

Dear Friends

‘For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that Day’ (2 Timothy 1:12).

It’s nearly 50 years ago that my Dad was taking a service at the village chapel of Trebulet in the Tamar Valley. One of our Palace Avenue members, who grew up in a neighbouring village, will know the chapel well as she attended it. For some reason, my Dad, Mum and I had arrived for the service rather early. I am not sure if Dad had allowed additional time because he was not sure of the way from Plymouth or if he thought the Sunday evening service was going to start earlier than it actually did. In any event, we spent the additional time wandering around the graveyard which surrounds the village chapel. Not many Methodist Chapels have their own graveyard (though our nearest neighbouring chapel, Southfield, had interments nearby in its early years) but they are a bit more common in villages.

It was, at least in my recollection, a lovely sunny evening. My Dad, who was known for this kind of thing, spotted a gravestone with a Bible text and, abandoning his prepared notes for the evening, spoke on the text inscribed on the monument. Unusually for me, I have quoted it from the King James or Authorised Version of the Bible as that is the translation that would have been on the monument and that my Dad would have used for the sermon. It won’t be much-remembered now but there was also a Christian song, ‘I know not why God’s wondrous grace to me has been made known,’ that accomplishes the almost impossible by using the scripture verse as a refrain.

The writer of the hymn, D. W. Whittle (1840-1901) admits that there are an awful lot of things about ‘God, the world and the meaning of life’ that he does not know. I think it is sometimes important for Christians to admit that and certainly it is far better to do so than to try to offer simplistic answers to difficult questions. However, despite the many things he did not know there was something that Daniel Whittle wanted to affirm.

Daniel Webster Whittle was associated with the campaigns of the famous late nineteenth century American evangelist D. L. Moody, whose preferred soloist, Ira D. Sankey, popularised so many revival hymns, a few of which remain popular in some churches even to the present day. Like many of his compatriots of the time, Daniel Whittle served in the American Civil War, in which he attained the rank of major but was also wounded. After the war, he lived and worked in Chicago. The major theme of the hymn was that there are many questions beginning ‘why?’ that he could not answer – but he had confidence in the Saviour in *whom* he believed.

The original Bible verse comes from a letter of the Apostle Paul. As far as we know, he was held captive in a Roman prison and, knowing his earthly days were few, he decided to write to a young Christian worker, Timothy, reminding him not to be ashamed of the testimony of the Lord, or the fact that his older colleague was in prison. Paul wanted to encourage Timothy and, through him, future generations of Christians to be confident in Jesus as Lord and Saviour, to be convinced of the saving power of gospel of his forgiveness and life through his death and resurrection and not to give up but to serve Christ to the end.

The message of Good Friday and Easter Day is at the heart of the Christian faith. We believe that when Jesus died on the cross he did so *for us*. We believe that by his resurrection he has not only defeated sin and death but also given us a pledge of life in his eternal kingdom (heaven). The gift of faith and life in him is something that he keeps safe for us. The *Good News Bible* that we use in our pews puts it this way:

But I am still full of confidence, because I know whom I have trusted, and I am sure that he is able to keep safe until that Day what he has entrusted to me.

This is a message which is not just for Easter Day but every day.

God bless

John Haley
Minister

Easter

In the cold light of dawn, the women made their way sadly to the tomb. Their stumbling feet, as heavy as their hearts, fighting against grief. All their hopes had been in this one man; they had trusted him, believed in him. Now he was gone. They had lost more than a friend. He was to them their whole lives. Now nothing seemed to matter. But as the sun rose in the sky, so their hearts lifted with hope at the words of the angel. "He is not here. He is risen." Hope turned to joy when they realised that the words were true. Their doubts were washed away. Everything came wonderfully right again. They hadn't been let down. This friend had actually risen from death, and was with them. Mary knew him in the tender voice which spoke her name.

And so we too make the journey today to the tomb and hear again the words. "He is not here. He is risen." We rejoice afresh with the women at the tomb because our doubts are washed away. We feel the living presence of Jesus, our friend, reaching out to comfort, calling us by name. Lord Jesus, we celebrate today the wonder of your resurrection. With wonder we stand with the women at the tomb, and marvel that it is empty. We have known all along, unlike them, that you would be raised on the third day, and yet sometimes the world forgets that you are alive. We remember the sorrow of the cross and not the joy of the resurrection. But today we remember that you not only died for us, but you are alive for us.

As we stand in the early morning looking towards the sunrise, we can feel our spirits lifting with anticipation of the new day ahead, full of bright promise, and so we can look to you, the source of our life, and see your offer of new life in all its fullness. We see the flowers, which withered and died in the cold days of winter, bursting into bloom in the springtime, and are reminded that the sorrows of this world are not the end, but we too will rise to new life in all the glory of the Kingdom of God.

Morwenna Bennett, taken from 'Take Time Out', with permission.

