

Isles of Scilly



Methodist Church Circuit

IN TOUCH

April/May 2020

Chairman of the District:

Revd. Stephen Wild M.A.

Superintendent Minister:

Revd. Michael Pullan B.Ed. B.D. 422406

Local Preachers:

Mr. Len Michell 422409

Mr. Gordon Bird 422550

Mr. Christopher Savill 423563

Circuit Stewards:

Mrs. Christine Savill 423563

Mr. Mervyn Bird 423117

Mrs. Beryl Read 422977

Mr. Len Michell 422409

Circuit Treasurer: Mr. Christopher Savill 423563

Gift Aid Secretary: Mrs. Stephanie Bird 423117

Circuit Meeting Secretary: Mrs. Heather Terry 422329

Church Stewards:

St. Mary: Mrs. Claire Jenkins Mrs. Jean Duncan

Mr. Philip Lethbridge Mrs. Leigh Kendrick

Mrs. Sue Williams

St. Martin's: Mrs. Barbara Jones

St. Mary's:

Treasurer: Mrs. Sue Williams 422605

Church Council Secretary: Mrs. Beryl Read 422977

Hall Booking Secretary: Mrs. Anne Gurr 422224

Organists: Mr. Len Michell 422409

Mr. Philip Lethbridge 422404

St. Martin's:

Church Council Secretary: Mrs. Jackie Perkins 422814

Church Treasurer: Mr. Alan Terry 422329

Connexional Link Person: Mrs. Beryl Read 422977

Safeguarding Officer: Mrs. Barbara James 422674

From the Manse

Dear Friends,

As a number of people have said to me 'We're living in strange times'. The Coronavirus is impacting on the whole world and causing fear, panic and a change of lifestyle for many. The figures given to us about cases and deaths are staggering (though deaths from other preventable diseases are far higher!!)

It's right that we take the necessary steps to slow the spreading and support the weak and vulnerable, practically and prayerfully.

The coming weeks/months may give us all more opportunity to think about life and faith, to talk to people more ('phone, video link, Skype, Face Time etc.) and to recognise our frailty before God and the need of His love and grace.

It is important to remember that just as this virus spread rapidly from a small beginning, in this season of Holy Week, Easter and, later, Pentecost, because of one man's suffering, dying and rising, hope was rekindled, death and sin conquered and new power given to the world. We celebrate all that God in Christ has done, is doing and will do for us.

It's estimated that, worldwide, 55,000 people become Christians every day – the love and power of God knows no bounds and we have an opportunity to share in this spreading.

I hope you will join in prayer each evening at 7 p.m. against the Virus, as the Spirit leads. We might all find more opportunity to pray generally that "man does not live on bread alone, but on every word that come from the mouth of the Lord." (Deuteronomy 8:v3). Isaiah wrote 'don't fear for I am with you' (Isaiah 41:v10), and Joshua declared 'be strong and courageous, do not be frightened or dismayed, for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go'. God's word is our sustenance of life when the ordinary means of life are wanting (it's always been so).

May we know, in the words of the old song:-

“He walks with (us) and talks with (us) and He tells (us) we are
His own’.

With Christian greetings and every blessing,

Michael

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Easter Eggs

Toilet Rolls (limited)

Kitchen Rolls

Easter Cards

All available from the **Fair Trade Stall**
In the Wesley Room

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human being because, even though it was a very large mammal, its throat was very small.

The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale.

Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human, it was physically impossible.

The little girl said, “When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah.”

The teacher asked, “What if Jonah went to hell?”

The little girl replied, “Well, then you can ask him.”

News From St. Martin's

This will be a brief 'hello' from a locked down St. Martin's. Having recovered from the B word, we are now struggling with the C word. We have faced our isolation this month with stoic 'British resilience!'

Our Minister was late back from his cruise; our 'local preachers' were either ill, on holiday, or the weather prevented boating – so we 'did our own thing.' A big thanks to Jackie Perkins for organising and leading worship on two Sundays when we all either chose the hymns, read or provided a poem.

It was good to welcome Michael when he was able to get over. We value our fellowship and it has been a support to be able to meet together; unfortunately, this will have to be put on hold until this crisis is over. However, we can still shout at a distance, phone and keep in touch.

We hope that everyone in the Islands can stay safe, sane and sanitised – and look out for each other.

