

# Rushen Parish Magazine

October 2011



*Dear God, thank You for teaching us such important lessons from the Bible. Help us to remember that You are watching us at all times. In Jesus' Name. Amen*



**St Catherine's**



**St Peter's**



**Kirk Christ**



**St Mary's**



# Letter from the Editor

Whilst sitting here in the living room of a French cottage on a beautiful sunny morning I am able to reflect on the wonderful licensing service that most of us experienced on 2<sup>nd</sup> September, and indeed the events of the past year during the interregnum. In fact now is a good time for us all to look back on what we had before our previous incumbent left us due to ill health, and to look forward to the future now that Joe has joined us. Strangely enough I have experienced two other such interregnums in the past ten years and they too have given me time to think about what I had been used to and how things might be different in the future.

It is quite amazing that during the interregnums of all three, the churches concerned have thrived, and in all experienced an increase in the number of people attending services. Whilst this may seem to point to the fact that the previous incumbents have not satisfied the needs of the people, it is without doubt due to the fact that they have been given the opportunity to listen to many different people preaching the Word of God in a variety of ways. To some extent we have been very lucky to have been part of the Southern Mission Partnership and to experience the many priests and readers who belong to it. To some extent the same philosophy applies in schools where children experience a variety of teaching personnel and styles, and seem to flourish because of it. We should therefore be very thankful for the members of the partnership for all they have done for us during the past year, and I am sure, will be asked to continue in the months and years ahead.

We should also be extremely grateful to our Rural Dean, Canon Peter Robinson, who has steered the parish through the interregnum and ensured that every service has been covered, and that the PCC has been able to carry out its business in a correct and purposeful manner. Not only this, he has ensured that weddings, baptisms and funerals, have been able to take place without difficulty and that the personnel involved have been visited and counselled with concern and compassion when it has been necessary.

Both the Archdeacon and the Bishop have played their part in ensuring the smooth running of the parish, and that the correct person was sought to lead us in the years ahead. Many hours of work have gone into this with the Parish Profile having to be vetted, applications sought, countless telephone calls having to be made, correct procedures followed, references requested, interview dates and programmes collated, venues arranged, licensing service prepared and the service itself delivered. All this has been happening whilst we have continued to worship week by week without thinking about what has been going on behind the scenes. So we have to thank them for their part in what has been a successful outcome.

Perhaps the biggest thanks have to be given to the sequestrator, Gerry Callister, who with tireless energy, and whilst continuing in full time employment, ensured that the parish continued its day to day business without interruption and with the confidence of the people privileged to be members of it. I can vouch for the number of hours he spent guaranteeing that everything ran smoothly from the beginning to the end of the interregnum. He was constantly on his telephone making sure that every need was met, that parishioners with concerns helped and cared for, that services were held when they were meant to be, and that meetings of the wardens, PCC and LCC's took place. He spent time attending meetings required of sequestrators and even gave up a planned holiday in order to attend and be part of the interview process. Gerry is someone who will do anything he can to help others and he is to be commended for this.

So where are we now? We have a new vicar who wants to make our parish a vibrant and God loving place and I believe he will do this. Like me we are all in a position to reflect on what has been and what is to come. I know that many of you will be wondering about the future and how our new vicar is going to impinge on our lives and the way we worship. This is bound to happen as it always does when someone new is asked to lead a parish. I know for a fact that my staff was worried about me when I took over from the previous headteacher at the school where I was head. She had been there for 34 years and they didn't like the idea of someone upsetting the status quo. All I can say is that I survived because ultimately the staff began to have confidence in what I was trying to achieve. I know that Joe has my full support and that in time he will have yours too. We are so lucky to have been given Joe to lead us. Don't let us forget that we have all prayed to God for Him to send us someone to lead us into the future. Our prayers have been answered. Now we have to continue to pray for Joe and his family and for the future that God has prepared for us. We have already started the journey to a better future. Let's all work together to achieve this goal.

**David**

## The Richest Man on the Bus



He is on my bus only occasionally, a worn man in crumpled clothing with dishevelled hair. His life looks different from the rest of ours. We are mostly middle income. His face is etched with exhaustion and he carries virtually no belongings. We drive ourselves to the parking lot. He appears along a busy road seemingly out of nowhere. We sometimes wonder where he slept the night before.

A few weeks ago he boarded the bus, took one of the side facing front seats and as he typically does and looked down at the floor.

A few stops later a young woman boarded, a regular rider who speaks good but not native English. She swipes her bus pass only to find the machine would not accept it. The driver told her she would have to deposit the fare. "I just bought this card," she said, "I paid the money."

The driver said she could take the card back to the sales office and explain the problem. In the meantime she would have to pay the fare for today. The woman became distressed and didn't understand why she would have to pay the fare. The rest of us just watched wondering how the problem would be solved

Suddenly the crumpled clothed man rose from his seat, dropped the correct fare in coins into the fare box and sat back down, his eyes returning to the floor. His act was so unobtrusive that the distressed passenger didn't even realise what had happened. "You're good," the bus driver said quietly, "he paid for you." The bus driver repeated it and pulled away from the curb. A hush fell over the bus. The rest of us had watched the woman's discomfort, he felt it. We wondered absently how the dilemma would be resolved. He resolved it.

We lawyers, journalists, business people moved on to help fix the world. He fixed her world. We could have paid the fare and never missed it. It's so easy to imagine that the money he paid was his fare home.

