

EGERTON UNITED REFORMED CHURCH
NEWSLETTER
May, June, July 2023





School's back.

The disappointment of the Christmas Service having to be cancelled, due to staff sickness was put behind them.

The whole school came for their Easter Service. What a delight of storytelling, tradition music and jokes.

The music was as usual of a high standard . KS 1 sand an action rhyme "Hot Cross Bunny", the choir sang "New Life" whilst KS 2 had everyone's feet tapping with "He's Alive" with a reprise from the parents.

It was lovely to see the church full of children and bursting at the seams with parents (two deep in the kitchen) .

(Rev) promoted for the occasion??? Leo Roberts said prayers and he praised the children and the staff for a wonderful service. (Although he did say it went so very well until it came to the joke about what do you call a hare running away? A receding hare line. !!!!!)

Ouch. He wished the children Happy Easter , but issued a warning not to eat too many of the chocolate things, well not all at once. Mr Mills finished off by thanking the church for the use of the building and wished everybody a Happy Easter.

The Coffee Cup

**My life was like a coffee cup-
Half-empty as it seemed.
I wasn't wealthy, never had
The things of which I dreamed.
My days were quite monotonous,
My life mundane and dull,
Until one day I could see
My coffee cup half full.
I had a loving family
And quite supportive friends,
My health not bad and food to eat.
It seemed it all depends
On the way you look at life,
For life is never dull.
My life was like a coffee cup
And now my cup is full!**



Linda French

Seashore– Maggie Ingall

**It's hard to hold onto your troubles
When you all alone and the shore,
For the waves seem to whisper their comfort
As they've done for millennia before.
While the sky is so wide and unending
That anxieties shrink into place.
And the breeze that has travelled the oceans
Fills out hearts with new courage and grace.
May the gifts given freely by nature
And the solace and peace of their presence,
Sustain us, each**



Sunshine-John Darley

I love it when the sun shines down-
It lifts the heart and smooths the frown;
It drives away the cold and rain
To coax us out of doors again.

And up there in the azure sky
I see the swifts and swallows fly,
Whilst other birds, now, all day long
Sound out their sweet , long Summer song.

The gardens, parks and country lanes
Flourish as the sun retains
It's welcome hold upon the land,
Spreading warmth, like God had planned.



Happiness– Linda Brown

Where can I find happiness?
Can you tell me please?
Is it something pre-ordained
Or floating in the breeze?
Is it unobtainable-
Just for the lucky few?
Or is it closer than I think
Defined by what I do?
Is it banishing those selfish thoughts
That breed such discontent
And treating each and every day
As if it's heaven sent?
Or giving up the yearning
For the things that we have not
And gratefully rejoicing
In the life that we have got?





**Please pray
for those unable to attend church
Brian & Jean Harfield
John & Pat Rea
Barbara & Paul Adam

What's on at Church

Here is a bit of information about the gatherings currently on offer at the church.

Monday Club ; 2.00pm ; This is a Friendship Group— everyone is welcome. There is good chat, games, crafts , biscuits and occasionally cake!

Slimming World ; Tuesdays am, 5pm & 7pm Led by Ian Bunney Tel. 07743 499292

Parents and Toddlers group ; Wednesdays (Term time only) 9.30– 11am
Led by Lyn 07986 244222 Great fun for the children

The Cardiac group. 7.30pm Cardiac Support Group (3rd Wed of the month)

Speakers and refreshments. Anyone with a heart related problem will be warmly welcomed. David (Chair) Tel. 07941 608604

Thursday Club This is a Coffee Morning. 10-11am Chat and friendship. Come and join us.

FILM CLUB; This is a new venture that was suggested at a church meeting, earlier in the year.

Started in August we show a film in church on the second & fourth Wednesday of each Month at 6.30pm with refreshments during the intermission.

The club currently has 22 members. We have shown The Great Gatsby, Victoria & Abdul, The Greatest Showman, Avatar, The Book Thief, Downton Abbey 2 & Six Minutes to Midnight so far.

We are grateful to all the films that have been donated so far almost 200!

See Lindsey Torrance, Nigel Anderson or Stuart Bromley for more information

Saturday Saturday Brunch (4th Sat of the month)

11.30– 1pm Enjoy a delicious lunch, raffle, tombola, cake stall

Sunday Worship 10am Followed by tea, coffee & chat.

Communion— 1st Sunday of the month

There is a calendar on the church website, for your reference.

Look out on Facebook for posts of upcoming events.

Children's Special Service Mission.



