



Wolds and Trent Methodist Circuit



The Link



December 2019



Remembering



The Old Garden Seat

By Richard Skeith

The old garden seat is my favourite spot,
That's where I rest when the sun is too hot.
The seasons pass by and the changes unfold
As Mother Nature's beauty once more I behold.
I think of the parks and the gardens I've seen,
The lovely spring blossoms on a carpet of green.
I picture the flowers we all love so much,
The orchids, the lilies, the camellias and such.
Here in December, I see things that have been,
A garden of colour, a beautiful scene
But now it's silent, quite naked and bare,
Just one thing is constant, the seat is still there.

John Guilliat - Upton



Pastoral Letter

Jesus, Remember Me

Most likely, by the time this magazine is distributed, we will have **remembered** Armistice Day. Throughout our lives, we make memories. We choose to **remember**. When I arrived here from Canada in 2006, my mother-in-law was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. I recall an amusing incident where she said, "I'm annoyed at someone about something, but I can't **remember** what it is." I said, "Truly you are blessed because you cannot hold a grudge because you wouldn't **remember** what you were holding the grudge about and to whom."

In the Old Testament, God **remembers** his covenantal relationship with Israel, and his covenant with Noah. God desires that Israel will **remember** the Lord their God. In the New Testament (NT), the thief on the cross asks Jesus to **remember** Him unto salvation. One of the most important acts of **remembering** is related to the Last Supper where Jesus says, "Do this in **remembrance** of me" (Luke 22:19, 1 Cor. 11:24). Also, in the NT is the significant story of the woman who anointed Jesus. Of her Jesus said, "Wherever the Gospel is preached throughout the world, what she has done will also be told **in memory** of her" (Mark 14:3-9).

As we break into the Advent Season, we **remember** the coming of Jesus as a baby. Peterson's, *The Message* puts it this way, "The Word became flesh and blood and moved into the neighbourhood." (John 1). I have never had a *perfect* memory. Yet, I trust that I will always **remember** the God who loves me and the Saviour who died to make me whole. Mary Louise Bringle wrote a wonderful hymn, *When Memory Fades*, which is included in the newest Methodist Hymnal, *Singing the Faith*, 621. The following include a few of her hopeful words:

When memory fades and recognition falters ... O God of life and healing peace, empower us...

*As frailness grows, and youthful strengths diminish ... your arms,
unwearied, shall uphold us...*

*Within your Spirit, goodness lives unfading ... held in your heart, our
deathless life is won!*

Remembering that we are,

In His Service,

Rev Heather

Youth Update

By the time you read this, twelve young people from the circuit, with a few brave leaders, will have spent a weekend at the Methodist youth gathering, 3Generate.

They will be joining more than a thousand other children and young people with leaders and volunteers at Pontins in Southport for an action-packed and inspiring weekend, focussing on fun, faith and friends.

3Generate is an opportunity for young people across the Methodist Church to make a difference to the church, the world and each other. Each year they produce a manifesto (look out for a copy in your church or on the Methodist Church website: www.methodist.org.uk).

Along the way they will have the chance to make new friends, try out some exciting activities (perhaps a climbing wall, five-a-side football, drama, crafts, a silent disco....) and worship together with some lively and loud Christian music.



A Prayer for Hope in an uncertain world

(From Rev. Louise's Prayer Pilgrimage on October 31st.)

Holy God, steadfast and faithful One,

God of Love,

Source of Grace,

May our prayers help us to be part of the solution

May we be a safe space for hopes and fears,

For dreams and visions.

May our prayers bring truth into our lives,

May they draw us to your kingdom

That others may catch a glimpse of your love and glory

And we may be sources of hope and possibility

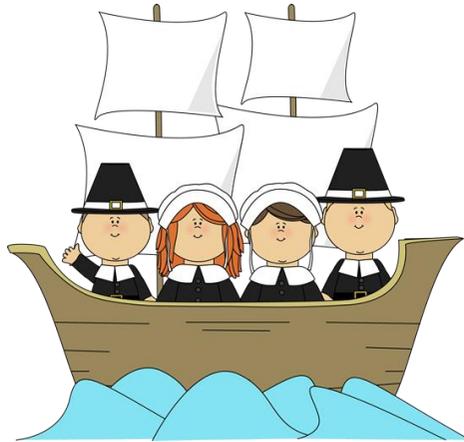
In a fearful and uncertain world.

