

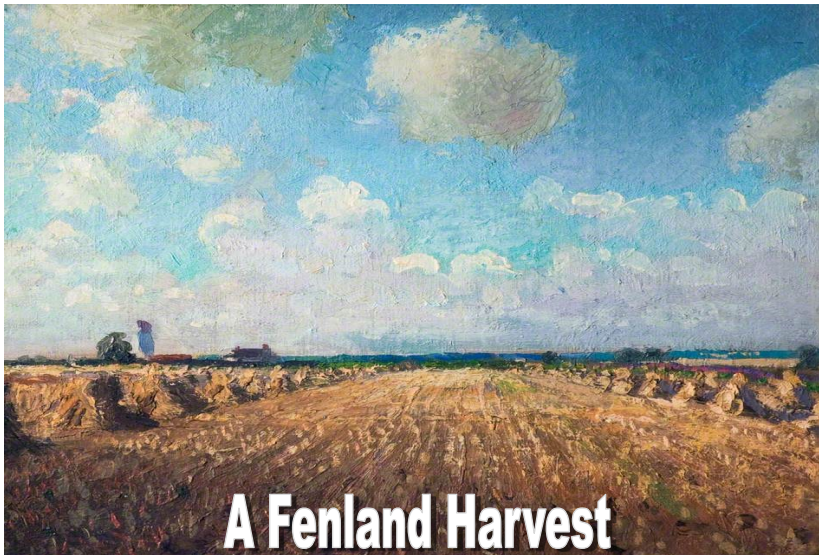
WHITTLESEY QUEEN ST CHURCH

Methodist / United Reformed



“ Fresh Horizons ”

Autumn — 2024



A Fenland Harvest

From the Editor:

Welcome to a bumper Autumn edition of “Fresh Horizons.” The magazine emerged at the beginning of the pandemic which reared it’s “ugly head” back in 2000, as a monthly read with your Pastoral Visitors distributing it to the Church Family, the Church building being closed. It was known as “Lockdown” initially but, as things returned to some sense of normality after Covid, the present title seemed more appropriate as we faced a new future! Latterly the challenges of putting together a monthly mag became too onerous so now Fresh Horizons appears quarterly. I welcome all your contributions—in fact it would be impossible to fill the pages without them! Please continue to send me your features / articles / poems / life stories, etc.

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From our Minister

Greetings folks

These magazine articles are always a challenge because I end up having to look forward. Right now it is the end of summer, soon we will have October and All Souls (with the carving out of pumpkins and ministers looking to encourage people to live on the 'light side'. Then it will be Remembrance, and then...it will soon be Christmas.

It has been wonderful to be able to work with our Church Trustees and leaders to support our work at Whittlesey. There are too many people to thank. Suffice to say that one common thread is we are all looking to the future. Be that in the foundations, or the roof, or how Friends of God will develop, or what will happen when I (eventually) leave - it is not for a long while yet - in all of this we are looking to the future. My priority this year (the Methodist year starts in September like a new school term) is to continue to help people put their faith in Jesus and follow, and to help people who come to church to grow.

Here is my approach. I want to do myself out of a job. That is not because I do not value being an ordained minister who receives a living allowance. It is because whilst I value what ministers do, the ultimate resilience in a church comes from lay people. And more lay people, applying even more of the skills that I do not have, can only be good for us as a church. And the more we work in partnership (a nod there to Churches Together, and especially Major Lorraine), the more amazing things will happen.

One of the profound things that has struck me, especially as I, and the churches whom I serve, contemplate change, has been the inspirational examples of the Paralympians that I am seeing perform on my television at the moment. What amazes me is how people who on the one hand face profound challenges are able to achieve such great achievements. Who would have thought that you could compete as an archer without having arms? What is more, whilst some of these competitors have been born with congenital defects, others

have not. They once had arms or legs, but have suffered illness or accident, which has meant that they have had to adapt. And that is where the inspiration comes for me. As I look to the future, I will face change, but way less change than some of these people have faced. And if they can manage to find a new way of being and doing, and I have but a fraction of that same potential in me, then surely I can face the future with confidence. And so can you. And so can we.

I look forward to what the future will bring - and this is truly a mark of how the Holy Spirit is moving among us. I am excited to see where we will go, and I am excited to see how we will grow.

God bless,

Langley



THE PETERBOROUGH CIRCUIT
OF METHODIST CHURCHES

Our calling is to respond to the gospel
of God's love in Christ



Sunday 6th October—a very busy day!!

10.20am—Harvest Festival Service led by Rev. Langley, which will include the baptism of Elsa Fofeh. Following on Job, Krystal and Family invite you to join them in the hall to celebrate with pizza and fellowship! Then at 4pm it is our Harvest Messy Church session till 6pm.





Methodist Homes Association

Towards the end of last June Tony Hey led a service in support of MHA during which we watched a moving video about the “befriending service” and part of the morning’s offertory was donated to this work. Below is taken from the MHA web pages, maybe this is something you could consider? As Tony said, it amounts to no more than a phone call, rarely face to face meetings!

