
THE LINK

Methodist Link Churches Magazine

May 2015 Volume 50. No. 4.



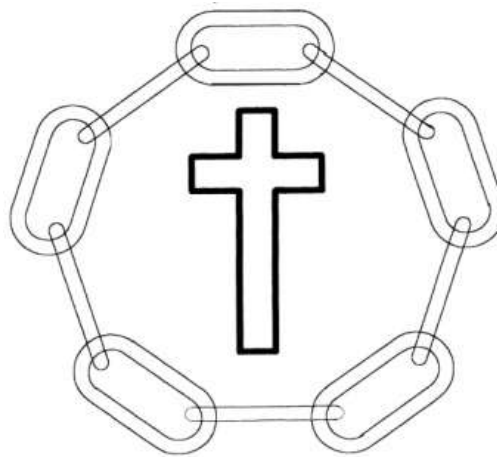
BREAN



BRENT KNOLL



WEST HUNTSPILL



EAST BRENT



BURNHAM

Minister's Letter

Dear Friends,

Spring time greetings to everyone. As most of you know I have just returned from a five day holiday to Whitby so first I would like to say many thanks to Ros Anderson for organising it so well and to a very helpful coach driver. It is over twenty years since I spent a holiday in Whitby and I was so pleased to have the chance to visit again. Unfortunately the lovely Methodist Guild Holiday Home is no longer there but the general character of the town remains unchanged, dominated as it is by the Headland on which stands the Parish Church and the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey. The ruins are a reminder of a glory which is gone but I would want to go back much further in my imagination, sweep away nearly all the stones, and return to a much simpler collection of buildings which were nevertheless the centre of Christian life and influence in the seventh century. At that time Celtic missionaries from Iona had brought Christianity to the pagan Anglian Kingdoms of the North East of the British Isles and a Double Monastery of monks and nuns had been established on this site by Royal decree, presided over by the King's sister, the Abbess Hilda. These events are chronicled in Bede's history of England in which one of the most memorable stories is that of Caedmon, a brother of Whitby Abbey. I was reminded of him as I set out to visit the Headland and found that instead of climbing the steps up to the church I had found my way onto an even older track called Caedmon's Trod. Unlike later establishments Celtic monasteries usually consisted of individual huts or cells for the brothers and sisters and there would also be accommodation for Lay servants and workers on the Abbey farm. At Whitby there also seems to have been a central Hall where they could gather in the evening. The custom was for them to entertain each other especially during the long winter evenings. At this time Caedmon was employed on the farm and being very shy dreaded being asked to take his turn and would usually try to make some excuse. One evening he had escaped from the Hall to the cowshed and having attended to the cattle settled down to sleep among them. His fears however seemed to pursue him even into his dreams for as he slept it seemed that a man stood by him and said

“Caedmon Sing to me”

“You know I cannot sing” Caedmon replied. “That is why I am here alone”

“Nevertheless you can sing for me”, the voice continued.

“But what shall I sing?”

“Sing to me of My Creation”

With that Caedmon lifted up his voice and began to sing of the Glory of all Creation. When he awoke the song was still echoing in his mind and he knew he had to share it so he told the monk in charge of the farm of his wonderful dream. The brother realised that something very special had happened so reported to the Abbess who wanted to interview Caedmon for herself and before long they were talking together in a way that the humble cowman would never have thought possible. Hilda was a wise and good mother of the monastery and recognised that here was a God given gift which could be used for the benefit of all. With her encouragement Caedmon began to train as one of the monks. At first he could not read or write so one of the brothers would explain to him in his native language the Latin text of the Bible and Caedmon would turn it into song. These songs especially those like his first in praise of Creation became greatly loved by the people and can be said to be the first parts of the bible to become known in a native English tongue.

It was good to be reminded again of Caedmon and to walk on his way, recalling that all the wonder and beauty of the world around us comes from God alone and that he can call any one of us to his service and supply all that we need to walk in his way.

May we all continue to know God’s calling and the strength of his presence.

