

**Isles of Scilly**



**Methodist Church Circuit**

**IN TOUCH**

*August/September 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 - (*Not taking services this quarter*)

422409

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,

Many years ago, Cliff Richard (who turns 80 in October) sang 'We're all going on a Summer Holiday.' I guess we might sing 'Are we going on a Summer Holiday?' (even though we can't yet sing in Church buildings) – lockdown is easing and people are making plans for holidays in the UK or abroad. Churches are getting ready to try and meet together for worship and praise (within the guidelines) so, we can certainly say, if not sing, we're all going to have a summer Holy day which may be weekly, but ideally every day and not subject to any lockdown.

In the old hymns it says:-

'Take time to be holy, speak oft with thy Lord .....

'Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen and keep you  
He is willing to help you, He will carry you through.'

I pray this has been your experience during these past months and will continue to be so in the coming weeks.

Many of you, I am sure, will have been blessed and encouraged by contact from Jean Duncan and Barbara James and we give thanks to God for them and all they continue to do.

W. E. Sangster, a prolific writer and former President of the Conference, said part of Methodism's task is to spread scriptural holiness through the country – a love of Jesus, the Bible and practical action stems from reading, prayer and worship. We continue in the Lord's name and strength to strive to do this.

On a different 'note', Ken Dodd once sang 'Happiness, Happiness, the greatest gift that I possess. I thank the Lord that I've been blessed with more than my share of happiness.'

True happiness/contentment cannot be bought or earned, they are a gift from God, dependent on our fully committing ourselves to Him and allowing Him to be first in our lives.

Happiness is not having what we want, but wanting what we have – would we, in the words of another 'oldie' –

'rather have Jesus than silver or gold?'

Holiness and Happiness together give us, through Jesus, all that we need in life. When Paul wrote 'I have learned in whatever state I am to be content' (Philippians 4:v11) he was in different circumstances but seeking to serve and minister to others and give glory to God.

Let us strive, with His help, to do the same.

With Christian greetings.

*Michael.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

AT THIS METHODIST CHURCH

All are welcome to receive the

Bread and the Wine

at our services of Holy Communion.

Come to worship not because you must but because you may. Come, not to declare that you are good, but because you long to be a follower of Jesus.

Come not because you are strong, but because you are weak; not because you have any claim on God's rewards, but because you need His love.

Come and receive Love, Forgiveness and Hope.

## News From St Martin's

We have continued our relationships with God in our own homes, as our Chapel remains closed. Many have enjoyed the various forms of worship provided by radio, television and the Internet, but it's just not the same!

At times like this we appreciate the warmth of companionship and look forward to meeting friends and family in the queue to visit the shop! As 'lock down' eases we are making plans to return to a 'new normal' and look forward to a visit from Michael in the not too distant future. There has been a thorough spring clean of the Chapel - in pairs at a social distance. It was much needed and we are now ready!

We pray that this awful virus stays away from our precious Islands, and a vaccine can be found to protect everyone in the world. We are all grateful to 'front line workers' for the efforts they have made to keep us safe.

However, when we see stories from such places as the Yemen, it is a timely reminder of the fragility of this planet, and in many areas man's inhumanity to fellow mankind.

May we come through these troubled times as a fairer, healthier place in which to live, with a greater respect for person and planet.

We hope you stay safe.

*Val Thomas*

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**DVDs** for sale in the Manse Porch – 10p. each

**Jigsaws** to borrow or to buy – 50p. each

**Fairtrade** items, cards, bric a brac in the Wesley Room

## GOOD NEWS – Calm in the Storm

Living on an island, we know that the sea we love can be extremely changeable. One day, “flat calm” as Fraser, the boatman, says, and on another day rolling, whipped up by a strong south westerly wind and quite ferocious!

The Revd. Dr. James Martin tells of one of his Holy Land visits when he and his fellow ‘pilgrims’ were sailing across the sea of Galilee. Nearly always they had had a smooth crossing of the lake. But on one occasion it was quite different. It was his practice to arrange with the Captain of the ferry boat to cut the engines about halfway across so that, while the boat bobbed about in the calm waters, he could conduct a short service of worship.

On this occasion, it was quite calm when they cast off but, when they had sailed a quarter of the way across, a fierce squall hit them causing the boat to rock and roll violently. The Captain came and said to Revd. James, “I’m afraid you’ll have to miss your Church service, it would be too dangerous to stop the engines in these conditions.”