You never know when you'll be in the presence of greatness or of grace. To the world my fellow passenger looked like a man in need of solutions. I had looked at

him and saw only what he lacked. By the time he stepped off the bus that morning, it was obvious that he was a richer man than the rest of us. He had enough to open his eyes and his heart to a stranger, enough to give of what he had and trust life for the rest.

I haven't seen him since that day. Some people believe angels occasionally drop down and move among us. All I know is that I have a new respect for the simple act of kindness. It keeps the bus rolling, it speeds us along the way."

## **Krista Ramsey**

### **Make a Difference**

A man was walking near a beach when he saw a boy bend over, pick something up, and throw it into the ocean. Over and over the boy did this. The man went to see what was going on, and found that countless starfish had been washed onto the beach by the tide. Struck by the apparent futility of the task the boy had taken on, the man said, "You must be crazy! There are hundreds and hundreds of starfish here. You can't possibly make a difference." But the boy bent down, picked up another starfish, and threw it back in the ocean. "I made a difference to that one," he replied.

**Author Unknown**

### **Pilgrim on the Road of Life**

Pilgrim on this road of life,  
Tell me where you seek to go;  
What journey do you make this  
night,  
Tell me please, I too must know.

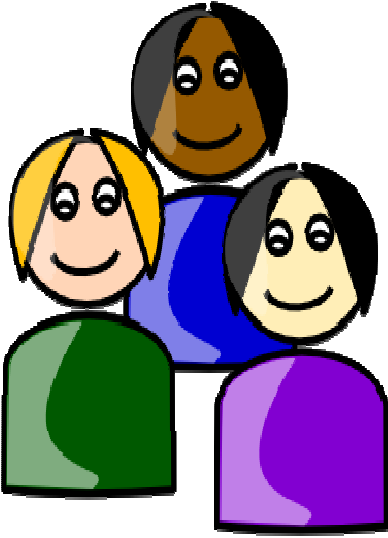
Pilgrim on this road of life,  
Tell me what you strive to know;  
You seem as though you're touched  
by grace,  
Tell me Pilgrim where you go.

Pilgrim on this road of life,  
What faith you have in things unseen;  
What must I do to travel too,  
And walk those paths where Saints  
have been.

Pilgrim on the road of life,  
Help me walk this path with you;  
No matter what may seek to be,  
Hold fast my hand to pastures new.

**S C Blades**

## Ladies Working Party – St Mary's



Our meetings over the past few weeks have been very well attended so planning for the harvest weekend has almost been completed. We will be meeting at 10am on Saturday morning to start the church decorating. It seems no time at all since we were all looking forward to the summer and holidays, and now it is already a past dream with photos and lots of memories! Autumn is with us and we have the signs of harvest all around us, and of God's goodness to us all. I think this year we are more aware of how lucky we are as we see

the thousands around the world starving with no hope at all of a harvest to reap due to lack of rain and only parched land everywhere. Even the future looks grim for them. Any profit we make at our Harvest Supper this year is going to a charity which supports these poor people. I know it will be only a drop in the ocean but lots of drops can make a big pool. All the tickets have been sold which is a good start. The Harvest Thanksgiving Service is on Sunday Morning at 11a.m. There will also be a Communion Service in the evening at 6.30pm.

Our next Friendly Lunch will be held on Friday 28<sup>th</sup> October 2011. We look forward to seeing you all again, enjoying the lovely home made soups and pie and custard, still at the amazing low price of £3.50.

Since my last letter we have our new vicar, Rev. Joe Heaton and his wife Wendy and their three sons, living in the vicarage. We are delighted to have them installed in our parish, and we look forward to this new time and his ministry.

**With Love and Best Wishes  
Brenda**

### **Be Kind**

***And be kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, just as God in Christ forgave you (Ephesians 4:32)***

*In the days when an ice cream cost much less, a boy entered a cafe and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream cone with a flake in it?" the boy asked. "Fifty pence," replied the waitress. The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied a number of coins in it. "How much is a dish of plain ice cream?" he asked. Some people were now waiting for a table, and the waitress was impatient. "Thirty-five pence," she said angrily. The little boy again counted the coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream." The waitress brought the ice cream and hurried away. The boy finished, paid the cashier, and departed. When the waitress came back, she swallowed hard at what she saw. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, was fifteen pence, her tip.*

## Love in a Paper Bag



It was Molly's job to hand her father his brown paper lunch bag each morning before he headed off to work. One morning, in addition to his usual lunch bag, Molly handed him a second paper bag. This one was worn and held together with sticky tape, staples, and paper clips. "Why two bags" John asked. "The other is something else," Molly answered. "What's in it?" John asked. "Just some stuff. Take it with you," Replied Molly. Not wanting to hold court over the matter, John

stuffed both sacks into his briefcase, kissed Molly and rushed off.

At midday, while hurriedly eating his real lunch, he tore open Molly's bag and shook out the contents: two hair ribbons, three small stones, a plastic dinosaur, a pencil stub, a tiny sea shell, two animal crackers, a marble, a used lipstick, a small doll, two chocolate kisses, and 13 pennies. John smiled, finished eating and swept the desk clean of leftover lunch and Molly's second paper bag by putting them into the waste paper bin.

That evening, Molly ran up behind him as he read the paper. "Where's my bag?" she asked. "What bag?" John replied. "You know the one I gave you this morning." Molly answered. "I left it at the office. Why?" John asked. "I forgot to put this note in it," she said. "And, besides, those are my things in the bag, Daddy, the ones I really like, I thought you might like to play with them, but now I want them back. You didn't lose the bag, did you, Daddy?" Molly asked. "Oh, no," he said, lying. "I just forgot to bring it home. I'll bring it tomorrow."

