

inter
MISSION
PRUDHOE METHODIST CHURCH

Lent & Easter

March – April 2022



Resurrection – acknowledgement Living Well Church lwcvc.org

Resurrection all around

When the cold earth feels the sunshine;
Probing roots search deep for food,
Welcome Easter, welcome springtime,
Jesus lives and God is good.

When the crocus braves the weather;
Lifts its head to greet the sky,
Welcome Easter, welcome springtime,
Jesus lives and God is nigh.

When a friendship, sadly broken,
Starts again its warmth to find,
Welcome Easter, welcome springtime,
Jesus lives and God is kind.

When a family, spoilt by quarrels,
Cools its temper, hurt removes,
Welcome Easter, welcome springtime,
Jesus lives and God is love.

When the poor, the homeless, hungry,
Reach for help, no longer sad,
Welcome Easter, welcome springtime,
Jesus lives and God is glad.

When the Church sings Easter gladness,
Voices raised, a faith to share,
Welcome Easter, welcome springtime,
Jesus lives and God is there.

We're back!

– Sent by Margaret G

Coffee mornings at PMC
10 - 11:15 am
Wed: 16 Mar & 27 Apr

EVENTS

2nd Mar : Ash Wednesday

4th Mar : World day of Prayer
- 11:00 am at Mary Magdalene

PMC Services

- Sun 06 Mar 1st in Lent
Bob McAlpin
- Sun 13 Mar 2nd in Lent
Jacqui Cameron
- Sun 20 Mar 3rd in Lent
Jenny Porterpryde
- Sun 27 Mar Mothering
Marie Beard
- Sun 03 Apr 5th in Lent
local arrangement
- Sun 10 Apr Palm Sunday
Jenny Porterpryde
- Fri 15 Apr Good Friday
Jenny Porterpryde
- Sun 17 Apr Easter Day
Tony Buglass
- Sun 24 Apr Easter 1
Tom Dodds
- Sun 01 May Circuit Service
10:30 at Hexham West End
Farewell Alex & Paul Dunstan
- Sun 08 May
Jenny Porterpryde
- Sun 15 May
Sandra Martin
- Sun 22 May
Jenny Porterpryde

Sun 27 Mar 2:00 am – BST begins
Volunteers needed at Stonehenge
to help move stones forward 1 hour

Acknowledgements to Margaret G for her inspiration to create this page

Rev Jenny writes ...



When I last wrote for Intermission, I could not have guessed just how many changes would take place in the weeks ahead. Life is full of changes though and I have to tell you, if you have not already heard, that this summer I will move to Hexham to take up the superintendency and we will welcome a new minister Rev Fiona Calverey into the Prudhoe, Wylam and Stocksfield section.

Life in Christ brings change, lots of it and it is important that we see every change through God's eyes. We may resist change, and ask 'why can't the church be like it used to be?' But we all know whether we are keen gardeners, bakers or sporty types, it is the effort you put into the changes that allows for growth, increased strength and new creations entirely - like the list of ingredients that becomes the wonderful cake.

These current changes are unexpected but we trust in God's plans and purposes. You welcomed and blessed me more than you know for all the years I have been at Prudhoe and I know that this new season will bless you too as you extend your fabulous Prudhoe welcome and step into this exciting new chapter.

Thank you for all that you are and all that you have been for me.

Rev Jenny Porterpryde.

CHURCH FAMILY

Our prayers and thoughts are with Rev Jenny Porterpryde as she moves to Hexham to become our Circuit Superintendent, and a BIG WELCOME to our new minister Rev Fiona Calverey.

Also to Betty Taylor: 90 years young on 2nd March, ... and best wishes to all members of our church family celebrating birthdays or any special occasions during March and April.

MOTHERING SUNDAY 27th March - some resources

God said:

As a mother comforts her child, so I will comfort you. - Isaiah 66:13a

Dear Lord, gather us now before you, as a hen gathers her brood to protect them. Like a mother you gather your people to you; you are gentle with us as a mother with her children. As we follow your example, protect us, support us, and feed us with your unconditional love. Amen

-Adapted from St Anselm of Canterbury

God of compassion, whose Son Jesus Christ, the child of Mary, shared the life of a home in Nazareth, and drew the whole human family to himself: strengthen us in our daily living, that in joy and in sorrow we may know the power of your presence to bring together and to heal; through Jesus Christ our Lord, . Amen - Adapted from the Collect for Mothering Sunday

Dear Lord, We thank you for giving us others to share in our lives:

For parents, and the love which brought us to birth: We praise you Lord;and bring you thanks today.

For mothers who have cherished and nurtured us: We praise you, O Lord;and bring you thanks today.

For fathers who have loved and supported us: We praise you, O Lord;and bring you thanks today.