The Revd. felt sorry for the group, missing out on what he considered a real highlight of the pilgrimage. Apologizing to the group for the enforced change of plan, he instructed them to make sure they had a secure seat (the wind can overturn loose seats) – secured a seat for himself and went ahead with the service as best he could.

As they disembarked at Tiberius he again apologised. A lady member of the company spoke up, “You need not apologise, today’s experience was so good. It reminded me so vividly that, while Jesus never promised to keep us free from life’s storms, He assures us that when one overtakes us, He will be there to see us through it.” How wonderfully true that is!

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life when the clouds unfold their wings of strife?

*We have an anchor that keeps the soul  
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;  
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,  
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour’s love.*

*Pauline Jackson Cocking*

## Someone Does Care

I found God in the morning,  
We just sat and talked,  
I kept Him near me,  
Everywhere I walked.

I called on God at noontime,  
A heart filled with despair,  
I felt His quiet presence,  
I knew He was there.

We met again at sunset,  
The waning of the day.  
I had made Him happy,  
I had lived 'His Way.'

Then when at bedtime I knelt  
Silently in prayer,  
Again His gentle presence I felt,  
'Someone does care.'

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

In our restless days, when our impatience for freedom and justice seems too hard to bear; when the days are too long and the waiting too trying; help us to hold fast and keep patient a little longer, saying 'no' to our individual needs so that one day we can say 'yes' to transformed lives and healthy communities for all God's precious people.

*Revd. Dr. Barbara Glasson  
Immediate Past President of the Methodist Conference*

**INSPIRE Magazine – Telling the good news stories of God at work transforming individuals, churches and communities around the UK and across the world.**

“I was born in a council house in Ipswich and educated, if that’s the right word, at the local comprehensive school. I left with one ‘O’ level and a violent attitude. Worse still, I’d dabbled in the occult and encountered dark forces. These things whipped together to produce a perfect, awful storm and, in a pointless street-fight, I slashed an adversary’s face and was arrested.

I was given an 18-month custodial sentence, which I loved, and on my release, I moved to Brighton to ramp up the darkness. I fell in love with a prostitute, joined a football hooligan gang and took all the drugs I could find.

God, however, had other plans.

On the evening of Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> May 1988, I was getting stoned in a drug dealer’s house in Worthing and he offered me a job as a debt collector: I jumped at the opportunity.

In that unlikely setting, God reached out and offered me love and I didn’t even know what it was. What I did know, in that instant, was that Jesus personified it. I asked God to forgive me and life went from deepest darkness to brightest light. Nothing would be the same again.

Since then, I returned to education and received my doctorate in theology. I’ve pastured two churches and I teach Religious Studies at a sixth-form centre. I also share my story in churches and prisons.

My life isn’t perfect but I know who I am, why I am alive and that Jesus Christ is God’s gift to a lost world. That is more than enough ...!”

*Martyn Smith  
Who was helped by Inspire’s CPO many years ago.*



I don't know about tomorrow  
I just live from day to day.  
I don't borrow from its sunshine  
For its skies may turn to grey.  
I don't worry o'er the future  
For I know what Jesus said,  
And today I'll walk beside Him  
For He knows what is ahead.

*Many things about tomorrow  
I don't seem to understand  
But I know who holds tomorrow  
And I know who holds my hand.*

I don't know about tomorrow  
It may bring me poverty,  
But the one who feeds the sparrow  
Is the one who stands by me,  
And the path that is my portion  
May be through the flame or flood  
But His presence goes before me  
And I'm covered with His blood.

I know who holds the future  
And I know who holds my hand;  
With God things don't just happen,  
Everything by Him is planned.  
So as I face tomorrow with its  
Problems large and small,  
I'll trust the God of miracles,  
I'll give to Him my all.

*Ira F. Stanphill*

## ***Songs of Glory* .....**

### **Peace Attends My Way**

*When peace like a river attendeth my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, thou has taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

In the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, the ship's captain called one of his passengers to the bridge and said, "To the best of my calculations, Mr. Spafford, this is where the tragedy occurred and your daughters were drowned." Weeks earlier Horatio Spafford had planned a family trip to Europe in November 1873. Last minute business developments made it necessary for Spafford to remain in Chicago for a few days. He sent his wife and four daughters – Anna, eleven; Maggie, nine; Bessie, seven; and Tanetta, two – on the ship *Ville du Havre* to France with a group of friends.