While Molly hugged her father's neck, he unfolded the note that had not made it into the bag: **"I love you, Daddy."** Molly had given him her treasures, all that a 7-year-old held dear. Love in a paper bag, and he missed it, not only missed it, but had thrown it in the wastebasket. So back he went to the office. Just ahead of the night caretaker, he picked up the wastebasket and poured the contents on his desk. After washing the mustard off the dinosaurs and spraying the whole thing with breath-freshener to kill the smell of onions, he carefully smoothed out the wadded ball of brown paper, put the treasures inside and carried it home gingerly, like an injured kitten. The bag didn't look so good, but the stuff was all there and that's what counted. After dinner, he asked Molly to tell him about the stuff in the bag. It took a long time to tell. Everything had a story or a memory or was attached to dreams and imaginary friends. Fairies had brought some of the things. He had given her the chocolate kisses, and she had kept them for when she needed them.

***The journey with the people we love is all that really matters. Such a simple truth so easily forgotten***



## Who needs Prayer? A Spiritual Exercise

Who needs your prayers? Lots of people do. Among those closest to you, there are probably at least a few who aren't in good health, or have suffered some personal loss, or are depressed or stressed. And then there are those you hear about in the news and those you pass on the road of life. It's easy to get so wrapped up in our own concerns that we neglect

to look around at the needs of others. This exercise is a remedy to such self involvement, but it's more than that; it's a vehicle for you to reach out and help others.

It starts with a simple premise: God answers prayers.

There are many accounts in the Bible of prayer bringing outstanding results—when Elisha prayed for a sun-stricken child and the boy revived, for example. And Jesus told us, “Whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them.” The prophet Samuel recognised that neglecting to pray for others is a sin, and Paul set an example by praying often for his co-workers.

Begin this exercise by picturing yourself in the centre of a set of concentric circles. You're in the centre, but the focus isn't on you. Within the first circle are your family and closest friends. It's probably easy to identify the needs of at least two or three. Make a note. Now picture the next circle, your colleagues and acquaintances. Make a note of their names and needs. Now picture the widest circle, people whom you don't know personally, but whose needs you are aware of—the woman in a wheelchair who you passed on the street, the homeless family you read about. Make a note. At this point you probably have a list of about ten people. Pray for these people throughout the coming week. Keep the list where you will notice it, perhaps next to your bed or over the kitchen sink or on your desk.

Take five or ten minutes every day to pray for them. Even a few moments of meaningful, heartfelt prayer can make a big difference in someone's life. “When a believing person prays, great things happen.”

### **START HERE**

You can make a difference in others' lives, but Jesus in you can make a bigger difference. If you haven't done so yet, you can receive Jesus right now by praying a short prayer like this one:

***Jesus, I believe in You and invite You into my life as my Saviour and constant companion. Amen***

## News from St Catherine's



Work continues on the church roof. Unfortunately we have had some delay in September but we have to catch up now before the winter sets in. Our Harvest Service was very well attended this year. The sale of produce went very well, as did our Faith Lunch. We have very kind members in our congregation. Altogether £105 was collected at the sale. Thank you to everyone who supported it.

We held our last summer concert on 14<sup>th</sup> September with the Rushen Silver Band entertaining us. It was a wonderful musical event with an excellent attendance, thanks to the band's supporters swelling the audience.

Charles Crossley has informed me that we can look forward to a Christmas Lunch at Breagle Glen Golf Pavilion on 4<sup>th</sup> December. Do look for details on the pew sheet and in the magazine nearer the time.

Finally, but by no means least, it was good to have our Sunday School back from its summer break on 11<sup>th</sup> September, and also Rush returning for the autumn term.

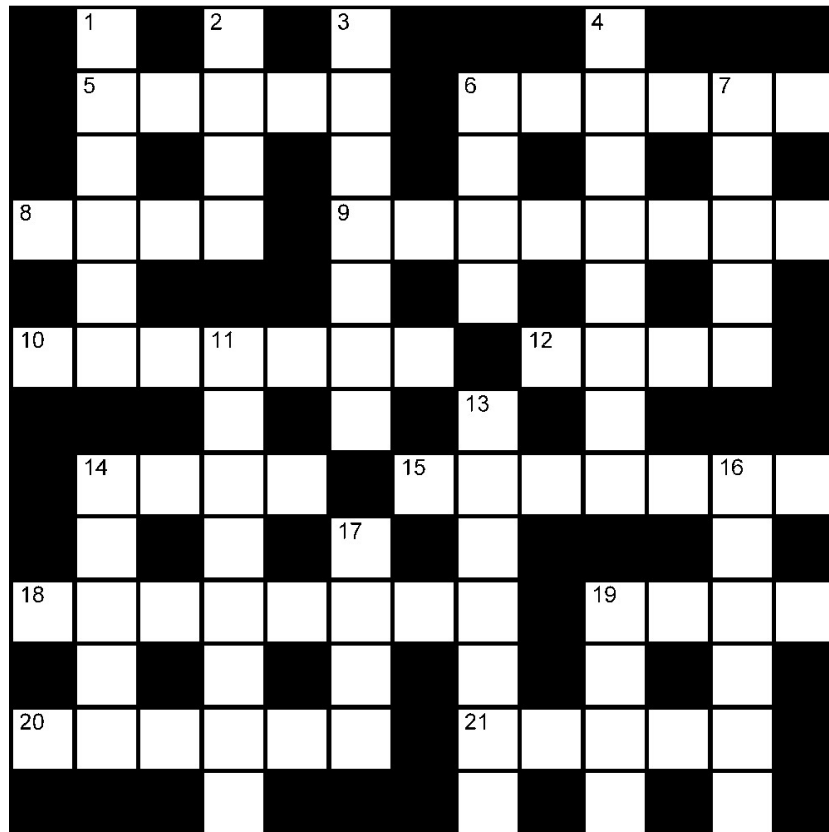
May God be with us in all we do and say.

