

Trinity Weekly News Sheet

23 October 2020



From the minister ...

Sorry - Ralph is not able to write for the news sheet this week.

Preachers at Trinity for October

(* - Holy Communion)

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|--|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 25 October | 9.00am - Mrs Jill Brooks | 10.45am - Mrs Jill Brooks |
| 01 November | 9.00am - Mrs Helen Greaves | 10.45am - Mrs Helen Greaves |
| 08 November Remembrance Sunday | 9.00am - Mrs Pat Oakley | 10.45am - Rev Ralph Ward |

Please Note: Government restrictions mean we are required to limit numbers for the 9.00am service. If you would like to attend please let Ralph Ward or Pat Oakley know in advance.



Don't forget to change your clocks before you go to bed on Saturday night - otherwise you could be an hour early for the 9.00am service!

Calling Rock Solid Meeting For Those of Secondary School Age

We are exploring ways of getting our 11-18 year old young people together again on Sundays. We will be sending out invitations as soon as possible.

We need help with the technical arrangements, such as hosting a Zoom meeting!

If you have the skills that could help (there would be no requirement for you to join in with the young people) please call or e-mail one of us.

Steven Lancashire (07496024417), Karen Jones (31904) or John Starling (322047)

Just a thought ...

There are good days and there are bad days, and this is one of them.
Lawrence Welk

Plastic Milk Bottle Tops

Please note that for the time being Trinity is not able to take these for charity recycling. Please do not leave bags of milk bottle tops outside the church doors.
Thank you.

*** Part-Time Cleaner Required ***

Trinity Methodist Church, East Grinstead, has a vacancy for a part-time cleaner to work weekday afternoons, 2.5 hours a day/12.5 hours a week, from November. This is a permanent position on standard Methodist Church Ts and Cs. Experience preferred but not essential. References required. Please e-mail our office: admin@trinitymethodist.org.uk

New Beginnings

Lord, thank You for the stirrings of new life within me – for new beginnings and new energy.

11 You turned my wailing into dancing;
You removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,
12 that my heart may sing Your praises and not be silent.
LORD my God, I will praise You forever.
Psalm 30:11-12

The Psalms regularly bear witness to the surprising gift of new life just when none had been expected.
That new orientation is not a return to the old stable orientation, for there is no going back ...
Wrought by the inscrutable power and goodness of God, that newness cannot be explained, predicted or programmed.
Walter Brueggemann

How Are You Doing?

For you are my God; “May your good Spirit lead me on level ground”. Psalm 143

While I'm writing this I see from my Facebook feed that there are 210 people in Mid Sussex with Covid. Like me, you may not be sure what this means. I know I am grateful that we are not in the north-west. But I am separated from my family because of what is happening. There may not be any one person in the church who has not been profoundly affected by the events of this year and the way we are now living.

When life becomes difficult our faith is tested. But perhaps there is a different way to think: that changing times demand changing ways of expressing our faith and 'being with' our brothers and sisters in Christ. For me it really is true that online isn't the same. But different doesn't have to be worse. It might even be helpful. I've found myself singing loudly to *Songs of Praise* – usually 1.15pm on BBC 1 on a Sunday. But perhaps most interestingly and quietly and in an amazing way I have found a different way of expressing my faith. It has been private and quiet and yes even exciting. But you may not be in this place. I know the place of despair when, in the past I have simply written out my cry for help to my God. And I have not experienced a miracle, only my continuing on in a deeply painful, lonely way.

So, loneliness, lack of hugs, not touching, wearing a mask, seeing a winter ahead where we might not be able to meet family at Christmas and it will be dark. So where, in the dark, do we find God? The thing about aloneness is that it brings us to ourselves and if we have found God He is here. Just now as I am writing this and you are reading this He is here. When Pat does this amazing job each week of connecting us He is here. But perhaps you are finding it difficult and you doubt this and you are unsure of the evidence.