In mid ocean the *Ville du Havre* was struck by the *Lochburn*, an English ship, and twelve minutes later it sank. Mrs. Spafford was picked up among the survivors, but the four little girls perished.

As soon as possible, Spafford left New York to join his wife. At the place where the tragedy occurred, he stood on the bridge of the ship for some time, contemplating the loss of his girls. Then he went to his cabin and wrote the poem that begins "When peace like a river attendeth my way." In the midst of great sorrow and tragedy, he gave expression to the peace in his heart.

Sorrow and tragedy were no strangers to the Spaffords. The 1871 Chicago fire wiped out Spafford's extensive real estate holdings on the north shore of Lake Michigan. In 1880 their fourteen year old son, Horatio, died of scarlet fever. Christian friends in the Presbyterian congregation to which the Spaffords belonged accused them of some great sin, causing these tragedies to be visited on them. The controversy grew until the Spaffords were asked to leave their Church. With unwavering faith and trust in God, they departed.

Long interested in biblical archaeology, Spafford and his wife and several friends settled in Jerusalem in 1881. They made their homes and became part of the life and culture of that area. The people in the community called them 'the American colony.'

After Spafford's death in 1888, his family and friends decided to stay in Jerusalem. His daughter, Bertha Spafford Vester, led the group in establishing the American Colony Hotel, which was well known into the twentieth century and provided a welcome oasis for travellers to Jerusalem. What a fitting tribute to one whose faith-inspired words we sing;

*Whatever my lot, thou has taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.*

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**Acts 10: v34 & 35:**

*I now realise how true it is that God does not show favouritism but accepts men from every nation who fear Him and do what is right.*

God makes it clear that the Good News of Christ is for everyone. We should not allow any barrier – language, culture, prejudice, gender, geography, economic or education level – to keep us from telling others about Christ.

In every nation there are hearts restless for God, ready to receive the gospel – but someone must take it to them. Seeking God is not enough, people must find Him.

How shall seekers find God without someone to point the way?

Is God asking YOU to point the way?

Is God asking YOU to show someone the way to Him?

**Romans 10:v15:**

*How beautiful are the feet of those who bring Good News.*

## **Bow the Knee**

There are moments on our journey following the Lord  
When God illumines every step we take.  
There are times when circumstances make perfect sense to us  
As we try to understand each move He makes.

When our path grows dim and our questions have no answers, Turn  
to Him, bow the knee.  
Trust the heart of your Father when the answer goes beyond what  
You can see, bow the knee.

There are days when clouds surround us  
And the rain begins to fall,  
The cold and lonely winds won't cease to blow  
And there seems to be no reason  
For the suffering we feel;  
We are tempted to believe God does not know.

When the storms arise, don't forget  
We live by faith and not by sight.  
Trust the heart of the Father when the answer  
Goes beyond what you can see, bow the knee.

Lift your eyes toward heaven and believe the  
One who holds eternity.  
And when you don't understand the purpose of His plan,  
In the presence of the King, bow the knee.

*Revd. Ron Hamilton &  
Cheryl Reid*

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God is challenging us in ways we did not expect,  
Blessing us in ways we could not have imagined.

God, our anger at injustice swells from deep within our core; Anger  
at decision makers for oppression we deplore;  
Anger at the ones who lead us for indifference to the poor;  
Anger at the lies, deception, selfishness that we abhor.

Systems made to serve the privileged,  
Tightly gripped by those with power,  
Stripping others of life chances,  
Edicts from an ivory tower.

God, our anger fires within us; bring your justice, liberate;  
Come and shatter worldly systems;  
Take the least and make them great!

Channel grief and anger in us,  
Let us be your voice and hands.  
Spirit guide our justice-seeking,  
Take us where your love demands.

Christ destroys the powers and forces,  
Chains of bondage, unjust strife,  
Not by might and raging violence  
But a sacrificial life.

How long, Maker, Word and Spirit,  
Till such evils are reversed?  
How long till your reign is finished and the last become the first?

Hear us God, we pray for justice,  
Hear our cries for those oppressed,  
Hear our voices, never silenced  
Till the least are truly blessed.

*Gary Hopkins 2020*

## Edith Cavell

Edith Cavell was born in the village of Swardeston, near Norwich, on 4 December 1865. She was the eldest of four siblings – three sisters and a brother. Their father, Frederick Cavell, was the vicar of the local parish church. He also ministered to the inmates of a nearby workhouse. He taught his children to live by the basic tenets of Christianity, principally the concern for the welfare of others ahead of their own.