May God go with you,

Val Thomas

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

No Time to Spare

By Patience Strong

Our time belongs to those who need us. It is not our own – for we were not meant to live for self and self alone. The passing days are precious gold to use and not to waste. There's not much time for others when we live our lives in haste.

We make excuses for ourselves when faced with hard demands – something that requires a willing heart and ready hands. We say that we are weary with the burdens of the day – yet we seem to find the time for pleasure and for play.

We talk as if our lives belong to us exclusively. But our lives belong to God. Though busy we may be – the world is full of folks in need of comfort, help and care. This remember when you say you have no time to spare.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

Along with people from over one hundred countries and islands around the world, thirty adults and ten young people from St. Mary's participated in the 2020 World Day of Prayer on 6th March. As the "Rise! Take up your mat and walk" act of worship was prepared by the Christian women of Zimbabwe, appropriate pictures, symbols and artefacts from that country were on display in the Anglican Church.

It was very good to have some students from the Five Islands Academy join us this year and I am grateful to Rachel Thornton for ensuring that the girls played their parts very well. Three were needed to light candles and speak in the actual service; another five performed a short drama and two more collected the offertory and commitment cards. The drama illustrated the lives of school children in Zimbabwe, where, despite coming from varied backgrounds and speaking different languages, they show love, peace and reconciliation. It was a pleasure to welcome some parents who had come with their children.

Love, peace and reconciliation were the key words of the "Rise! Take up your mat and walk" service, during which there was an opportunity for individuals to write their commitments on a card. These particular thoughts, requiring prayer, action or both, could be broadly grouped under "personal" (e.g. Listen, don't judge), "family" (e.g. Always show love to family), "church" (Show love, peace and reconciliation to all in our Church irrespective of differences), "community" (e.g. Serve and help neighbours whatever their need) and "the world" (e.g. show love, peace and reconciliation in all places of conflict). Perhaps readers of "In Touch" can identify with these and similar commitments and swell the chain of prayer?

Following the service a happy social time was shared with tea and cake in the pavilion.

The offerings from the World Day of Prayer service are sent to the organisation who distribute grants to an eclectic range of charities worldwide, some specifically supporting women. I am pleased to report that £202 has been sent from Scilly this year.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all those who took part in the service (leaders, readers and young people), all who joined the congregation and the ladies who provided the refreshments. Also, a particular word of appreciation to Revd. Eileen Martin for her leadership and Revd. Perran Gay for his musical accompaniment and help with some tricky songs.

Heather Terry

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God of the present moment,
God who in Jesus stills the storm and soothes the frantic heart;
Bring hope and courage to all who wait or work in uncertainty.
Bring hope that you will make them equal of whatever lies ahead.
Bring them courage to endure what cannot be avoided, for your will is health and wholeness;
You are God, and we need you.

Amen

When this is over,
May we never again take for granted
A handshake with friend or stranger
Full shelves at the store
Conversations with neighbours.
A crowded theatre
Friday night out
The taste of communion.
A routine check-up
The school run each morning.
Coffee with friends
The stadium roaring
Each deep breath
A boring Tuesday
Life itself.

When this ends
May we find that we have become more like
the people we wanted to be,
Were called to be,
and may we stay that way,
Better for each other because of the worst.

Early in the New Year we were saddened to hear of the death of our dear friend, Rosemary (Ratcliffe) Davison, a valued member of our congregation and a gifted teacher at the primary school in the 1970's.

'Rosie' was musically talented, played the guitar and had a lovely singing voice. She was tall, elegant and beautiful – she was a "Cool Christian." But most of all, she was a beautiful soul.

No surprise then that when she asked if anyone would be interested in joining a singing group, most of the girls in Sunday School and inters were "in" and 'Springtide' was formed. We loved singing with Rosie and she gave us the confidence to sing the Lord's praises without feeling self-conscious. People enjoyed hearing "Springtide" sing and they loved the fact that Rosie gave her time and care to us youngsters and showed an interest in encouraging us in our growing faith.