I have found - and this is my advice: take your shoes off. Stand, maybe stand and look at a special picture that has meaning for you and your faith. Stand on the floor and remember Moses. God said to Moses 'take your shoes off, you stand on holy ground'. Our lives are lived on the holy ground where God is present. Every day, every place we are, this is the holy ground where we encounter the living God.



No, we don't understand this. Yes, I am confused, I'm even angry or sad. I keep saying; “one foot in front of the other”, “one day at a time”. But each footstep I take is on holy ground. When I stand I can realise this. No, it doesn't take away the problems but in understanding this we are in that dimension that connects us to God. The God who is love and 'In whom we live and move and have our being' (Acts 17:28).

Laura Lea Wilson

Just a thought ...

It's no use going back to yesterday,
because I was a different person then.

Lewis Carroll

The Second Wave Breaks

As the days get darker and shorter, people are finding the prospect of more restrictions for months to come even harder than when we first went into lockdown.

In the first pandemic wave many experienced loss in all sorts of ways. Now, after an emotionally draining six months, the second wave is here. Apart from the medical impact, we have more job losses, more uncertainty, a very real lack of fun, and the disappointing reality that this is going to go on for a long time. We are running out of steam. As Psalm 42 says, 'all your waves and breakers have swept over me'. We need hope.

There is a strong parallel in all this with the ancient book of Job and his experience of loss and pain. Like Job we are discovering that we are not always entitled to health, wealth, and happiness; and like Job our suffering inexplicably goes on and on. Like the irritating moralising of Job's comforters, the constant critique of the media only seems to make things worse. And, like Job, our minds are incapable of totally grasping the meaning of all this suffering. We need hope.

Job was deprived of everything, yet even in his despair he never lost his belief that God was there. Occasionally an indestructible hope burst forth like a ray of light in the darkness of his pain. 'I know that my redeemer lives, and that in the end he will stand on the earth. And after my skin has been destroyed, yet in my flesh I will see God' (Job 19:26). But the truly transformative moment for Job came when, instead of seeing his situation in front of God, he finally saw God in front of his situation. Then, even in the intensity of his suffering, the greatness of the Almighty eclipsed the problem. That is the revelation we need.

In this sad and weary time lament is therapeutic, and we can be completely real with our Father in Heaven. Yet in our lament, the path to rekindling true hope lies in the possibility of focusing on the character and immensity of God. Greater is he that is in us than the pandemic that is in the world. Join in with the ancient words of Psalm 42: 'Why are you downcast O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Saviour and my God.'

Paul Valler

Chair of the LICC Board

(First published by LICC in their 'Connecting With Culture' thread)



The Autumn

Go, sit upon the lofty hill,
And turn your eyes around.
Where waving woods and waters wild
Do hymn an autumn sound.
The summer sun is faint on them -
The summer flowers depart -
Sit still - as all transform'd to stone,
Except your musing heart.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Notes from a Scandinavian Correspondent - Summer 2020

Episode 5 - Hjelmsminde and Sonderborg



Hejlsminde, where we stay, formerly just a fishing village, was linked to local towns with a railway line to bring in holiday makers. Now it is a settlement mostly of summer cottages, owned in part by people living in a local town, who appreciate the opportunity to 'get away from it all'. There are just a few small boat fishermen, I suspect the oyster beds are good, if the one left by a seagull on the beach is anything to go by! There are no shops in the village, although on the edge of the harbour is a small shed, a 'Trust the Customer' serve yourself shop, full of fruit and vegetables. Select, pay and go. No one appears to have attempted to prise the money container away. I have a theory that people who are closer to village life where everyone would know and mostly respect each other still have a higher personal ethic.

Urbanisation came to Denmark much later than in Britain. On the other hand, personal taxation in Denmark is very high. High enough though to make adequate provision for quality social welfare, so that no one needs to live an unhappy life. Just don't think too quickly about buying a brand new car though, car tax varies between 100% and 150% - just don't tell Rishi Sunak!