In the name of Christ,

Amen



Remembering: our links with The Pilgrim Fathers



William Hickman and his mother, Rose, owned the Gainsborough Old Hall from 1596, and despite their high social standing, they had something to keep quiet about – their religious beliefs.

William and Rose were ardent Puritans. They were protestants in the firmly protestant England of Queen Elizabeth I, but they were unhappy within the Church of England. For them the English Church was still too Catholic in practice and as Puritans they wished to reform the church from within. Consequently, they are believed to have become sympathetic to the more radical “Separatists” – a group of English religious dissenters who were considered to be enemies of the Crown and allowed covert services to be held in their home.

The core of the group called “the Pilgrims” were brought together between 1586 and 1605 by shared theological beliefs expressed by Richard Clyfton the parson at All Saints’ Parish Church in Babworth near Retford. John Robinson from Sturton le Steeple, also in northern Nottinghamshire, had lost his job as a parson because of his views and returned home. He made contact with the Separatist group in Gainsborough and their minister John Smyth and the three men started working together.

William Brewster was a former diplomatic assistant to the Netherlands. He was living in the Scrooby manor house while serving as postmaster for the village and bailiff to the Archbishop of York. He had been impressed by

Clyfton's services and had begun participating in services led by John Smyth at Gainsborough. After a time, he arranged for a congregation to meet privately at the manor house in Scrooby, and William Bradford of Austerfield became a member.

Huge fines were imposed on people who did not attend their local parish church and were guilty of "gadding about", some were sent to prison and had their houses watched night and day. In 1607/8 the pilgrims moved to the Netherlands. The local Pilgrim leader in Gainsborough, Pastor John Robinson, led the pilgrims from the towns and villages they hailed from, to the Dutch town of Leiden, helping to plan the pioneering journey of the Mayflower alongside Brewster and Bradford.

After being in the Netherlands a while they realised that as foreigners, they could only take unskilled jobs and were exempt from working organisations. The congregation also noticed that their children were growing up more Dutch than English so they decided to emigrate to the Americas, where their children could be English and they could worship freely.

After a very difficult voyage the Pilgrims landed in the Americas in November 1620 and were led in prayer by William Brewster using Psalm 100 as a prayer of thanksgiving. In 1621, the Plymouth colonists and Wampanoag Indians shared an autumn harvest feast that is acknowledged today as one of the first Thanksgiving celebrations in the colonies.

Nearly 4 centuries later, "Illuminate 2019" marks the opening event in the Mayflower 400 programme, beginning in November 2019 until November 2020, involving light shows and cultural events on both sides of the Atlantic. The first amazing display of lights paraded through Gainsborough on Saturday 16th November 2019. Other parades will take place across the country to start the countdown to the 400th anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower in 1620.

"Just as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone unto many." William Bradford.

Jo Kershaw - Misterton

The Exhortation – its origins

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them.

I've today been asked where the words for The Exhortation came from and while I did know that it was an extract from a poem written by Robert Lawrence Binyon called 'For the Fallen', I had assumed it was penned only after the end of World War One. In fact, it was written in mid-September 1914, just a few weeks after the outbreak of The War.

Early in The War, the British Expeditionary Force had suffered heavy casualties in its first encounter with the German Imperial Army at the Battle of Mons on 23rd August, its rearguard action during the retreat from Mons in late August and the Battle of Cateau on 26th August. The BEF also joined with the French Army in frustrating the German advance at the First Battle of the Marne between 5th and 9th September 1914 and heavy casualties were suffered here too.

The poem was first published in The Times newspaper on 21st September 1914.

(The Royal British Legion Village Branch)

Brian Field - Nettleton



The Inquisitive Mind of a Child

Why are they selling poppies, mummy?

Selling poppies in town today?

The poppies, child, are flowers of love

For the men who marched away.

But why have they chosen the poppy, mummy?

Why not a beautiful rose?

Because, my child, men fought and died

In the field where poppies grow.

But why are the poppies so red, mummy?

Why are the poppies so red?

Red is the colour of blood, my child,

The blood that our soldiers shed.

The heart of the poppy is black, mummy

Why does it have to be black?

Black, my child is the symbol of grief

For the men who never came back

But why mummy, are you crying so?

Your tears are giving you pain

My tears are for you, my child

For, the world is – FORGETTING AGAIN.

Anon.

Christmas Remembered

As we approach Christmas, memories come flooding back to us of our childhood, or when our children were small and for many of us now we are making memories with our grandchildren.