Edith enrolled as a student nurse at the flagship London Hospital in Whitechapel. Hospitals were funded by charity then. Work was hard and the hours extremely long but Edith persevered and successfully completed her training. She left to take charge of infirmaries which were the precursors of modern day state-run hospitals and worked temporarily as Acting Matron.

In June 1907 Edith was invited to Brussels by a Doctor Antoine DePage to open and run a nursing school, modelling that of the London Hospital. She successfully opened what soon became a much emulated state-of-the-art nursing school in Brussels. Totally devoted to her work, she trained nurses, gave public lectures and assisted doctors in surgery.

Another new school was being prepared for opening when the First World War broke out. When casualties, friendly or enemy soldiers, came into the hospital Edith nursed them all alike, and taught her nurses to do the same. However, she feared that Allied soldiers trapped behind enemy lines would be caught and shot; so, working with an underground resistance movement she used her school and hospital to hide and then help them to escape to neutral Holland, even though she knew it was a perilous operation, punishable by death. Inevitably, the school attracted the attention of spies and the secret police.

Among those involved in this operation was a Belgian man name Philippe Baucq who distributed a subversive newspaper called *La Libre Belgique*. He was the first to be arrested and imprisoned. Occasional raids were made in the hospital and nursing school.

In August 1915 Edith was arrested and incarcerated in Saint-Gilles prison in Belgium. Three times she was interrogated by German police, always without a lawyer present. Language difficulties made comprehension difficult and interpretations questionable.

Edith went on trial on 7 October 1915. There she was indicted on charges of releasing Allied soldiers to attack the German army, which she denied, but admitted to having helped about 200 soldiers escape. Along with Baucq, she was sentenced to death. Three others were either given long prison sentences with hard labour or freed. But for Cavell and Baucq immediate next day executions were ordered.

Last minute diplomatic attempts to save Edith's life failed. She went to her death calmly, confident that death is not the end. On the night before she was executed, she met with her local priest, and told him "I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." She knew that to enter into God's presence she needed to be forgiven for her shortcomings and she needed to forgive any and all who had wronged her.

Edith was executed and buried in Brussels on 12 October 1915 and at the end of World War 1 her body was repatriated. After a state funeral at Westminster Abbey, her body was reburied outside Norwich Cathedral on 19 May 1919.

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God will make a way where there seems to be no way  
He works in ways we cannot see  
He will make a way for me.

He will be my guide  
Hold me closely to His side  
With love and strength for each new day  
He will make a way.

## 2020 – How We Shall Remember This Year

During 25 years this is the first one we have been unable to visit your islands. Cornwall is our home and here we have had to stay since March.

My first visit to Scilly was in 1962, a week staying with Mrs. Malinverno on the Parade. During that week in May we met the dear Jenkins family at Veronica Farm, Bryher and bought new potatoes from them to bring home to Cornwall. From then on we stayed annually at Fernside, Bryher, our two sons and friends enjoying freedom to roam and explore.

Connections with St. Mary's developed over the years and strong links evolved with Maypole, the Boase and Lethbridge family there. During the last two decades my husband and I have enjoyed one or, sometimes, two weeks every year. We stay at Maypole and help to keep the garden in trim for June. We pack our gardening 'togs' and over we come with joy in our hearts, flying from Newquay or Land's End and always craning our necks for the first glimpse of the islands – then, catching our breath when we get there.

Over the years, with June's guidance, we have learnt the names of the many wonderful plant species which have developed around the Maypole gardens, some of them introduced by June's father when 'The Palms' and 'Arden Craig' were built.

My first job is to pull up last years echium 'giants' which get relegated to the new bonfire heap. Then brambles become my quest whilst clearing certain areas. Bamboo, ever creeping like a jungle, gets drastic treatment plus the hundreds of pittisporum seedlings infiltrating the paths and borders. The glory of the Maypole garden is its variety.

The hours and days slip by. Sometimes a voice from the roadside addressing me in the thick growth of camellia or ivy says, "Excuse me, do you know the name of this?" indicating a tree or plant. It is usually the datura whose golden/yellow bells hang trumpet like on the tree. Conversation ensues, photographs are taken and I go back to the next job in hand.