One day we returned to Sonderborg, closer towards the German border. A main cobbled shopping street rises from the castle and harbour. A few empty shops, the artist owner of a gallery comments that she has seen more German tourists than normal, perhaps as they have ventured closer to home for holidays.

Many towns have a major furniture shop. Sonderborg is no exception. Juhls Bolighus, housed in a building several hundred years old, in places the stairs and paneling are created from the fabulously figured dark brown wood, wenge, and seeing the exhibits (not an inappropriate term, for furniture from Denmark and its designers of the last century are world class, exhibited in MOMA and exported not just to Europe, but to Japan and the USA), this is as good as going to an art gallery for me. I'm also aware of many items on sale minus 30% plus. This is luxury stock, top end of the market furniture ... I feel events are taking their toll. (MOMA - Museum of Modern Art, New York.) Not quite stranded on a peninsula, we used a small ferry as part of our journey back to our cottage in Hejlsminde.



We know from years of travelling that pacing oneself is crucial. So taking one day out, so to speak, I 'eat' a 500 page novel - Scandi-noir of course! Some evenings there are Zoom Meetings with people I know from woodworking groups, linking as far apart as Austria, Sweden, UK, USA and Brazil. I'm sure you don't want to know about tools from 150 years ago! However the point is this, Covid 19 has brought people all over the world closer together and opened up communication opportunities of which we hadn't previously imagined.

I needed a medical appointment, a foot and achilles tendon decided to play up. At 12.30 I ring the local GP. His receptionist invites me to come in an hour's time. Dr Anders is like a 1960s village GP, he claims to know at least half the people in the surrounding villages, not for him the busy city and a group practice. He deals with my foot, prescription issued, only I have the choice of travelling six or ten miles to collect. This is rural Denmark. We chatted, it seems the good doctor has three sons, all IT savvy, and who all talk in English together, it would seem this is the Lingua Franca!

We drove a short way through the very typical wide open Danish landscape to a farm we knew to sell Danish sausage ... a little like German sausage ... as previously, a lady found her phone and the translation app and could identify the ingredients of the products. We, no, I, (for it is I who eat this!) come away with sausages based on fennel and juniper. Slightly spiced, they are delicious. Beef, lamb, hallal and many other varieties are available.

Home Thoughts 27 Nature's Forest Carpet

*I love to see the autumn come
And touch the wooded hill.
With flaming torch she lights the trees;
Above, the haze stands still.
The world is caught in peace today:
All time has stopped to greet
This moment of bright splendour
When fall and summer meet.
'Autumn' - BF Smith*

Here Autumn's touch is gentle as Summer's splendours pass. In Autumn's chilly days, the maples - or acers - have changed their robes of green to shades of scarlet and gold, high tops quiver with each stirring breeze. Falling leaves remind us that branches will soon lose their 'fall' bouquets and into this spread of nature's forest carpet, soft, crisp and cool, adults and children scuff their shoes as they wade through leaves that have fallen like tears. There are a few days in the year when change hangs in the air like a gently fluttering curtain. The first is when Winter goes off in a huff and leaves everything to that young upstart, Spring. The second when Summer is so completely overcome by Autumn that she takes the easy way out and slips away by the back door!



RHS Garden Wisley certainly lived up to its reputation for brilliant, blazing colour as we walked round in the rain yesterday. There were few people in the garden and so we enjoyed panoramic views and were able to linger and explore at leisure. The cafe was crowded even though we had a designated table number, which ensured that we had a seat and the food and service were good. I hope to visit Sheffield Park NT Garden later this week, which I am sure will be equally captivating. At Chartwell on Sunday, the afternoon was lit by the golden fruit of a heavily laden crab apple tree and a stunning display of 'Harvest' treasure in the form of orange, gold, green, red gourds, squashes, pumpkins and apples imaginatively displayed using old fashioned apple boxes and wheelbarrows. We are so fortunate to have many famous gardens on our doorstep.