"UNDER THE SHADE OF THE OLD ELM TREE."

LOVING MESSAGES.—No. 53.

THE OPEN DOOR.

"O H, mamma!" cried the children, as they gathered round the tea-table one Sunday afternoon; "we want to tell you something so funny."

Under the shade of the old elm tree, on the soft green lawn, was a famous place for prattle and story on happy Sunday afternoons. The children thought tea never tasted half so nice as when drunk out of doors, and "talks" were never half so interesting as when held to the accompaniment of birds' song and bees' lullaby on a summer's Sunday afternoon.

The little people had all been to the children's service, held once a month in the old ivy-covered church. The twins, Nell and Madge, had found the long walk wearisome, and were glad to rest on grass and footstool at their mother's feet, while the boys gathered flowers, and munched cake, returning to the tea-table every now and then for a fresh supply.

Tall cousin Flora sat in state, installed as tea-maker to the party.

The "something funny" was told by Frank, the elder boy, helped out—or shall I say hindered?—every now and again by the loquacious twins, and sundry corrections from Eric, resting his chubby cheek on his elbow, and both on mother's lap.

"We had not been in church a minute or two, and commenced 'Jesus loves me,' before we saw a little bird—"

"Not a *very* little one," corrected Eric.

"A little bird," continued Frank, ignoring the interruption; "it had got into the church somehow, and could not find its way out. It flew about as if it was frantic, and darted at the windows, giving its poor little head such dreadful knocks against the panes—"

"Spec it didn't 'member the glass," quoth Eric.

"Be quiet!" peremptorily ordered Frank. "It flew up high, mother, right up to the roof, till our heads ached looking up at it, and Madge tumbled back on the seat and made such a noise, kicking against the next pew with her strong boots."

"I couldn't help it," protested Madge.

"Well," said mother, smiling.

Flora took up the story at this juncture, and continued: "I think the bird hurt its little wings, striking against the rafters, for all of a sudden it seemed to fall straight down on the floor of the aisle, close to the big side-door; it lay for a minute or two quite exhausted, and we all thought it was dead, until suddenly it lifted up its head and saw

the door! It gave a little chirrup and flew straight out, and I thought I heard it singing all the rest of church time on the old oak tree in the churchyard."

"I think it flew back to its nest and its baby birds," announced Eric, as though settling the matter.

"Now wasn't it funny, mamma, that the bird didn't see the door?" asked Frank; "it was there wide open all the time, and the foolish thing never came down low enough to see it. I don't believe it *ever* would have come down, and found its way out, if it hadn't been *obliged to*, and hurt as well."

"I daresay not," replied mother, abstractedly. And none of the children could read her thoughts, but I am going to tell you all about them. You will wonder how I know when the children did not? Ah! that is *my* secret.

There are a great many poor, sinful people, of all ages (some quite little children), who are trying to find the way of escape from sin and its fearful consequences. They want a *door*. Jesus says, "I am the Door," but they do not seem to hear His voice, or if they hear, in their blindness and fear, they do not see the "Open Door." He has set before them. They try everything; rush hither and thither in search of light and safety, and then, perhaps, tired of trying, tired of struggling, "weary and worn and sad" (as the hymn says), they sink down despairing and helpless. Perhaps before that they felt strong, and able to save themselves; but now all hope of self-saving is gone.

Then—and not *till they are low enough*, Jesus reveals Himself. Jesus opens their poor blind eyes, and they see Him—the Way, the "Open Door"! Oh, how glad they are just to flutter to His feet, and to feel themselves at once lifted into light, sunshine, and joy. Blessed Door! Blessed fall! from the height of pride and self-righteousness, and hope of self-saving. Even if we have wounded spirits and broken hearts, it is good, for we find Jesus.

Helpless and hopeless we come to Him. My dear reader, have you entered the Door of Life? or are you still seeking, struggling, striving after salvation? Oh, you must *stoop* to be saved. *Low* at the feet of Jesus, despairing of self, full of humility, you will find the Way. The "Open Door" will be before you, and filled with joy you will pass right through it into the sunshine of pardon and peace. Enter, then, to-day, by the Door of Faith. Jesus says—

"I am the Door; by ME if any man enter in he shall be saved."

EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE.

The Scripture Union for Children and Young People numbers more than 500,000 Members. Cards of Membership, containing the list of Daily Portions, can be obtained of Mr. T. B. BISHOP, Editor of "OUR OWN MAGAZINE," 13a, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

A MESSAGE IN THE TWILIGHT.