I have been called the 'Bramble Queen' by Philip but my husband, Brian, is definitely the 'King' of the strimmer and lawnmower with occasional digressions for pruning and tree lopping.



We especially enjoy Sundays on the islands, worshipping with you all at the Methodist Chapel or, occasionally, the Parish Church. One year we joined in the hallowing/blessing of the new set of bells for the Parish Church. They were laid by the Church door before being erected in the tower. A unique experience and a privilege to witness. The Easter services with the Methodists have been special. We have helped to carry the wooden cross up to Buzza Hill on Good Friday and on Easter Sunday made our way there again for the sunrise service of joy, celebrating the risen Lord.

What a privilege to know you good people and to be able to share in your lives. How our years have been enriched by knowing you. What fun we have enjoyed together and fellowship shared on many occasions.

Good wishes to you all from Cornwall.

*Valerie and Brian Jacob - St. Austell*

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**Smiling is Infectious**  
**By Spike Milligan**

Smiling is infectious,  
You catch it like the `flu,  
When someone smiled at me today  
I started smiling too.

I passed around the corner  
And someone saw my grin,  
When he smiled I realized  
I'd passed it on to him.

I thought about that smile,  
Then, I realized its worth,  
A single smile, just like mine  
Could travel round the earth.

So, if you feel a smile begin,  
Don't leave it undetected,  
Let's start an epidemic quick  
And get the world infected!

**Billy Bray (1794-1868)**  
**Born Twelveheads, Cornwall**

**Evangelist**

Billy Bray was saved, to his great and public joy: he talked about it, preached, shouted, danced and sang about it, and thus did his best to save everybody else. Even in those godly days such a lack of inhibition could embarrass the earnest, but he won them over with his wit. Instead of terrifying the sinner he preferred to laugh him out of his sin, and his road to repentance was paved with jokes.

William Bray (always Billy, even silly Billy to scoffers) was born at Twelveheads in Kea Parish, near Truro, on 1 June 1794. His father died when he was young and he lived with his grandfather till he was seventeen and then went to work as a miner near Tavistock, lodging for a time in a beer shop. There he went completely off the rails, swore so fiercely that his mates said his oaths must come from hell as they smelt of sulphur, and (as a coy biographer put it) allowed 'his soul to be stained with viler sins than any that have been mentioned.' What Billy himself emphatically mentioned was his drinking: 'After being absent from my native county seven years, I returned a *drunkard*.'

Then, suddenly, he was saved, the black sheep turned white overnight. First he made up his mind to give up drink and never again touched a drop. Then followed a few days and nights of wrestling with God and beseeching mercy, till all at once he knew that his pleas were heard and his prayers answered and, like St. Paul and John Wesley before him, he became a new man. If that sounds uncritical, a secular explanation would alter neither the abruptness nor the completeness of the change. In his eyes a lost soul had become, as he called himself, the King's son, for he had been adopted by God and must behave accordingly.

His life after that comes down more as a collection of anecdotes than a coherent story. He worked as a miner. When he was converted his wife followed suit – she being patient to the point of saintliness, which was as well given the difficult kind of saint she was married to. They had five children. Somehow he supported them, but whenever the cupboard was bare the Lord provided.

Besides working in the mines he was a crowd-drawing preacher on Sundays, and also built chapels – not merely causing them to be built, but taking a lead in the physical work and a bold lead in ordering such stuff as thatch and timber. Ordering it came first, finding the money second: and Providence again never let him down. He began with a little tabernacle – the Bethel Chapel – near his mother’s fields in Twelveheads, then built a rather lopsided Chapel a mile away at Kerley Down with two windows on one side and only one on the other. People called it ‘three-eyes’ until he extended it and gave it some symmetry with three windows on both sides, and then it became ‘six eyes.’ His largest was Great Deliverance Chapel at Carharrack, and, like the others was as unpretentious as could be – plain, four-square and boxy.

Billy Bray was described as a little, spare, wiry man – but people said you could not miss him in a crowd. Anyway, even if you did not see him you certainly heard him. When he praised God (which was all the time) he did it at the top of his voice. He said that after being saved he had left the doubters and was now got up with the shouters. He was no singer but, as he pointed out, neither were crows, and God loved crows as much as nightingales. His dancing was probably fairly basic, too, which he called ‘kicking his feet up’ – and never mind the figure he cut. He was extremely happy that one learned gentleman chose to call him God’s fool because, he said, we should all become fools for Christ’s sake: he was only glad he had nothing to unlearn and had been a fool in the first place.