One of the miracles of Christmas we must not forget is when peace broke out on the Western Front on Christmas Day 1914. The peace of Christmas defied the generals as the opposing soldiers mingled in no man's land. Silent night, a Carol which transcends National boundaries was heard from the German lines and taken up by the English Tommies. The power of Christ at Christmas silenced the guns. The armies mingled and impromptu football matches played, with cigarettes and chocolate exchanged. It must have been a remarkable experience and hard to resume the battle afterwards, and the commanders threatened to open fire on their own men if the fight were not resumed. Christ through the power of his birth brought about a modern-day miracle.

Let us remember ourselves that if Christ can silence armies through the singing of a hymn then we should not lose heart and continue to sing his praises loud and clear. In the preface of the 1933 Methodist hymn book it started 'Methodism was born in song', May we sing our praises loud and clear this Christmas.

PS. Did you know that Silent night was written originally to be accompanied by guitar as it was composed so that it could be sung and accompanied while the organ was being repaired.

Brian Cook



NATIVITY WORD SEARCH



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

NATIVITY
MARY
JOSEPH
JESUS
MANGER
SHEPHERD
STAR
DAVID
INN
DONKEY
HAY
BETHLEHEM
JOURNEY
ANGEL
WISE
FRANKINCENSE
MYRRH
SHEEP
CAMEL

Christmas Memories

How Christmas time has changed since my childhood days. A day at the beginning of December on the farm was Pig Killing Day, that was an “All Hands on Deck Day”. I remember coming home from School and sitting at the table turning the mincer to make sausage meat for the sausages, pork pies. Haslet, Braun and Jelly were also made. No fridges or freezers in those days so salt was rubbed into the hams and joints, you didn’t want cuts in your fingers that day, then they were put down the cellar to keep. Food for Christmas and the long cold winter. Useful for threshing days also.

The week before Christmas was spent plucking Cockerels and Geese, some went to Market and some were used at home.

My dad’s brother and four sisters lived around the Rasen area so with us having the largest house they and their families came to us on Christmas day. Two large tables were put end to end in our kitchen, Mother, with a little help from one or two others, would cook dinner usually goose with all the trimmings ready for when everyone arrived. Tradition had it that everything was over in time to listen to The Queen. However, as time went on the families grew, girlfriends and boyfriends appeared so eventually Christmas dinner was spent with their own families and they came to the farm for tea.

Father Christmas always came on Christmas Eve we would hang our Stocking [pillow case actually] in the belief that he would come. Our contents of an apple, orange, nuts, a game and Probably something to wear would seem meagre compared with what today’s kids get.

One of the highlights of Christmas was going around the village Carol Singing, everyone looked forward to you going and most of them would open their doors and sing along with you.

To us, and them, that was the start of Christmas, and of course at Chapel we had the usual Carol Service. At both events we collected money for National Children’s Home. Whether the people were Christian’s or not didn’t matter – Christmas to everyone was a time for celebrating the birth of a baby in a stable and that donation they gave,

small though it may be, was their way of showing love and wanting to help others less fortunate than themselves.

Sadly, in today's world, Christmas to many is becoming just another few day's holiday and Christ is being pushed out of Christmas.

And to those who never listened
To the message of thy birth,
Who have winter But no Christmas
Bring to them Thy peace on earth.
Send to those the joyful tidings,
By all people, in each home.
Be there heard the Christmas anthem
Praise to God, the Christ has come.

Geoff Smith.
Market Rasen

For Your Diary

Nettleton Churches joint Bazaar

Saturday 1st December 2.00-4.00pm

At Nettleton Village Hall, Moortown Road.

- *Grand Raffle * Cakes and Christmas Foods
- * Tombola * Gifts and Presents for All
- * £1 Bag Stall * Good as New etc -- etc.

Refreshments available all afternoon.

Everybody Welcome



CALLING ALL KNITTERS AND CROCHETERS

CHRISTMAS ANGELS ARE BACK

The aim is to share God's love and bless the community by placing Angels in public places with a Christmas message.