One very personal memory of Rosie was of a serious conversation she, quite rightly, felt she needed to have with me one Sunday evening after our youth meeting. My Mum, June Lethbridge, used to keep the members of 'Springtide' in check when we rehearsed and gave us some tips about our diction and projecting our voices. After dropping everyone else home, Rosie pulled the car up outside Maypole. She gently told me that she had something to say to me. She didn't want me to be upset but asked that I reflect on my behaviour towards my Mum during our "Springtide" rehearsals. Rosie was quite right; by being too big for my boots on a number of occasions, I had been disrespectful to my Mum - not good. Initially, Rosie's words stung, not as a result of what she had said or the way in which she said it, but because I knew that she was right.

I like to think that those words have helped me in some of the difficult conversations I have had over the years. The power of Rosie's words and the kindness and concern in which they were delivered has lived with me and, I believe, has been of immeasurable help to me in challenging situations.

As I suspect, like many of us, I feel sad that I won't meet Rosie again in this life but I'm pretty sure we will meet in the next.

Thank you, Rosie, for being such a wonderful friend to us all.

Mary (Lethbridge) Anderson

The Old Violin

By an American Writer - Myra Brooks Welch

T'was battered and scarred and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin
But he held it up with a smile.

'What am I bidden, good folks,' he cried,
'Who will start bidding for me?'

'A dollar, a dollar' – then, 'Two!'
'Two dollars, only two, and who'll make it three?'

'Three dollars once, three dollars twice,
Going for three' – but no,
From the room, far back, a grey-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow.

Then wiping the dust from the old violin
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As sweet as a carolling angel sings.

'A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand, once; three thousand twice;
And going, and gone!' said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,
'We do not quite understand.
What changed its worth?'
Swift came the reply; 'The touch of the Master's hand.'

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game – and he travels on.
He's 'going once', and 'going' twice,
He's 'going' and almost 'gone.'

But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

Methodist Women in Britain

Mrs. Jill Nute, the current Cornwall District President of Methodist Women in Britain, was planning to visit the Islands from 22–26 June this year but, due to the corona pandemic, will probably have to postpone her trip until a later date.

Jill's presidential Charity is called 'Mary's Meals', a charity that works with local communities to set up school feeding programmes in places where poverty and hunger prevent children from gaining an education.

This charity is helping more than 1.5 million children in 18 countries to learn, thrive and find hope in the classroom.

It's a simple idea that works. The promise of a nutritious meal encourages children – who might otherwise have to spend their day working, begging or scavenging for food – to come to school and take their first steps towards a brighter future.

But with 64 million children still missing out on an education, and millions attending school too hungry to concentrate and learn, the work is just beginning.

£13.90 is all it costs to feed a child for a whole school year.

We will endeavour to re-arrange this visit when it is safe to do so.

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Do not be daunted by the enormity of the world's grief.

Do justly now
Love mercy now
Walk humbly now

You are not obliged to complete the work,
But neither are you free to abandon it.

The Island Haven

Islanders from the Isles of Scilly often require medical treatment on the mainland, ranging from routine appointments to cancer care and pregnancy checkups.

When islanders require mainland care they need a place to stay during prolonged treatment, or their family, friends or carers may need a place to stay to accompany them. This could happen to visitors too.

The need for islanders to pay for hotels, guesthouses or B&B accommodation impacts family life, finances and general wellbeing at a time when stability is needed most. During the main season, accommodation can be virtually impossible to find.

Island Haven will fundraise to acquire and equip a property on the mainland that can be a "home from home" for islanders, providing much-needed accommodation.

Island Haven is a non-profitable organisation with voluntary trustees, working to fundraise with the help of our island community, including visitors.

Please pray for this project and for all who strive to raise the necessary funds to make it happen.

How to donate:

- Online – www.theislandhaven.co.uk
- Post – Please send a cheque payable to *Island Haven* to Treasurer David Grottick, Burgundy House, St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly. TR21 0JX
- Cash – Collection tins around the islands

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Recent CAMEO coffee mornings raised £90.00 for the Island Haven and £72.00 for the Methodist Benevolent Fund.

WESLEY COTTAGE

Wesley Cottage in Trewint, near Launceston, provides a unique experience set in an 18th Century cottage and Chapel which is thought to be the smallest Methodist Preaching place in the world.

On the first trip to Cornwall with John Wesley in 1743, two of his companions, John Nelson and John Downes, stopped at stonemason Digory Isbell's cottage to seek hospitality. They were welcomed by his wife, Elizabeth. Nelson called again as he was leaving Cornwall and reportedly preached to 300 people.