One hour. That’s all it takes to change someone’s day.

The power of conversation is something many of us take for granted, especially if we engage with people every day through work, family life and more. But, what about those in later life who live alone and rarely see family or perhaps have no family at all?

A day without conversation can have lasting consequences to someone’s mental and physical health, causing feelings of loneliness and isolation.

Telephone/online befriending is a flexible and convenient way to reach out to an older person who may not have many opportunities to talk to someone. You can call them regularly, at a time that suits you both, and have a friendly chat about anything that interests you. You can also offer emotional support, encouragement and reassurance to someone who may be going through a difficult time.

Contact can be made via www.mha.org.uk/befriending



Thank you to Anne for the following account of her and Paul's trip to Northern Ireland back in May

OUR WONDERFUL TRIP TO NORTHERN IRELAND

Monday the 27th May saw us making our way to Luton Airport for the start of a trip to Northern Ireland. We landed in Belfast and checked into our hotel and shortly thereafter, our friends James and Cathy picked us up from the hotel to take us through to their home for a meal. Cathy is the daughter of a lovely couple that we used to have supper with each Monday evening while we were in South Africa. It was lovely to catch up and to meet Cathy's new husband.

The next morning we made our way to Ballycastle, a little way along the coast. It was misty and drizzly so sadly we lost out on some beautiful scenery along the way. We did manage to get out of the car and visit some lovely places and harbours. We spent the day travelling around the coast and then went off to our BnB, called "Divine Cottage" and it was divine!!! What a lovely hostess we had. Siobahn was a retired theatre nurse and had recently opened her BnB. The accommodation was really tastefully done and she made us very welcome.

On the Wednesday morning we made our way to Giants Causeway and of course took a walk down to the magnificent rocks. We chickened out on the way back and caught the courtesy bus! We then made our way along the coastal causeway and stopped every so often to take in the view. One of the places was Dunluce Castle. We went as far as Londonderry where our BnB was booked, only to find that it wasn't suitable. We left there and made our way inland to try and find a suitable place to park for the night. We eventually spent the night in a hotel in Magherafelt.

We were booked into accommodation in Comber on Thursday and so we travelled towards Strangford where we took a ferry across to the coastal causeway once again. We had the coast on one side

and Strangford Lough on the other. We chose the coastal road and then drove inland to our BnB in Comber. The Old Schoolhouse proved to be absolutely charming. The couple who owned it had managed a restaurant in Ely. Terry and Avril Brown were such a lovely couple. Everything was perfect. That evening our friends from Belfast joined us again at a local pub and we had a fabulous evening.

On the Friday we made our way back to the car hire place and caught our flight back home. All in all, a wonderful trip. This was my “spoil” from Paul for my 70th birthday. I loved every minute of the time in Ireland. I can safely say “I’ll be back”!

Anne Brown

**Dunluce
Castle**



**Devil's
Causeway**

Paul and Ann may well have stumbled across similarly bright and H&S conscious Irish fellows during their visit?

Paddy and Mick are two Irishmen working at the local sawmill.

One day, Mick slips and his arm gets caught and severed by the big bench saw.

Paddy quickly puts the limb in a plastic bag and rushes it and Mick to the local hospital.

Next day, Paddy goes to the hospital and asks after Mick.

The nurse says, 'Oh he's out in Rehab exercising'.

Paddy couldn't believe it, but here's Mick out the back exercising his now re-attached arm.

The very next day he's back at work in the saw mill.

A couple of days go by, and then Mick slips and severs his leg on another big circular saw.

So Paddy puts the limb in a plastic bag and rushes it and Mick off to hospital.

Next day he calls in to see him and asks the nurse how he is.

The nurse replies, 'He's out in the Rehab again exercising'.

And sure enough, here's Mick out there doing some serious work on the treadmill.

And very soon Mick comes back to work.

But, as usual, within a couple of days he has another accident and severs his head.

Wearily Paddy puts the head in a plastic bag and transports it and Mick to hospital.

Next day he goes in and asks the nurse how Mick is.

The nurse breaks down and cries and says, 'He's dead.'

Paddy is shocked, but not surprised. 'I suppose the saw finally did him in?'

'No', says the nurse, 'Some dopey ejiit put his head in a plastic bag and he suffocated!'



Autumn by John Clare

I love the fitfull gusts that shakes
The casement all the day
And from the mossy elm tree takes
The faded leaf away
Twirling it by the window-pane
With thousand others down the lane.

I love to see the shaking twig
Dance till the shut of eve
The sparrow on the cottage rig
Whose chirp would make believe
That spring was just now flirting by
In summers lap with flowers to lie.

I love to see the cottage smoke
Curl upwards through the naked trees
The pigeons nestled round the coat
On dull November days like these
The cock upon the dung-hill crowing
The mill sails on the heath a-going.

