

**The Rector would appreciate it if anyone knowing of illness or any other trouble in the Parish would notify him as soon as possible so that he or a member of the Church can call without delay.**

**Rector's Surgery: If you have an enquiry about baptism, marriage or another service, or if there is something else you would like to discuss with Napo John, please make an appointment, through the Church Office (8462 1373), to come and see him during Surgery hours - Monday mornings (except Bank Holidays) 10.30 am – 12 noon and Tuesday evenings, 7 – 9 pm.**

## **WHAT IS THIS FUSS ABOUT?**

In September I took a couple of weeks off to catch up with myself and the issues related to everyday life. Like most people I too hoped the weather during my break would stay fine so I could enjoy doing what I like most - going for long walks. The weather did not disappoint but little did I benefit; my knees started to trouble me almost on the day I started my holidays. So, most of the time I was confined to the Rectory. Obviously at times I still had to get out of the house. One day I drove to a supermarket and as I hobbled towards the store door, I heard a voice: 'Rector, what is this fuss about horns? Why are so many people talking about trumpets and trumps?' I naturally turned my head towards the busy road and said to the person (sorry if it was you and I didn't recognise you), 'I don't hear any horn sounds.' 'No, no I mean the Jews are blowing into horns and trumpets and the media is talking about them too.' The penny now dropped and I realised that the person was probably talking about 'Rosh Hashanah', the Jewish New Year, which I didn't realise was here.

When I arrived back home, I made a cup of coffee and went to sit in front of the TV to really nurse my knees. Turning the TV on what did I hear first? A person talking about Rosh Hashanah. In the evening as I sat to watch the news once again there was another mention of Rosh Hashanah and someone, perhaps a Rabbi, was blowing into a horn. I was rather surprised as I didn't remember ever hearing about Rosh Hashanah in the news before. Maybe I missed it in the past or perhaps due to the encounter mentioned above I was more aware of the festival. But could it be just possible that in recent days/years Rosh Hashanah has caught the attention non-Jews? If so, I wonder why now?

In the 23<sup>rd</sup> chapter of the book of Leviticus we have a list of Jewish festivals/holy days. These are six in total beside the weekly holy

Sabbath day. Three of the festivals fall in spring or early summer (in the agricultural set-up of biblical times before people went out to gather the harvest). The other three are in autumn (when people returned from the harvest at the close of that season). The spring festivals are familiar to us Christians because many of us know these revolve around our Saviour's death, His victory over the grave and the beginning of the Church. You probably know I am talking about the Passover, the Offering of the first fruits and the festival of the weeks or the 'Pentecost'. There are many Christians who believe that the Passover festival was a foreshadowing of the one perfect sacrifice of the Lamb of God. The first Passover was celebrated by the Jews when they were slaves in the land of Egypt. The God of the Bible commanded them to slaughter a lamb at twilight on the 14<sup>th</sup> day of the month of Nisan (Exodus 12). They were to take the blood of the lamb and mark their doors with the blood so when the messenger of death passed through the land it may pass over them. Anyone who took refuge beneath the blood-stained door posts was safe. Centuries later at the Passover festival, the perfect lamb of God, Jesus Christ, was nailed to the Cross to pay for the sins of the world. As Jews remember their redemption on the 14<sup>th</sup> of Nisan so every Good Friday we remember the sacrifice of the Son of God who died to set us free.

On the first day (our Sunday) after the Passover sabbath the Israelites were to bring the sheaf of the first fruits of their harvest to the priest. We read, "He shall raise the sheaf before the LORD, so that you may find acceptance; on the day after the sabbath the priest shall raise it" (Leviticus 23;11). Once again throughout the Church history people have seen this event as a foreshadowing of the resurrection of our Lord, Jesus rising again from the dead on the first day of the week. St. Paul in his first epistle to Corinthians writes, "But in fact Christ has been raised from the dead, the first fruits of those who have died" (15;20). Was Paul thinking of the Jewish first fruits festival when he wrote this?

Then comes the Pentecost festival. Pentecost is Greek and means fifty and is so called because it was celebrated on the 50<sup>th</sup> day after the Passover sabbath. In its origin it was the feast of the Ingathering of the first fruits of the wheat harvest (Numbers 23:15-17; Exodus 34:22). One striking character of this feast was that the grain offering made to the Lord was two loaves and in the Old Testament order of sacrifices the only one that was to be baked with leaven. In the Bible leaven mostly signifies 'sin'. Why is leaven in this sacrifice? The church of Christ became a universal phenomenon when on the first Pentecost after the crucifixion the Holy Spirit came upon Jews and Gentiles who were gathered in Jerusalem.

