

BRIDGE

July 2020



**For the United Reformed Churches in
Bewcastle and Carlisle**

**Part of the
Cumbria URC Missional Partnership**

Contacts and Sunday Service Pattern

THE MINISTER

Following the retirement of Rev Nick Mark

We are in a period of Vacancy.

Enquiries should initially be directed
to the principal contact of
one of the two churches
as appropriate.

THE KNOWE CHURCH

BEWCASTLE

Services: 1.45pm on the first Sunday in the month

Contact: Mrs Doreen Telford

Telephone: 016977 48447

ST. GEORGE'S UNITED REFORMED CHURCH

WEST WALLS

CARLISLE

CA3 8UF

www.urccarlisle.org

Services: 10.30am every Sunday

Contact: Mrs Rosalind Fearon

Telephone: 016973 44892

Email: rosrayfearon@talktalk.net

When there is a fifth Sunday in the month
the Service is for both Churches
usually at 10.30am at St George's

**ALL SERVICES IN BOTH CHURCHES ARE
SUSPENDED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE**

The Present Situation

On 29th June the government published guidelines for places of worship to re-open. The URC Synod Moderators will shortly be issuing on specific URC guidance which the elders will consider in due course. One thing we do know is that we will have to do a very detailed risk assessment which will have to be signed by all the elders.

In the meantime, we have been invited to join in worship at the cathedral commencing next Sunday 5th July at 10.30am. If anyone wishes to go they will be very welcome. There will be no singing, but the choir have pre-recorded some hymns. It would be helpful if some of us went so that we can get an idea of how the guidelines are being implemented. There is no pressure for anyone to go, and I am sure many of you will prefer to link up with services online or the TV or radio for the time being.

I hope all of you are keeping safe and well, and keeping in touch with each other.

Rosalind

Sunday Zoom Services

In June 'Bridge' we set out how to join in with the Sunday services led by Lawrence Moore using the Zoom conferencing facility. So far only two of us have taken part so it would be good to see one or two more from St George's. Last Sunday's service was followed by discussion on the possible future of these services after lockdown and it became clear that a majority wanted them to continue although with different frequency and at different times. Particular appreciation was expressed of the short breakout sessions where you get to chat with a small group apparently chosen at random. The meeting number to 'get in' is 823 0494 1068 which is openly available via Google.

You may also like to consider a thought-provoking Bible Class at 2.00pm on Mondays. The meeting number is 839 1390 5969.

St George's News of Members

Thank you to all those who keeping in touch, especially with the ones who live alone. We think especially of Margaret, Maureen, Lorna, Olive, Jim, Val, two Bettys, Edith, Noeleen, Ian, Patricia, two Jeans, Mavis, Ivy, Trevor, two Johns, Pamela, Kathleen, Eleanor, and Irene. Most of us appear to be amazingly resilient, but some are beginning to 'fray at the edges'! I am finding it harder to motivate myself without the added stimulus of social contact and deadlines to meet.

I know we are all missing meeting our friends and sharing in worship every Sunday, and I hope everyone is finding some way of nurturing their faith during lockdown, and perhaps taking the opportunity to slow down and enjoy 'simply being'.

Here is a quotation I found by *Walter Brueggemann*

'Sabbath, in the first instance, it is not about worship. It is about work stoppage. It is about withdrawal from the anxiety system of Pharaoh, the refusal to let one's life be defined by production and consumption and the endless pursuit of private well-being'.

Rosalind

St George's Guild

Not knowing if the Guild will be able to meet on 7th September, I have been optimistic in obtaining speakers for our Autumn programme.

7th September	Talk by a member of the GNAAS
5th October	Demonstration by the Dalston Hand Bell Ringers
2nd November	Paul Moffat - the future of Taru, Nairobi
30th November	Christmas Lunch at Vallum House
7th December	TBA

In the meantime, may you all keep safe and well.

Elizabeth Mackenzie

A Touch of Music Quiz

There were 13 correct entries from the 31 received. Jean Smith of the Border Kirk, and a member of the Guild, was the winner. The Quiz raised £61 for Church funds. Grateful thanks to all who took part.

1	Little Boy Blue had one (4)	Horn
2	American composer for marching bands (4 6 5)	John Philip Sousa
3	Did Donald come to afternoon meal - sorry it's a miss (7)	Trumpet
4	HEP OX ONLY (9)	Xylophone
5	Does this Welsh song keep you awake? (3 7 3 5)	All through the Night
6	Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy(5)	March
7	Phil played his at the Ball (5)	Flute
8	LET A RING (8)	Triangle
9	Her latest album was 25 (5)	Adele
10	It may be grand, digital or upright (5)	Piano
11	CALM BYS (7)	Cymbals
12	Palindromic note (5)	Minim
13	Afternoon drink for you and me (3 3 3)	Tea for Two
14	Did Sir Simon throw his out of his pram? (6)	Rattle
15	There were 76 in the Big Parade (9)	Trombones
16	World's most famous Colliery Band (11)	Grimethorpe
17	KL MUTTERED (6 4)	Kettle Drum
18	Is it a dance or almost a drink (3-3-3)	Cha Cha Cha
19	Sir Terry Wogan had a great hit with this song (3 6 5)	The Floral Dance
20	Shall we have ice-cream in it?(6)	Cornet
21	Largest of the brass family (4)	Tuba
22	Romantic music is his speciality, not only in Maastricht (5 4)	André Rieu
23	Could be lightning, orchestra or bus (9)	Conductor
24	Have a tea while you are working with a hook and yarn (8)	Crotchet
25	It's a long way to.....(9)	Tipperary