**Gerry Callister**

### ***Sport in the Bible?***

- *Golf: I have finished the course (2 Timothy 4:7).*
- *Cricket: Peter stood up with the Eleven [and was bold] (Acts 2:14).*
- *The football team Solomon supported: Queen of the South (1 Kings 10).*
- *The church football team motto: So we make it our goal to please him, whether we are at home... or away (2 Corinthians 5:9).*
- *The team manager's prayer: Find someone who plays well and bring him to me (1 Samuel 16:17).*

## October Crossword



### Across

- 5 Higher up (5)  
 6 A container that is usually woven (6)  
 8 Weapon used by Samson to slay a thousand Philistines (4)  
 9 City near the Sea of Galilee, denounced by Jesus (8)  
 10 Section (7)  
 12 Eat dinner (4)  
 14 A short musical composition with words (4)  
 15 Grille, often used instead of glass in a window (7)  
 18 The Areopagus or rocky hill in Athens (4,4)  
 19 Animal characterised by feathers (4)  
 20 The item used in the miracle of Gideon (6)  
 21 Interlace (5)

### Down

- 1 Woman whose dancing beguiled Herod into giving her the head of John the Baptist (6)  
 2 Bird signifying peace (4)  
 3 Fall (7)  
 4 The Apostle who betrayed Jesus (8)  
 6 Father of Balaam (4)  
 7 Expel from home or country (5)  
 11 Attend to the wants and needs of others (8)  
 13 Saline plants found in Palestine (7)  
 14 Little (5)  
 16 Trumpet (6)  
 17 Being one more than four (4)  
 19 A small vessel for travel on water (4)

## Pass the Torch



Is there a magic cut off period when offspring become accountable for their own actions? Is there a wonderful moment when parents can become detached spectators in the lives of their children and shrug, "It's their life," and feel nothing?

When I was in my twenties, I stood in a hospital corridor waiting for doctors to put a few stitches in my son's head. I asked, "When do you stop worrying?" A nurse said, "When they get out of the accident stage." My mother just smiled faintly and said nothing.

When I was in my thirties, I sat on a little chair in a classroom and heard how one of my children talked incessantly, disrupted the class, and was headed for a career working in a supermarket. As if to read my mind, a teacher said, "Don't worry. They all go through this stage, and then you can sit back, relax, and enjoy them." My mother listened and said nothing.

When I was in my forties, I spent a lifetime waiting for the phone to ring and the cars to come home, the front door to open. A friend said, "They're trying to find themselves. In a few years, you can stop worrying. They'll be adults."

By the time I was 50, I was sick and tired of being vulnerable. I was still worrying over my children, but there was nothing I could do about it. I continued to anguish over their failures, be tormented by their frustrations and absorbed in their disappointments. My friends said that when my kids got married I could stop worrying and lead my own life. I wanted to believe that, but I was haunted by my mother's wan smile and her occasional, "You look pale. Are you all right? Call me the minute you get home. Are you depressed about something?"

Can it be that parents are sentenced to a lifetime of worry? Is concern for one another handed down like a torch to blaze the trail of human frailties and the fears of the unknown? Is concern a curse? Or is it a virtue that elevates us to the highest form of life?

One of my children became quite irritable recently, saying to me, "Where were you? I've been calling for three days, and no one answered. I was worried!" I smiled a wan smile.

***The Torch Had Been Passed!!***

**Author Unknown**

## My Special List

I have a list of folks I know...  
 all written in a book,  
 And every now and then..  
 I go and take a look.

That is when I realise  
 these names... they are a part,  
 not of the book they're written in...  
 but taken from the heart.

For each Name stands for someone...  
 who has crossed my path sometime,  
 and in that meeting they have become...  
 the reason and the rhyme.

Although it sounds fantastic...  
 for me to make this claim,  
 I really am composed...  
 of each remembered name.

Although you're not aware...  
 of any special link,  
 just knowing you, has shaped my life...  
 more than you could think.

So please don't think my greeting...  
 as just a mere routine,  
 your name was not...  
 forgotten in between.

For when I send a greeting...  
 that is addressed to you,  
 it is because you're on the list...  
 of folks I'm indebted to.

So whether I have known you...  
 for many days or few,  
 in some ways you have a part...  
 in shaping things I do.

I am but a total...  
 of many folks I've met,  
 you are a friend I would prefer...  
 never to forget.

## Scratches

While a man was polishing his new car, his 4-year-old son picked up a stone and scratched lines on the side of the car. In anger, the man took the child's hand and hit it many times; not realising he was using a wrench. At the hospital, the child lost all of his fingers due to multiple fractures. When the child saw his father... with painful eyes he asked, "Dad when will my fingers grow back?"

The man was so hurt and speechless that he went back to his car and kicked it many times. Devastated by his own actions and sitting in front of the car he looked at the scratches; the child had written. They read...

