

inter **MISSION**

PRUDHOE METHODIST CHURCH

Sept – Oct 2021



HARVEST HOME

A tiny harvest mouse has made her home in an apple – acknowledgements Caters News

Rev. Jenny writes ...

'Gathering our Harvest'

Looking back over lockdown, despite the challenges, how many things can you list that you are thankful for?



That may seem a strange question to ask but Harvest originally was a time to count your blessings. It was a way for God's people to recognise that what they had, crops, fruit, animals etc- was a blessing from God. That's why God's people brought the 'first fruits' back to the tabernacle. After all there is no better way to show that you know your crops come from God than by handing some of it, the very best of it, back to him.

You may not have reared many calves or goats this year but what else have you received from God? What are the blessings have you seen in your family and your house? Those are the harvest you have received from God so what will you do with them?

Harvest time is not just about thanking God. It is a time when we go out and gather in what God has given us and that is the same whether you gather your blessings by mowing your field or simply by noticing the things God has blessed you with and giving thanks for them. Either way, Harvest takes an effort on our part.

I hope you are counting lots of blessings this Harvest as you look at your life and your family but I hope we are looking at those other blessings we have on a larger scale too, food enough for the whole world, a beautiful, delicate planet that needs cared for and a message of hope from Jesus to share with the world. As we count our harvest blessings, let's remember to work as well as to thank. Let's go out into the fields God has given us, working for justice, caring for the planet and sharing the Good News of God who blesses us so abundantly. - Rev Jenny Porterpryde

Harvest Hands – Rev Elaine Lidridge

When he (Jesus) looked out over the crowds, his heart broke. So confused and aimless they were, like sheep with no shepherd. "What a huge harvest!" he said to his disciples. "How few workers! On your knees and pray for harvest hands!" *Matthew 9:36-38*

I wonder when you read this passage what kind of harvest scene comes to mind? Perhaps you see rolling, yellow fields with full crops ready to be gathered in by the farmer. In my mind's eye I don't see that calming, picture postcard scene - I see people. Lots and lots of people. Crowds like one might expect to see in the city centre High Street on the Saturday before Christmas. Fields of people, people who are harassed and helpless, like sheep without a shepherd.

In this passage recorded in Matthew we read that when Jesus saw the crowds he was heartbroken, or as most translations put it, he had compassion on them. These people are important to Jesus and his love for them is evident in his reaction.

We know that the decline in membership, attendance and new disciples that we see — for most of us, it's all we've ever known. Therefore it can be tempting to pray for a harvest of new people. But note the specific call from Jesus to pray not for the harvest, the harvest is already there, but to pray for harvest hands, to pray for missionaries.

When I visit churches and circuits, so many times I see that the problems they have are not so much about a lack of money, or the rule book (CPD), or opportunities or good ideas. Rather, it's about people, namely not having enough people to be involved in the mission activities _ the labourers are few. (Note I'm not talking about having people just to fill the many vacant jobs 'needed' in each local church).

So, I find myself asking, am I, are we, praying for more harvest hands, for more missionaries? Throughout my District (Newcastle upon Tyne) I've been making a plea that we join in prayer for more harvest hands and at 10am on Mondays many of us pause to pray this prayer:

Lord of the Harvest, we pray for more Harvest Hands. We come to you knowing that the Harvest is plentiful but the workers are few. We pray for willing Harvest Hands to join in your work in our communities so that all may come to know they are loved and cherished. As we commit ourselves to pray, renew our hope and restore our passion so that we might welcome your guidance and influence may your kingdom come and your will be done. Amen - continued on page 5

Percentage wise, there are less and less people in Britain today involved in church or professing Jesus as Lord. We can see that as a huge problem, or we can see it as a wonderful opportunity. The mission/harvest field is literally on our doorstep, in our supermarkets, in the gym, the pub and the coffee shop. It's at the bus stop and at the sport event. The mission field even walks through the doors of our church buildings and pays us to book our hall. We are not overwhelmed with problems but with opportunities.

When we pray for the Lord of the Harvest to send missionaries, more Harvest Hands, we ought to consider listening very carefully. It may well be that God is calling us to respond, maybe we are to be part of the answer to our own prayers.

THE RAINBOW - a poem by Julie Woodford

- as read by Julie in our service at PMC on Sunday 29th August

The rainbow arches magically against the darkened sky
The brilliance of the colours there delight the sensing eye.
The raindrops sparkle on the ground like diamonds scattered around
The brightly glowing colours painting all the land around.

Lord, thank You for the rainbows that brighten up our life,
For Your promises of love and peace that help us when there's strife.
Help us see Your hand at work in all we see and learn,
In the love of friends and family when we don't know where to turn.