For brothers and sisters with whom we have shared our home: We praise you, O Lord;and bring you thanks today.

For children and their parents: We praise you, O Lord;and bring you thanks today.

For relatives and friends, who have been with us in our hopes and joys and times of sadness: We praise you, O Lord;and bring you thanks today.

For all who first spoke to us of Jesus, and have drawn us into the family of our Father in heaven: We praise you, O Lord;and bring you thanks today.

Help us to live as those who belong to one another, and to you, our Father, now and always. Amen

4 - These prayers are adapted from the online Mothers' Union resource

Ask Jenny. - What is Redemption ?

Hi! Last time we thought about why Christmas took place when it did. Today I'd like to think about Redemption. In one sense, it is probably not something you do need to 'ask Jenny' about; at some level we all 'get' what it means. The bigger question though, is 'do we understand its impact and how do we explain it to others?'

Explaining it to others has never been easier thanks to the current fascination with environment and recycling. All over the world, people are pushing us to take what is used and perhaps damaged, but to give it a second chance. 'Recycle your paper, donate your old clothes, go to the bottle bank with your glass.' We are all trying to 'save the planet' so this makes it very easy to say to people that what Christ did on the cross, was to recycle humanity and give us a second chance. Death was overcome, sin was forgiven and we were enabled to restart a brand new relationship with God.

Perhaps the bigger challenge is for us to understand that wherever we are in our walk with God, 2 years down the road or 72, God continually seeks to redeem. Now that's not to say we are still not forgiven, that happens the minute we open our lives to God. What I am saying is that every day, in small but significant ways God asks us "I have redeemed you to myself, but what details of your life can we 'recycle, renew' and make better for you?" Being redeemed by God happened at the cross but 'Growing in Christ' is about us allowing God to redeem, recycle and renew EVERY area of our lives as we learn to trust him more and more. So take a moment as you drop your plastic in the recycler, to ask God, 'what part of Me do you long to change and Bless, God?'

- Rev Jenny Porterpryde

A MODERN HYMN: Creator God, abundant life your mark

Tune : Sine Nomine, the tune to "For all the saints who from their labours rest"

1
Creator God, abundant life your mark,
You once poured speech into the formless dark
And from those words sprang forth a living spark
Your inspiration - Awoke creation

2
Throughout this world, in which we live and move,
All that we sense below, around, above
Displays the imprint of your longing love
Its revelation - Throughout creation.

3
But yet the earth is fractured, frayed and torn,
Poisoned, polluted, ravaged, scarred and worn
Its treasures plundered and its beauties scorned
Our transformation - Of God's creation.

4
From blight and guilt, we cannot walk away
Our will and actions shape the world today
And ours the greed, insisting on its way,
Whose depredations - Despoil creation.

5
Come Holy Spirit, challenge mind and heart!
Inspire our living so that we will start
To make those choices which may yet impart
Love's liberation - To your creation.

6
We pledge to touch all things with holy care
Until your coming Kingdom ends despair
Then all the world will witness and will share
The jubilation - Of healed creation.

- Pat Bennett – Settle Methodist Church, North Yorkshire

A Story for Easter

- as told by Allan Waters

When I was in the 6th form at school (many, many, many moons ago) once a month we had a philosophical lesson, and on one occasion we had to discuss the most important things in life. As you may expect teenagers came up with all manner of things, food, sport, fun, fame, power and money were some suggestions. My friend, Alan Foster, then came up with a suggestion that quite stopped our teacher in his tracks, he said, "Staying alive." We agreed that his suggestion was nearer to the truth but not all the truth. We agreed that life itself was wonderful and we thought about trees, flowers, birds. Fishes, animals, especially young ones and babies.

My friend Freddy came to learn about the wonder of life through potatoes. Before he was of school age he played in the house during the winter but when spring came he liked nothing better than to go outside into his parents' lovely large garden. One day he saw his dad working in the kitchen garden, and went to watch. His dad had a large sack of potatoes and was dropping them one by one into trenches he had prepared. Then, as Freddy watched, he turned the soil over, covering the potatoes and trod the earth down firmly all around.

"Why did you bury all those lovely potatoes?" asked Freddy, for he did love a good spud. "You watch the ground for a few weeks and you'll see," said his dad. So Freddy watched, and eventually saw what he thought were weeds growing all over the ground. Then small flowers appeared on the "weeds" which eventually died off, then the "weeds" began to die off. At which Freddy lost interest. One day Freddy's dad called him to come see, and Freddy duly obliged. "Watch and you'll see why I buried those potatoes," said his dad, and he took a large fork and dug up each "weed". To Freddy's amazement, instead of there being one dead potato in each spot there were lots and lots of new potatoes, and as his dad went down the rows hundreds were revealed. The dead potatoes had come to life and multiplied.