Margaret.



Deaths

Miss Winifred (Wynne) Barrett on April 19th in Hill View Home aged 91. Funeral Burnham Methodist Church Wednesday 6th May at 2.30pm followed by Cremation at Sedgemoor

Calendar

APRIL

Fri	24th	10.00 - 12.00	W/H	Coffee & Chat at West Huntspill Stalls & Traidcraft
Fri	24th	7.30pm	B/H	FUN QUIZ at Burnham Methodist
Sat	25 th	10.00 – 12.00	B/H	Shopper Coffee
		7.30pm		The Burnham & Highbridge Choral Society's Spring concert at St Andrew's Burnham
Sun	26th	3.00pm	B/H	Circuit Easter Offering Service Burnham Methodist Church
Tue	28th	2.30pm .	E/B	LINK Villages Fellowship - Revd Stephen Marr Building Bridges
Thur	30th	2.30pm	B/K	Emmaus Course at Brent Knoll led by Rev. Margaret Trapp

MAY

Sat	2nd	10.00 - 12.00		B/H Fund Raising Coffee Morning by the
Sat	9 th	10.00 – 12.00	B/H	Shopper Coffee
Wed	13th	12.30pm.	B/H	Church Lunch
Sat	16th	10.00 - 12.00	B/H	Coffee Morning by & in aid of Biars
Sat	16th	9.30 for 10.00		Circuit Prayer meeting at Uphill
Sun	17th	5.30pm	B/H	Cafe Church TBA
Thur	21st	2.30pm	B/K	Emmaus Course at Brent Knoll led by Rev. Margaret Trapp
Sat	23rd	10.00 – 4.00	B/H	Coffee & Foodfest
		10.30am	B/K	Brent Knoll Spring Coffee Morning
Sun	24th			LAST DAY FOR THE JUNE LINK
Tue	26th	2.30pm .	E/B	LINK Villages Fellowship - A.G.M. and Communion
Sat	30 th	10.00 – 12.00	B/H	Shopper Coffee

JUNE

Thur	4th	2.30pm	B/K	Emmaus Course at Brent Knoll led by Rev. Margaret Trapp
Sat	6th	10.00 - 12.00	B/H	Fund Raising Coffee Morning by the Stewards & Thursday Fellowship
Sat	13 th	10.00 – 12.00	B/H	Shoppers Coffee Morning
Thur	16th	2.30pm	B/K	Emmaus Course at Brent Knoll led by Rev. Margaret Trapp

B/H Burnham, BR Brean, B/K Brent Knoll, E/B East Brent, W/H West Huntspill

THANKS

20 Gulliford Close
Highbridge

I would like to thank everyone for their cards of Sympathy and messages of condolence on the death of my husband David Lee.

Thank to those who came to the celebration of his life.

There are so many memories to share.

Barbara Lee.



Easter Offering Service
Burnham Methodist Church
April 26th 2015 at 3pm.

All - men & women - old & young -
are invited to share in this service of dedication.
Followed by tea and cake.



BURNHAM METHODIST CHURCH

COME AND JOIN US FOR A

FUN QUIZ

FRIDAY 24TH APRIL

7.30pm START

RAFFLE - TABLE NIBBLES - PRIZES

PLEASE BRING YOUR OWN DRINKS (No Alcohol of course!)

All proceeds towards the purchase of an updated sound and visual system for the church and Hearing Dogs for the Deaf.

TICKETS £3.00 PER PERSON - TEAMS OF 4 MAX.

For tickets and enquiries contact - Ann Hall 01278 789001

The Burnham & Highbridge Choral Society

with Musical Director, Nicholas Bromilow

Accompanist, Francis Webb

Present

700 Years of St. Andrew's Church in Music

with Baritone Soloist

Amon-Ra Twilley

on

Saturday 25th April 2015

at 7.30pm

in

St. Andrew's Church, Burnham on Sea.