Lord, help us to be grateful for all You do each day,
For the beauty of the natural world, for those who love and pray.
Lord, these are special rainbows that You give us in our lives,
The closeness of our loving friends, the love which never dies.

Lord, help us share with others the love You have for them,
How You can give them rainbows to help them now and then.
Help them to know the perfect love that comes from God alone,
Help them travel through the rain and gently bring them home.

You can find more of Julie's uplifting poems at www.prudhoemc.org.
Just click on the "INSPIRATION" tab at the top right of the page.

Harvest Festival – as told by Allan Waters

When I was a lad (a long time ago) we had in our chapel, what my mother called “proper” Harvest Festivals. For weeks prior to the Sunday of that celebration folks would be getting ready to prepare to harvest their produce, or if not to save up to buy what they could not grow.

On the Friday evening of the Harvest weekend folks would gather with their gifts to decorate the church and hall of the chapel. There was the usual fruit and vegetables plus we had a large baked loaf that was in the shape of a sheath of corn, that appeared every year from where no one knew, there was always a large piece of coal, as this was predominately a coal mining village and various packets of salt sugar and tins of one sort or another. Then the highlight of the evening, Mr Curry would bring his onions, not just any onions but his especially grown super sized onions nurtured in a special compost that he did not reveal to anyone else, and these were given pride of place at the front of the chapel. After all the window sills had been decorated and bunches of grapes hung from every possible place bunches of grapes could be hung from, the folks went their separate ways to look forward to a “good” Harvest weekend.

On the Saturday there was always a concert by various singers and chapel choirs from around the district, held in the hall as the chapel was being kept cool so that the fruit and vegetables did not spoil. After the second of the two services on the Sunday, but with a “special” preacher all the produce was stripped from the church and hall and put on the stage for the grand auction of fruit and vegetables on the Monday night. A certain proportion was put into boxes and with whatever was left after the auction was taken to the Salvation Army soup kitchen under the Tyne Bridge. They were especially grateful for all that was donated but they were especially thankful for one of Mr Curry’s onions.

A mole, who is noted for his huge appetite and readiness to eat any form of meat he can find underground at any time of the day, once tunnelled through a newly planted cornfield. Everywhere he went there were seeds of corn. “Pity I don’t like cereals” he said, “but fancy the farmer throwing away so much good seed. It’s a terrible waste,” and he moved on to another field.



Several months later he returned to this first field but the corn seeds were nowhere to be seen. In fact the mole found it difficult to penetrate far into the field, for whichever way he went there was a fence of corn stalks, like a thick forest of sticks. So he turned and went out thinking, "I knew it was a waste of grain. There wasn't a single seed left in field so far as I could see." But that was the trouble: down below ground he couldn't see. If he had come up to the surface he would have seen what had happened. Each single seed had sprouted and had produced a stalk with an ear full of corn. It was no waste it was a grand harvest.

This is what Jesus meant when he said "Except a seed of wheat fall into the ground and die, it liveth alone, but if it die it brings forth much fruit." The disciples understood that Jesus was referring to himself: that he would soon be dead and buried like a seed of wheat, but they didn't listen to the rest and thought like the mole that what a waste of a good young life that would be. But we know now that Jesus had to die to pay the price of our sins so that we might go out into the world to reap God's harvest here on earth. The corn seed of Jesus' life, by being buried, brought forth much fruit. Think of the size of the Christian church all over the world, past as well as present: what a harvest that is going to be! Ask yourself this question, did Jesus waste his life when he permitted his body to be buried? What he did with his life, he wants us to do with our own, to be willing to spend our lives for the benefit of others.

This year we will be having a "token" harvest celebration, but that does not mean that we can skimp on giving to the community a proportion of all the good things God has given us (even in this time of pandemic). Don't let this Harvest Festival be a waste, those who benefit won't think so. God won't think so. I hope you don't. Let us thank God that he has given so much to us that we have enough and to spare.

Prayer: O God our heavenly Father, we praise you that once more you have kept your promise that while the earth remains there will always be seed-time and harvest. We thank you for all the food you have so generously provided for us. We ask that you bless the gifts we have or will bring for others that they bring joy as well as relief to those in need. Amen

Church family news

BIRTHS

15 April 2021

Lara, a granddaughter for Marion Proud

INFANT BAPTISM ~ Welcome into our church family

29th August

Niall John Rowell (grandson to Chris Little)

SPECIAL BIRTHDAYS

14th August ~ Helen Taylor (50)

7th October ~ Ann Worthy (80)

5th October ~ Roger Bland (90)

11th October ~ Tom Teasdale (90)

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY

2nd September

Ann & Bill Worthy (Diamond wedding)

GOODBYE ~ to our friends who went to be with our Lord

15th August ~ Pat Bright. Alan, Craig, Simon and family are in our prayers.