**"LOVE YOU DAD"**

Anger and Love have no limits; choose Love to have a beautiful, lovely life. Things are to be used and people are to be loved. But the problem in today's world is that, people are often used and things are loved. Let's be careful to keep this thought in mind: Things are to be used, but people are to be loved

**Author Unknown**

## The Drunk at my Window



*Then the King will say to those on His right hand, “Come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry and you gave Me food; I was thirsty and you gave Me drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; I was naked and you clothed Me; I was sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me. ... Inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me.”—Jesus, Matthew 25:34–36, 40*

It was nearly midnight and I was brushing my teeth, already half asleep, when I heard him. He was shouting and mumbling at the same time. Probably a drunk calling to his drinking buddy, I decided.

Half an hour later, I could still hear the man shouting, though I couldn't make out anything he was saying. Enough was enough! I decided to call the police.

As I passed a window, I saw that the man was standing under a streetlight. He was older than I had imagined, bare-chested in the cold and yelling right in my direction.

A young man stopped to talk with him. A moment later he took off his jacket and put it on the old man. I was astonished. The two hugged, and I could tell that the young man was praying for the drunk. A couple passed and did a double take, but the young man didn't seem to care what they were thinking. Eventually the modern-day Good Samaritan put his arm around the old man, as if to say “I'll get you home,” and with that the two were gone.

I stood at the window awhile longer, thinking about my own Christianity. I had to admit that my reaction to the annoying drunk had fallen far short of what Jesus' would have been. Jesus wouldn't have called the police. He would have stopped. He would have talked with the man. He would have given him His coat. He would have listened to him, comforted him, and prayed for him. And it might have changed the old man's life.

When I eventually went back to bed, I thanked God for sending that young man to help both the drunk and me. And I prayed to do better next time God sends a needy person my way.

**Angela Souza**

## The Scars



Some years ago, on a hot summer day whilst on holiday in Florida, a little boy decided to go for a swim in the old swimming hole behind the place where he was staying. In a hurry to dive into the cool water, he ran out of the back door, leaving behind shoes, socks, and shirt as he went. He flew into the water, not realising that as he swam toward the middle of the lake, an alligator was swimming toward the shore. His mother, in the holiday home was looking out of the window and saw the two as they got closer and closer together.

In utter fear, she ran towards the water, yelling to her son as loudly as she could. Hearing her voice, the little boy became alarmed and made a U-turn to swim to his mother. It was too late. Just as he reached her, the alligator reached him. From the dock, the mother grabbed her little boy by the arms just as the alligator snatched his legs. That began an incredible tug-of-war between the two. The alligator was much stronger than the mother, but the mother was much too passionate to let go. A farmer happened to drive by, heard her screams, raced from his truck, took aim and shot the alligator. Remarkably, after weeks and weeks in the hospital, the little boy survived. His legs were extremely scarred by the vicious attack of the animal. And, on his arms, were deep scratches where his mother's fingernails dug into his flesh in her effort to hang on to the son she loved.

The newspaper reporter, who interviewed the boy after the trauma, asked if he would show him his scars. The boy lifted his trouser legs. And then, with obvious pride, he said to the reporter, "But look at my arms. I have great scars on my arms, too. I have them because my mum wouldn't let go."

You and I can identify with that little boy. We have scars too, not from an alligator, or anything quite so dramatic, but the scars of a painful past. Some of those scars are unsightly and have caused us deep regret. But, some wounds are because God has refused to let go. In the midst of your struggle, He's been there holding on to you. The Scripture teaches that God loves you. If you have Christ in your life, you have become a child of God. He wants to protect you and provide for you in every way. But sometimes we foolishly wade into dangerous situations. The swimming hole of life is filled with peril - and we forget that the enemy is waiting to attack. That's when the tug-o-war begins, and if you have the scars of His love on your arms be very, very grateful. He did not, and will not, let you go.

**Author Unknown**

## Building Bridges



*"If a fellow believer hurts you, go and tell him—work it out between the two of you. If he listens, you've made a friend."  
Matthew 18:15 (The Message) Love does no harm to its neighbour. Therefore love is the fulfilment of the law.  
Romans 13:10 (NLT)*

Once upon a time, there were two brothers. Their father had a large farm and when he became too old to work, he called his sons to him. "I am too old to work anymore," he said. "I will divide my farm in half and give each of you one half. I know that you will always work together and will be good friends."

When the brothers first started farming on their adjoining farms, they were the best of friends and would share everything together. Then, one day there was an argument between the two brothers and they stopped speaking to one another. For many years, not a word was spoken between them.

One day, one of the brothers was at his house when a carpenter came to his door and said, "I would like to do some work. Do you have any work that I can do?" The brother thought for a moment and then replied, "I would like for you to build a fence on my property. Build it down near the stream there that separates my farm from my brother's. I don't want to see my brother any more and I would like for you to build a high fence there please. I'm going into town and I'll be back this evening.

When he came back that evening, he was shocked to see that the carpenter had not followed his instructions. Instead of building a high fence there, he had built a bridge over the stream. The man walked down to take a look at the bridge, and as he did, his brother walked toward him from the other side. His brother said, "After all the terrible things I've done to you over the years, I can't believe that you would build a bridge and welcome me back." He reached out to his brother and gave him a big hug. The brother then walked back up to his farmhouse to talk to the carpenter. "Can you stay?" he asked. "I have more work for you to do." The carpenter answered, "I'm sorry but I can't stay. I have to go, for I have many other bridges to build."

