



Pews News

Sunday 29th January

Services

10am Holy Communion, St Peter's, Hascombe

Zoom

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/88201774610?pwd=RmVNY2k1aVoxd1pNcVdockl1dUIqUT09>

Isiah 41:10

"So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand,"

Collect

Almighty and everlasting God, you govern all things both in heaven and on earth: Mercifully hear the supplications of your people, and in our time grant us your peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

Please remember in your prayers

The sick: Sandra Baxter-Brown, Barbara Elliott, Michael Burt, Mark Knott, Stacey Medalyer, Ruth Wilkinson, Christine Miles, Doreen Nunney, Jacky Williams, Judy Bolt, Pam, Dennis Evans, Ashley, Jonathan and Camilla Fryer.

Father God, we lift up all those who are facing illness. We pray that you bring healing, comfort and peace to their bodies. Calm their fears and let them experience the healing power of your love. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

February Services

5th February

8am BCP Holy Communion, St Peter's
8.45am Breakfast, St Peter's
10am Something Different, St Peter's
10am Family Communion, St Mary's & All Saints

12th February

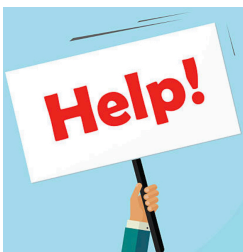
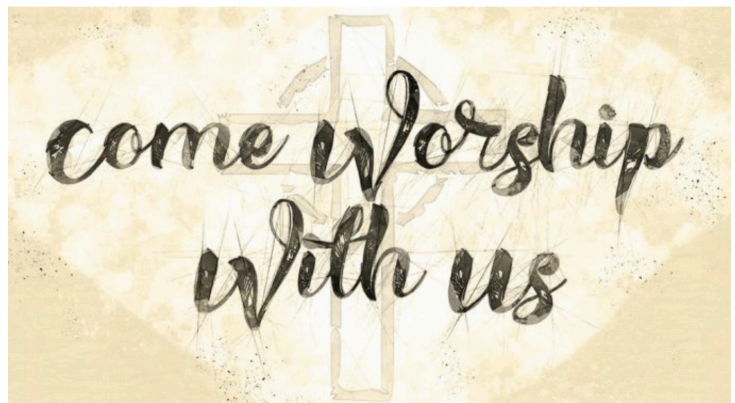
10am Holy Communion, St Peter's
Cafe Church, Winn Hall

19th February

10am Joint Parish Communion, St Mary's & All Saints
6pm Evensong, St Peter's Hascombe

26th February

10am Joint Parish Communion, St Peter's
4pm Funday@4, St Mary's & All Saints



Pop up stall needs you (well your jam jars)

If you have an abundance of empty jam jars (in good condition) could you please donate them to Melanie Shone for the pop up stall. They will be transformed and used for spring jam and marmalade. If you can assist please contact Mel on 200255, or drop them off at 4 Victory Cottages (near the shop).

Rutton's Ramblings

Is it just a 'man thing', or is there a universal longing in our hearts and souls to preserve some semblance of dignity and self-confidence?

My old English master fell on hard times, and had to come to school on a moped. These rather basic and under-powered machines were pretty cool if you were 16 – but not so much if you were 46. He told us that after a while, he had mastered a minimal level of poise, balance and self-confidence – but it was hard work...



Or take underwear – or more specifically – under-garments. Comfortable? Necessary? A basic human need? Yes, yes, yes, but there are limits:

There was a boy at my school whose mother sent him in, in what can only be described as urine-yellow coloured long johns. In the swinging sixties era of flower power and M&S briefs, he was ribbed mercilessly to death. (May God have mercy on our schoolboy souls.)

As I write, it's minus 5 out there, and I am offering a prayer of silent thanks that the 8 am BCP service is not due yet for a fortnight...

Indeed, as I walked round Bristol with my daughter yesterday (the pregnant one – guessing the (secret) baby's name – great fun – for me, anyway) (how about Horace?) I was chilled to the bone – even with thick coat and gloves on. And I wished I had dressed up warmer.

My wife is always saying 'wear tights – that's what mountain climbers wear'. Yes, and that's what male ballerinas wear also. Sorry, call me old-fashioned, call me vain, but I just can't bring myself to do it. Visions of the yellowing long-johns come floating back over the years...

Enter Mountain Warehouse, a wonderful store and mail-order outlet, and may God bless all who sail in her. For they have proved the salvation of the shivering self-conscious male. They sell not tights, not long johns – but BASE LAYERS! Made of thin, hi-tec black thin stretchy material, these make you look less like the school sissy, and more like Batman!

Discreetly worn under other clothing, you can face the frosty world with equanimity, whilst taking those back copies of the geriatric mail order clothing catalogues discreetly out to the recycling bin in a brown paper bag. (In case the postman sees...)

So, the cold weather holds no more fear for me. In terms of under-garments, I have turned from ugly frog to the Milk Tray Man, clad in black, and with enough male self-confidence to scale those cliffsides of self-doubt, and deliver my metaphorical boxes of chocs to an unsuspecting world.

Talking of ugly frogs, spare a thought for Toad-zilla. Being one particular female cane toad, recently found by an Australian ranger in Queensland. This monster specimen weighs 2.7 kg and is the size of a football – and that's not including the legs. The current Guinness Book of records entry stands at 2.65 kg. But alas, from hero to zero for Toadz-illa. Cane toads (as you probably know) are huge pests, and so Kylee Gray (the ranger) reports (matter of factly) that this specimen has been 'euthanised' and donated to the Queensland museum.

What a way to go. Killed for being too big, too ugly, or too inconvenient. Or maybe just too different.

I feel a sermon on inclusion coming on.

Maybe next week.