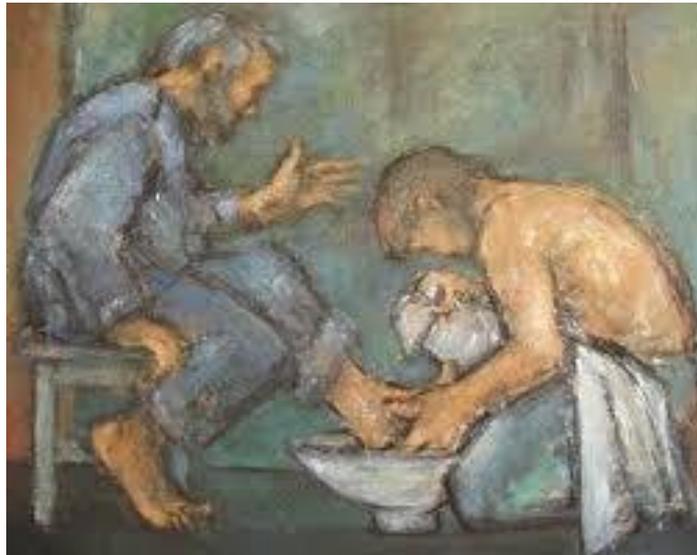


CONTACT



CHISLEHURST METHODIST CHURCH
Easter 2017

www.chislehurstmethodistchurch.org.uk

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*Front Cover: The Washing of the Feet by Ghislaine Howard
From the Methodist Collection of Modern Art (Reproduced with permission)*

The next issue of Contact will be published in September

ANNUAL GENERAL CHURCH MEETING Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of Chislehurst Methodist Church will be held on Sunday 7th May at 12noon in the Church. The discussion topic will be 'Church in community' - an exploration of how we engage with both people who do and people who do not use our premises.

THE DIFFICULT GOSPEL

I think it is foolishness to think that we can foist the gospel on the world unless we are also willing to admit that it is a difficult thing to believe in. Simply saying 'because the Bible says so' is not enough I fear, and may well leave the listener feeling as though they have almost been conned into believing something ridiculous.

We need to accept that this is a difficult gospel to believe *before* we try to convince others of its truth. What even is its truth? If you take a poll across any group of Christian believers, you will find wide variance in what they accept as truth and what they struggle to accept at all. Easter's story is no different in the way in which believers respond to it. Some accept it verbatim, believing each and every part of the story. Others prefer to view it was an analogy for a God who can save.

I am inclined to think that the real issue is less about how much of the death and resurrection story we believe to be gospel truth, than it is about how we portray our understanding of that truth to others. Whether you see the resurrection of Jesus as historical truth or as an analogy, the fact is that it encompasses mystery that defies explanation. If it is historical truth to you, then there is the mystery of a risen Jesus, a man who was dead and then somehow miraculously alive again. If it is an analogy for you, you will find yourself tongue-tied trying to explain the depth of love of a God who is willing to offer God-self to the world, so that the world can be saved (in the many understandings of that word). Jesus' willing incarnation into a state of human frailty is deep mystery.

In my opinion, the word that does best justice to Easter is 'mystery'. There is so much necessary mystery about this season, so much depth to it, that a full understanding from any theological viewpoint remains impossible. When we share this good news - this gospel truth - we should share it with reverence, not just for the event itself, but for the depth of mystery that surrounds it. We should not seek to diminish the mystery, nor try to explain it away with simple analogies, but rather we should invite the listener to marvel at the mystery of Easter. While we may struggle to explain much about Easter, we can share our personal experience and knowledge of a loving God who has invited all people to become part of this great mystery of death and resurrection. This is a truth worth holding to - that we are part of the greatest mystery of all - life in forms beyond what we can explain or understand.

Maybe the mystery of Easter is there to prepare us to understand the life that follows the death of this shell of flesh? Easter dares us to look beyond what we can see, or explain, or understand. It dares us to look both at the life we now live, and dares us to live in a way that prepares us for life beyond this brief experience. All this, wrapped in the deep mystery of the love of God for all creation.

Shalom

Duncan

A METHODIST CHURCH IN SIERRA LEONE - JORDAN WAM CHURCH

by Joy Fraser-Amosun

This article is a brief history of Jordan W.A.M. Church - the church I was born into and which my family (the Frasers) has been members for over 5 generations and which is located in the suburbs of Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone. I have included pictures of Jordan Church as it looks today, as well as memorial tablets of various members of the Fraser family – some of which have been erected for over 60 years. In terms of size, the church holds about 220 people.



Jordan Church is part of The Methodist Church Sierra Leone, which in turn is one of the churches making up The World Methodist Council.

The Methodist Church Sierra Leone had its roots in the group of freed slaves who arrived in Sierra Leone in 1792. Some Wesleyan Methodists had been in contact with Dr. Coke, founder of missions, a younger contemporary of John Wesley, whilst they were in Nova Scotia. This group started to organize themselves into a church but had to appeal for help from Dr. Coke in Britain. This resulted in sending the first Wesleyan Methodist missionary in 1811, the Rev. George Warren.

BRIEF HISTORY OF JORDAN WAM CHURCH



A Crown Grant dated 24th November 1848 and registered in the office of the Registrar General of Sierra Leone on 25th April 1860 in Volume Two, Page One Hundred and Three, was granted by the Acting Governor General of Sierra Leone, Benjamin Chilly Campbell Pine to an initial 12 trustees.