After that, Wesley was a regular lodger and so Digory Isbell added a two room 'Prophet's Chamber' to his cottage where Wesley and his preachers both stayed and preached.

Today, Wesley Cottage is open for visitors and contains eighteenth Century furnishings and displays of Wesleyana.

A wide variety of retreat and study days are held throughout the year. You can enjoy:-

- Hearing the story of the first Methodist Preachers visiting Cornwall and calling at Wesley Cottage.
- The 'Wesley Room' where John Wesley prayed and slept.
- The new 'Upper Room' with its display of 18th Century artifacts.
- Exploring life in Cornwall in the 1700's.
- A peaceful time of reflection in the tiny Chapel.
- The Prayer Garden with its special features.
- Activity leaflet and Quiz for children and young people.

- Complimentary light refreshments.
- Wesley Day Celebrations held each year to mark John Wesley's Conversion on 24th May 1738.

A lovely place of peace and tranquility – well worth a visit.

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**Unscrambling Scripture
With Revd. Mark Dunn-Wilson**

(Minister at Truro Methodist Church)

Key Verse: John 12:15

“Do not be afraid, Daughter of Zion, see, your king is coming, seated on a donkey’s colt .”

During Lent, I have been privileged to share in a series of studies called 'Find my Voice' (based on the film, *The King's Speech*, which I highly recommend) and it has reminded me once more of how important it is that we speak up for Christ. If Jesus is my King, then I should not only praise Him in Church, but – humbly, gently and kindly – speak up for Him in my everyday living. Why? Because I believe I've found something worth sharing. Why? In Christ I have found forgiveness for my past, hope for my future and strength and joy for my present. And why should I keep that all to myself?

We should take every opportunity to 'find our voice' again and invite one person to come and find what we have found in Jesus.

Songs of Glory

Complete Consecration

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart – it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store,
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal

In December 1874 Frances Ridley Havergal went to Worcester with a group of ten people for a five day visit. She later wrote that in the group "some were unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians." She prayed that the Lord would use her to lead these to a joyful experience in Christian faith.

By the last day of her visit, her prayer had been answered. Because of the joy she felt, she was unable to sleep. She spent most of the night in praise and renewal of her own consecration and the couplets of the hymn flooded her mind. Each of them expressed part of herself – time, hands, feet, voice, lips, wealth, mind, will, heart, love and finally "myself."

Reared in a minister's home, Frances Havergal was an extraordinary person. Through her self-disciplined study and her travels throughout Europe, she became skilled in the biblical languages (Hebrew and Greek) and also in several modern languages. In her book *Swiss Letters*, she tells of hiking and skiing in the Swiss Alps. The challenge of the Alps provided great excitement for her, for she wrote, "The snow slopes were most entertaining to cross and I enjoyed the scramble excessively."

Several years after the hymn was written, Havergal wrote that "Take my silver and my gold' now means shipping off all my ornaments, including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a Countess, to the Church Missionary Society where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I retain only a brooch for daily wear, which is a memorial of my dear parents. I had no idea I had such a jeweller's shop; nearly fifty articles are being packed off. I don't think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure."

In a real sense the hymn is autobiographical. It describes Frances Havergal committing her gifts and talents that "Christ may be all in all."

Services and all activities in the Methodist Church are cancelled for the foreseeable future due to the Coronavirus pandemic.

Revd. Michael can be contacted at any time on:-

01720 422406

07710224801

mjpullan@btinternet.com

Jean Duncan and Barbara James are carrying out a regular telephone exercise to help members and adherents feel connected during this time of isolation.

This will be a chance to express your concerns; ask for practical help; pray together or just talk.

If you know of someone in the wider community who would appreciate a call, please, let us know.

Together, we will support each other.

Holy God, we remember that you have promised that nothing will separate us from your love – demonstrated to us in Jesus Christ. Help us turn our eyes, hearts and minds to you.

Amen.

Jean Duncan - 01720 422527

Barbara James - 01720 422674

**WHO
DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?**

CREATED by God and
Made in His Image – Gen 1:26-27

A Child of the
LIGHT–Eph 5:8

LOVED – Jer 31:3

A TEMPLE
Of the HOLY SPIRIT– 1 Cor 6:19

Fearfully and
WONDERFULLY Made – Ps 139:14

SAVED and
Redeemed – Eph 1:7

An **AMBASSADOR**
Of Peace – 2 Cor 5:16-20

A Citizen of **HEAVEN** – Eph 2:19

NEVER ALONE – Deut 31:8

I HAVE A PURPOSE – Jer 29:11

HEAVEN'S GROCERY STORE

I was walking down life's highway a long time ago.
One day, I saw a sign that said "Heaven's Grocery Store."