Sometimes you and I have a disagreement with our brothers and sisters in Christ. When that happens, we often build a fence between ourselves and them. We stop talking to them. We don't want to see them. We don't want to be around them. That isn't what Jesus wants us to do. Instead of fences, he wants us to build a bridge of love between us.

***Dear Father, we know it is your desire for us to live together in peace and harmony. Help us to love one another. Amen.***



## I Learned to Love you Today

You're miserable and probably one of the rudest people I've ever come across. When I approach you, you turn away and pretend that I am not there, until you're ready. I have tried a thousand times to make you smile, and you have tried a thousand times not to. I have dreaded even having to deal with you. I even tried coming at another time only to find you there at all hours. The hard, staid, look on your face remains unchanged no matter what day it is, what time it is or even what season. A "Beautiful day!" gets a moan. "Hello, how are you today?" always returns "The same." I have given up on you; I have been angered by you. I have even thought about complaining to the manager, but didn't. Then one day I caught myself acting just like you and realised that I must stop.

I finally resolved myself to the fact that you are who you are and I cannot change that. You are a fact of my life, and I must learn to deal with it. You made me. The one day that I permitted myself to return the emptiness, rude behaviour, terrible attitude and silent treatment, you chose to say something. I approached the checkout and you said, "Are you okay?" I was stunned. I could actually feel my brow, my entire face scrunch up apparently angry that you would ask. "Am I okay?" I said in disbelief. "Yes." you replied. "You are usually so upbeat and chipper." I stood in this dream-like state confused by what was going on. You looked at me and said, "I depend on you to lift my spirits every time you come in. I work three jobs, my bills are piling up, my children need clothes for school, my husband left me and three weeks later I found out I have cancer." I was speechless. "Now you come in with this attitude today," she said. I actually apologised.

I never considered that you were much more than a cashier. I never tried to understand that behind that face was personal pain, life challenges and loss. I agree that you should learn to separate work and life, but sometimes life digs in, hurts, and you end up wearing it like an ugly dress. It fits, but no one wants to see it. Knowing now how difficult your life is, I will see you through the eyes of love.

Love is more than romantic. Love is compassionate. Love is kind. Love is forgiving. Love is seeing beyond the pain. "I learned to love you today."

**Bob Perks**

### Answers to September's Quiz

**1. With God 2. Bartholomew 3. Sychar 4. The seventh hour 5. A miraculous sign 6. Five 7. John 8. Didymus 9. Mud 10. Feeding of the 5,000**



## All I really Need to know I Learned from Noah and the Ark

1. Don't miss the boat
2. Try to remember that we're all in the same boat
3. Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the ark, you know
4. Stay fit. When you're 600 years old, someone might ask you to do something REALLY big
5. Don't listen to critics, just get on with what has to be done
6. Build your future on high ground
7. For safety's sake, travel in pairs
8. Two heads are better than one
9. Speed isn't always an advantage; after all, the snails were on board with the cheetahs
10. When you're stressed, try floating awhile
11. Remember that the ark was built by amateurs; it was the Titanic that was built by professionals
12. Remember that woodpeckers inside are a larger threat than storms outside
13. No matter what the difficulty, trust in the Almighty: There'll be a rainbow at the end of the storm

## A prayer for peace in our communities



Gracious God,  
 We pray for peace in our communities this day.  
 We commit to you all who work for peace and an  
 end to tensions,  
 And those who work to uphold law and justice.  
 We pray for an end to fear,  
 For comfort and support to those who suffer.  
 For calm in our streets and cities,  
 That people may go about their lives in safety and  
 peace.  
 In your mercy, hear our prayers,  
 now and always.

**Amen**



## Rushen Mothers' Union

This month saw the start of our 2011-2012 season with Holy Communion at the Parish church. Despite it being one of the most stormy days and ferries to and from the island all cancelled, twenty ladies turned out, many holding on to each other! We were delighted to have our new vicar with us to take the service. For some of our members it was the first time that they had met the Rev. Joe Heaton. His short sermon, which was based on the story of the disciples on the lake when the storm blew up and our Lord calmed the sea, turned out to be so appropriate for that day. Mrs Vaughan played the organ and Mrs Marjorie Jackson read the Gospel. At the close of the service we had a short business meeting and our Treasurer Judy Sille was able to tell the ladies that various donations had been sent to a number of departments of the Mothers' Union on the island, to Mothers' Union work overseas, and to Mary Sumner House, our Headquarters. She explained it still left us with a healthy balance; we also gave a donation to our own parish youth group "RUSH". Most of the ladies had brought along money to pay their subscriptions and magazines. If you were unable to be with us on that day you can pay Judith at our next meeting. The subscription is £15.50 and the magazine £9.

Our next meeting is on Monday 10<sup>th</sup> October in St. Mary's Hall at 2pm. The speaker will be Mrs Genevieve Armstrong talking about 'My Life in Iraq'. Anyone is welcome to come along and meet with us. We were delighted to welcome Pat Thompson at our Communion service and she is soon hoping to become a member.

Love and Prayers to those unable to be with us, and we look forward to having you back as soon as possible.