WE NEED YOUR HELP

Elizabeth (Taylor) has patterns for both knitting and crocheting angels so:

PLEASE

HAVE A GREAT TIME KNITTING OR CROCHETING ANGELS

(Google 'Knitted Christmas Angel' for a pattern)

THEN BRING THEM TO CHURCH

(GMC)

**Elizabeth will be pleased to take care of them until
they are sent out**

**YOU CAN MAKE THEM ANY COLOUR AND USE ANY
TYPE OF WOOL**

**IN DECEMBER THEY WILL HAVE MESSAGES OF
LOVE AND
BLESSING ATTACHED TO THEM AND THEY
WILL BE PUT OUT IN THE COMMUNITY FOR
PEOPLE TO TAKE HOME**

**In the past, similar angels made by this Church have been a
blessing to a wide variety of people near and far away as
you can see on the**

**[Christmas angels Wolds & Trent Methodist Circuit](#)
Facebook account**



Elizabeth Taylor

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING - TRUE STORY.

Simon Worrall met and fell in love with Leila Sansour from Bethlehem, and deciding to get married, Simon travelled to Bethlehem to visit Leila's parents.

Determined to take something of England with him and thinking of Christmas and Charles Dickens, Simon took with him a Christmas pudding from Harrods.

Leila's Father was looking at the pudding ingredients and realised that everything in the pudding was growing in his garden that Christmas - the lemons were in fruit; there were oranges, figs and almonds. And everything that doesn't grow there, Simon learned, had been carried through the desert in ancient times by the desert traders on the spice route.

This quintessentially British dish turned out to be absolutely Middle Eastern. A small world indeed.

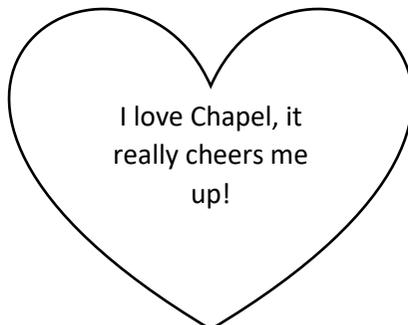
Wherever your pudding is from, enjoy it and have a blessed and peaceful Christmas

With best wishes from all at Lea.

Pat Gray

How about you?

A 4 year old to his parents after visiting Upton Chapel



What a Christmas Day! 1975, Dad's version.

I was woken at about 4-00am and made to open my Christmas Present, and told that baby was ready to come. We were well prepared. I had saved up pennies for the phone box (no mobiles or landlines for us in those days). I went to the phone box in the village and phoned the local doctor and also phoned my cousin to come and milk the cows as it was my turn to milk at Christmas. We arrived at Lincoln Hospital about 6-30am and went into the delivery room. I was told it would not be long. I was shown to the waiting room and for the next LONG 4 1/2 hours waited, waited and waited. No one told me that Jenny had gone to sleep. I saw a beautiful sunrise over Lincoln prison. (I thought of Joseph in a nice warm stable, with the cattle, as Jesus was born). They came in at half past 11 and told me that I had a son, and I could see him after the mayor had been. I went to see Mother and son and I was over the moon. After a while I went with the nurses into the nurses staff room, and there were at least 100 bottles of alcohol, and the nurses deserved every bottle for all they do.

I came home on cloud nine and, as Jenny said, told everyone I saw, family and friends.

The next day, Boxing Day, we had dinner at Jenny's Mum and Dad's, as was the tradition at that time. In the afternoon Jenny's Mum and Dad and others went to see mother and baby in hospital. Other relations and neighbours took me out to wet the baby's head. I would like to say I have never drunk whisky since!!!!

In those days only the baby's father was allowed to visit in the evening. It was quite magical, just the 3 of us. Although he would often cry for a feed or something, this got us used to waking at night. Which was good practise as he didn't sleep through the night until he was 5. He learned to shout Dad at a very early age.

I fetched Jenny home after 7 days (how things have changed!!!!) When I got to the ward I was told Jenny was back in the delivery room. Panic! Panic! Another lady was having a baby and Jenny had gone to see her. It was certainly a Christmas I shall never forget, and I did get out of milking the cows!!!!

Patrick Fotheringham and Jenny (Upton)

Memories of Christmas

My Middle Rasen family will have read in past articles about my Mother and her influence on our upbringing, I've seldom talked about my Father. My father was director of a family organ building and engineering business - the third generation. A serious man, but at Christmas he let his hair down and this is how I remember him best. Every Christmas Eve, without fail, he would take us children to the Christmas Eve Carol service at the Cathedral on his own whilst mother prepared all the secrets and surprises for the next day. We would skip alongside of him, chattering away - normally he hadn't the time or the patience to listen to us. So, these trips to the Cathedral were very special to us - we had him all to ourselves (Carol services have never been the same since!)