When the ground had been cleared, Freddy asked if he could use the empty plot and then hurried indoors. He came out with a couple of boxes, as much as he could hold, and opened one and took out some small round white balls. Then he put them in holes all over the ground and covered them up and trod down the earth just as he had seen his father do. Freddy's father said nothing. Now Freddy's father was a very keen golfer and Freddy had thought to do his father a good turn by multiplying his golf balls for him. He waited weeks but nothing grew and at last he took his little trowel and began to dig. His father just watched. When Freddy had retrieved all the balls that he had planted he said "These balls didn't work," his father then explained that there were living things and dead things. The live things could produce other live things like themselves as the potatoes had done. But dead things could not produce themselves. The difference was that the living things were made by God and the dead things by man.

No man has ever produced a living thing from dead materials. Life is wonderful because it comes from God, the bible says that God made man; and what he has made he can make again. So is life the most important thing in the world? When Freddy grew up he joined the Metropolitan police force and sacrificed his life to save others. He had found something more important than life; love for others.

Jesus gave his life too, because he loved us. But Easter reminds us that he came back to life, rose from the grave, and promised "Because I live, you shall live also."

Because Adam sinned in the Garden of Eden, death comes to everyone. But because Jesus rose from the dead, so shall we, "As in Adam all die, even so in Jesus Christ shall all be made alive."

Where we spend the resurrection life largely depends upon what we think is the most important thing in life. Is it just staying alive, or living it well, or being prepared to lay it down for the love of God and our fellow man?

Prayer. Eternal father, we praise you that in this springtime you remind us in bud, and leaf, and flower that that which was dead can come to newness of life. We thank you that in Jesus Christ, your son, you have overcome temptation, sin and death, and opened for us the way to everlasting life. We ask you that by your Holy Spirit we may believe the truth of life after death and enjoy it with you eternally. Amen.

Getting to know you.....

ROGER BLAND

How did you come to be at PMC? (Prudhoe Methodist Church)

My mother and father both came from families of seven children and my brother and I had 9 cousins on each side of the family. Family still account for 25 Christmas cards, the other 60 sent and 50 received are to and from people I have met on my travels.

Father was a Yorkshireman, we grew up in Yorkshire but mother came from Manchester and returned to her family home for the birth of her two sons. That meant we were at odds with our Lancashire cousins every cricket season. But that didn't stop the scattered families gathering at Grandfather's home every Christmas where 25 people or more assembled for dinner, followed by games, recitations, carols etc.- but only after a complete silence had prevailed so that the King's Speech could be heard on the Wireless.

Although my parents had Methodist connections they didn't attend Baildon Methodist Church but I was regularly taken to afternoon Sunday School there. My mother eventually undertook the management of the "beginners dept." and started regularly attending Sunday morning church services. I can still clearly see the attendance board which recorded Sunday School attendances each week e.g. morning 84; afternoon 221.

When war time conscription left the cub pack leaderless my parents took it over. Having been a cub I was keen to join the scout troop when I went to the local grammar school. I became an assistant scout master in my last year at school. By now I was experiencing a wish to know more about the Christian faith having greatly appreciated the teaching of a Sunday school teacher who had the wisdom and courage to discuss with a class of 16 year old boys how our faith should be influencing our attitudes to living e.g. the earning and spending of money, how to disagree agreeably, the do's and don'ts of sexual behaviour, and much more.

At a scout weekend camp I found a quiet hollow where I could be on my own asking God about things. At a school Founders Day Service in Bradford Cathedral the preacher invited us to stand up if we wished to follow Jesus. My neighbour asked me if I was going to do so and I said yes. When the moment came no-one stood up and neither did I. At a later Youth Weekend our Sunday school teacher forewarned us that he had agreed with the preacher that it would be OK to invite members of the congregation to come out to the front in response to an appeal to follow Jesus. This time I did go out..... but I seemed to be on my own for ages. So to three years at Manchester University and living in a Quaker Hall of Residence.

Through the Methodist Society and the Methodist Chaplain I was introduced to the activities of the Rev Dr. Donald Soper – not only at Hyde Park in London but in campaigns around the country with the OCW (Order of Christian Witness). “Families” of 20 to 30 people were accommodated in the premises of a local church and spent a week sharing in as many activities as possible and doing house to house visiting, speaking in the open air, sharing in the weekday activities etc. We had an evening meal on the premises where local people came and talked with us; what stimulating conversations we often had. I have been on several campaigns.

After leaving university I was called up for National Service but was quite prepared to face a tribunal to explain why I would not join any armed force but had no objection to serving two years with the Friends Ambulance Unit International Service. This was granted. Then to earn a living; first in chemical research and development then mainly in production management. Firstly to Wolverhampton, then London, but this move was in order to go and live with the OCW Long Term Project where 6 people shared a flat, pooled their incomes and tried to be the church in a very isolated built up area. We used a communal indoor space as our place of worship and often had to clean up the mess left by previous Saturday visitors.