As I got a little closer, the door came open wide,
And when I came to myself, I was standing inside.

I saw a host of ANGELS. They were standing everywhere.
One handed me a basket and said, "My child shop with care."

Everything a Christian needed was in the Grocery Store,
And all you couldn't carry, you could come back the next day for more.

First, I got some PATIENCE, LOVE was in the same row.

Further down was UNDERSTANDING, you need that wherever you go.

I got a box or two of WISDOM, a bag or two of FAITH.

I couldn't miss the HOLY GHOST for it was all over the place.

I stopped to get some STRENGTH and COURAGE to help me run this
race.

By then, my basket was getting full, but I remembered some GRACE.

I didn't forget SALVATION for SALVATION is free.

So I tried to get enough of that to save both you and me.

Then I started up to the counter to pay my grocery bill,

For I thought I had everything to do my MASTER'S will.

As I went up the aisle I saw PRAYER and just had to put it in,

For I know when it's tough outside, I would run right into sin.

PEACE and JOY were plentiful, they were on the last shelf.

SONGS and PRAISES were hanging near so I helped myself.

Then I said to the Angel. "Now, how much do I owe?"

He just smiled and said, "Just take them wherever you go."

Again I said, "How much do I really owe?"

He smiled again and said,

"MY CHILD, JESUS PAID YOUR BILL A LONG, LONG TIME AGO!"

NB – 'LOO' ROLLS NOT NEEDED

NO PANIC BUYING

God of all hope we call on you today.
We pray for those who are living in fear:
Fear of illness, fear for loved ones, and fear of other's reactions to them.
May your spirit give us a sense of calmness and peace.

We pray for your church in this time of uncertainty.
For those people who are worried about attending worship.
For those needing to make decisions in order to care for others.
For those who will feel more isolated by not being able to attend.
Grant us your wisdom.

Holy God we remember that you have promised that
Nothing will separate us from your love – demonstrated to us in Jesus
Christ.
Help us turn our eyes, hearts and minds to you.

Amen

Loving God, if we are ill, strengthen us.
If we are tired, fortify our spirits.
If we are anxious, help us to consider the lilies of the field and the birds
of the air.

Help us not to stockpile treasures from supermarkets
In the barns of our larders!
Don't let fear cause us to overlook the needs of others more vulnerable
than ourselves.
Fix our eyes on your story and our hearts on your grace.
Help us always to hold fast to the good and see the good in others.
And remember, there is just one world, one hope,
One everlasting love, with baskets of bread for everyone.

In Jesus we make our prayer,
The one who suffered, died and was raised to new life,
In whom we trust, these days and all days.

Amen

Revd. Barbara Glasson - President of the Methodist Conference

GOOD NEWS – OPEN THE BOOK

By using the term, 'Open the Book,' I mean the Bible. It is God's word to mankind for all generations. It is as relevant today as when it was written. We do so well to read it and obey its precepts and principles.

In our country, when a new Monarch is crowned, the Archbishop of Canterbury hands the Bible to the new Monarch with these words:- "Our Gracious King/Queen, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is Wisdom, this is the Royal Law; these are the lively (living) Oracles of God."

What wonderful words – what truth! Do not say – "Oh well, it is a different day – we have moved on." I say, yes, it is a different day – but God does not change – His PRECEPTS and PRINCIPLES remain the same.

Let us "Open the Book" and, in the prayer of Psalm 119, verse 18, pray "Open my eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of your law." Persevere with reading and prayer; ask God for His help; we shall find verse 105 to be true – "Your Word is a LAMP to my feet and a LIGHT to my path."

Precept : Rule of Behaviour

Principle : Moral Rule guiding behaviour, general or basic truth

Pauline Jackson-Cocking

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Giving

On St. Mary's the offerings for January amounted to £1,032.30 and in February £1,087.50. Both figures include standing orders.