The grant was given for the sole purpose of erecting a Chapel, which was named Jordan Chapel. This was subsequently done at the present location (Murray town village – suburbs of Freetown). The Trust Deed was drawn up in 1886 and is governed by the laws of Sierra Leone.

Fraser family tablets - (one is Joy's great grandparents)

From the original property on which stands the Church and School Room, further properties were acquired and developed from a significant bequeathed property in 1933, a loan from ECLOF (a World Council of Churches agency) in the late 1970's, and subsequent donations and bequeathed properties. Prior to the added properties, the source of income of the Trust Board was the 'one penny' collection and 'pew rent'.

From 1886 to date, the Trust Board, as successor to the original Board of 1848, has managed all properties and maintained the Church to a good standard.

The Church building was extended in the 1980's as the society had outgrown the original structure, and the East Window was remodeled.

In 2013, the area in between the Church and School Room was covered to afford shelter, especially during the rainy season.

In 2015, an Electronic Organ and a Public Address system with associated speakers and cordless microphones were acquired and installed in the Church.

This has been achieved by being prudent in handling the finances of the Trust Board, so that it is in a position to meet its obligations.



Side view of Church

CHURCH SOCIAL EVENING – SATURDAY 20TH MAY

Gameshow fun night for all the family, starting at 6pm till 8pm. Donations on the night for " Happy Child International, the charity we have chosen to support during Lent this year. This charity helps children in Brazil, who live in poverty in the third city: Recife.

Come as a team, or make up one on the night. Play along to family favourites such as catchphrase, countdown, name that tune, generation game, krypton factor, blankety blank, give us a clue, question of sport and much more. There will be tea and buns and loads of popcorn and juice, to keep you fuelled.

This won't be ticketed, but there will be a sign up sheet so we know numbers for planning. Please do commit, as previous events had to be cancelled at short notice; and those who are trying to run them, for the benefit of all, put a lot of hard work into them.

IT'S THE UNEXPECTED WHICH CAN ADD INTEREST TO A HOLIDAY

In Porto, Portugal, our hotel was situated in a small leafy square. When leaving the residence to visit the tourist attractions or reach the riverside we turned left. On one occasion, Cath, another member of the group and I decided to explore. We didn't get far. Starting by turning right, on reaching the end of the square we noticed a church, set back from the road. I commented it didn't appear to be a Catholic Church. Then I read "*Igreja Evangelica Metodista*"

We went to investigate and were well rewarded. There was a lady just inside the doorway, who was delighted to show us around and tell us something of the church's history. Chequered it has been, for there was a time when the congregation worshipped in secret. Still today, the worship space is up a set of rather narrow stairs, which in those days were accessed by a very small door, we were told.



Methodism arrived in Portugal due to the efforts of a British engineer, Thomas Chegwin in 1854 and another lay person, James Cassells ten years later. Subsequently the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society sent a missionary, Revd Robert Moreton. Arriving in 1871, it was a further six years before a Methodist Church in the area of Porto called Mirante was built.

We learned that not only the children, but also all adults attend Sunday School/Bible Class on a Sunday morning. The congregation is very busy for this is preceded by breakfast and followed by worship.

The Methodist Church in Portugal is small, comprising a membership of around 1000 people in 14 congregations, mainly in the northern part of the country. As with other countries where numbers are low, there is a focus on social outreach to those of the society who are disadvantaged. They report, spirituality is the key to all they do, with Sunday services, Prayer, Bible study and Sunday School, equipping all

generations to come to belief and enabling them to live out their Christian life in a modern world.

Within the worship area there were plaques bearing the names of missionaries from the time of its foundation in 1877. I then realised this was the address to which I sent letters when working for the World Church section of the Methodist Church, for the headquarters office is next-door to the church.

During our time in Porto there was evidence of Harry Potter mania. Can you imagine a bookshop, where you pay for the privilege of entering and even so had to queue for over half-an-hour to gain access? It is said the interior of the book shop gave J K Rowling inspiration for the Harry Potter series. It was the venue for the launch of the Portuguese publication of "*Harry Potter and the Cursed Child*." Hence the crowds, a significant number of whom were dressed in appropriate Harry Potter like attire. If you spent a certain amount within the bookshop your entry fee was refunded, so I expect access was "free" for many.



Unexpected encounters such as this bring an extra dimension to a holiday.

Joan Mayes

ADRIENNE BEALE – A tribute by Howard

Kind, generous, cheerful, lovely lady, busy, very dear friend, absolute treasure, one in a million, big smile, happy, amazing woman, willing to help, giggles, important to our children, wonderful example, caring, selfless, great sense of fun, kept a low profile, enthusiastic, green fingered, special, I hope heaven is ready for my mum and Aunty Adrienne to be together again. These are just some of the things people have written about Adrienne in the many cards and letters I have received since her death.



I first met her at the Streatham Methodist Youth Club as a result of an advertisement I placed outside the Church in Streatham High Road for more club members. I was on the club committee, responsible for publicity. A girl called Stephanie saw the advert on a bus as she was passing by and came along with Barbara and Adrienne, all from Mitcham. At Streatham, there were three lads Phil, Dave and Howard. When we were all in our 20s, Stephanie married Phil, Barbara married Dave and Adrienne married Howard. Adrienne was 15 or 16 when she came to the youth club but, when she was 17 she went to Guernsey to pick tomatoes and then moved to Jersey to work for a cargo firm at the airport, driving around with the relevant paper work between the holds, offices and the planes. She was out there for a year, joining the Methodist Youth Club and taking part in the annual Battle of Flowers. We started going out together a couple of years after she returned and we got married a couple of years later! She made her wedding dress at night school where she went with my cousin Janet, also from Mitcham.