The feather from the raven's breast
Falls on the stubble lea
The acorns near the old crow's nest
Fall pattering down the tree
The grunting pigs that wait for all
Scramble and hurry where they fall.



Malcolm's Wordsearch

Politics

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| C | R | O | S | S | T | I | S | O | P | E | D |
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| L | S | E | H | U | O | E | J | E | L | V | A |
| R | E | F | O | R | M | B | M | O | N | O | M |
| B | S | A | V | N | A | C | Y | R | O | T | P |
| S | N | O | M | M | O | C | G | R | E | E | N |

Find the following in the above Word Search: POLITICS, TORY, LABOUR, LIBERAL PARLIAMENT, MEMBER, CANVAS, POLL, VOTE, SEAT, CROSS, REFORM, GREEN, MAJORITY, BOOTH, COUNT, DEPOSIT, PARTY, COMMONS, LORDS, OIL, DEMO.



A panda walks into a restaurant and orders some food and a drink. After finishing the meal the waiter gives him the bill. The panda gets up, walks away from the table and gets to the door. The waiter goes, 'Hey, what are you doing?' The panda says, 'I'm leaving.' The waiter goes, 'You can't leave. You've got to pay right now!' The panda pulls out a gun, fires two shots into the air and was about to walk out the door. 'Are you crazy? I'm going call the police right now.' The panda goes, 'It's what I do, look it up online.' The waiter Googles it on his phone; it says, 'Panda: eats shoots and leaves.'"



Queen St Movies

Community Movie Events resume next month with a programme of carefully chosen films to enjoy. Some Saturday evenings and others on Sunday afternoons. Check the web diary for dates, but for starters:

Sat 12th Oct, 7pm—"Is Anybody There" cert 15

Michael Caine, Bill Milner

Comedy drama set in a seaside town in 1980s England,

depicting the unusual friendship between a lonely ten-year-old, Edward (Bill Milner), and retired magician A lonely boy who lives in his parents home for the elderly explores his obsession with the afterlife through his friendship with an aging magician.

Next screening—Sun 27th Oct.3pm—
"What Happens Later" (15)



Me poor 'usband



I feel sorry for me 'usband,
Cos ee puts up with a lot.
I talks in me sleep, you see,
In fact I sez a lot.
Last night I woke him up again,
So ee got out for a wee,
On 'is return I sez
"Oh you've come back I see"
Ee sez, "where else would I go?"
I sez, "Somewhere a bit quieter"
I remember saying that
And then I starts to laugh.
I laughed so much,
The bed, it shook,
That made me laugh some more.
I sez, "Me name is Mrs Gigglebones
And then I laughed again.
All of this woke up our dog
Who jumped upon the bed ,
He buried down beneath the quilt
And turned himself around,
Ee got his foreleg stuck under my nightie,
I sez, "Ee's got 'is arm under me nightie "
I said it really loud.
I know I said it more than once,
Then I remember calling out,
"isn't anyone going to help me?"
I don't know who else I thought was there,
Other than me poor 'usband
Who did his best to help
We got the dog's leg sorted out
And I pulled me nightie down.
Me 'usband 'ee got back to sleep
And I still lay there giggling.
Oh I feel sorry for me 'usband.
Cos the poor man's married to me.



By Marian Dunham (Mrs Gigglebones)
18th May 24

Engraver by Royal Appointment (well, almost!)

After my A levels I spent a long, hot Summer in central London working for a firm of Chartered Accountants with whom I would apprentice with following a foundation course in late September. Within three weeks of starting the course I knew this was not for me. I wanted to be involved in the processes that created the figures that the 'bean counters' crunched!

My dear Dad was very supportive when I told him of my decision and gave me contact details of various manufacturing businesses he worked with. I called those contacts, introduced myself and asked if I could see what they did, as I wanted to identify with tangible products but did not know much about manufacturing.

One such business was a sign-maker situated a stone's throw from Guy's Hospital and the owner was a wonderful man who invited me to spend a full day with him. It was a fascinating time seeing metal and wood workers, acid etchers and screen printers, engravers and signwriters all busy on unique, bespoke items - a commemorative plaque to be unveiled by the Queen, a logo centrepiece for an international bank reception area and signage for the Barbican project that was coming together. At the end of the day I was asked what I thought and I said I was definitely going to look for work in sign-making as you could never get bored with everything being so different. There and then I was humbled to be offered the opportunity to work in each department for a week to get an overview on everything. The plan was then I would be sent out on appointments with their architectural and building manager clientele to handle the accounts and begin finding some of my own. I would be able to build the quotations, putting my time estimates for each department involved in whatever the items were and obtaining material prices and so forth. I would also arrange and oversee the installation visits once the signs were made.