The autumn feasts/festivals are 'Rosh Hashanah' the New Year,

'Yom Kippur', the Day of Atonement and the 'Succoth', The Feast of Tabernacles. The space doesn't permit me to write about all the three so I will limit myself to Rosh Hashanah, the New Year. Did you know the Jewish calendar has two New Years? One is Rosh Hashanah and falls in autumn and the other comes in spring. In Exodus we read Nisan/Abib (spring time) was the beginning of months (Exodus 12:1-2). Rosh Hashanah takes place on the first day of the 7<sup>th</sup> (Tishri) month of the Jewish calendar (Leviticus 23:23).

But being the seventh month shouldn't it be a sabbatical month rather than the beginning of the year? Why then people do celebrate it as the New Year? Could it be possible that Rosh Hashanah like other festivals points to some event that is related to our Lord? The main features of Rosh Hashanah are: Blowing of the horns/trumpets. It is believed the Divine Books are opened at this festival. It is also seen as the ingathering festival - the harvest is complete and it is time to gather it in barns.

In the New Testament the blowing of the trumpets and opening of the Divine books are related to the return of our Lord (please see for reference Matthew 24: 31; 1 Corinthians 15:52; 1 Thessalonians 4:16; Revelation chapters 8 to 11 and for the opening of the books especially Revelation 20:12). I wonder if this festival is a foreshadowing of the Second Advent of our Lord?

Now back to the question I was asked, Why so much fuss about the blowing of horns/trumpets'? And why suddenly is Rosh Hashanah in the spotlight? Could it be possible that the last trumpet is soon to blast? Is the Groom returning soon to take His Bride (the church) home? It may be so or He may not return in our lifetime. But one thing I know for certain and that is, as I finish this article the Ordinary Times or the harvest season in the church diary is coming to an end and the season of the 'Kingdom' is here: The season when we rejoice at the hope of the Resurrection. The season when we prepare to celebrate the First Advent of our Lord. The time when, with joyful anticipation we look forward to the Second Advent of our Lord. 'Come Lord Jesus!'

Please stay safe and stay blessed in His name.

Always yours

**Napo**



## **SAFEGUARDING REPORT**

As you may be aware, in October a report by the Independent Inquiry into Child Sexual Abuse was published. The report found that the Church of England failed to protect children and young people from sexual predators within its ranks and has made a number of significant recommendations. The report was based on public hearings held during July 2019, which examined the response of the Church of England and Church in Wales to allegations of child sexual abuse, as well as the adequacy of current safeguarding policies and practices.

In response to the publication of the report, Julie Conalty, Archdeacon of Tonbridge and Bishops Lead for Safeguarding in the Diocese of Rochester said, 'We know that abuse in the Church is under reported and we hope that awareness of this report may also encourage others to come forward and speak to us or other agencies. We will listen and support anyone who has been abused whenever it happened. We want to work with victims and survivors so we can continue to learn lessons and make our Churches safe.'

The Church will be making a more in-depth response to the report in the next few weeks.

If you, or anyone you are in contact with, have been affected by the publication of the report and want to talk to someone independently about a concern of their experience, a new Safe Spaces helpline has been set up. This was launched at the end of September before the publication of the report and is a free, national support service independently run by Victim Support. You can contact the Safe Spaces team via telephone on: 0300 303 1056, via email: [safespaces@victimsupport.org.uk](mailto:safespaces@victimsupport.org.uk) or via their website: [www.SafeSpacesEnglandandWales.org.uk](http://www.SafeSpacesEnglandandWales.org.uk)

Should you have any Safeguarding Concerns or queries please contact me via telephone on: 07512 053 362 or via email: [Clare@StMarysHayesKent.co.uk](mailto:Clare@StMarysHayesKent.co.uk)

**Clare Scriven**  
**Safeguarding Officer**



## NOT ALL LOSS IN LOCKDOWN

Many people have remarked in recent months how much nature came to mean to them. So many changes in everyday life were unwelcome, and some were devastating. So, evidence of nature's predictable and seasonal change comforted and reassured. And nature was more in evidence than usual. Birds could be heard in the new silence; normally shy animals seen venturing into deserted streets, if only on TV, and in long weeks of unbroken sunshine the beauty of Spring and early Summer could be appreciated. Some of us also had more time than usual to notice the world around us, and had more need of it.