Music by Purcell • Vaughan - Williams • Elgar • Stainer • Haydn •
Jenkins • Britten • Rutter • Lloyd - Webber

Tickets £7.50 (£4 under 16yrs)

Available from Material Needs, Choir members, or on the door.



Café church dates at Burnham

Sunday 17 th May	at 6.00 pm	TBA
Sunday 21 st June	at 6.00 pm	TBA
Sunday 19 th July	at 6.00 pm	TBA



We start with a cup of tea or coffee and a biscuit or three from 5.30 pm and help ourselves to refills during the evening.

We sing a few hymns or songs, have a short talk followed by a discussion, then a few more songs, ending with the Grace at about 7.00 pm.

All are welcome to come and join us.

Prayer letter from Daniel and Grace Pratt-Chapman

and their little son Kwame-

Our Circuit Link in Cameroon, teaching in a theological college.

Are we there yet...its been 4 hours since we entered the forest ... when will we reach the road again??" Bamenda is a long way from Kumbawell if the roads were all tarred then it would be around 4 hours but, currently, the dirt road running through the rain forest takes 5 hours all by itself.

It was also so hot. We're now in the middle of a protracted dry season. 35 degrees. We had to keep the windows closed too as the dust was as thick as fog. If a car passed us the dust this created was like entering a sand storm.

"Are we nearly there yet??? I thought you said Mamfe was not too far??? I'm really hot, I'm hungry, I'm tired..." You may have guessed that I'm not really very good at long car journeys (Kwame may even have the edge over me here). However, Bamenda in the north west of Anglophone Cameroon is such a beautiful place. Moreover, when our students leave the seminary many are posted to the Bamenda area, which is up in the (cooler) highlands. It's thus really nice to visit students who have just started working in their different stations. But the journey up there, it's just so tedious (around 8-9 hours).

Anyway, as I was complaining, one of my fellow passengers, a current student, said: "Rev" (people are very formal here) "this is nothing. I once travelled to **Morocco** by bus."

As it turns out the journey from **Cameroon** to **Casablanca** is not for the faint hearted. The student told me that he was trying to get to Europe and, if successful, migrate to **Italy** for work. "Why didn't you just fly?" I asked.

"I didn't have a visa" he said.

There are, apparently, "dedicated buses" travelling to "**Italy**" from Bamenda. "For £250 your European dream can come true"

that at least is the sales pitch. My friend, however, tells a different story.

"What happened??" I asked "Why are you back here? Didn't you go to **Italy**??" His answer really hit me hard. It demonstrates some of the unimaginable horrors that people go through to get to **Europe**. He said that he spent two weeks roasting in a bus that reached oven temperatures as it crossed the largest desert in the world. He relayed that he even stopped eating in order to conserve money. Apparently the transporters demand extra for the bribes needed to enter each country (he was not travelling with a passport). He told me that people, who hadn't enough money, were reduced to the most degrading acts in order to continue the journey. "Rev," he said "I saw and heard things I cannot repeat."

"Like what???" My curiosity got the better of me at this point. "Well Rev, it's like this, when the bus stops, if you don't have money to eat you have to eat rats ... it's the only thing you can find in the desert." On hearing this I turned so pale that I think my friend could see through me. Nevertheless, he continued: "It's so cold at night Rev, you sleep but in the open. You try to save the money you have - if you don't you can easily get stranded along the way."

"Stranded???" I asked.

"Yes Rev, there are Cameroonians, whole communities, stuck at all the border crossings from here right up to Mauritania. Women who run out of money are forced to do the most terrible things by border officials. Its horrible Rev, in Niger my friend, who left Bamenda with me, was shot because he didn't have enough money to bribe them."

"It's terrible Rev. I couldn't even bathe for those two weeks. When I eventually reached Morocco and they took me to the boats leaving for Europe... I had a change of heart. I can't swim. When I heard about the people who drown I just wanted to come back home. It was too terrible. So I came back home."