I had a wonderful four years being involved in projects for many banks and insurance businesses mostly, but also through a fibreglass division they had I enjoyed the gilded and painted coats of arms that were being made for various Royal Warrant holders like Fortnum &

Mason and Mappin & Webb. There was also a project to make and install the London Ambulance coat of arms on every station they had, followed by the Met Police stations as they were refurbished. I even was on tv on two occasions as the fibreglass work took me to Gorleston, Great Yarmouth, where we reproduced the Britannia statue that was on top of the Norfolk Pillar (the original Nelson's Column I so learned) and when I oversaw the carvers we had working at York Minster after that terrible fire.

I was still living at home in my very early twenties when Dad informed me that, as the sign company's bank manager, he had needed to foreclose on that business and effectively I was out of work along with some 40 crafts-persons. He said he'd arranged a private meeting with the appointed administrators for me due to my connection with him as the bank manager. I said that I was in the same boat as my co-workers and that I was going to attend the general meeting. Dad cautioned me that most were older with responsibilities of rent/mortgage and family, but I was adamant. I must say as I was on the train to London I was beginning to worry as to my security in light of what Dad had said the previous evening. But as I walked through Guy's Hospital grounds towards the Leathermarket I was surprised that, rather than be met with a hostile attitude, many of these skilled guys were brandishing notes of their phone numbers and suggesting I should start a business and they would come and work for me! On the train back to Essex I decided not to go to the unemployment exchange to sign on but to call the chartered accountant I'd spent time with and have them help me set up my own business with the documentation and so forth.

Over the next 38 years I enjoyed working initially with four pantograph machine engravers after one of them had an offer to buy an existing little business he had apprenticed at years before, so the owner could retire. For the first ten years I actually had two businesses, with the engraving firm we bought making 'back of house' data plates and labels for plant rooms whilst our sign business made many name plates, logos and specialist corporate signs.

In 1995 our little business actually became a creditor to a bank! They even made a movie of the collapse of Barings in 1999 called

“Rogue Trader” starring Ewan McGregor and Anna Friel. Throughout our hiatus in the 1990’s we made many opening plaques for royalty and various politicians and signs/logos for the increasing foreign banks, insurance and other businesses setting up in central London.

I also became involved with the homeless charity Turning Point, of whom the patron was Princess Diana from 1985. Spending much of my day travelling around central London to appointments I saw many homeless in places like Lincoln’s Inn Fields, just between Holborn & Fleet Street. Many times I would park at 7am in that area and go for breakfast at The Waldorf Hotel in Aldwych with the property manager of the Royal College of Surgeons. The disparity between the hungry homeless under canvas sheets strung from the fences around the park into the bushes within as I left my car by the college to walk to the opulence of a posh breakfast meeting is indelibly marked in my mind. This is why I helped Turning Point with signage and sponsorship. Nowadays it is what drives me to volunteer my time serving the vulnerable homeless at Garden House, part of the wonderful work Light Project Peterborough undertakes.

From the early 2000’s the rise of digital printing and other graphic techniques superseded computerised machine engraving that we had invested in through the previous decade, but we took the decision to stay with engraving and move our emphasis from the architectural ‘front of house’ to the industrial ‘back of house’ as per the little business we had ticking along in the background. This was an exciting slow change over the next twenty years as we majored on thousands of engraved plastic and metal discs used to identify plant room heating and ventilation valves and equipment, ID labels for operating control panels, data plates for lift cars and ropes, road tunnel drainage pumps and a lot of specialist electrical labelling for London Underground. Some of our work was for equipment to go abroad and has gone to Europe and as far afield as the middle east, South Africa and Australia.

Sadly the 2020 pandemic halted a lot of office projects due to ‘work from home’, coupled with a decline in demand from Europe since 2016, meaning our little business was barely covering its quickly rising operating costs - leaving little for us to take for our own living

costs and the frustration of effectively working a 'zero hours' contract with ourselves, always open & ready but with very little production time to fulfil our days.

Fortunately we were at that time in our lives where it was just Becky & I working towards retirement, and after taking advice we were blessed to be able to make a plan to finish sooner and move to be nearer to my daughter and her family. How blessed we now know we have truly been now that we have our little bungalow so close to central Whittlesey with all it has to offer, including our lovely church family at Queen Street!

Paul Abel

Not exactly Paul's ex line of work, but here's a joke about engraving!

Back in the 1940's a young man joined the US military. As a going away gift, his family gave him a gold watch. He travelled from his home in the eastern US to California to report for duty. While in California he dropped his watch off at an engraving shop to be inscribed with his name. Before he could return to the shop he was posted to Europe to fight in World War II. After the war he returned to his home back east, married, had children, and enjoyed a happy life. Decades had passed since he left his watch in the engraving shop thousands of miles away.

One summer while on vacation in California he remembered the watch and to his surprise the engraving shop was still in business. He walked in and addressed the grey haired old woman behind the counter.

"I don't expect you to remember me, but I left a watch here for engraving more than 50 years ago, and I was wondering if by chance you might have it." The old woman asked for his name and disappeared into the back. For the next 20 minutes he heard clattering and the shuffling of boxes as she rooted through the cluttered storeroom. She dusted herself off and came back to the counter and said: "Yes, your watch is here. It will be ready tomorrow."