As I write this, a skein of geese in 'v' formation, are filling the air with their joyous racket as they pass overhead. Soon the pink-footed geese will be here to spend the Winter having left their Arctic summer breeding grounds in Iceland, Spitsbergen and Greenland. Goose music is the soundtrack of Autumn. I shall look out for unusual geese on Weirwood Reservoir ... I'm always hopeful. At Weirwood I spoke to a 'real' birdwatcher with a telescope who told me that the two small ducks over the far side of the water, where the cormorants like to bask and coot and mallard swim, were gadwall - a large, unobtrusive, dusky grey duck, white wing patch; two tufted ducks had visited over the weekend; six mandarin ducks had just flown into the trees on the opposite bank and vapourer moths, chestnut forewing with conspicuous white spot, had been seen.

I did enjoy a murmuration of starlings on a cloudy evening just before sunset as they shimmered over the reeds at Hedgecourt Lake. It was a magical moment and, just for once, I managed to capture a snatch of it on my phone. As I waited beside the Lake, a kingfisher whizzed by twice. Ten or twelve pochard, medium sized ducks with red-brown head, black chest and tail and a pale grey body, have been enjoying the peace of the Lake; several great crested grebe continue to fish successfully alongside coot, moorhen and mallard. An adult swan, which had a fishing line hanging out of its beak, has been restored to health by the Swan Rescue service and is back. I gather a cygnet was also found to have a similar problem.



Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness and fungi ... As I walked round Wakehurst Place, I was astonished to find many different forms of fungi such as giant puffballs, white and round and looking like abandoned footballs, at one time we had several on our verge; red polka dots of fly agaric decorated the woodland; large cauliflower fungus formed at the foot of a nearby tree; shaggy ink cap mushrooms; rose russula with a pale rose-pink cap and creamy white gills. Overlooking the rocks where the bird feeders are located, I was thrilled to see two blackcaps, two nuthatches, four chaffinches, two speckled wood butterflies and a hawker dragonfly.

I am 'putting the garden to bed' for the winter. I've cleaned the glass, both inside and out, of the greenhouse and attached the bubble wrap to keep it frost free. Long-tailed tits are moving round in flocks and enjoying the view from the damson and plum trees; nuthatch, greenfinch and goldfinches are gorging on the seeds and peanuts in the feeders and bathing in the bird bath. We have moved two trees into better positions and replaced a rose bush that died over the Summer. We removed three cockchafers, larvae of the May-bug, which feed on the roots of grasses, herbaceous plants and trees. This is a good time to reorganise and replant the garden as the soil is still warm and damp.

Green shield bugs and ladybirds are hiding in the sunflower heads and raspberry canes. I have sown the first of the sweet peas, delphiniums and seeds of an apricot foxglove. Soon the dahlias will blacken in the frost and need to be protected in the flower bed or taken into the garage to overwinter. Autumn sown barley is thrusting green spears and reminding us that Spring will come. Holly berries are brilliantly red against an azure blue sky and I wonder if I shall gather them before the redwings and fieldfares, known as Winter thrushes, arrive from Scandinavia and Russia to gobble them up. I quote Lord Byron, "There's music in the sighing of a reed ... there's music in the gushing of a rill ... there's music in all things, if men had ears ... their earth is but an echo of the spheres".

*Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away;
Lengthen night and shorten day;
Every leaf speaks bliss to me
Fluttering from the autumn tree ...
'Fall, Leaves, Fall' - Emily Bronte*

Joan Bateman

A Few Thoughts ... on Chocolate

Put 'eat chocolate' at the top of your list of things to do today.
That way, at least you'll get one thing done.

Chocolate makes your clothes shrink.

Chocolate is the answer. Who cares what the question is.

Trinity Methodist Church East Grinstead RH19 2HA

OUR VISION IS TO KNOW CHRIST AND MAKE CHRIST KNOWN

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