Billy prayed noisily, roping all those around him into prayer, and his generosity was so spontaneous that the housekeeping money was never safe. And yes, he did rebuke sin. He knew the devil personally and gave him a hard time. He also preached against liquor and tobacco – not unusual in his particular church of Bible Christians, but, as an ex-drunkard, he spoke with special passion.

At the end of his life, a widower, he lived at Tywardreath Highway. Active to the end, he died on 25 May 1868 and is buried at Baldhu Church. The last word he spoke was: ‘Glory!’

# **A little encouragement to anchor your faith through these uncertain times**

## **WHO GOD SAYS WE ARE IN CHRIST**

### **I AM statements:**

Victor. Strong. Free. Adopted into the family of God. Rich in love. Kept by the power of God. Seated in heavenly places in Christ. God's child. Heir of God. Joint heir with Christ. More than a conqueror. His workmanship. Empowered to do all things through Christ. In-dwelt and filled with the Holy Spirit. A vessel sanctified and ready for the Masters use. Co worker. Chosen. Witness. Beloved. Precious Jewel. Redeemed by his blood. Cleansed from sin. Set free from sin and condemnation. Set free from Satan's control. Ambassador. Chosen from the foundation of the world. Predestined to be like Jesus. Forgiven. Washed in the blood of the lamb. Justified by grace. His possession. Loved.

When you are feeling low and a bit fed up remind yourself

### **WHO YOU ARE IN CHRIST**

These are just a few 'I AM' statements; see how many more you can find.

*Sonia Crompton*

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We send our love and prayers to *Sue Williams, Anne Gurr and Len Michell* who have all been unwell in recent weeks.

## **A METHODIST WAY OF LIFE**

A Methodist Way of Life is a way of living. It is how we try to live our lives in response to God's love, made known to us in Jesus.

The calling of the Methodist Church is to respond to the gospel of God's love in Christ and to live out its discipleship in worship and mission.

As far as we are able, with God's help:

### **Worship**

- We will pray daily
- We will worship with others regularly
- We will look and listen for God in Scripture and the world

### **Learning and Caring**

- We will care for ourselves and those around us
- We will learn more about our faith
- We will practise hospitality and generosity

### **Service**

- We will help people in our communities and beyond
- We will care for creation and all God's gifts
- We will challenge injustice

### **Evangelism**

- We will speak of the love of God
- We will live in a way that draws others to Jesus
- We will share our faith with others

## **ALL WE CAN – Methodist Relief and Development**

***All We Can* helps people find solutions to poverty and become all that they can.**

### Back to Basics

Transforming futures for young women in Malawi.

In Malawi early marriage is sadly very common. Child marriage puts girls at greater risk of dropping out of school, domestic violence and potential life-threatening health consequences of early pregnancy. *All We Can* is supporting work with teenage mothers in southern Malawi, enabling these young mums to get a second chance at an education.

When she was just a teenager, Betina became pregnant, got married and was forced to drop out of school. Her education had already been patchy and she struggled with even basic literacy and numeracy skills. Growing up in a rural region of southern Malawi, where poverty and a lack of opportunities for young people already made life difficult, Betina felt isolated and helpless. She struggled to get enough food for her growing family and, without any basic skills, she was forced to get by on piecemeal work and by labouring on a farm.

The state of girls' education in Malawi is in a critical condition. Girls like Betina still face cultural norms that promote early marriage, a lack of access to good sexual education and a pressure on families to invest in sons rather than daughters. More than 40 percent of girls will be married in Malawi by the time they are 18 years old.

*All We Can* is now supporting young women like Betina to reach their full potential. Classes are held which enables girls to gain basic literacy and numeracy skills, equipping them to get back into school or to run a small business successfully.

We pray for the ministry of *All We Can* and give thanks for its transforming work, alongside its partners, in some of the poorest places in the world. We pray for wisdom and guidance for its staff and trustees as they seek to honour Jesus by helping people to reach their full potential and by bringing relief in emergency situations. We give thanks for the generosity of the people who support *All We Can* and pray that God will continue to provide all that is needed for it to be an agent of change in the world. Amen.

*From The Methodist Church Prayer Handbook*

*You can find more information about supporting the work of  
All We Can at:-*

[allwecan.org.uk](http://allwecan.org.uk)

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The Methodist Church building is closed at present BUT the Church is very much alive and working in the community.