My Second Job by Linda Cornall

I'd stayed on at school for an extra term to do entrance exams, so had two terms to fill before university and decided to try for a job, just for long enough to be able to earn without paying tax. I did the obvious thing and walked down to the factory entrance at the end of our street (this was a big concern making engines for trains and the like) and told the attendant I wanted to apply for a job. 'Wrong entrance', he said and directed me to another entrance about a mile away. It was a very big site! There someone told me where to go and I was given a job as dogsbody in the Industrial Relations office.

We had to clock in twice each day - I was allowed to walk across the site now, and sauntered home for the midday meal each day. I didn't get the hang of this clocking in at first and all my stamped times were on top of each other and couldn't be read. At the end of the week someone came round and taught me to do it properly, with a strong hint that if I didn't get it right, I'd not get paid.

Industrial Relations was an interesting place to be. It was where people came to be interviewed for a job, where they brought in their sicknotes (we sent them on to the civil service people who dealt with them), and worked out how late everyone (two thousand) had been during the week. I often did this last job and I was given a little adding machine to add up the ones, twos and more minutes they had been late during the week, and pass on the ones who had exceeded the allowance. The machine was a bit addictive and I remember catching myself using it to do 1+1! One very interesting job was helping the office's trainee typist to put up notices in every department each week. I learnt not to go into some departments when the workmen were on their break. At one place they were so keen to see the notices, when we turned round after pinning them up, we had to fight our way through a crowd of men. In another 200 seated men stared at us all the time. Apart from this it was enjoyable to be mostly out of doors and away from the office for the best part of an hour.

Sometimes people would come for a job, and our boss would interview them and offer something. They would go to the foreman, who would accept them, then they would go to the safety officer, who'd refuse them the job because they couldn't read. He'd say that if they couldn't read safety notices, they were not safe. I was amazed how many people were unable to read.

While I was there, a new job turned up. They had a computer (daring at

that time), which produced a punched card for each of 2,000 employees. Some 'high-up' decided that their name, date of birth and date of joining the firm should be written on them, using a ruler to make sure the information appeared at exactly the same place on each card. Guess who was lumbered with this! This was a strong reminder of the job I was given with the records from the same firm at the tax office. The vast majority of workers on the shop floors were male, though there were some women who had taken the jobs during the war and stayed on, driving fork-lift trucks and the like.

At one time all the apprentices were catching German measles and bringing us their sick notes. I managed not to catch it.

I found out that this firm had an arrangement with the only other firm of the same size in town. The night watchmen took it in turns to ring the other firm every twenty minutes. If there was no answer, they knew there was a problem at the other end and rang the police. I wouldn't have liked this job as a permanent one, but as a temporary one it was interesting, and I learnt quite a lot about factory life.

Linda C

OMG I'm rich and didn't even know it!

Silver in the hair,
Gold in the teeth,
Crystals in the Kidneys,
Sugar in the blood,
Lead in the ass,
Iron in the arteries, and
an INEXHAUSTIBLE
supply of Natural Gas!
I never thought I'd
accumulate so much
wealth in my old age!!!



Grammas Old and Crabby

**This could only
have been sent in
by one certain
person!**

**Yes—you've
guessed!**

**Our own dear
Marian!!**

My Church Journey—by Christine Kell

How many Churches in your lifetime have you been part of? For some it will have been one Church your whole life, for others, circumstances and life changes means our journey has taken us to several.

I was baptized in 1950 at Chilton Moor Church of England but from the age of 3 when I went to live with my Nanna and Grandad they took me to the nearest Methodist Chapel at Bank Head, Fence Houses. I attended there until like most kids as I got older, I wanted to go with my friends to the Burnmoor Church of England. I attended there 1960-1962. I still have the Bible and a New Testament they presented to me for good attendance. However, in 1963 aged 13 I was allowed to travel 4 miles on the bus to the Great Lumley Bethel Church. This was great as I also got to stay with my family for tea between Sunday School and the evening service. Aunt Sarah always had a great spread on the table which I was not used to, so it was a treat.

My teenage years were spent by:

Being a member of the Band (2nd Cornet) and Choir – Saturday evenings entertaining other churches. On one occasion when visiting Edmondsley I was one of the people tasked with the job of keeping the pump organ going while it was being played.

Enjoying the New Year's Eve party with silly children's games where everyone joined in.

Pie and pea suppers with home entertainment.

Pantomimes put on by the ladies of the Church.

Sunday school trips to the seaside – playing games on the beach.

I recited my last Sunday School Anniversary piece when I was 15. I chose the Hymn "I heard the voice of Jesus say". Still a favourite hymn of mine to sing, although not sung often these days.

When I was old enough, I was allowed to go to the Circuit Church Youth Group at Mautland Street, Houghton-le-Spring on Sunday evenings after Church service. It was there that I first met Ruth Taylor's brother Tom Richardson around 1964. I never knew Ruth until I moved to Whittlesey. It was somewhat of a surprise to

find Tom lived in March.