Adrienne's driving was something to behold. When we went out as a family, I usually drove but, on one occasion, I climbed into the passenger seat with the children in the back. This was before the days of seat belts and Sarah, who was about 5 years old, whispered to Richard 'Hold tight, mummy's driving'.

To celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary, we flew to Venice and returned on the Orient Express. There were six couples in the boat that took us from the airport to our hotel in Venice and five of them were on their 25th wedding anniversary. For our 40th wedding anniversary, Adrienne hired a private room at Chartwell and we invited everyone from our immediate families to lunch. 60 people turned up. It would have been our 50th wedding anniversary next month

She did a lot of work behind the scenes at the Church – she didn't like to be in the limelight. She took the Beginners Sunday School, for 3 to 5 year olds and often had the children back to our place for a party in the summer. She also helped run a week-long summer club for all the children in the Sunday school with activities a bit like Messy Church.

She was a leader of the youth club for 11 to 14 year olds on a Friday evening and did massive amounts of work for the MAYC week-end. MAYC stands for Methodist Association of Youth Clubs and club members came from all over the UK to London for a week-end every May. We always had a youth club stay at our Church on the Friday and Saturday nights and she arranged all the accommodation and catering. Apart from other locations in London, MAYC took over the Royal Albert Hall where different clubs took part in a show. There were so many youngsters wanting to attend that the show had to be performed both Saturday afternoon and evening to packed houses – over 10,000 teenagers in total.

She started the Badminton Club which met on a Tuesday, specifically for mothers of children in the Sunday School. The parents would often bring their children on a Sunday but then go home. This was her way to try and get them more involved in Church activities and one of these mums actually joined the Church Choir.

The annual plant sale was another of her activities and she spent many months preparing for it. We had plants all over the place in our house. The idea was to raise money so that she could buy plants and equipment for the Church Garden, which she also tended. The three compost bins down the side of the hall came out of these funds. She typically raised far in excess of her needs for the garden and gave the rest to the Church.

She worked for quite a few companies but her last job, for the Blood Transfusion Service, was her most memorable. She worked on the mobile unit, Bloodmobile as it is called, and travelled around South East London and Kent. She drove the mini bus with all the attendants in it, registered donors as they arrived, cared for them while they were giving blood and gave them a cup of tea and biscuit afterwards. The tea and biscuits were very popular with university students.

She wanted to celebrate 50 years of Elizabeth becoming Queen and decided on a street party. I tried to point that we live in Bickley – not an area known for its street parties but she went ahead regardless. Why did I ever doubt her! We live in quite a small close but over 50 people turned up. This was so successful, she repeated it again when William and Kate got married. She wanted to do another one when the Queen became 90, but her health wasn't up to it.

Holidays were important to Adrienne and she decided that we should go by helicopter for a day trip to the Isles of Scilly and she immediately fell in love with the place. We went every year and we never tired of the place. Prince Charles owns the Islands and Tresco, one of the islands where we stay, is leased from him. She once had a conversation with the Prince on one of his visits to Tresco when he complained that the weather always seemed to be poor when he was there. She asked him when he planned to leave!

The grandchildren are a massive part of our lives. What I find amazing is that of all the grandchildren that have ever lived, are alive today or are yet to be born, we have the best four. Adrienne looked after Olivia and Ellie three days a week while Richard and Sophie were at work and built a phenomenal relationship with them. There was another grandmother at Harry's and Isabelle's primary school who, like us, looked after her grandchildren while their parents were at work. She came to school one day with a T-Shirt on that read 'If I'd have known that grandchildren were this much fun, I would have had them first'. There really is a bond between grandparents and grandchildren that is brilliant. I can highly recommend it.

When the Olympics came to London and volunteers were required, she immediately put herself forward. About two years before the Games, she started the long interview process which resulted in many of the volunteers being turned down. Adrienne had a 'one-to-one' interview with a lady who was probably in her late 20's. She clearly knew how to interview and knew the qualities she was looking for. She told Adrienne that she didn't emphasise enough all she had achieved and this had to be dragged out of her. This neatly summed up Adrienne – someone who was very active but was happy to stay in the background. Naturally, she passed all the interviews and was asked to be a Games Maker, driving dignitaries in BMWs around the various venues. She loved the feeling of power when she sped past other traffic in the Games Lanes specifically created for the Olympics. She never missed a shift and loved every minute of it. Games Maker was clearly a great name for all of them as they became almost as famous as the competitors themselves and did Great Britain proud.

In July 2014, I had taken Harry to a twenty/20 cricket match at the Oval, getting back to his house at about 10.30 in the evening. Adrienne drove me home from Sidcup, a journey that took us over the roundabout above the A20 between Queen Mary's Hospital and Perry Street. She took this at some speed and was flagged down the other side by a policeman who proceeded to breathalyse her. However, she didn't have enough puff to blow into the bag and, rather than take it any further, he let us go. We didn't realise it at the time but this was probably the first sign of the lung cancer that was to be diagnosed in November that year.

The care she received from Guy's Hospital was outstanding and she wants donations to go to their new Cancer Centre. Obviously her family supported throughout her illness but she really did appreciate all the support she received from friends and I am grateful to all of you for making her just that little bit happier and helping her cope with the cancer.

She really is the best friend, aunty, sister, mum, nannie and wife you could ever wish for. I'm sure she is better off where she is now but, you know what, I really miss her.