Special Poem for Older Folks

A row of bottles on my shelf
Caused me to analyse myself.
One yellow pill I have to pop
Goes to my heart so it won't stop.
A little white one that I take
Goes to my hands so they won't shake.
The blue ones that I use a lot
Tell me I'm happy when I'm not.
The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.
The capsules tell me not to wheeze
Or cough or choke or even sneeze.
The red ones, smallest of them all,
Go to my blood so I won't fall.
The orange ones, very big and bright,
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.

Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.
But what I'd really like to know
Is what tells each one where to go!

Anon

So that's what it is!

I've seen water gardens and a posh water-bed,
But what on earth is a watershed?
Is it made of plastic, glass or tin,
Not wood, or how would the water stay in?
Is it used to store water, in case there's a drought?
Don't open the door or the water pours out!
Is it sold as a flat-pack assembly kit?
It must be awful, some swear by it.
It could be a hut in a tropical storm,
Or an igloo perhaps, when the weather turns warm.
Only one is supplied every night, by the way,
And many go after it at nine each day.
Am I on the wrong track, I'm beginning to doubt,
Where is the dictionary, I must find out.
Here it is - 'crucial time. or type of plateau'
It's not a building at all. Well, what do you know!!

Brenda Kirkham, used with her permission

Trouble with E-mail!

A Scottish couple decided to go to Cornwall to thaw out after a particularly cold winter. They planned to stay at the same hotel where they spent their honeymoon 20 years earlier. Because of hectic schedules, it was difficult to coordinate their travel arrangements, so the husband left Edinburgh and flew to Cornwall on Thursday, and his wife arranged to fly down the following day. The husband checked into the hotel.

There was a computer in his room, so he decided to send an email to his wife. However, he accidentally left out one letter in her email address and, without realising his error, sent the email.

Meanwhile, in London, a widow had returned home from her husband's funeral; he had been a church minister who was called home to glory following a heart attack.

The widow decided to check her email, expecting messages from relatives and friends. After reading the first message, she screamed and fainted. Her son rushed into the room, and found his mother collapsed on the floor. He then saw the message on the computer screen, which read:

"To my loving wife"
Subject: I have arrived
Date: 16th April 2005

I know you will be surprised to hear from me. They have computers now, and you are allowed to send emails to your loved ones. I have just arrived and have been checked in. I see that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow. I am looking forward to seeing you then. I hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was. It is unbelievably hot down here!!!

This confirms just how careful we must be when transmitting...

Inspired by Psalm 23!:

A Slimmer's Psalm

Strict is my diet, I must not want.
It maketh me to lie down at night, hungry,
It leadeth me to pass the refrigerator,
It tryeth my will power,
It leadeth me in the paths of starvation

For my figure's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the aisles of pastas,
I will buy no chocolate eclairs,
For they are fattening.
The cakes and pies, they tempt me.
Before me is a table set with
Green beans and lettuce;
It filleth my stomach with liquids,
My day's quota runneth over.
Surely calories and weight charts
Will follow me
All the days of my life
And I will dwell in the fear of the scales forever.

With thanks to Goring Church newsletter.

Fate
(continued from pages 8-9 of the last Newslink)

On the way home, she wanted to stop,
Fancied a cuddle on the back seat -
As two adults, I'm sure you can guess,
Not fit for the pages of the church magazine.

As the days passed and turned into weeks,
Our courting continued - different places to eat.
Most times I drive, but just lately she does.
I've bought her a car; it's kept down at dad's.

You're wondering of course if I've thought of a ring
But just at the moment she's still married to 'him',
Lost touch, has applied, divorce to come through.
Ran off, as he did, with that woman at church.

So when the time comes, if she'll have me, of course,
No point in rushing, let's enjoy what we do;
A holiday we've planned abroad in the sun.
Separate rooms? No sir, I've got to know her too well.

Sins of the flesh, sins for the soul,
Let's both enjoy all the sins that we know.
If God is watching and I'm sure that He is,
He should know me by now -
I've too many sins to confess.

What are you saying? Just 'cause I go to church
Not allowed a few pleasures with girls that I know.
No fun in life, to be good all the time,
What's there to confess to if you've not done the crime?

Ken Fisher

P.S. It's just a story, made up, and not about me!!

Church Family News

Congratulations to Stan & Viv Westmoreland on the birth of their great grandson, Sebastian Stanley. Sebastian is the son of Stan & Viv's granddaughter, Hayley.

Congratulations to Will & Aimee Matthews on the birth of their son, Hugo Leonard William, a brother for Freddy.

Congratulations and best wishes to Jennie & Ken Dunn who celebrated their Golden Wedding on 9th March.

Congratulations and best wishes to Jim & Margaret Sutherland of Southfield Methodist Church who celebrated their Golden Wedding on 30th March.

Please remember in your prayers Edward Quick and all the family following the recent death of Susan Quick.

We send our prayers and best wishes to Southfield Methodist Church for their 200 Year celebrations.