On hearing all this, I finally shut up complaining about the heat and the "hours" that I'd been cooped up in the car. I'm just so glad my friend didn't try to cross the sea. It's frightening what people will do to get to the western world. Some sell cattle, lands and houses to get to this point. They sacrifice everything but drown in the sea. Fortunately my friend had something to come back to. Many, especially those fleeing conflict, do not. They therefore board the boats, and when the transporters get close to shore they throw them into the sea.

What is it that these people are really seeking? Is it education, health-care or wealth? Electricity? Running Water? I don't presume to know what drives them. All I know is that I have taken all this stuff for granted – I've been lazy. I've been so lazy. I've grown up in a nation that gives its citizens practically everything they need to make something of themselves. So much so that many Cameroonians would be willing to sacrifice everything to get to it. I just thank God that I heard this story of what someone would put themselves through to reach Europe. It has really challenged me

Pray for the people in Cameroon, in Africa, and elsewhere who risk everything in the hope of a better life. Pray that they will not be taken advantage of and that, if they should reach Europe, people will be kind to them. Pray for us, that we would not be complacent, but would use the enormous privileges we have been afforded to become all that we can be for the glory of God.



BRENT KNOLL

www.brentknollmethodistchurch.com

Minister Revd. Margaret Trapp

I have to begin by saying a huge "well done" to all those who battled the strong winds and the heavy rain to attend the service at the top of the Knoll on Palm Sunday. To my utmost shame, I wasn't one of them although I did attend our service in the church afterwards and enjoyed the fellowship over teas and coffees following the service.

Our Easter Sunday service led by our own Rev Margaret was as uplifting as it should be. And it was lovely to see old friends and welcome visitors to the service.

Some dates for your diaries. Our new Emmaus course which will be led by our own Margaret Trapp will take place on 30 April, 21 May, 4 June, 18 June and 2 July. All at 2.30pm in the schoolroom to be followed by refreshments.

And a reminder that our Spring coffee morning takes place on Saturday 23 May at 10.30am.

God bless

Rosemary Krull



EAST BRENT

We have had some very good Easter Services of late with Easter communion taken by the Reverend Joyce Plumb, followed by John Trebble on Low Sunday and today the 19th Reverend Peter Davis. What a joy to have these talented preachers at East Brent. We are greatly indebted to Evelyn Tucker for the Easter Cross that when decorated was placed outside the Church for all to. It looked so good and comments from the passing public were expressed to us.

Jill and I called into Victoria last Tuesday 14th April to give our congratulations to Carol's husband Les the oldest Tesco employee who was celebrating his 90th Birthday. We also spoke with Stanley Hall who was looking quite well and wished to be remembered to all at East Brent but missed coming out to preach. Next month we are privileged to have Rosemary Krull who will be taking her trial service (I'm sure it won't be a trial) and we wish her well.

At East Brent we are still looking at chairs that would be most suitable and comfortable to replace the pews we have sold. We have tested the ones at Brent Knoll, Burnham, Brean and West Huntspill but have come to no conclusion as yet. We also have no spare money to purchase as yet (perhaps the circuit could be asked!!!).

We all send our best wishes to our missing folk, Gwen Oldham, Joan Hicks and Eileen Craig and look forward to eventually seeing them back amongst us.

Gordon Legg



BURNHAM

www.methodistchurchburnhamonseas.org.uk

STEWARDS COLUMN.

Now May is approaching it is lovely to reflect on the meaning of Easter and the services and meetings that have occurred. I was lucky enough to be able to go to most of the Lent Course this year. It was lovely meeting other Christians from the area and learning about them, their churches and their Christian lives. During the course we were looking at The Good Samaritan, a story we thought we knew well. The meeting that made the most impression, which made me think about being a Christian, is the one held at Hope Baptist Church in Highbridge. The topic was 'Who is my neighbour'?