CAMP WITH BOY'S BRIGADE

Getting there

Our week away at camp each year starts with all who are going, meeting at Orpington HQ of 3rd Bromley. The coach is loaded to its maximum and we set off at 8.00 am to get the ferry at Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight. Then to Bembridge where the camp site is. This has already been set up by the advance party. It consists of 1 large marquee and 2 rows of 6 ridge tents. From the marquee, a further 10 tents across the bottom end leaving a good sized square in the middle. Adjacent to this are the wooden huts, one for the cook house, with the Quarter Master's hut next to it. Then a bit away larger huts with showers for females and next to it one for males and a row of modern WCs at the back (no having to dig latrines as in the olden days).

Our Programme

Daily inspection at 8.30 where all kit is taken out of tent and laid out for inspection and tent braiding rolled up.

After breakfast, groups will go out on various trips they have put their names down for. This could be for ten pin bowling; a strong favourite. Pier games at Sandown, Archery, 5 a side football, go-carting, cycling round part of the island. To name a few things.

We also have a very large bouncy castle which is much used.

We also have other things to play with, including, yes, football; give boys a ball and it will keep them amused for hours.

Lunch is served at 1.00pm and after further outings dinner is at 6.00pm. A main meal and sweet. Supper is cold.

Then tent prayers. Each tent has an officer who is responsible for the tent all week. During the week inter-tent competitions are run by the junior staff officers. These various activities could include 5-a-side football, to just getting wet through. Some strange things but boys like it.

Devotions are held after breakfast or late evening at 9.00pm to use the large TV screen for hymn words etc.

The tuck shop opens after meals and is very much used.

Saturday has come, some say it comes too soon. Others have been waiting for it; well, most of the week.

Cleaning up day when all tents are completely emptied, ground sheets stored in the marquee, along with blankets.

The camp flag is lowered. We board the coach for the ferry to Portsmouth and home. Off the boat and before we are out of Portsmouth not a sound could be heard, all are fast asleep until we arrive at Orpington when we all say "see you next year".

John Lidinson

WORLD CHALLENGE EXPEDITION TO MONGOLIA

Challenge is one of the buzz-words in education at the moment. Whenever I observe a lesson I have to ensure there are challenge, extension and expansion of learning - teachers have to allow students to develop a 'Growth Mindset', first popularised by Carol Dweck. I would argue that helping students to develop all of these can take place equally effectively outside of the classroom. That was what I kept telling myself as the cost for Miriam's World Challenge Expedition kept mounting month on month!

Bullers Wood has supported three World Challenge Expeditions to Madagascar, Mongolia and currently Malaysia for Summer 2017. Without doubt, every student comes back a changed person, thinner and with a new appreciation of the British lloo! Lots of you were kind enough to support Miriam and Catherine as they fundraised for their Expedition, here are some of Miriam's memories of their trip:

Our trip involved travelling through different parts of Mongolia for the majority of the three weeks away and then spending two nights in Beijing before coming home. We first went to Ulaanbaatar, the capital city of Mongolia where we met our in-country agent and got organised for phase 1 of our expedition: trekking. This involved shopping for our food to last us the trip, arranging transport to our next destination and meeting our translator.

Phase one of our expedition was the trek and this consisted of both trekking and horseriding, while camping at various sites near a town called Batshireet. We travelled a 13 hour journey in a small minibus with no seatbelts on and spent 10 hours of this on unmade roads and dirt tracks. Not the best journey to attempt to catch up on some sleep - that's for sure! We finally arrived at the Wrangler's home (these were the people who would be looking after us and our horses during the trek). We camped here overnight and spent the next five days on trek.

Horseriding was definitely a highlight of our trip and proved to be particularly interesting. We were able to have a day to ride round before we set off on trek. However, the horses were not used to having saddles and tackle so some of us got bucked off our horses! One girl's horse suddenly started galloping and she fell off on her back and



another galloped off into the village (Batshireet) where a Wrangler had to go and retrieve her! All very worrying, yet entertaining (afterwards!) events. On one day we got to ride in the Mongolian hills in the sunset for a short while which was beautiful. Sadly I don't have pictures of that particular journey.

On trek we ate reasonably well compared to what I anticipated. We generally had cereals in the morning with powdered milk, sweet crackers and cheese/tuna for lunch and pasta/potatoes/ noodles with a topping for dinner. We cooked on open fires. Two weeks of this, however, was rather tedious. I was desperate for some fresh fruit when I came home! Our water for drinking and cooking was from a local river and needed four drops of chlorine per litre to make it drinkable - it didn't taste very nice!

Phase two of our expedition was the Project. After a 3 1/2 hour drive we arrived in a town called Binder. This is where we stayed for a week and redecorated a school room as well as interacted daily with some Mongolian children from the town. We managed to also use some of our budget to buy some equipment for the school, such as, a printer, a camera and books. They were extremely grateful.

When we'd finished Phase two we travelled the 13 hour drive again back to Ulaanbaatar where we stayed for two nights and did some sightseeing. We were now in our Rest and Relaxation phase. We saw a traditional Mongolian band perform as well as some traditional dancing. We also went to a Buddhist Monastery which was really interesting.

Our final destination was Beijing. We did as much as we could in the little time we had here. We went to Tiananment Square and the Forbidden City on the first day and out for a meal in the evening. Then on our second day went to the Great Wall of China (not for the faint-hearted - it was really steep!) and did some shopping in the backstreets of Beijing.