What can I do to cheer a world of sorrow?
How bring back hope where men have sorely failed?
Just where I am I'll speak a word of comfort,
Tell how, for me, Christ's sacrifice availed.

*Just where He needs me, my Lord has placed me,
Just where He needs me, there would I be!
And since He found me, by love He's bound me
To serve Him joyfully.*

What can I do to ease life's heavy burdens?
What can I do to help mankind in need?
Just where I am I'll share my neighbour's hardship,
Lighten his load and prove a friend indeed.

What can I do to justify my living?
What can I be to make this life worthwhile?
I'll be a voice to call men to the Saviour
Just where I am and win my Father's smile.

Andrew Mair
Sunderland Millfield Songsters of the Salvation Army

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The Psalmist said, "Be still, and know that I am God"
(Psalm 46:10). Easier said than done, right? So many people these
days say "I'm just dying for a little peace and quiet. A chance to relax,
to think and pray. But I just can't seem to manage it."

'Stillness' isn't a word many of us use any more, let alone experience.
Yet today we desperately need this sense. We're constantly on the
move, stretched to the max with all the hats we wear and all the
demands made on our lives.

I encourage you to seek out times to rest, plan, regroup and draw closer
to God. And when you do, His wonderful peace will come into your home
and life.

As the traditional Easter story is rehearsed again this month, you may notice that there is one name that frequently occurs. It is that of the 'other' Mary – not the mother of Jesus, but Mary of Magdalene, who stood by her at the cross and became the first human being to meet the risen Christ.

That's quite a record for a woman who, the Gospels tell us, had been delivered by Jesus from 'seven devils' – New Testament language for some dark and horrible affliction of body, mind or spirit. As a result, her devotion to Him was total and her grief at His death overwhelming.

In church history Mary Magdalene became the 'fallen woman' a harlot who was rescued and forgiven by Jesus but there is no evidence to prove she was a 'fallen woman' but the contrast is sublime. Mary the virgin mother, the symbol of purity. Mary Magdalene the scarlet woman who was saved and forgiven, the symbol of redemption. Surely, we all fall somewhere between those two extremes.

The dark cloud from which she was delivered may have been sexual, we are not told. What we do know is that the two Marys stood together at the cross, the Blessed Virgin and the woman rescued from who knows what darkness and despair.

The second great moment for her was as unexpected as it was momentous. She had gone with other women to the tomb of Jesus and found it empty. An angelic figure told them that Jesus was not there, He had risen – and the others drifted off. But Mary stayed, reluctant to leave it like that. She became aware of a man nearby, whom she took to be the gardener. She explained to Him that the body of 'her Lord' had been taken away and she didn't know where to find Him

The man simply said her name 'Mary' and she instantly realised it was Jesus. She made to hug Him, but He told her not to touch Him because his resurrection was not yet complete. She was, however, to go to the male disciples and tell them she had met Him. She did – but they couldn't believe her.

Her words – 'I have seen the Lord' – echo down the centuries, the very beating heart of the Christian gospel.

I was shocked, confused, bewildered
As I entered Heaven's door,
Not by the beauty of it all,
Nor the lights or its décor.

But it was the folks in Heaven
Who made me splutter and gasp
The thieves, the liars, the sinners,
The alcoholics and the trash.

There stood the kid from 7th grade
Who swiped my lunch money twice.
Next to him was my old neighbour
Who never said anything nice.

Bob, who I always thought
Was rotting away in hell,
Was sitting pretty on cloud nine
Looking incredibly well.

I nudged Jesus, "What's the deal?"
I would love to hear your take.
"How did all these sinners get up here?
God must have made a mistake."

"Anyway, why is everyone so quiet,
So sombre – give me a clue."

"Hush child," he said,
They're all in shock
No one thought they'd be seeing you!"

Ann Glanville (1796-1880) Rowing Champion

Ann Glanville should be as famous as any male athlete that Cornwall has ever produced, combining as she did astonishing prowess with the sunniest nature. If not quite an amateur, as her sport was what she did for a living, she certainly behaved like one. No coach today would be happy if one of his stars kept having babies as Ann did, but he would be more than happy with the results. She was unbeatable.

Born in 1796 in Saltash to George and Margaret Wherrin, Ann married young. Her husband, John Glanville, was a waterman and they had fourteen children. His job was to ferry passengers and freight across the Tamar from Saltash to Devonport and Ann more than helped out in that work.