**Love Brenda (Branch Leader)**

### ***A Parable on Modern Life***

*The animals met in assembly and began to complain that humans were always taking things away from them They take my milk said the cow They take my eggs said the hen They take my flesh for bacon said the hog They hunt me for my oil said the whale The snail was the last to speak: I have something they would certainly take away from me if they could. Something they want more than anything else – I have time. You have all the time in the world if you would give it to yourself. What's stopping you?*

## The Story Behind the Hymn



### We Plough the Fields and Scatter

We plough the fields, and scatter  
the good seed on the land,  
but it is fed and watered  
by God's almighty hand;  
he sends the snow in winter,  
the warmth to swell the grain,  
the breezes and the sunshine,  
and soft refreshing rain.

**Refrain:** *All good gifts around us  
are sent from heaven above,  
then thank the Lord,  
O thank the Lord  
for all his love.*

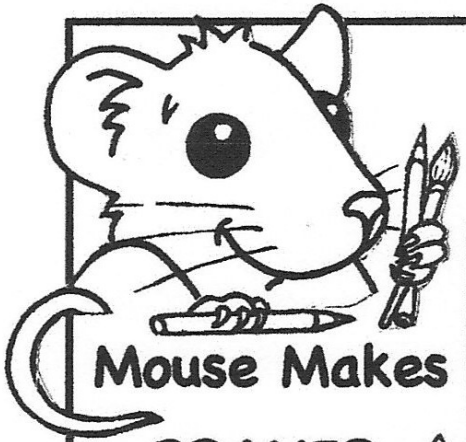
He only is the Maker  
of all things near and far;  
he paints the wayside flower,  
he lights the evening star;  
the winds and waves obey him,  
by him the birds are fed;  
much more to us, his children,  
he gives our daily bread. **Refrain**

We thank thee, then, O Father,  
for all things bright and good,  
the seed time and the harvest,  
our life, our health, our food;  
Accept the gifts we offer,  
for all thy love imparts,  
and, what thou most desirest,  
our humble, thankful hearts. **Refrain**

If a hymn can typify a festival in the Christian Year, then this one does so for Harvest Festival. It appears to be a good, Victorian hymn full of tradition and well expressed sentiments. In fact, the hymn's origins are German. It is the *Peasant's Song* from a sketch by Matthias Claudius in Paul Erdmann's *Fest* (Hamburg 1782) depicting a harvest thanksgiving in a north German farmhouse. Matthias heard the song being sung in the fields. The song was later translated into English, and published in two collections of hymns in the 1860s. It fitted well in the context of harvest thanksgiving in churches, which appears to have begun in Britain as recently as 1843.

The hymn recognises human effort, but acknowledges that any growth of crops is due to God. It is God who is the maker, not humanity. At a time when the failure of a harvest could lead to starvation on a large scale, the sentiments of the hymn ring true. They may do so still where people are reliant on agriculture for their daily living. In urban and suburban areas, those who sing the hymn can have in mind all those who produce what they eat even if they do not themselves lift a fork in a garden let alone a plough. 'We plough the fields...' When these words are sung, the 'we' can embrace those who work in the land still in this country, but those also in other countries, seeking to eke out a living, and looking for a fair price for their goods. If taken seriously, the hymn is a call to acknowledge God's provision which is not just for the wealthier countries of the world.

**Children's Page**



**Mouse Makes**

**PRAYER CUBE**

Stick on card, colour in then cut around the outside. Fold along the lines and glue together to make a cube. Roll the cube then use the words on the top to start your prayers.

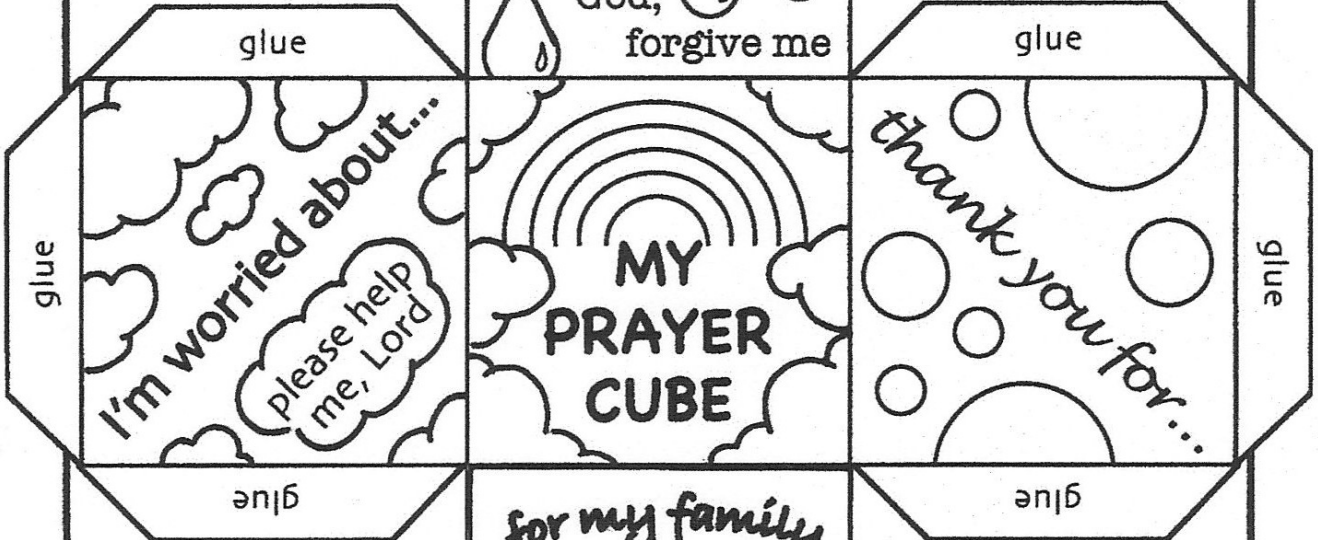


**I'm**  
**sorry**  
**for...**  
Father  
God,  
forgive me

When you pray you can talk to God about ANYTHING... anytime, anywhere!