We flew home exhausted but appreciative of all we had seen and experienced.



As you can read the trip was memorable and whetted Miriam's appetite for further travel and influenced her choice of university course: Social Anthropology, you might say money well spent!

Helen

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE

Rwanda – a name that has always been associated with two words in my mind – ‘gorillas’ and ‘genocide’. Thus it was with a great deal of excitement and some apprehension I set off on the trip during the latter part of 2016 which was barely longer than long weekend. But it was filled with a lifetime of experiences.

Rwanda is a tiny country just south the equator and completely land-locked. It has borders with Uganda in the north, the Democratic Republic of Congo to the west, Burundi in the south and Tanzania in the east. Kigali the capital is at quite a high elevation spread over a number of hills and valleys ranging from over 5200 feet down to 4200 feet. In fact the country as a whole is covered in a multitude of hills and valleys – getting quite steep towards the north-west, but flattens out towards the west at the border with Tanzania and becoming more savannah-like. The driver cum guide gave me the ‘first time visitor’ challenge to see how many of the hills I can count that make of the ‘country-of-a-thousand-hills’. I didn’t count them but it did feel towards the end of the trip they made a mistake as there seemed to be a lot more than a thousand.

The trip from Kigali to the north-west as through beautiful fertile valleys and up over the hills , but constantly climbing till eventually reaching the Volcanoes National Park well over 7000 feet. The park gets its name from the volcanoes within it and is also part of the borders with the Congo and Uganda. Geologically the area is part of the Virunga Massif covering the three countries. Although just south of the equator the elevation made the nights quite chilly and lovely wood fires were burning throughout the lodge.



A typical day when going to see the gorillas starts with a breakfast before sunrise after which everyone goes off to the meeting point where all the formalities are completed. Groups of no more than eight are put together with a guide allocated. Identification and licenses are checked before everyone sets off to the relevant areas. Only eighty licenses maximum per day are allocated and it must be bought in advance as it is issued by a government agency. There are a total of ten gorilla family groups which can be visited by tourists with another ten groups left completely alone for scientific study purpose. It is clear all the way through that

Rwanda knows what a great resource it has to share, but also need to ensure the animals are treated properly and respected.

Everyone then leaves to the allocated spots to come together again before going into the mountains – the area has three separate volcanoes on which the gorillas live. Once there, porters are employed for the day which is not a bad idea as the mountain is very steep with dense vegetation and at that altitude it doesn't take much to be short of breath quickly. Each group is also allocated an armed escort to guard against other wild animals (mainly Cape Buffalos). Happily one does not just set off in hope of finding your allocated group - it is much more organised and the gorillas are much too important to be left unattended.

Each family has dedicated group of trackers and armed guards that look after them.

Each night as the groups' bed down for the night their positions are recorded and the trackers leave the mountain. At first light each day they return to the same spot and remain with them throughout the day and record their location and movements. Through radio contact our guide would be told constantly where the gorillas are and all to do now was to get up the mountain.

After some trials and tribulations and way past the time needed we were told to keep quiet and get rid of all our stuff except the cameras and quietly follow the guide and trackers. And after bashing through dense foliage and steep slopes covered in nettle bushes (but we didn't care) we sat down and in the shade was a silverback, two females each with a little baby. It took a while to see them properly as with the nearly pitch black coats and shade one couldn't clearly see them till the eyes adjusted. It was quite a shock to realise we were only around 10 feet away from the magnificent and really large animals. The males are well in excess of 400 pounds although whilst they were resting it was not at all evident.





The family spent most of the time just being restful and the babies being kept within touching distance of its mother with the male moving slowly from one to the other and not letting them out of sight. There was another young male in the group but he stayed well away from these when resting.

Just as we thought it feels quite comfortable and cosy it was time for them to go feeding – and the male suddenly got on his hind feet beating his chest with enormous hands and commanded all to follow. It was an awe-inspiring sight to see such a magnificent animal in all his full glory although at the time it was more just being quite afraid seeing this mighty male displaying his powers.

One is only allowed a maximum of one hour in total and exactly on time we

were asked to leave them behind and go back. At this stage the whole group was tucking into the nettles which was unceremoniously ripped off its roots but then daintily rolled up with the stinging spines tucked in and eaten.

Rwanda has had a troubled past although it seems they are moving forward with development and new infrastructure to be seen everywhere. And they have custody of a unique and precious heritage – the incomparable mountain gorilla.

Derek Coetzee



THE CHISLEHURST SOCIETY ENVIRONMENTAL AWARDS

The Awards were established in 1991 in the memory of two people who had worked to keep Chislehurst special for many years; Alun and Joy Jones.

Students who live in Chislehurst or go to school here are invited to submit creative entries based on a given theme. The theme changes each year so that over a number of years students are able to think about different aspects of Chislehurst - its people, its history, the environment, flora and fauna, and so on.

Prizes are offered to the best entries in each category based on students' ages. Prizes are also given to the schools which submit in total the overall best entries.

The theme for the Environmental Awards 2017 is 'Rural and Urban Chislehurst'.

Let your imagination run wild and show the best of our most special and distinctive urban and rural features and architecture. Cash prizes to be won for you and your school!

Entries to be received by the Chislehurst Society at Chislehurst Methodist Church, Prince Imperial Road on Friday, 28th April 2017 between 3.30pm and 5.30pm.

Prizes will be awarded on Thursday, 18th May 2017 at Chislehurst Methodist Church from 6.00pm.