The Minister, Revd. Michael Pullan, can be contacted at any time should you wish to talk, pray or ask for practical help. Contact details:-

Telephone: 01720 422406

Mobile: 07710224801

Email: [mjpullan@btinternet.com](mailto:mjpullan@btinternet.com)

A short Sunday service can be viewed on line at [scillymethodist facebook page](https://www.facebook.com/scillymethodist).

The Church at Old Town is open for private prayer/reflection from 10 a.m. to 12 noon on Mondays and Thursdays (volunteers in attendance).

Sunday Epilogue Service at 8.15 p.m. in the Parish Church (observing social distancing). *All Welcome*

**Gordon Bird**  
**1930 - 2020**

As we were going to press we heard of the sudden death of Gordon at home on 21<sup>st</sup> July.

Gordon was a lifelong, hard working farmer who was still working up to the day of his death.

We remember his deep Christian faith expressed through his preaching and sharing in Bible study. A regular worshipper who loved to sing and praise his Lord.

He served as a property Steward; was the Sunday School Superintendent for many years and Youth Fellowship Leader, taking teenagers camping on St. Martin's each summer. He also organised Saturday Seekers, a Christian based activity time for younger children, the highlight of which was a very popular annual Holiday Club for locals and visitors.

We give thanks for his wider contribution to island life and for all he did for the Church. At the heart of all he did was his family; his late wife, Fiona, shared equally in a long and happy marriage and in the Lord's work.

We remember all the family in our thoughts and prayers; Gillian, Janet and Phil, Mervyn and Stephanie, Anne and Stephen, Nigel and Kate together with fourteen grandchildren.

*Revd. Michael Pullan*



## **Editorial Team**

Jean Duncan davidandjeanduncan72@gmail.com  
Anne Gurr e.anne.gurr@gmail.com  
Barbara James bjjetthen@gmail.com

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 15<sup>th</sup> 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](http://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***

### **August**

Revd. Michael Pullan, Jenny Burrows, Neil Didlick, Revd. Charlie Gibbs, Anne Gurr, Daphne Perkins, Jeremiah Roberts, Paula Rose, Katie Smith, Arthur Smith, Alan Terry, Jean Duncan.  
John Willcock, Julia Walder,

### **September**

Patti Brooks, Angela Jenkins, Lois Morris, Mary Ratcliffe, Vicki Smith, Sue Williams, Ann Pullan.

Happy Birthday to you,  
To Jesus be true,  
God bless you and keep you,  
Happy Birthday to you.

## 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  
Sonia Crompton                                              422854

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

**Beryl Read**                                              **422977**  
Gwen Clarkson                                              423106  
Barbara James                                              422674

*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.*

## **A Benediction**

And now, may the Lord torment you,  
may the Lord keep before you  
the faces of the hungry, the lonely,  
the rejected and the despised.

May the Lord afflict you with pain  
for the hurt, the wounded, the oppressed,  
the abused, the victims of violence.

May God grace you with  
a burning thirst for justice and righteousness.  
May the Lord give you courage, strength and compassion  
to make ours a better world,  
to make your Church a better Church.

May you do your best to make it so:  
And after you have done your best,  
May the Lord grant you peace

*Bishop Woodie White  
The Clergy Coaching Network*

## **September Services**

*Many people are still choosing to isolate because of on-going health issues.*

*We shall, therefore, not attempt to open the Chapels on St. Mary's or St. Martin's for public worship before 13<sup>th</sup> September at the earliest. The situation will be reviewed prior to that date.*

### **St. Mary's - In the Chapel**

|                  |      |                                         |
|------------------|------|-----------------------------------------|
| 13 <sup>th</sup> | 1030 | Revd. Michael Pullan – Harvest Festival |
| 20 <sup>th</sup> | 1030 | Revd. Michael Pullan                    |
| 27 <sup>th</sup> | 1030 | Revd. Michael Pullan                    |

### **St. Martin's**

|                  |      |                                         |
|------------------|------|-----------------------------------------|
| 13 <sup>th</sup> | 1500 | Revd. Michael Pullan – Harvest Festival |
| 20 <sup>th</sup> | 1500 | Revd. Michael Pullan                    |
| 27 <sup>th</sup> | 1100 | Mr. C. Savill                           |

***ALL SERVICES SUBJECT TO POSSIBLE CHANGE***