We were given some passages from a journal by a woman who was struggling with poverty in Great Britain today. She was well educated

and had a very good job but she had to give up work because the child care for her small son took up most of her wages. We heard about her struggle, how she went without food to feed her son, how she sold all she could, turned off the heating and lights yet still had no money for food. Her friends helped but she did not like to tell them just how bad life was. How when bills came she would not open them, how when people rang the bell she cried as she had nothing left to give. The most moving was how it changed her as a person, affecting her health both mentally and physically.

Now, a few years later, she is a successful writer but she still has mental health problems, is scared when bills arrive or the bell rings. We all know people like this. You probably say, 'No I don't'. There will be people you know who have had to visit the food bank as their cupboard is empty. There will be people who refuse to open bills as they know they cannot pay. These are the hidden people, our neighbours. A friend's daughter recently admitted that she had to visit a food bank last year when the allowance she relied on got held up due a hiccup in the system. None of us knew how bad things had got for her, now with help from others her life is improving.

As a teacher I have come across similar problems, it takes a lot of courage to tell someone there was no food for their child's lunch that day or could they be allowed to wear different shoes to school as they could not afford new shoes until they got paid next week. She is my neighbour, they are my neighbours, they are our neighbours.

We have had some special services before and during the lent season, including some early morning ones. During Lent we had a wooden cross made from our old Christmas tree at the front of the church and each week a symbol such as a robe or bag of nails was added. This proved to be a very thought provoking image. The Easter Day service was a very joyous celebration and included ten children in the congregation.

We were also delighted to welcome a new member to the church, Helen Stait. The service culminated in the congregation adding their own colourful items to the cross, flowers, ribbons, Easter eggs, bunnies

and chicks etc. The congregation were then given an Easter egg or two Easter biscuits to take home. This was a lovely occasion suggested by our minister Rev. John James which proved popular and helped show the joy we felt on Easter Day.

Marian Foster.



BREAN

www.brean-methodist-church.home.dhs.org

Imagine that any mind ever *thought* a red geranium...
.... even God could not imagine the redness of a red geranium
nor the smell of mignonette,
when geraniums were not, and mignonette either...

.... imagine, among the mud and the mastodons
God sighing and yearning with tremendous creative yearning,
in that dark green mess,
oh for some other beauty, some other beauty that blossomed at last,
red geranium and mignonette.

Well there isn't room to quote D H Lawrence's poem in full and red might not be the dominant seasonal colour but who cannot rejoice in the fantastic displays of Spring flowers this year.

They evoke a suitable emotion to the joys of Easter. We had shared Lent study groups with our Anglican friends and also had a couple of services with them in the week leading up to Easter. Maundy Thursday we were with our Link friends at Burnham.

John Stedman took our Easter Day service along traditional lines and in our joint Anglican/Methodist service on the Sunday after Easter, Stanley Pipet invited me to share our worship and between us we outlined different ways in which the Easter story is interpreted by biblical commentators. On the next week, Stephen Marr reminded us about our unity in Christ through love and our need to live our daily lives in faith mode.

We have had a welcome number of visitors, most of them returning from their winter hibernation. I guess that these will drop off a bit now until the end of May but it is good to see them and share fellowship with them at coffee after service.

Harvey Allen



WEST HUNTSPILL

A Joyful Day – Praise the Lord, Alleluia!

The day started at 6.30am on a beautiful Easter Sunday morning, when we gathered at the Church to celebrate our Son rise service which has now become a tradition.

Then we met again at 11.00am for a traditional Easter Day service. The Church was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, and although we were all saddened that his father is no longer with us, Philip Lee bravely, enchanted us by singing a solo.



Then we met once more at 5.45pm for “Afternoon Tea”, a typically lavish Methodist spread – good food, good company and a lovely

atmosphere – not to be missed next year!! This was followed by an informal “Songs of Praise” service.

All three services were led by Rev. Stanley Pipet assisted by Joyce, many thanks to everyone; for making it such a memorable and joyful day.

Janet M. Thompson



LINK ORDER FORM

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www.brentknollmethodistchurch.com

**The Deadline for the
June 2015 "LINK" is
Sunday 24th May 2015**