2017 ENVIRONMENTAL AWARDS

RURAL AND URBAN CHISLEHURST

Chislehurst is 'No Ordinary Suburb'

It is a semi-rural village in Kent but is actually in the London Borough of Bromley. We need you to explain and celebrate the mix of our rural green space on the edge of urban London. Draw a map to show where we are and highlight some attractions for visitors. Think of other ways to show the footpaths for ramblers and large areas of green space - Scadbury to Kemnal, the Common, the Rec and Edgebury open space. How might you celebrate and promote the Green Chain walk through Chislehurst or our designation as a conservation area - perhaps you could design to marketing plan to do this?

Let your imagination run riot and show the best of our most special and distinctive urban and rural features and architecture.

CASH PRIZES TO BE WON FOR YOU AND YOUR SCHOOL!

Entries will be received by the Chislehurst Society at Chislehurst Methodist Church Hall on Friday April 28th 2017 between 3.30pm and 5.30pm. Prizes will be awarded on Thursday May 18th 2017 at Chislehurst Methodist Church Hall from 6:00pm. Each entry must be accompanied by an entry form. Entry forms are available from www.chislehurst-society.org.uk or the Chislehurst Library

DEADLINE 28 FRIDAY APRIL

CHISLEHURST

CHISLEHURST STATION

60 YEARS OF CHRISTIAN AID WEEK

This article celebrates the milestones of 60 years of Christian Aid Week. Although the article is a good read, the on-line version on the Church News page of our website provides links to much more history and information.

The British churches founded Christian Aid in 1945 to support refugees who had lost their homes and possessions in the Second World War. Twelve years later, in 1957, the first Christian Aid Week was launched to help fund ongoing work with refugees around the world.



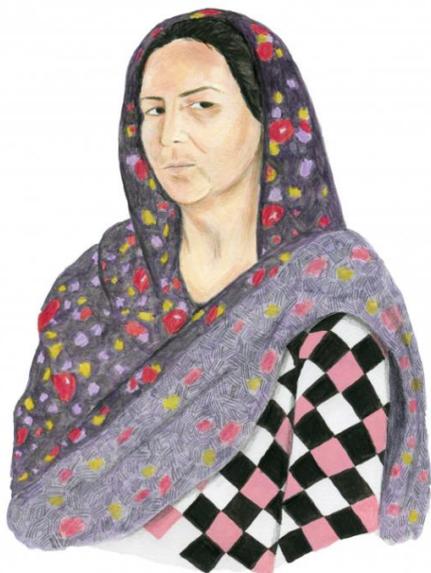
Have a look at these highlights of 60 years of Christian Aid Week.

The first Christian Aid Week in 1957 when Inter-Church Aid, as Christian Aid was then called, aimed to inform people in the UK about what was happening in refugee camps in places such as in Hong Kong where Chinese refugees had fled the cultural revolution.

Launch of Christian Aid Week 1965 in Trafalgar Square 28,000 attend a rally that saw loads of young people with their guitars and musical instruments.

The 1970 Christian Aid Week poster showing a photo of a children's cemetery in Santiago Chile was questioned by a national newspaper as to whether a religious organisation should use such advertising.

The 1998 Christian Aid Week TV ad by film director Anthony Minghella, brother of the current Christian Aid director Lorretta Mighella, was banned for being "too political".



Preaching and Advocacy - Part of the same Good News. **Here's a fascinating piece** about how missionary Mary Crickmore took on the Malian and US governments by standing with the Fulani people in Mali to seek land justice.

Join us in prayer and advocacy this coming Christian Aid Week. **Order the Seven Day Devotion** with this year's campaign action.

Big Brekkie. Community Brekkie. Small group Brekkie. Sunday Brekkie. Men's Brekkie. Joint Churches Brekkie. Little Brekkie. Youth Brekkie.



And finally... Ikea's solar-powered **Better Shelter** lasts six times longer than a typical emergency tent and has already changed the lives of thousands of refugees around the world.

THIS YEAR Paul Daisy and Rachael Baird are taking part in the Circle the City sponsored walk. We hope you will sponsor them.

In addition you can support Christian Aid through donating in the envelopes which will be in church during Christian Aid Week.

THE HISTORY OF JMA (Junior Mission for All)

Before the official beginning of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, children were involved in the support of the work. The movement began in 1812 when Joseph Blake heard a very inspiring sermon about missionary work. He returned to his village of Wandsworth, Surrey and started to encourage the children in his Sunday school class to contribute 1/2 d (half a penny) a week for this work.



Other teachers copied the idea and started to collect 1/2d from their pupils each week. After a few weeks, Blake noticed a drop in attendance and discovered that some children could not afford 1/2d and could not attend. He also noticed that there was a rumour that the money he was collecting was wages for the teachers! Blake gave back all the money he had collected and put an equal amount from his own pocket into his missionary box. In 1815, there was a Juvenile Missionary Society started at City Road, London. Similar Societies were also formed in Leeds, Hull, Halifax and at Kingswood School.

In 1815, Blake moved to Harrow and he found that there were



no contributions made to missionary work except his own private subscription. In 1823, a local preacher named Mr Hill came to live in Harrow and he and Blake became good friends. They decided to hold a missionary meeting to try and arouse enthusiasm. They invited the secretaries from Mission House (then a house in Hatton Gardens). After this meeting a missionary branch was formed; one of the collectors was a small boy of eight

who, under the direction of his uncle, collected £2 5s (shillings) 0d (pence). The whole group raised £11 7s 0d in the first year. In 1830, the result was £35 6s 6d but later this result fell because a boy who had previously collected £11 0s 0d left Harrow.