We made friends; even one six year old boy who greeted me one day with “Kiss me or I’ll kick you!” Seeing his footwear I quickly kissed him. One regular visit I made was to a semi invalid man who I had to shave as often as I could. It was quite surprising how much help we could offer ranging from form filling and officialdom to shopping and family needs. But I became engaged at this stage, was married to Audrey and we did not want to prolong our living in London so moved to Billingham. From there we moved to Failsworth (Lancs), then to London before getting work at Blaydon and a house and a church in Prudhoe. New surroundings, neighbours and friends, new experiences and challenges have been so stimulating. Here it has been my good fortune to enjoy an “ever present” God among all of us. Thank you so much.

What is your favourite food? The best meal I ever had was a hot, three course dinner secretly brought to the summit of Helvellyn by my children!

What was your best holiday? .It has to be my honeymoon in Iona with Audrey.

My favourite hymn/song? “Beauty for brokenness, hope for despair, Lord in your suffering world this is our prayer; Bread for the children, justice ,joy, peace; Sunrise to sunset your kingdom increase.....Come change our love from a spark to a flame.”

What advice would you give to your young self? Be kinder to your younger brother.

What miracle would you like to see? Alcohol evaporated from the face of the earth. (Then no-one would miss it!).

THE POLLYWASH

I was about three years old when I added the word “pollywash” to my infant vocabulary. I’m not certain whether this word is well-known. I first heard it from my grandmother in Bradford, so it may be a word from Yorkshire dialect or just one of those archaic words that nobody uses nowadays. So what is a pollywash?

Imagine a glass of water on table next to a window. Sunshine is streaming through the window and some rays of sunshine are reflected from the water and up to the ceiling. There on the ceiling is this little patch of bright shimmering light ... the pollywash! You can make pollywashes with the glass of your wristwatch or the screen of your mobile phone. But nothing quite beats the scintillating beauty of a pollywash created by a glass of water in the sunlight.

If I had to summarise the “Methodist Way of Life” in a few words it would be this.

- [1] Meet regularly with other Christians.
- [2] Fill each other’s glasses with Living Water.
- [3] Reflect the Light of the World into every dark corner.
- [4] It should be bright, shimmering and difficult to ignore.



I’ll be a pollywash for Him. - PB



The sun rises in the east, so Hong Kong Folk have breakfast as we’re asleep.



... and it sets in the west so New Yorkers have lunch at our supper time.



...so ‘appen that’s why our friends in Stocksfield have their Sunday service 30 minutes later than us!



Fixit is correct. Stocksfield is west of Prudhoe so the sun rises later there.

But can you work out how much difference it really makes?

Please see P 8

Αναστασις - anastasis

a raising up, rising (e.g. from a seat)

a rising from the dead

that of Jesus Christ

that of all believers.

the resurrection of those who were restored to life (Heb 11)

Scholar’s notebook

God among the ruins

The tragic fire at Notre Dame Cathedral shocked the whole world. Seeing such a magnificent building engulfed in flames saddened all who saw the devastation unfold. It was a monumental blow to the nation of France. It will take years to rebuild this famous place of worship. One striking image from the fire showed the interior of the church scorched and ruined, its art treasures lost, its contents still smouldering.

But high up in the background, unbowed by the flames, stands a golden cross, brightly shining in the darkness of the surrounding debris. Since the fire took place at Easter, it is hard not to see this picture as a parable. One Anglican vicar made this comment: 'Notice what is left inside, untouched, after the destruction of all sorts of 'priceless' works of arts at Norte Dame Cathedral? The Cross. What an image for Holy Week and what a picture to describe secular Western Europe.' As I pondered the picture it spoke to me of the abiding value of the Cross. The words of a hymn came to mind:

*In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.*

The place of worship may be destroyed, but not the God we worship. The message of the Cross, at the centre of our faith, remains a timeless, undamaged truth. The hymn continues:

*When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! It glows with peace and joy.*



Even among the ruins of our own lives the Cross stands tall, reminding us of the presence of God and His grip on our lives.

– Tony Horsfall, writing in Rushen Parish magazine –
Hymn by John Bowring (1792 - 1872)

Sent in by Margaret G

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

PUBLICATION. We aim to distribute new issues by the first Sunday of the month.

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

intermission@uwclub.net

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Good Lord, it's springtime again!



**All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all.**

**Each little flower that opens, each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours, he made their tiny wings.**

**The purple-headed mountain, the river running by,
the sunset, and the morning that brightens up the sky.**

**The cold wind in the winter, the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden, he made them every one.**

**He gave us eyes to see them, and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty, who has made all things well.**

- Cecil Frances Alexander (1818 - 1895)