You can PRAISE God for his goodness, you can THANK him for his love and care and tell him your worries because God hears us, helps us and loves us!

"Give thanks to the Lord for he is good, his love endures forever"  
Psalm 136:1



LORD, help me to learn how to pray and talk to you. Amen.

**for my family**  
**and my friends**

FATHER GOD, thank you for all the good things you give me. Amen





# What's ON!

**October 2011**

**Rev'd Joe Heaton**

Sunday	Oct 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Harvest Service	3.15pm	St Peter's Church
Monday	3 <sup>rd</sup>	Home Group	10am	Crofton Pt.St Mary
		Harvest Supper	7pm	St Peter's
Tuesday	4 <sup>th</sup>	St Mary's Ladies WVP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	5 <sup>th</sup>	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Friday	7 <sup>th</sup>	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
		Morning Coffee	10am	St Catherine's Hall
Sunday	9 <sup>th</sup>	Harvest Service	9.30am	Kirk Christ
Monday	10 <sup>th</sup>	Home Group	10am	Crofton Pt.St Mary
		Mothers' Union Mtg.	2pm	St Mary's Hall
		'My Life in Iraq'		
Tuesday	11 <sup>th</sup>	Home Group	10am	15 Close Cam
		St Mary's Ladies WVP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	12 <sup>th</sup>	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Friday	14 <sup>th</sup>	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
		Friendly Lunch	12 noon	St Catherine's Hall
Monday	17 <sup>th</sup>	Home Group	10am	Crofton Pt.St Mary
Tuesday	18 <sup>th</sup>	St Mary's Ladies WVP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Wednesday	19 <sup>th</sup>	RUSH	6.30pm	St Catherine's Hall
Friday	21 <sup>st</sup>	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
Monday	24 <sup>th</sup>	Home Group	10am	Crofton Pt.St Mary
Tuesday	25 <sup>th</sup>	Home Group	10am	15 Close Cam
		St Mary's Ladies WVP	2.15pm	St Mary's Hall
Friday	28 <sup>th</sup>	Prayer Group	9.10am	15 Close Cam
		Friendly Lunch	12 noon	St Mary's Hall
Monday	31 <sup>st</sup>	Home Group	10am	Crofton Pt.St Mary

## Contact Details for Rushen Parish

### Vicar

Rev'd Joe Heaton  
 Rushen Vicarage, Barracks Road, Port St Mary 832275  
 e-mail: [rev.joeheaton@gmail.co](mailto:rev.joeheaton@gmail.co)

### Readers

Mrs Margaret Galloway, Cumbrae, Athol Park, Port Erin 837946  
 Mrs June Harper, The Barns, Strawberry Fields, Colby 834940  
 Mr Richard Clague, 4 Eagle Mews, Port Erin 834606  
 Mr Harry Dawson, Thalloo Reagh, Cregneash 478050/835770

### Clergy with Permission to Officiate

Rev Roger Harper, The Barns, Strawberry Fields, Colby 834940

### Retired Clergy

Rev Anne Quilliam, c/o Broogh Fort, Rheast Lane, Santon 425118  
 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  
 Rev Colin Fleetney, 43 Magherchirrym, Port Erin 835249

### 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, I Park Court, Athol Park, Port Erin 837862

### PCC Secretary

Mrs Joan Fleetney, 43 Magherchirrym, Port Erin IM9 6DB 835249

### PCC Treasurer

Mr Peter Vanderpump, I 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, c/o Broogh Fort, Rheast Lane, Santon 425118

#### St Mary's, Port St Mary

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

### Hall Bookings

#### St Catherine's, Port Erin

Mr & Mrs G Callister, 60 Ballamaddrell, Port Erin 474924/834627

#### St Mary's, Port St Mary

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

### Web Site/E-mail

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### Magazine

#### Editor

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

### Parish Director of Music

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

## Services October 2011

2 <sup>nd</sup> October	8am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)
	9.30am	Kirk Christ Morning Prayer (CW)
	11am	St Mary's Morning Prayer (CW)
	11am	St Catherine's Morning Prayer (CW)
	3.15pm	St Peter's Harvest
5 <sup>th</sup> October	10.30am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)
	11.45am	Southlands Holy Communion
	2pm	St Mary's Play & Praise
9 <sup>th</sup> October	9.30am	Kirk Christ Harvest
	11am	St Mary's Family Service
	11am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (CW)
	3.15pm	St Peter's Holy Communion (BCP)
	6.30pm	St Mary's Evensong (BCP)
12 <sup>th</sup> October	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)
16 <sup>th</sup> October	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 Family Service
	3.15pm	St Peter's Evening Prayer (BCP)
19 <sup>th</sup> October	10.30am	St Catherine's Holy Communion (BCP)
23 <sup>rd</sup> October	9.30am	Kirk Christ Holy Communion (CW)
	11am	St Mary's Morning Prayer + Baptism
	11am	St Catherine's Morning Prayer (CW)
	3.15pm	St Peter's Evening Prayer (BCP)
	6.30pm	St Mary's Holy Communion (CW)
26 <sup>th</sup> October	10.30am	St Mary's Holy Communion (BCP)
30 <sup>th</sup> October	11am	Kirk Christ Parish Eucharist

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