It was then gaining interest and Blake was asked to work out a plan for training children to collect for missionary work.

If it proved successful then it would be used throughout England. Blake emphasised that the plan to train the children to be collectors must not be estimated solely by the amount of money given to the Mission Society but by the way it would train their characters.



In 1841, JMA became an integral part of the Methodist Church throughout Britain, but the proportions of the money raised to support work 'at home' and 'overseas' varied from place to place, until in 1932 when the Methodist Uniting Conference laid down that:

'In every Circuit of Great Britain, and where possible, in every local church, there should be a Juvenile Missionary Association (later changed to Junior Mission for All), the members of which shall be taught to regard the missionary activity of the Church, as one whole, irrespective of geographical position. They shall collect for mission, simply so denominated, and the amounts so collected ... shall be divided between the Methodist Missionary Society and the Home Mission Fund in the proportion of 4/5 and 1/5 respectively.'



PHOTO:

*After-school club in Latvia, run by the United Methodist Church in Latvia and supported by the Methodist Church in Britain's **World Mission Fund** through the **Fund for Mission in Europe**.*



One-fifth of money collected is donated to the [Mission in Britain Fund](#)

Tribute to Barbara Plummer

Barbara was born 4 February 1915, in Acton, North London, into a family of 8 children. In the 1920's. after the First World war, there was a lot of poverty but lots of people were in the same boat, Life was not easy. Barbara's father was a painter and decorator, and when each job was finished he was made redundant. When he was out of work the family got a ration book to the value of seven shillings and six pence a week. With two pence worth of corned beef, two pence worth of bones from the butcher, and a penny pot of herbs, her mother made a stew and Barbara never remembers feeling hungry, describing the food as 'stodgy but filling'. She never had new clothes of her own, always hand-me-downs.



Barbara went to a C of E primary school . On Saturdays she would go down to Greenwich pier and see the people getting off the boats after their excursions to Southend and Clacton, exotic destinations beyond her imagination. However, she passed her exams and went to Greenwich Park Central School from the ages of 11 to 16, where she learned office skills such as bookkeeping, shorthand, and typing.

Then, after a few jobs, along came the war. Barbara stayed in Greenwich with her mother, who had been left on her own. And she worked on electrical manufacture of what she later discovered were mines, and then trained as a telegraphist. Her postings included one to the Stock Exchange, where all messages were in code to prevent Jerry finding out how skint the nation really was. She did her share of fire watching at night, and at long last the war was over. An Irish neighbour came racing round knocking on people's doors to tell them: he was the only one with a radio.

The war changed everything. As a free agent, Barbara had gone out to the theatre, the pub, and to dances. She had met all sorts of people, and had broadened her horizons. Two years after the end of the war, she met her future husband Bill at the pub after the theatre. People returned from the war and refused to tolerate the social controls which had hitherto dominated their lives. At work supervisors could no longer sit at desks on raised platforms surveying the workers like an old-fashioned schoolteacher. Women, who had carried the war effort at home, gained new confidence. They spoke out in ways unthinkable for a girl who had been taught never to speak unless spoken to, especially at the meal table. Indeed, for the last 18 years of her working life, Barbara ran the entire administrative side for a small firm of printers, all of them men, near London Bridge.

Bill and Barbara met in a public house after a theatre trip. They courted and then married on 20 February 1949 at St Mary's Church, Lewisham. After marrying Bill, Barbara no longer wished to commute and do shift work, so got a similar job in Greenwich. When that company was taken over and re-located, Barbara took the job of Secretary at a printing firm in the City where she became responsible for all the administrative functions. Apart from one holiday abroad to Switzerland, Barbara and Bill liked to holiday in the West Country, sometimes with friends.

Barbara and Bill came to Chislehurst in the mid-1970s, living in a flat in Willow Grove. Out walking one day, they passed Cedarmore, and a resident who was gardening heard Barbara say how nice it looked. 'Come and see my flat', she said, and straightway Barbara knew that was where she would live. They moved in in 1984, but in 1986 dear Bill died after suffering from Alzheimers disease. Barbara doesn't remember the 1990s too fondly, as she spent much of it visiting her ailing brothers, sisters, and in-laws. But the new century has brought her some well-deserved tranquillity. Her sister's son John and his wife and two children are now her family, and they, together with her friends at Cedarmore and at church, give her a lot of joy. Marjorie Mills said in 1990 that there was a spare seat in the car to go to church, and why didn't she come. Off she drove to hear Ralph Fennell, and she has seldom missed a service since.

During those years Barbara belonged to the League of Friends at Lewisham Hospital, doing the ward trolley round each week and after Bill died, she did meals on wheels. Since Bill died, she has essentially been happy to meet up with family and friends, for meals and trips out. Barbara liked card games, was an avid reader and crossword buff. As regards the latter, for very many years she managed to complete two a day, without too much effort. She liked watching ballet, but always denied that this was primarily because of her appreciation of the 'men in tights'! She liked listening to light classical music, as well as all the nostalgic war time songs, with their meaningful lyrics. Consequently she never got tired of the repeats of Dads Army.

Barbara was an interesting and engaging person. She liked people and conversation and was sustained by a strong faith. She had a very good, dare I say modern and quite saucy sense of humour, which endeared her to a wide range of people. Although she felt that compared to some, she had not done anything noteworthy in her life, her longevity, life experiences and engagement with others, meant that she had 'much to offer' and was well loved because of it.