The next day we would wake up early to see one of his socks (ours were too small!) and a bulging pillowcase hanging on the end of the bed. We were allowed to empty the sock - filled with such things as fruit and nuts and sweets - remember it would have been war time in our early years. We were advised not to eat too much as there would be a special breakfast later starting off with a slice of thin bread and butter and a cup of tea in our parent's bed whilst we opened our pillowcase presents. Then it would be downstairs, breakfast and off to church and Sunday school. Alternate years my mother cooked the Christmas day lunch and the next year my paternal Grandmother together with other relatives would do it - she only lived 4 doors away from us.

I always remember a special Christmas when I was about 6 years old going downstairs to find a beautiful doll with a china face in a child's silver cross pram. I was so delighted! I took it out of the pram and put it on the settee ready to cuddle it and what did it do?! - it rolled off and the face was broken! I was heart- broken! We took it to the doll's hospital - yes there were such things in those days. Unfortunately, I never got it back as the hospital was bombed!! So, I never had time to play with it. Mum had sewed and knitted all the little baby clothes -

pink - I can see it now! My sister had one with a papier mache face which lasted for years.

Before and after a party tea each year - wherever we met - we would have family games - raucous ones as well as quiet games of cards. It really was a family time. It continued the next day, Boxing day, when mother and grandma would swap doing the main meal of the day, trying to be inventive with leftovers and then it was all over for another year. Father having fun and becoming human letting his hair down and forgetting his business worries.

That is what Christmas does for you! I miss those Christmas's but I still have my memories!

Liz Margrave (Middle Rasen)

Middle Rasen Methodist Church welcomes you

to a service of

Praise and Worship

led by

Ian Hardcastle and Jane Lloyd, together with Ray

Wylie

Sunday 26th January 2020 at 3pm



GMC

Do you have problems remembering JOKES, particularly at Christmas ?... Well during your festive feasts you are welcome to hide this page under the table and impress (?) fellow diners with your encyclopaedic collection of wit. It is compiled from the joke book of the MC from Gainsborough's "GMC ONWARDS" entertainment programme. The events are marvellous, with fun food and fellowship... but the jokes have to be tolerated. The Church continues to tell him to buy better quality crackers. We are currently compiling next year's programme... and you are invited to join us.

WATCH THIS SPACE

So, what happened to the man who stole an Advent Calendar?

He got 25 days!

What do they sing at a snowman's birthday party? *Freeze a jolly good fellow!*

What goes "Oh, Oh, Oh"? *Santa walking backwards!*

Why was the snowman looking through the carrots? *He was picking his nose!*

What did Adam say the day before Christmas? *"It's Christmas, Eve!"*

What did the stamp say to the Christmas card? *Stick with me and we'll go places!*

Why did no one bid for Rudolph and Blitzen on eBay? *Because they were two deer!*

How did Scrooge win the football game? *The ghost of Christmas passed!*

Why did Scrooge keep a pet lamb? *Because it would say, "Baaaaahh humbug!"*

What do you call a bunch of chess players bragging about their games in a hotel lobby? *Chess nuts boasting in an open foyer!*

Why did Santa's helper seek the shrink? *Because he had a low "elf" esteem!*

Who hides in the bakery at Christmas? *A mince spy!*

Which carol is heard in the desert? *'O camel ye faithful!'*

How many letters are in the Christmas alphabet? *Only 25, there's no L!*

How does Christmas Day end? *With the letter Y!*

What do reindeer hang on their Christmas trees? *Horn-aments!*

Why did the turkey cross the road? *Because it was the chicken's day off!*

What is white and minty? *A polo bear!*

What is Santa's primary language? *North Polish.*

What do you call Santa living at the South Pole? *A lost Claus!*

How did the bauble get addicted to Christmas? *He was hooked on trees*

Why are Christmas trees so fond of the past? *Because the present's beneath them!*

What did Mrs. Claus say to Santa when she saw the sky? *Looks like rain, dear!*

What do you call an obnoxious reindeer? *Rude-olph!*

Which TV Christmas special is being filmed in Brussels this year? *Deal Or No Deal!*

King Wenceslas looked out for a pizza... deep pan, crisp and even.

Kim Jong Un will play Santa this year in the South's annual pantomime. He said he fancied a Korea change!

Finally, if B*#X*T ever happens, Christmas dinner will change...no Brussels... so let's give peas a chance

May we at *Gainsborough Methodist Church* be amongst the first to wish you all a Happy and Blessed Christmas followed by a 2020 that meets and exceeds your wishes.