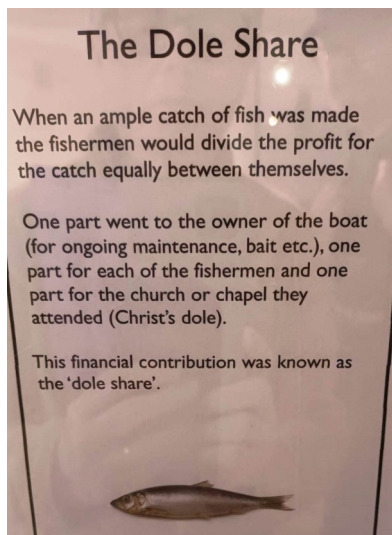
We had great fun and many adventures – the two I remember the most are our weekend away at Cullercoats, The Monks Haven Hotel – BBQ and bonfire on the beach, and our hike up Cheviot in Northumberland – None of us were equipped – fine below and snow on top!

At the age of 17 problems within the family took me away from Church, and it wasn't until 1979 when we moved from Stevenage to Whittlesey that I decided it to take the plunge and enter the doors of Queen Street where I have remained

I still enjoy my visits to the Great Lumley Methodist Church when I visit the North. My cousin and her husband still attend the Church along with half dozen people I know from the past. I enjoyed joining in on their live broadcast on Sunday morning of Church on the Street during Lockdown. They battled all the northern winter weather regardless.

Many Blessings

Christine



Christine also came across this interesting little sign recently. It shows just how important fishing folk felt about their local chapels.

Of course, it is vitally important that we recognise the many expenses involved, not only at Queen St but also within our Circuit, and prayerfully give what we are able to.

Knit 1 Purl 1

A bit of a conundrum. When out for a stroll along the river at Ironbridge on a recent break away Brian and I came across two balls of wool.

Had they been placed there on purpose! Was someone watching to see what the passer-by would do? They looked perfectly set out to have just fallen from a bag, and they were joined together. Can anyone remember Candid Camera? The show involved concealed cameras filming ordinary people being confronted with unusual situations,

sometimes involving trick props.

We left them there for the next walker to wonder how they came to be there. Wonder what became of them?

Any quirky theories to Tony please for the next issue of the Church Magazine.

Blessings Christine



What happened to the cat who ate a ball of yarn?

She had mittens

What do you call an unmarried stitch?

A single crochet.

What did one yarn end say to the other?

“No, I’m a frayed knot”

What do you get if you cross a sheep with a porcupine?

An animal that knits its own sweaters.



Race for Life: Walking to Raise Money for Cancer Research
Bola participated in this year's event and reminds us of
this most worthy Charity

The statistics surrounding cancer are alarming: millions of people worldwide are diagnosed with cancer each year, and it remains one of the leading causes of death globally. However, there is hope. Ongoing research is dedicated to finding treatments and cures for this devastating disease.

Race for Life is a cause that is both professional and personal for me. I believe that every step we take in this event brings us closer to defeating cancer once and for all.

Incredible progress is being made in the fields of cell and gene therapy (I have some inside knowledge on this). Please keep these efforts in your thoughts and prayers, and let's continue to support this vital work. Together, we can make a difference.

(Very well done Bola!! - Ed)





On 25th August at the Circuit service at Dogsthorpe Methodist Church, our very own Matt Forsyth was welcomed into the Circuit as a fully accredited Local Preacher. In the picture is Rev Langley officiating with Nigel Lightfoot, Local Preachers' Secretary.

Congratulations to Matt, a valuable resource to the Peterborough Circuit. We look forward to him leading our worship from time to time.

My preacher friend put sanitary hot air hand dryers in the rest rooms at his church and after two weeks took them out. I asked him why and he confessed that they worked fine but when he went in there he saw a sign that read,

“For a sample of this week’s sermon, push the button.”

A preacher’s young daughter noticed that her father always bowed his head and closed his eyes for a few seconds before he went to the pulpit to preach. When she asks him why he did that, he explained, “I’m asking God to help me preach a good sermon.

His daughter thought about it for a minute and said,

“Well daddy, Why doesn’t he do it?”

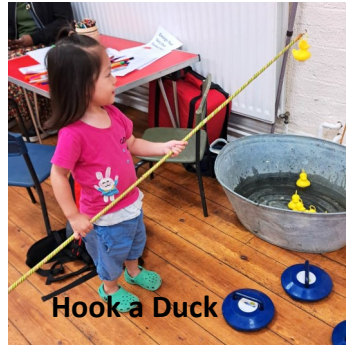


Intrepid chefs—Chris & Brian

**“Raise the Roof” BBQ Party
on Saturday 31st August**

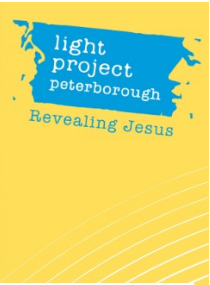
**A very successful fund raiser, enjoyed by
the local community & Church Family**





**Organiser
Rhod**
←





“

"I have been volunteering at the Garden House since they started their weekend openings, and I have found it to be a most rewarding experience. Although we are there to serve our guests, I find that in return I gain so much back from the banter and comradeship of all involved. I had to stop running three years ago due to heart problems, so on a personal level and with a little guidance on training from my heart rehab class instructor, I intend completing the challenge as a personal goal. It will be a privilege to run the 5k (well a slow trot nowadays) and help raise funds for this needy organisation."