I had more time than most. From March until mid- August I was fortunate to be staying in rural Lincolnshire. Isolated even from my son and his wife, with whom I was staying, with few responsibilities and little to do, I could see from my window more of the natural world than I can at home in Hayes. I watched jackdaws hopping on the ground, swifts and house martins darting through the air, pigeons perching on roof tops and telegraph wires opposite, or chasing each other in competition it seemed for the best vantage point. I noticed the occasional kestrel, once even a buzzard, both birds who spent most of their day in the open fields, green, brown, and gold, that I could see stretching into the distance between and beyond the houses opposite. How could I not be one of those for whom nature became a solace?

Every day, morning and evening, a blackbird sang to me, from the topmost branch of the small tree just below my window. I think he really sang for his mate, who sat on their nest in the lower branches, or perhaps for the sheer joy of being alive, but all the same I felt honoured. If he and the choristers who joined in, hadn't woken me up each morning, I should still have been awake earlier than usual, because from my room I was able to watch the spectacular splendour of both sunset and sunrise, and I could not have stayed asleep as the brilliant pink of early dawn spread across the wide Lincolnshire sky. What incentives birds and sunrise were to get up.

Not only to get up, but also to go out. I was impatient to explore my new surroundings. So, I went every day when I could, for a walk, usually after lunch, having watched from my window much of the

morning. To my surprise I wasn't often drawn into those fields, which I thought were beckoning me. I had always loved the countryside and had enjoyed many walking holidays. But I soon found that I preferred to walk around the lovely village in which my son and daughter-in-law live. The space and freedom of the fields did not attract me as I had expected. I realised that I had already 'escaped to the country'. What I needed now was familiarity, protection even, that reminded me of home, and like everyone else I needed human company. So, the nature I sought, was nature tamed, controlled, the nature so many of us find in our gardens. Most village residents were keen gardeners, and I delighted in spring and summer displays planned and tended by them. I looked forward, as I followed regular routes around the village, to meeting one or two of them and stopping for a chat.

Soon after I began my almost daily circuit of the village, I was invited by friends of my son's wife to visit their garden whenever I wanted to. They are a retired couple who used to manage a residential home. They still live in the large, rambling, Edwardian house, which is surrounded by the most extensive, and the most beautiful garden in the village. One would have thought that both house and garden might have become too much for them, but they seemed to have no inclination to leave. Whenever I passed, which was most days, the husband would be working, or pottering, in his clearly beloved garden, mowing, chopping wood, digging, or resting on his spade. He would always wave, stop whatever he was doing, to exchange a few words with me. His wife was also often outdoors, but in the afternoons at least she would be resting on the terrace. I didn't like to intrude on their privacy too often, but was welcome to come and go as I pleased.

The house is set well back from the road with grass and two or three impressive trees (beech, I think) to the front and side. There is no gate, no fence. Tempted by its open aspect, and the wide expanse of grass, when I first approached the back of the house, I was expecting something special, but was not prepared for such space, such beauty. I had a confused impression of colourful extravagance. The grass continued, sloping slightly into the heart of the garden. As I penetrated some of its mystery, I discovered a stepped descent beside a lake, once a swimming pool, and beside grassed terraces below it, which led eventually to the boundary marked by a wide grass path. Beyond were trees and fields, such as I had previously seen from my window. So natural and apparently haphazard was the gardener's planting that garden and countryside seemed as one.

In Spring, when first I came upon it, the garden could not, I thought, be surpassed. Generous beds were crowded with daffodils and

narcissi, violets, fritillaries, scillas, and a little later with tulips and forget-me-nots. I was disappointed that I could find only one primrose in the entire garden, but was amply compensated by swathe after swathe of hellebores. I was told there were 160 varieties, a national collection, I'd have thought. Several flowering trees completed the picture, complementing the ground colour and diversity with their delicate pink and white blossom. But I was wrong: I was overcome by summer splendour. Roses, which flourish everywhere in the village, predominated here too. They were so abundant, so colourful, as they climbed and tumbled in all directions, that I could only gaze at them enraptured. Their beauty was enhanced by intertwining honeysuckle, jasmine and clematis, and their combined scent was intoxicating.