WHAT could he be writing there by the dim gas-lamp, that tall, bronzed, rough-looking man? His brown, strong hand trembled as it guided the pencil, and the flickering light showed a tear glistening in his eyes as he wrote.

If you had stood still for a moment and listened, you would have heard the notes of a hymn which two girls were singing in the twilight that Sabbath evening. Seated in their cosy parlour, one at the piano, the other lounging in a chair by her side, they little thought that God was using their voices to do a work for Him. But they loved Him, and were earnestly striving to follow Him, so they were ready to be used.

Outside the window, leaning against the railings, stood the man, listening, oh! how eagerly, to the words he had known in his boyhood. What memories they brought back to him! The gentle mother—her words—her prayers; did she love him still? Should he return to her?

Thoughts like these chased each other through his brain, and then his mind was made up: "I will arise and go."

He drew a piece of paper from his pocket, and, with trembling hand, wrote some hasty words in pencil, and then quickly ascended the steps of the house.

"There's a knock at the door, Nellie," said Alice, suddenly stopping her playing and turning to her companion.

"I'll go," said Nellie, quickly, and she ran from the room, returning a minute later with a piece of paper in her hand.

"Who was it?" asked Alice.

"I don't know! only a man who handed me this and then went away. It's very strange." And Nellie bent down and held the paper close to the firelight, to see if she could read what was written upon it. Alice came and stood near her, and together they read the words: "*A mother's prayers have been answered to-night, and your singing has sent a wanderer home to his mother.*"

With flushed faces and eyes brighter than usual, the friends clasped hands. They neither of them spoke for a time, for each felt she could only look up and thank her Lord for using their song thus, but presently with grateful hearts they knelt to praise and pray for that son on his way home.

They never heard again from the man, but in the last great day they expect to know more, and meanwhile both are seeking to draw others to Him who thus used even a song. LAURA A. BARTER.



Tea Rota April 9th – June 11th 2023

April	9 th	Trish Holden
	16 th	Rita Dunn
	23 rd	Carol Fielding
	30 th	Lindzi Torrance
May	7 th	Mary Bromley
	14 th	Sue Swannell
	21 st	Rachel Cronshaw
	28 th	Cheryl Johnston
June	4 th	Sue Topping
	11 th	Joan Hall



* *Coming Soon.....*

* Sunday Flowers Rota

* We seem to have got out of the habit (due to Covid) of having fresh flowers for Sunday.

* There will be a fresh rota for 2023 put up soon.

* If you would like to add your name to the list, it would be appreciated.



* Take away containers

* If you have any spare "take away" (with lids), please can you bring them into church for the brunches. We are frequently asked for "Take Aways" and struggle to find containers to put them in.



Duties May 2023 – July 2023

Date	Elder	Reading	Reader	Preacher
May 7th	Ian Topping	John 14: 1-14	Doreen Healey	Walt Johnson
14	Rachel Cronshaw	John 14:15-21	Stuart Bromley	Neil Carter
21	Roma Hooper	John 17: 1-11	Nigel Anderson	Rachel Cronshaw
28	Sue Topping	* John 20: 19-23 or* John 7: 37-39	Peter Crook	TBA
June 4th	Peter Crook	Matt.28: 16-20	Grace Austin	Adrian Yapp
11	Rachel Cronshaw	Matt.9: 9-13, 18-26	Rachel Cronshaw	Ian Huddleston
18	Ian Topping	Matt.9:35-10:8,(9-23)	Rita Dunn	Walt Johnson
25	TBC	Matt.10:24-39	Joan Hall	Father Bill
July 2nd	Sue Topping	Matthew 10:40-42	Doreen Healey	Doreen Goodship
9	Peter Crook	Matt.11:16-19,25-30	Stuart Bromley	Adrian Yapp
16	Ian Topping	Matt.13:1-9,18-23	Nigel Anderson	Kath Knowles
23	Rachel Cronshaw	Matt.13:24-30,36-43	Peter Crook	John East
30	TBC	Matt.13:31-33,44-52	Grace Austin	Leo Roberts

Communion Sundays in red. Please arrange a swap if unable to do a certain date & amend sheet on Notice Board * This is Pentecost Sunday. The *gospel* reading for today refers to this but the reading from Acts 2:1-21 is the most common one for this day.

Do you have a good news story? (for the next edition)

Share your thoughts and prayers through our newsletter.

Sunday Worship and Sunday School

10am with Holy Communion on the first Sunday of every month

Minister: Rev Jacky Embry

Church Secretary: Mrs Roma Hooper

Church Treasurer: Mr Nigel Anderson