CHRISTINE

”

GREAT EASTERN RUN - Sunday 13th October 2025

Christine has placed a form on the vestibule table and would be most grateful to anybody who feels able to sponsor her.



Paul's Piece - Hello Autumn, thank you for Summer

Another Season is upon us. As the nights draw in Becky & I like to get our lounge decorated in rich Autumnal colours using leaf garland and picks as a kind of precursor to the later Christmas colours of tinsel garland and assorted pieces we have gathered over the years. Having made some 18 trips to Upstate NY in the last 20 years I have always enjoyed the American penchant for decorating for Autumn in particular.



This Summer will be remembered for its relative coolness and wetness weatherwise, but the weather did not seem to hamper our church events to any degree. The weather was on our side for the Holiday@Home event at the beginning of August and it stayed dry (but cool) for our "Raise the roof" barbecue. Both these events served our community in different ways, but both brought willing hands to make the hard work of those planning and organising a great reality.

We have our Saturday Friendship Club also offering the townsfolk opportunity to enjoy going out to a sociable safe space and soon to commence is a programme of Saturday and Sunday Screenings prepared for all to enjoy a good movie with a refreshing interval. Queen Street Church is very much the 'beacon in the community' that is mission in action and it is a pleasure to be a small part of all our church family offers throughout the year. We have our new garden with the first crops being harvested - I wonder if we have anything Amy & Matt can use for our upcoming Harvest lunch! This Summer we had a variety of interesting visitors on some Sunday

mornings to lead us in worship & praise. Nigel always does well with his work for CROPS and Tony Hey for Methodist Homes. We also had Yvonne Laws of the URC lead us as well as our own local preachers and supernumeraries on “the plan” and one substitution in the form of Ro as she kindly took over from a sick Langley.

I have written about the social events and Sunday worship as this is the view of all of us as members and for our community, but none of this is possible without the work of the Trustees, Stewards (Sunday & Communion), FoG leaders and helpers, Audio Visual operators, tea and coffee makers, our welcome team, our worship team, our website and magazine editor.....we can all find a part to play to continue growing as a church and as individuals in Christ.

Similarly there is the work done in various meetings and training sessions to ensure we are all in a safe place using safe practices, ensuring we look to the future to ensure sustainability of our church and wider Circuit. This work is not so widely seen but is clearly important to underwrite what is seen. I give thanks, as we all should, for those who work ‘behind the scenes’ and seek your prayers for this work and ask of Jesus what He might be calling you to do.

Paul

Church Secretary



**Is Sunday 22nd!
Have you booked
your place(s)?
Call Amy or Matt**



**Festival 2024
Setting Up!**



A Fun Day



Courtesy of Brookside's Mag

Comments overheard by the older generation!

I didn't make it to the gym today. That makes five years in a row.

Old age is coming at a really bad time.

When I was a child I thought "nap time" was a punishment. Now it feels like a small vacation.

The biggest lie I tell myself is... " I don't have to write that down, I'll remember it".

I don't have grey hair... I have "wisdom highlights" and it's just that I'm just very wise.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, He would've put them on my knees.

Last year I joined a support group for procrastinators. We haven't met yet.

Of course, I talk to myself, sometimes I need expert advice.

At my age "Getting Lucky" means walking into a room and remembering what I went in there for.



My wife claims I'm the cheapest person she's ever met.

I'm not buying it.

My wife's leaving me because she thinks I'm obsessed with astronomy.

What planet is she on?

My wife woke up with a huge smile on her face this morning.

I love felt tips pens.

My wife threw some Omega 3 capsules at me today.

It's okay though, I only have super fish oil injuries.

My wife left a note on the fridge. It said, "It's not working. I can't take it anymore. I'm going to my mum's."

I opened the fridge door, the light came on, and the beer was cold. What the heck did she mean?

My wife said she is leaving me because I'm too arrogant.

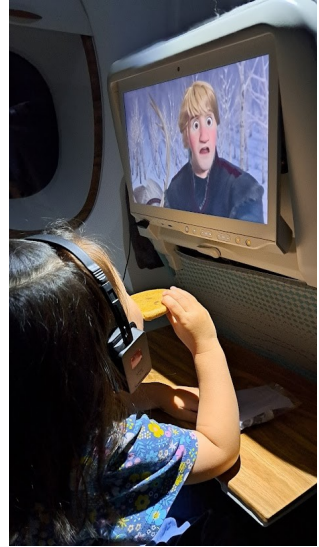
I told her to close the door on the way back in.