She was tall, powerful and obviously a natural oarswoman for it takes more than brute strength to row fast. She had been rowing since she was a girl and kept rowing as a wife and mother, especially as John was often ill. But it was the annual regattas at Saltash that showed how good she was. These were gig races with four to a gig and Ann skippered an all-woman crew that could thrash anybody, the men included. They wore smart kit (white caps with blue ribbons, white dresses with blue scarves), and they took on all corners as far away as Liverpool, Portsmouth and – with Queen Victoria watching – Fleetwood. But their finest hour was at le Havre, where their French hosts imagined that this all-woman gig was just to make up the numbers. Second place out of ten went to a male French crew; first, by a hundred yards, came the ladies of Saltash.

After the victory Ann – ‘Mother’ as they called her in the navy – was proclaimed champion female rower of the world. ‘Mother’ was right: by now one of her sons had enlisted, and his ultimate superior, Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Charles Beresford, kept a portrait of Ann in his cabin.

Lord Beresford, as he later became, paid for Ann’s eventual funeral at which the Royal Marines’ band played a slow march. She was buried in St. Stephen’s old churchyard in Saltash and her gravestone pays tribute to her industry and character in standard

Sunday-best language. But a friend put it less formally. Ann, she said, was 'high-spirited and good-tempered, honest to a farthing, clean as a smelt, and kind-hearted as a queen.' An epitaph to die for.

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Editorial Team

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Thanks to www.parishpump.co.uk for the use of their material.

This is the Circuit magazine and it needs your contributions to make it informative and interesting. Please send news, notice of events with dates etc. and personal reflections to the editor by 15th of the month. Articles from our mainland readers are always welcome.

In Touch can be read on line.

Just go to our Circuit website www.scillymethodists.co.uk and click on the link to the newsletter. Back numbers of In Touch can also be accessed.

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BIRTHDAYS

April

Gwen Clarkson, Mary Gibbs, Barbara Hasler, Stephen Morris, Jenny Nightingale.

May

Mervyn Bird, Andy Brooks, Michael Jenkins, Nick Jenkins,

Happy Birthday and every blessing on your special day.

PRAYER CHAIN

Please contact Revd. Michael Pullan (422406) who will pass on the prayer request to the first name in each of the groups.

Mervyn & Stephanie Bird **423117**
Sue Williams 422605

Claire Jenkins **423546**
Margaret Snowball 422896
Gordon Bird 422550
Sonia Crompton 422854

Len & Sylvia Michell **422409**
Pamela Thomas 423115
June Lethbridge 422404

Beryl Read **422977**
Gwen Clarkson 423106

For the Prayer Chain to be effective it is essential that requests are forwarded to the person in the column beneath your name. If that person is not available, please, ring the next person on the list.

If anyone else would like to join in this special ministry, please, contact Revd. Michael Pullan on 422406.

We thank God that we can be channels of his grace.

May Services

St. Mary's

3 rd	1100	Stewards
10 th	0915	Mrs. J. Ward
	1100	Revd. Michael Pullan
17 th	0915	Revd. Stephen Radford
	1100	Revd. Stephen Radford
24 th	0915	Mr. G. Bird
	1100	Revd. M. Pullan – Holy Communion
31 st	0915	Mr. D. Ward
	1100	Revd. Michael Pullan

St. Martin's

3 rd	1100	Mr. C. Savill
10 th	1400	Revd. Michael Pullan
17 th	1100	Songs of Praise
24 th	1500	Revd. Michael Pullan
31 st	1500	Revd. Michael – Holy Communion

Park House

10 th	1600	Revd. Michael Pullan
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All services cancelled for the foreseeable future

April Services

St. Mary's

5 th	0915 1100	Mrs. B. Read Revd. Michael Pullan
12 th	1100	Revd. Michael Pullan - Holy Communion
19 th	0915 1100	Revd. Michael Pullan Mrs. M. Brock
26 th	0915 1100	Mr. D. Ward Revd. Michael Pullan

St. Martin's

5 th	1400	Revd. Michael Pullan
12 th	1500	Revd. Michael Pullan – Holy Communion
19 th	1100	Revd. Michael Pullan
26 th	1100	Mrs. B. Read

Park House

5 th	1600	Revd. Michael Pullan
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***All services cancelled for the
foreseeable future***