As I wandered, entranced, along those green paths, I became aware of a strangely familiar intense pleasure. After a moment or two I recalled having felt exactly the same, nearly eighty years before, in a garden very like this one, smaller, but it didn't seem so to me then. It was during the war, and I was perhaps seven or eight, when I happened upon it behind a house near where I lived that had been bombed, and was now abandoned, the garden left uncared for. As now, it was summer. Roses clambered unrestrained over damaged trellises and crumbling stonework. Flowers in full bloom had invaded paved paths, strayed into lawns, and its pool was overgrown. It was a scene of beautiful confusion, yet it created a sense of timelessness and peace. I was always alone there, told no-one that I had found it, and it seemed to me a tangled paradise, a 'secret garden'.

This second garden I visited recently was equally enchanting. Unlike the first it was not neglected. I know that it was lovingly tended, as I am sure the first one also had been, but there was a similar lack of restraint. Nothing was manicured or regimented, its perfection natural, not contrived. Plants and trees had time, and had been allowed room to grow and spread as they chose. It was the perfect blend of man's vision and 'nature unconfined', so that to me it was a second paradise, a very welcome retreat, and another secret garden. It has occurred to me that I came upon both of these lovely gardens at a time of national crisis and personal need. I reflected that one does indeed sometimes feel 'closer to God in a garden' than one does anywhere else. I felt it so then as I wandered in that Lincolnshire sanctuary and relived my childhood delight. How fortunate too had been the residents of that former home, who must also have been grateful to share its beauty and its peace.

**Hilary Abrahams**

## ST. MARY'S CHURCH DIARY NOVEMBER 2020

**Morning Prayers take place daily at 9.10am Monday to Thursday throughout the year (except Bank Holidays).**

### **4<sup>th</sup> BEFORE ADVENT**

<b>Sunday 1<sup>st</sup></b>	8.00am	Holy Communion BCP
	10.30am	Morning Praise
	6.30pm	Service of Commemoration
<b>Thursday 5<sup>th</sup></b>	10.00am-12 noon	Open Church for Private Prayer

### **3<sup>rd</sup> BEFORE ADVENT**

<b>Sunday 8<sup>th</sup></b>	8.00am	Holy Communion BCP
	9.15am	Fresh Start
	10.30am	Remembrance Service*
<b>Thursday 12<sup>th</sup></b>	10.00am-12 noon	Open Church for Private Prayer

### **2<sup>nd</sup> BEFORE ADVENT**

<b>Sunday 15<sup>th</sup></b>	8.00am	Holy Communion BCP
	10.30am	Morning Praise
	5.00-6.00pm	Illuminate - via Zoom
<b>Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup></b>	1.30pm – 3.00pm	Toddler Group in the OCS
<b>Thursday 19<sup>th</sup></b>	10.00am-12 noon	Open Church for Private Prayer

### **CHRIST THE KING**

<b>Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup></b>	8.00am	Holy Communion BCP
	10.30am	Parish Communion CW
<b>Thursday 26<sup>th</sup></b>	10.00am-12 noon	Open Church for Private Prayer

### **ADVENT 1**



**Sunday 29<sup>th</sup>**

8.00am

10.30am

Holy Communion BCP

All-Age Worship – Youth-led

## **RECENT FUNERALS IN THE PARISH**

Donald John Thompsett

### **\*IMPORTANT INFORMATION REGARDING REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY - 8th NOVEMBER 2020**

You will most likely be aware that under the current guidelines, there are restrictions to the number of people we can safely accommodate in church for the Remembrance Service this year. To facilitate this, we have asked that organisations only send representatives on behalf of their group. Leaders from the various organisations which lay wreaths, will therefore, be allocating available spaces to those who will be admitted to the service.

We have offered 25 spaces to various organisations, which leaves 45 spaces for our own congregation. These spaces are being allocated on a first-come-first-served basis. If you would like to attend this service, please contact Brenda Harper by email: [info@stmaryshayeskent.co.uk](mailto:info@stmaryshayeskent.co.uk) or call Napo on: **020 8289 1243**.

Please do not turn up on the day unless you have pre-booked a seat. All spaces available within the church, will have been allocated before the service.

We are deeply sorry that we cannot conduct this service in the usual way and hope that you understand the measures that have been put in place.