13th August ~ Glad Passmore, after spending her later years with Joanne and Merlin in New Zealand. Our thoughts and prayers also with them.

PREACHER RETIREMENT

29th August ~ John Carrick's final service after 63 years as a local preacher

THANKS FOR ANSWERED PRAYERS

... for Ashley & David (+ the boys) - Family of Marion Proud who escaped the military coup which began in Myanmar in February. They continue to work remotely from Thailand (aid workers) as COVID-19 makes the situation in Myanmar intolerable for the people.

If you wish to share family news please contact : intermission@uwclub.net

THE HEXHAM COURANT
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CALLING DISCIPLES : CAST-AS-NETS?

Reflection: 'Net-a-Peter'? — based on Luke 5:1-11

High and dry. That's how he left me: high and dry .And not once. Twice — in the same day.

The first time was ... understandable.

It had been a long, frustrating night: out on the lake, all night — in perfect conditions.

And what had I caught? Nothing. Nothing! From the Sea of Galilee — a body of freshwater so abundant, it was literally teeming with fish!

Nothing.

It was unheard of! And, to make matters worse, my 'home port' is Bethsaida: it means "fishery": "place of nets". The shame!

Despite the lack of catch, the rest of the usual morning routine continued: boats beached, as the sun began to rise, net-care commenced.

My costly linen threads were washed clean, so my lines would last longer, and be invisible to the fish. The entangled weed and pebbles were carefully picked out, so I would not be weighed down, and could hang freely in the water. The few new tears were skilfully mended, sewn so, my square mesh complete, I would be most effective in my task.

I was stretched out to dry, prepared, in readiness for service.

Then, about mid-morning, He came along. The stranger. The teacher. The non-fisherman.

He stood at the water's edge. He got into the boat. He spoke to my master, Simon: :

He wanted the boat put out a little from the shore. The crew obliged: the boat was rowed out into the shallows; the anchor was dropped. The Rabbi sat down.

He talked to the crowd of people on the beach.

Whilst He talked, Simon took me down, carefully folding me, this way and that, as he did every day, arranging me for the following night's fishing. Carrying me in his strong arms, he waded out to the boat, and settled me on the deck. At last, time to rest; to recuperate; to relax.

But, no. The stranger from the shore had other plans. I was rudely awakened by hands hauling me up, and heaving me into the sea. We were going ... fishing! But ...it was the middle of the day! What was going on? Everyone knows that fish descend to the depths during the day, and, in the sunlight, they're more likely to see me coming.

(continued on page 10)

... continued from page 9

It was unheard of! But the stone sinkers were pulling me down, a long way down, down into deep water.

I was being stretched taut as the weights dragged me towards the bottom, and the cork floats tied me to the surface. Suspended midwater, I was set. Slowly, silently, I was pulled around into a circle. There was a tug against my twine. Then another. And another. Suddenly, the water was frantic, alive with fish, twisting, turning, tangling. I was encircling a whole shoal: enclosing so many fish that my threads strained to contain them. I was literally at breaking point.

The burden was too great: I couldn't hold on any longer; strands would snap; mesh would disintegrate; I would burst apart. Then I felt the yank of many strong hands dragging me upwards and dumping me down on supportive decks. Straddled over, and between, two semi-sinking boats I was pulled steadily towards the shore.

And the catch! Amazing! Astonishing! A great multitude of fish. It was unheard of! Biggest catch I've ever made. The greatest day's fishing! Before long, the boats were pulled up at the lakeside, and I was laid out. Eager hands worked nimbly, disentangling the fish, one by one. And then. for the second time that day, I was hung up: left high and dry.

The stranger told Simon that "from now on "he would "catch men".

He ... would ... catch? How would that work? He was the fisherman. I was the net.

'Catching' was my job! How was Simon like me? Was he made of delicate threads, needing constant care and attentions?

Did he need regular washing, to preserve the very fabric of his being? "Did he need ensnared 'dirt' to be repeatedly removed, to free him and prevent him from being weighed down?

Did he have holes that needed mending, to be able to fulfil his "purpose"? Was he prepared to be stretched, daily, to ready him for active service? Would he allow someone else to determine where he went, and when, and how he was deployed? Would he submit to difficult work, harsh conditions, and long hours, in the dark, and out of his depth? Would he hold on to what was precious, when he was at the point of being broken?

Was he willing to become a 'tool of the trade', in this 'catching of men'? I didn't know. I would never know. Because ... he followed the stranger, and left me, high and dry.

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JUST FOR FUN

A lorry carrying Vick's VapoRub overturned on the A69 near Hexham. Amazingly, there was no congestion for eight hours.