To finish in Barbara's words: "All in all nothing *startling*, but along the way I have had a wonderful group of friends and have helped family, siblings and in-laws when they needed it. My friends at Church have been wonderful and my nephew John and his family have been good to me over the years. Hope I haven't been too much trouble!"

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE



*Give me a sense of humour, Lord. Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some humour out of life, and pass it on to other folk*

Notice to Washer-up – (seen somewhere but we are not told where)

Would volunteers please rinse teapots and then stand upside down in the sink. On no account must hot bottoms be placed on the work-top.

Where do we come from?

A little girl asked her mother, "Where do people come from?" Her mother answered, "God made Adam and Eve and they had children and that's how all mankind was made." A couple of days later she asked her father the same question. The father answered, "Many years ago there were monkeys, which the human race evolved from. The confused little girl returned to her mother and said, "Mummy, how is it possible that you told me that we were created by God, and Daddy said we came from monkeys?" The mother answered, "Well, dear, it is very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his."

The new suit

This year for our minister's birthday, the congregation decided to give him a new suit. He was so touched by the gift that the following Sunday he stood before everyone and, with tears in his eyes, announced, "Today I will be preaching to you in my birthday suit."

Golf during church

The Pastor woke up Sunday morning and realizing it was an exceptionally beautiful and sunny early spring day, decided he just had to play golf. So.... he told the associate pastor that he was feeling sick and convinced him to preach for him that day. As soon as the associate pastor left the room, the Pastor headed out of town to a golf course about forty miles away. This way he knew he wouldn't accidentally meet anyone he knew from his church.

Setting up on the first tee, he was alone. After all, it was Sunday morning and everyone else was in church! At about this time, Saint Peter leaned over to the Lord while looking down from heaven and exclaimed,

"You're not going to let him get away with this, are you?" The Lord sighed, and said, "No, I guess not." Just then he hit the ball and it shot straight towards the pin, dropping just short of it, rolled up and fell into the hole. IT WAS A 435 YARD HOLE IN ONE! Saint Peter was astonished. He looked at the Lord and asked,

"Why did you let him do that?" The Lord smiled and replied,

"Who's he going to tell?"

DEMENTIA FRIENDLY CHURCHES

There are currently approximately 850,000 people living with dementia in Britain – this is 1 in 14 people. Whilst dementia can affect young people, many of those diagnosed are over 65 years of age.

Like all parts of society, dementia affects those in our churches; either because they have a diagnosis of dementia or because they are caring for or know someone living with the disease. How does your church minister to those affected by dementia? A Dementia Friends talk could help your church to better support those with dementia. The 'Dementia Friends' initiative was devised by the Alzheimer's Society to increase awareness of dementia. The easy to understand, interactive talk lasts for around 30-40 minutes.

Other practical things that churches can do to help those living with dementia include making sure that signage is clear, especially in and out of toilets. Dementia friendly services can also help us include all members of our church family and we can ensure that our pastoral care includes an understanding of dementia, but perhaps the best way to start improving our ministry to those affected by dementia is to educate our congregations by having a 'Dementia Friends' talk.

To arrange a talk contact Judith West on 07824 358434 .



Chislehurst Dementia Café
Every 1st Thursday
of the month
2.00 - 4.00 pm

For anyone with memory problems and their family and friends. Come and enjoy a relaxed, informative and entertaining afternoon

Christ Church Chislehurst, 40 Lubbock Road, Chislehurst
BR7 5JJ.

Judith West - 07824358434 - Jude161@hotmail.com



**CHELSEFIELD METHODIST
CHURCH**

Are having their

50th Anniversary

On

SUNDAY 7TH MAY 2017

At

10.30 am

Preacher: The Revd. PAUL HULME

Come and join us !

Light refreshments will be served afterwards



If you are thinking of attending this event, please let Anthony know so he can alert Chelsfield for catering purposes.

MESSY CHURCH

Messy Church meets at Chislehurst Methodist Church on Saturdays once a month 4 – 6pm.

Make a note of the next Messy Church dates:
Come and join us for craft, singing and a story.

Meet new friends and most importantly have fun!

We will finish with a family tea for all!

For further information please email
messychurchbr7@yahoo.co.uk
or call the church office on 020 8468 7695



Entrance is FREE but please donate to enable us to continue running Messy Church. Donations go directly into funding the craft activities and food. Suggested donation £1.50 per child.

DATES FOR 2017

13 May

17 June

8 July

no Messy Church in August

9 September

14 October

11 November

9 December

FULL TIMETABLE AND MORE DETAILS ARE ON OUR WEBSITE

**SERVICES AT CHISLEHURST METHODIST CHURCH
STARTING AT 1030AM**

PREACHERS

Sunday 16 th April Easter Sunday	Rev'd Duncan MacBean
Sunday 23 rd April	Mrs Joan Mayes
Sunday 30 th April	Rev'd Alexandra Terrett
Sunday 7 th May	Holy Communion Rev'd Duncan MacBean
Sunday 14 th May	Mrs Pat Woodison
Sunday 21 st May	Helen van Teutem
Sunday 28 th May	Mr John Sennett
Sunday 4 th June	Holy Communion Rev'd Jacqueline Quarmby

Midweek Services

A short informal minute service is held in the Wesley Room at 12.45 on Thursdays, followed by a light lunch. All are welcome

Chislehurst Methodist Church
Prince Imperial Road
Chislehurst
Kent
BR7 5LX
chislehurstmch@gmail.com
020 8468 7695

www.chislehurstmethodistchurch.org.uk