Please do note that the main service inside the church will be live streamed on our YouTube channel. If you would like to join with the service in this way, please go to the following link:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCo7KNHYfOiKm95VXyQdFg6g>

The live stream for this service will begin at around 10.20am on 8th November, but it can also be viewed at any point after the service.

We are also encouraging the local community to stand at their front doors at 11 am, when the country comes together in silence to remember.

**Napo**

## HAYES MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

November! Thomas Hood wrote a poem many years ago which contained a litany of things missing from the month, e.g. "No travelling at all – no locomotion; No inking of the way – no notion; No go by land or ocean....". It's a bit like that for us as we face the "second wave" of Covid-19, said to be back to March almost. Rates for infection are climbing in Bromley but not as severely (yet?) as elsewhere, particularly in the northern parts of England.

Just after our PM's latest broadcast introducing the 'traffic light' system, such restrictions as we still have here at the time of writing remain manageable, with care and self-control but the OCS is still not open to us so no meetings and talks until 2021 at the earliest. Local walks seem possible within the current guidelines, six to a group and with total separation en route and at table for the customary pub lunch even possibly outdoors. The real challenge is to convince members that it is safe to take part after prolonged hibernation in isolation for many.

Monthly coach outings are set to resume in January unless tighter regulations prevent their operation. Our regular coach company, Premiere, has been trialling day trips to test out passenger experience of the covid-safe precautions they have introduced. Our Chairman, Colin Vivian, accompanied by Ray Lyddall, one of our Outings organisers, should be going on a trip to Cirencester and the Cotswolds very soon. They will report their findings here next month and also share them in the next Newsletter to our members. There will be another Extra in November to keep them in touch with what is or is not happening and to raise spirits while we await the anticipated better tomorrow.

In the current October Extra there is a good feeling of optimism as we:-

- are delighted to report on the first actual HMF meeting for six months – our Annual Service in St. Mary's hosted by Napo as our President with over 20 people present. Not up to our usual numbers but it is a start;
- share the wonderful story of Hayes Community Foodbank set up this year in response to Covid -19 hardship (as already featured in *Hayes Herald*);
- take a trip down a memory lane of past walks in photographs over two decades as another reminder of what we are looking forward to in the, hopefully not too distant, future. There are even enough photos for a part two next time! A couple of the early ones appear here;

- enjoy the usual range of brain teasers and quizzes to help us keep alert.



*Alongside the Kent Brook, South of Edenbridge, towards Haxted. April 2004*

*The Chiding Stone at Chiddingstone, South of Bough Beech Reservoir. July 2004*



So let us remain agile, alert and optimistic at least until we meet again in these pages in December.

**Graham Marsden, Hon HMF Secretary** and **Allan Evison, Assistant Secretary** still working together in swapped roles as **the Secretarial Team**

**Contact by e-mail at: [secretary@hayesmensfellowship.org](mailto:secretary@hayesmensfellowship.org)**

## **Dear Friends**

This is a very belated thank you to you all for sending me a 90<sup>th</sup> birthday card in September.

Here at Ben Curtis Park where I live among all ages above 60 years old, we have only had two cases of the virus so far. Considering our residents total nearly 400 I think you will agree that is a good record. My birthday came three days before the lockdown of only 6 people gathering for parties etc. and so I was able to have a very small party of 30 people max here with me in our large hall – this meant only close family and very close friends could attend. My invitations included Napo and David Graham to represent you all at Church. As I am not, so far, able to come to church on a Sunday I cannot see you all and miss you very much.

So my message and prayer for everybody is, 'Take care; stay safe.' May God bless you until we meet again.

Love from

**Audrey Stanley**

## **WALK THROUGH THE BIBLE**

Many of you may recall that about 8 years ago, Churches Together ran a very successful session at Hayes Free Church on 'Walk Through the Bible - the Old Testament', followed the following year by the New Testament.

I still receive regular updates from director Paul Keeys on their constantly expanding mission in the UK and throughout many parts of the world. Particularly interesting is the input they have in schools, which show an increasing willingness to welcome the team in. With the lockdown now in place, they have produced 10 short videos on Facebook, and 60% of the schools using these had never had a 'Walk Through' session before.

Anyone interested in catching up with their various activities could log on to their website at [paul@bible.org.uk](mailto:paul@bible.org.uk).

**Janet Sladden**

## CHILDREN'S SOCIETY – BOXES AND MASKS...

I was due to collect the Children's Society boxes that many of you have last month but we were advised not to at the moment due to the coronavirus. I am sorry, but if you would like me to empty your box please give me a ring on **0208 462 2118**.