Palace Avenue Diary

April

3	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
7	Sat	8.45 am	Men's Breakfast at Mo's Grill
9	Mon	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
10	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
10	Tue	2.00 pm	Cabbage Patch Crafters
11	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship
11	Wed	7.30 pm	RUUP4IT: 'When I Was Twenty-one' in the Church foyer - for more details please contact Viv & Stan 554868
16	Mon	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
17	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
18	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship
21	Sat	10.00 am	Coffee Morning in aid of Mission in Britain
23	Mon	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
24	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
24	Tue	2.00 pm	Cabbage Patch Crafters

24	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship
30	Mon	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open

Palace Avenue Diary

May

1	Tue	10.00 am	Church Open/Coffee Morning
2	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship
5	Sat	9.00 am	Men's Breakfast
8	Tue	10.00 am	Church Open/Coffee Morning
8	Tue	2.00 pm	Cabbage Patch Crafters
9	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship
14	Mon	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
15	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
16	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship
21	Mon	10.30 am	Prayer meeting followed by coffee
22	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
22	Tue	2.00 pm	Cabbage Patch Crafters
23	Wed		Wednesday Fellowship
29	Tue	10.00 am	Coffee Morning/Church Open
30	Wed	2.30 pm	Wednesday Fellowship

Palace Avenue Preaching Plan

April

1	10.30 am	Rev. J. Haley - Holy Communion (Easter Day)
8	10.30 am	Mrs. I. Cochran
15	10.30 am	Mrs. H. Barrett - Alternative Worship
22	10.30 am	Mr. A. Hills
29	10.30 am	Rev. G. Thompson

May

6	10.30 am	Rev. J. Haley - Holy Communion
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- 13 10.30 am Rev. J. Doble
- 20 10.30 am Mr. W. Matthews - Alternative Worship (Pentecost)
- 27 10.30 am Mr. D. Welsh (Trinity)

R U UP 4 IT

WHEN I WAS TWENTY ONE

WEDNESDAY 11TH APRIL

IN THE CHURCH FOYER AT

7.30PM

**Please bring memorabilia, photos,
Toys and favourite food that you had when
you were 21 years old. (Approx!)**
More details Viv & Stan 554868

Southfield Preaching Plan

April

- 1 10.30 am Rev. G. Chambers (S)
Flowers donated by Mrs. Sutherland
- 8 10.30 am Rev. P. Williamson
Flowers donated by Mrs. Morgan
- 15 10.30 am Mrs. M. Newman
Flowers donated by Mrs. Kavanagh
- 22 10.30 am Dr. D. Anglesea
Flowers donated by Miss Robinson
- 29 10.30 am Rev. J. Cook
Flowers donated by Mrs. Barrington
- 29 6.30 pm CTIP United Service ??

May

- 6 10.30 am Rev. A. Phippen
Flowers donated by Miss Roberts
- 13 10.30 am Rev. J. Haley (S)
Flowers donated by Mr. Tyler
- 20 10.30 am Rev. P. Williamson
Flowers donated by Mrs. Watson
- 27 10.30 am Mr. A. Hills
Flowers donated by Mrs. White

Southfield Diary

April

- 6 Fri 10.00 am Morning Service
6 Fri 10.30 am Coffee Morning
- 10 Tue 11.00 am Service at Little Oldway
10 Tue 2.00 pm Golden Oldies, Musical Afternoon with Roy
3.00 pm Line Dancing
- 17 Tue 11.00 am Service at Cornerways
17 Tue 2.00 pm Line Dancing
- 20 Fri 10.00 am Prayer Circle
20 Fri 10.30 am Coffee Morning
- 24 Tue 11.00 am Service at Tudor Court
24 Tue 2.00 pm Line Dancing
- 25 Wed 11.00 am Service at Burnside Court
25 Wed 2.00 pm Bible Study
- 26 Thu 2.30 pm Easter Offering Service at Brixham
- 28 Sat 10.00 am Sponsored Silence at Goodrington.

Margaret & Jim Sutherland celebrated their Golden Wedding on March 30th.

Happy Birthday to Mrs. Muriel Coombe who will be 80 on April 20th.

Southfield Diary

May

1	Tue	2.00 pm	Line Dancing
4	Fri	10.00 am	Morning Service
4	Fri	10.30 am	Coffee Morning
8	Tue	11.00 am	Service at Little Oldway
8	Tue	2.00 pm	Golden Oldies "Agatha Christie" with Jill Farrant
8	Tue	3.00 pm	Line Dancing
15	Tue	11.00 am	Service at Cornerways
15	Tue	2.00 pm	Line Dancing
18	Fri	10.00 am	Prayer Circle
18	Fri	10.30 am	Coffee Morning
22	Tue	11.00 am	Service at Tudor Court
22	Tue	2.00 pm	Line Dancing
23	Wed	11.00 am	Service at Burnside Court
23	Wed	2.00 pm	Bible Study
29	Tue	2.00 pm	Line Dancing

Happy Birthday to Mrs. Gladys Barnes who will be 89 on May 30th.

Happy Birthday to Mrs. Phyllis Land who will be 101 on May 31st.