stars of night,
I will make their darkness bright.
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?

Here I am, Lord.

Is it I, Lord?

I have heard you calling in the night.

I will go, Lord, if you lead me.

I will hold your people in my heart.

I, the Lord of snow and rain,
I have borne my people's pain.
I have wept for love of them.
They turn away.
I will break their hearts of stone,
give them hearts for love alone.
I will speak my word to them.
Whom shall I send?

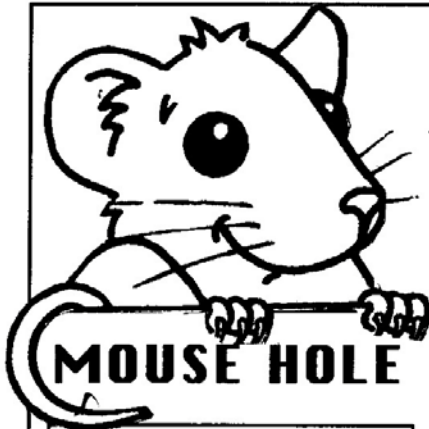
.....**Here I am, Lord...**

I, the Lord of wind and flame,
I will tend the poor and lame.
I will set a feast for them.
My hand will save.
Finest bread I will provide
till their hearts be satisfied.
I will give my life to them.
Whom shall I send?

.....**Here I am, Lord...**

**Taken from another Church
Magazine**

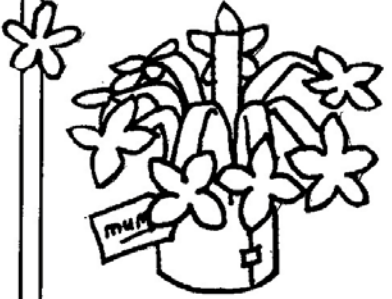
Children's Page



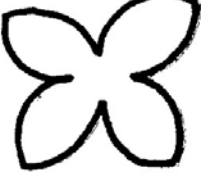
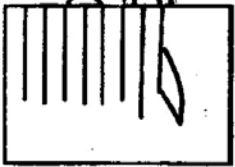
THANK YOU MUM
 Thank you Mum
 for all you do,
 For all your
 love and care,
 For helping me
 to tie my shoes,
 And brush and comb
 my hair.



Flower Cards



To make a 3D flower card, cut strips 1.5cm wide and about 12cm long, from an A4 size sheet of thin green card or thick paper.



Cut lots of large flowers from coloured paper and stick one onto the end of each strip.

Curl round with the



flowers facing inwards and stick. Write a message on a tag and stick to the pot.

For cuddles when
 I'm frightened,
 For hugs when
 I am sad,
 For loving me
 when I am good,
 And *still* loving me
 when I am bad!



For teaching me
 about Jesus,
 Of how he loves
 me too,
 Thank you Mum
 for loving me,
I LOVE YOU!

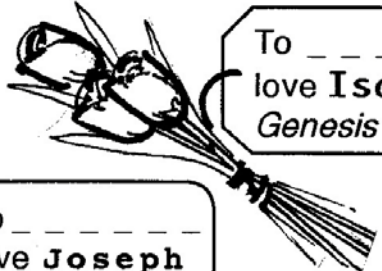
Look up the Bible verses on the tags to find out which flowers are for which mother.

To _____
 love **Samuel**
 1 Samuel 1:20



To _____
 love **Isaac**
 Genesis 17:19

To _____
 love **Joseph**
 Genesis 30:24





April 2011

Friday	1 st	Prayer Group Morning Coffee	9.10am 10.00am	15 Close Cam St Catherine's Hall
Monday	4 th	Lent Group	10.00am	Athol St. Pt.S.Mary
Tuesday	5 th	Lent Group	10.00am	15 Close Cam
		St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	6 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Friday	8 th	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
		Friendly Lunch (St Catherine's)	12 noon	St Catherine's Hall
Monday	11 th	Mothers' Union Caroline Salmon Mothers' Union Worker	2.00pm	St Catherine's Hall
Tuesday	12 th	Lent Group	10.00am	15 Close Cam
		St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	13 th	Annual Vestry & Church PCC Meeting	7.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Friday	15 th	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
Tuesday	19 th	St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Friday	22 nd	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
Tuesday	26 th	CAMEO	2.00pm	St Catherine's Hall
		St Mary's Ladies WP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	27 th	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Saturday	30 th	Bric-a-Brac Sale	10.00am	St Catherine's Hall

Contact Details for Rushen Parish

Rural Dean

During the interregnum the priest overseeing the life and worship of the churches is the Rural Dean, Canon Peter Robinson email: pcrobinson@manx.net 823509

Vicar

Vacancy

For any information regarding the parish contact 474924/834627

Readers

Mr Richard Clague, 4 Eagle Mews, Port Erin 834606

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, Sunnydale Nursing Home, Douglas 626121

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, Port Erin IM9 6DB 835249

PCC Treasurer

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

More contact details on the inside of the back cover

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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

Ladies Working Parties

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

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St Mary's, Port St Mary

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

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Magazine

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Articles for the magazine should be submitted to the editor no later than 20th of each month. This arrangement is subject to change.

Parish Director of Music

Mr M D Porter, 30 Christeens Way, Ballakillowey, Colby. 832143

Services April 2011

3rd April Mothering Sunday	8am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)
	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (CW)
	11am	St Mary's Family Service
	11am	St Catherine's Family Service
	3.15pm	St Peter's Holy Communion (BCP)
6th April	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)
	11.45am	Southlands Holy Communion
	2pm	St Mary's Easter Play & Praise
10th April Passion Sunday	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (BCP)
	11am	St Mary's Morning Prayer (CW)
	11am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (CW)
	3.15pm	St Peter's Evening Prayer (BCP)
	6.30pm	St Mary's Evensong (BCP)
13th April	10.30am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)
17th April Palm Sunday	8am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)
	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (CW)
	11am	St Mary's Holy Communion (CW)
	11am	St Catherine's Morning Prayer (CW)
	3.15pm	St Peter's Evening Prayer (BCP)
20th April	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)
21st April Maundy Thursday	7.30pm	Kirk Christ Holy Communion
22nd April Good Friday	11am	St Catherine's Passion Narrative
	2pm	Kirk Christ Meditation
24th April Easter Sunday	9.30am	Kirk Christ Holy Communion (CW)
	11am	St Mary's Family Eucharist
	11am	St Catherine's Family Eucharist
	3.15pm	St Peter's Holy Communion (BCP)
27th April	10.30am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)

Please see the weekly pew sheet for the names of the Officiant at each service
(CW) Common Worship (BCP) Book of Common Prayer