One of my box holders Melita Lambert has been busy during lockdown making face masks and asking for donations for the Children's Society. All proceeds from the sale of masks go direct to the Children's Society.

Melita has filled two boxes with donations; she has raised at the moment £380.20 and is still making more Halloween, Poppy and Christmas masks, and many other beautiful masks, including black masks for children to wear to school. If you would like a mask or two please let me know on the above phone number.



## ...AND CHRISTMAS CARDS

I will not be selling the Christmas cards in church this year, but instead I can take individual orders direct from the catalogues. I can order the cards in bulk so no postage will be involved. I can deliver catalogues to you at the beginning of November.

Please can you ring me on **0208 462 2118** if you would like to see the catalogue.

Thank you

**Pauline Muggridge**

I came across this poem browsing through a book whilst on holiday. I cannot recall having read it in full before, so I thought it would be good to share during Remembrance time.

**Laurence Binyon** (1854-1943) wrote this poem in tribute to the soldiers who died fighting for Britain in World War 1 and it includes a widely familiar stanza.

**Yvonne Pickford**

### **They shall not grow old!**

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we who 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 shall remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night:

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

## OUR GOD OF LOVE AND SURPRISES

God loved the world he had created and it was perfect until sin entered in. This event is described in the allegory of Adam and Eve in the book of Genesis where we read that Adam disobeyed God by eating an apple from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. There is a poignant moment in the story when God comes in the cool of the day to see if Adam and Eve are enjoying their life in his creation only to find that it has been spoiled by Adam's disobedience which would result in a damaged world. I am struck by the lovely image of God seeking friendship with Adam and Eve and wanting to share in their lives. God calls 'Where are you?' but Adam is hiding because he has become aware of his sin and is ashamed to meet God. I can understand how Adam felt; I have often felt ashamed when I come to God for forgiveness AGAIN for a recurring sin. Our God hasn't changed since the days of Adam but we can never fully know him in this life and there are times when he surprises us.

I have recently woken up very early in the morning and, while lying in bed, I have become conscious of God coming to me quietly, just as if he were walking in the garden looking for me to see how I am. I have felt his gentle presence in my room and a deep sense of peace; I have lain there just thrilled that he has come to visit me in spite of my sin and failure. It makes my day feel secure and full of hope because I know he is with me. This is just one of the surprises of our God - his deep interest and care for everyone and how he can choose to meet with us.

A second surprise has occurred in my garage where I am restoring an old motorcycle. Many times I have been handling a complicated piece of the bike and dropped a tiny ball bearing or a really small spring somewhere on the concrete floor. I have searched for half an hour with clear vision and moved every object that might possibly conceal it only to give up in despair. Then I pray and ask for his help and retire indoors. After a cup of tea, I return to the garage, still feeling desperate, and the first thing I see is the ball bearing staring at me in the exact same area of the floor where I had searched meticulously for half an hour! Believe me, this happens frequently and I end up enlisting his help after my failed efforts every time and always find the missing item. This amazes me because the God of the universe who controls the planets and the stars and the galaxies wants to be involved in my life to the extent of helping me to find a ball bearing on my garage floor - it is a surprise and a great mystery.

I have realised how much our God loves us and wants to share our lives in the big and also the smallest ways. We should trust him and depend on him and listen in our quiet moments to hear him calling 'Where

are you?' as he walks in the cool of the day in the garden of our lives, wanting to have fellowship and friendship with us.

**David Langford**

## **ST. MARY'S CHARITY 'ONLINE PRESERVE SHOP'**

As many of you already know, we are not able to have our Christmas Fayre in November, so sadly we are unable to make any cakes this year. We have our marmalades, jams, chutneys and David's mint jelly which have already been made, and we are planning to sell them to raise some much-needed funds for our charities, CASPA and CMS.

We will be emailing details to the church online community, and if anyone who does not have email access would like to place an order, please contact the Church Office for full details of stock together with collection/delivery arrangements. We cannot promise to fulfil every order as we have limited stock of some items. We will be 'open for orders' for about three weeks from Monday 16th November.

Any support for our charities would be very much appreciated.

**Rosemary Smith**



**Items for the December magazine by 16<sup>th</sup> November please. Copy to the Editor – see below.**

**December magazines will be ready for distribution on 29<sup>th</sup> November**

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