With Love in Christ

Anon

Glentham Church

Men's Breakfast

Please come and join us at

'The Bottle and Glass'

Normanby by Spital

Saturday

11th Jan., 8th Feb., 14th March at 9am

Cost £6.00

An opportunity for men to meet and chat over a delicious full English. Phone Peter Atkinson 01673 878806

Sugar and Spice

Ladies, please join us at 'The Willows', Glentham, for coffee, tea, toast, cakes, friendship and informal discussion about some of the big questions in life.

Saturday 9.30am

18th Jan., 15th Feb., 21st March.

For more information, contact:

Janet – 01673 818718

Jenny – 01673 878806

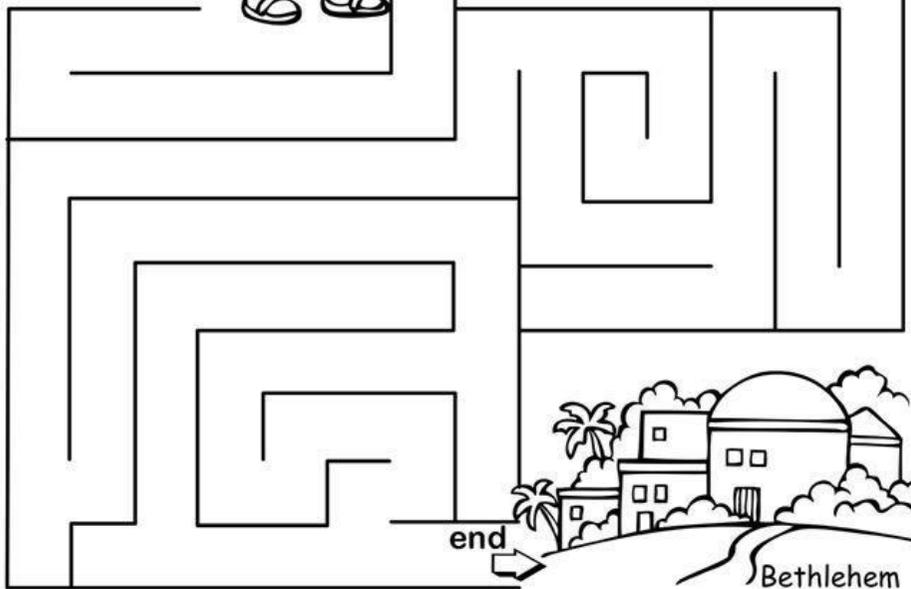


A LONG JOURNEY

Help Mary and Joseph find the way to Bethlehem.



start



Joseph and Mary went on a long journey from the town of Nazareth to the town of Bethlehem.

(Luke 2:1-5)

And Finally.....Christmas Past and Present(s) from North Kelsey members.

For many years, preparations for Christmas have begun in North Kelsey with our "With Christmas in Mind" event on the last Saturday in November. This is a time of friendship and fellowship, as well as a chance to enjoy a simple but delicious lunch and see the Chapel dressed for Christmas.

Thinking about Christmases gone-by prompted all sorts of different memories:— of Christmas being a simpler, shorter, festive celebration; of treasured childhood presents which we still have, including a now somewhat moth-eared toy dog and a beautiful book of embroidered pictures, each one having a special relevance to the recipient; not to mention a sister skating around her bedroom at 2.30am having opened her new roller skates early much to the annoyance of her parents!

And then there are the family traditions such as being allowed to decorate the Christmas tree with siblings; and hearing sleigh bells and knowing it must be the sound of Father Christmas arriving (only to discover much later that it was actually Mum shaking bells on some toddler reins...).

Social activities also played a big part in Christmas then as now, with big family parties for some, or a visit to the Fire Station aged 7 and being allowed to try on a helmet and slide down the pole before enjoying a lovely party and receiving a really special present.

Chapel continues to be the heart of Christmas for many of us and whilst we may not have the Sunday School parties of our younger days – complete with potted meat sandwiches, jelly and ice cream, a big tree in the school room and the annual prize giving – we enjoy gathering together with our Anglican brothers and sisters for the carol service and with our wider community for Carols on the Green on Christmas Eve.

Whatever Christmas means to you, and whatever it will hold for you, we pray you will know the peace, love and joy of the Christ-child at this very special season.

May God bless you, from all at North Kelsey.

Deadline for the next Link is February 15th, the theme is Easter: Good News. jdb1892@gmail.com