A Long Way Back Home—to Hong Kong

It's been nearly two years since we returned to our home in Hong Kong. Tin Lam wasn't even two years old when we left the last time. The journey from our home in Cambridge to Hong Kong was lengthy, taking more than a day. But God is good, and He looked after us throughout the entire journey. On the coach to Heathrow, the driver suddenly felt unwell. As a result, we had to stop at Stansted Airport and wait for the next coach, which was an hour later. Yet, God is good, and He brought us safely to the airport.

Despite the long-haul flight, Tin Lam quite enjoyed herself, especially on the plane where she had her own personal television and a child's meal. With her headphones on, she could watch Elsa in Frozen as many times as she liked. We also had a layover in Dubai before catching our connecting flight.

We were delighted to see my family waiting for us at the airport. My parents are both retired, and my brother even took a half day off to pick us up. Returning home, everything felt so familiar, and I could hardly notice any changes. The streets were still crowded, the pace of life had quickened, and there were queues for restaurants. It was a positive sign that Hong Kong was still the bustling city I remembered.





We stayed with Bell's parents and mine, spending quality time with them each week. Our parents lived in an estate with blocks of buildings that were forty stories tall. Nearby was a huge shopping mall where Tin Lam loved to spend hours browsing the toy shop and playing arcade games.

One day, we spent a wonderful time at Ocean Park, which Tin Lam enjoyed the most. God is good for creating such a variety of animals. She loved watching the penguins waddle, and the sharks and fish swim. She

was fascinated, spending a lot of time observing the animals and expressing her excitement. We also took a cable car to the other side of the park. While we tried to see the pandas, we could only catch a glimpse of their backs. A week later, we learned from the news that one of the pandas was pregnant, which explained why they were less active.

Tin Lam also loved spending time with her two cousins, who were eight and five years old. They took care of her and visited almost



every day. Together, they played joyfully, filling the house with laughter and noise. They also make the Peking Duck pancakes together.



When it came to food, we had many meals at Chinese tea houses. We would sit at round tables, order dim sum, and enjoy Chinese tea. It was more of a social gathering than just a meal, a popular activity in



Hong Kong. On the day we were leaving, we had one last meal at a restaurant to celebrate. Our family gathered at the airport to see us off.



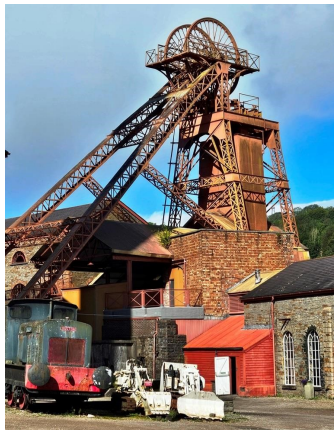
The trip was wonderful, and Bell wished we could have stayed longer. Upon returning, Tin Lam excitedly shared her experiences of the trip and her plane ride with her nursery teachers. It was a fantastic experience for all of us. Thank

you for all your blessings and prayers for our trip.

Postscript: I had a funny encounter I wanted to share. On the bus ride home with our four large suitcases, a woman sitting next to me realized she had missed her stop. After finding out where she needed to go, I got off the bus with her, took her to another stop, and explained the situation to the bus driver. She was incredibly grateful and invited me to her home. The next day, I visited her, and during our conversation, she revealed that Sir Matthew Nathan was her great uncle. Sir Nathan was the second governor of Hong Kong, and a major road in Hong Kong is named after him. She even showed me some books and paintings about her great uncle. It was a remarkable coincidence! God Bless!

Having encouraged folk to let me have their holiday experiences, I thought I'd better set an example and include a brief one about our recent trip to South Wales! - Ed

A packed week of visits from our early autumn trip to Swansea where we were blessed by reasonable weather. Making a base at an hotel on the outskirts of the City, we explored many



places including the historic waterfront and the largest indoor market in Wales! Further afield we took in Mumbles, the Gower Peninsula to Port Eynon (rainy when we got there so only a brief beach walk) and Tenby—a very hilly but beautiful place with secluded coves with sandy beaches and a walled town centre with interesting shops (and fish 'n chips!!), driving further afield to visit a Welsh Mining Experience complete

with a guided tour underground with an ex miner who worked his whole life in the pits. From there we visited and rode on the Brecon Mountain Railway with an American loco from around 1930 tugging us. I guess I drove nearly 800 miles in total during the 7 days, both returning tired but happy, ready to face the world again!! *Tony & Lyn*



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Copies of this Magazine are placed in Vestibule. Would those **pastoral visitors** with “non email” members on their list who are unable to attend Church please ensure they receive a copy.

Do you have any items you wish to be inserted into next month’s Newsletter? Please email or phone them to Tony by **mid November**.

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