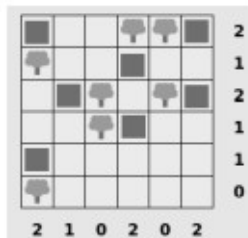
The CEO of IKEA has just been elected president in Sweden. He should have his cabinet together by the end of the week.

I was dismayed this afternoon when my wife told me my 6-year-old son wasn't actually mine. She then said I need to pay more attention at school pick-up time.

I built a model of Mount Everest. My son asked, "Is it to scale?"
I replied, "No... it's to look at."

An English teacher is explaining the power of poems and stories. "Have you ever read something that made you cry?" A child replied, "Yeah, my last school report."

Sewing a label with your child's name into the inside of their school sweater is a futile exercise. You're more likely to get it back if you use a different name!



Exhaust Repair Shop No appointment required – we can hear you coming!
Veterinary Surgeon – Patients' Waiting Room We will see you soon ... Sit ! ... Sit ! ... Stay ! ... Stay !
Plumbers' Shop We can repair what your husband fixed!

We are now planning your **NOV - DEC** edition. Please send your ideas and articles **NO LATER** than Wed 20th October.

OUR (inter) MISSION STATEMENT

[1] To inform our local community, and ourselves, of what happens within the walls of PMC (as a building)

[2] To inform the same parties of our organised outreach work beyond those walls (eg Open-the-Book)

[3] To inform about individual work and witness by our members working with the Holy Spirit

[4] To outreach our fellowship to those unable or (perhaps) unwilling to worship with us.

[5] To spread the Good News using a fresh theme each month.

[6] Making disciples. **Rev Rob Hawkins**

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Please send articles no later than the 3rd Wednesday of the previous month to:

intermission@uwclub.net

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www.prudhoemc.org

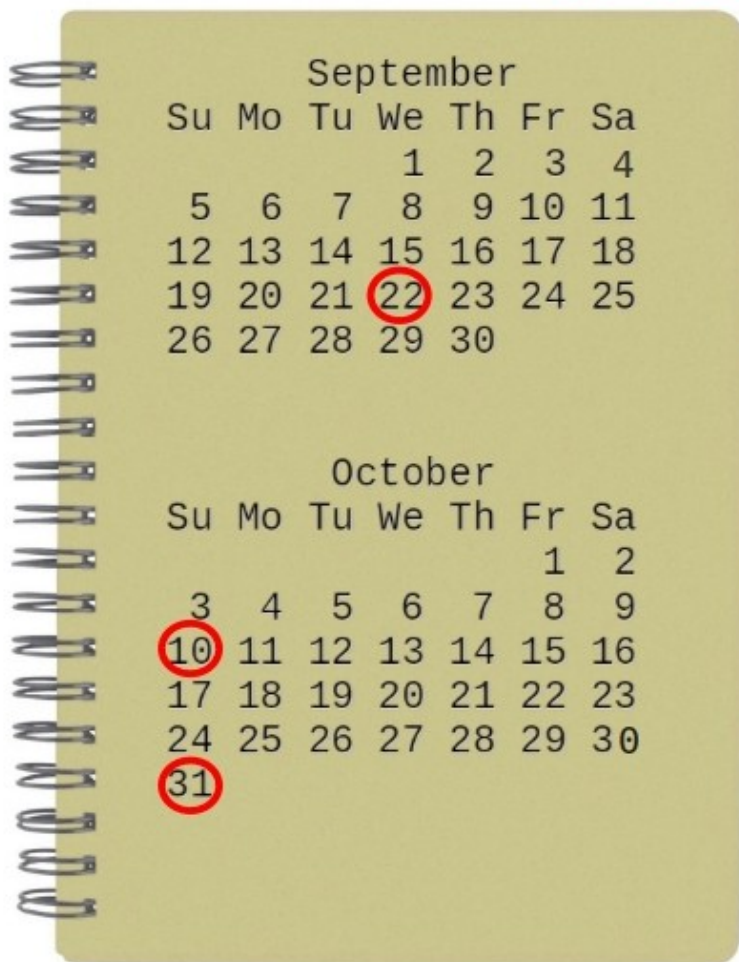
Provisional dates for your diary

As we tiptoe our way out of lockdown we are beginning to plan more activities at PMC. Our plans are changing week-by-week but we move forward in hope and faith. So here's a few dates to get you started. We've attached a few spare red rings to the page so you can add these to more dates as information becomes available!

spare rings



PEEL HERE



September						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Coffee
Morning
22 Sep
10 am

October						
Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

Harvest
Festival
10 Oct

Holy
Communion
31 Oct

... of course it's incomplete, we have myriad blessings from God!