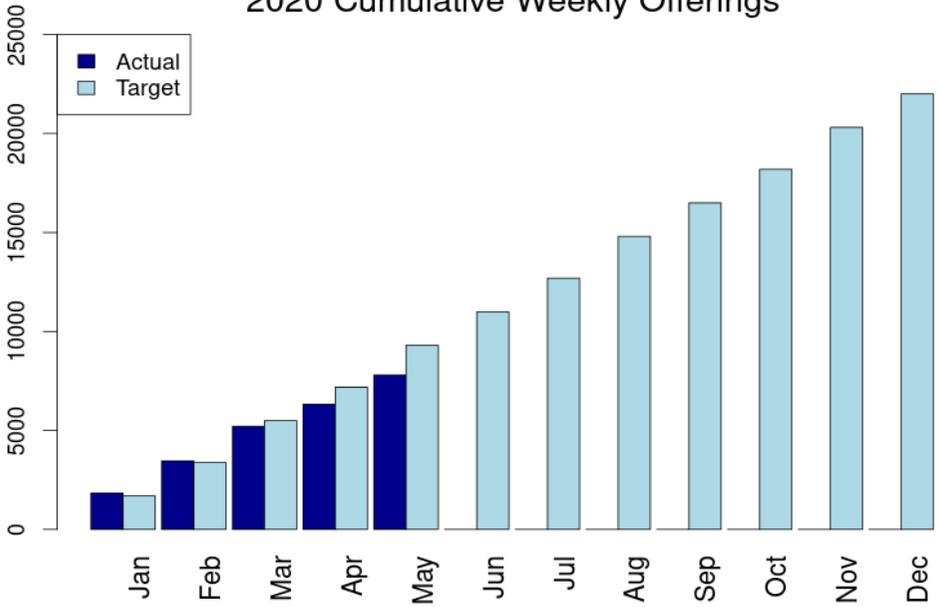
Elizabeth Mackenzie

Financial support during the Lockdown

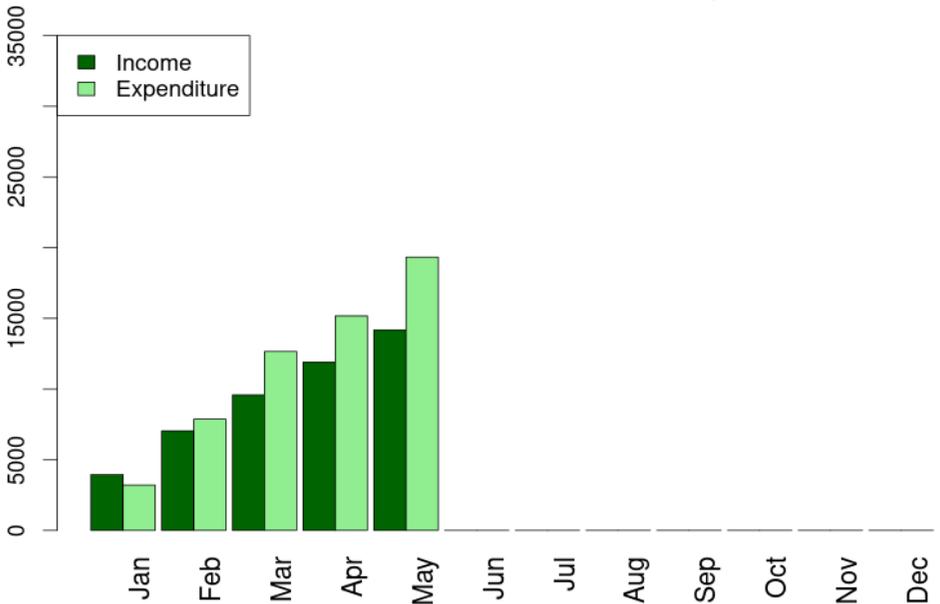
The Church is most grateful to all those who responded to the appeal in last month's Bridge for continuing financial support during the current suspension of church activities.

John Ware

St. George's URC Carlisle 2020 Cumulative Weekly Offerings



2020 Cumulative Total Income / Expenditure



Thank you

From Kathy Craig

My sincere thanks for all the telephone calls and enquires from members of St George's during the time of my husband Sandy's serious ill health and hospitalisation due to a bout of pneumonia. All your best wishes were of great comfort to me and I was very touched by your concern. 7 Weeks later he is making good progress albeit slowly. Once again thanks to everyone for your concern and support during this very stressful episode.

From Tony Wiseman

Thank you for all the lovely cards and good wishes which I received for my recent Birthday. It was a happy day, Heather came for a few hours and we observed the distancing rules and shared cake in the garden. My thanks also to Rosalind for the really interesting account of your time in New Zealand. I am looking forward to the next chapter!

From Olive Cronie

With love to ALL my family and friends

I am seldom lost for words but I find it difficult to tell you how special you made my 90th birthday. From the beginning of the month till late in the evening of the 23rd, I have had cards (such a variety of colours, pictures and greetings), text and telephone messages, emails, gifts and flowers, flowers, plants and flowers. Most of them arrived on the day itself so I had also a variety of postmen and delivery drivers throughout the morning. All of these have come from family members, friends from around the city, country and the world, from my Church and the clubs and societies I belong to.

I send my very warmest thanks to each of you and the day will live long in my memory. If there was an initial disappointment at having to postpone the Big Family Celebration we had planned, the warmth and generosity of all my family and friends has totally dispelled it.

I had a doorstep visit from my eldest niece early in the morning and a lovely lunch in late afternoon with my god-daughter who spent most of the day with me in my 'bubble'. I had hoped for a walk and a picnic on our lawn but the weather wasn't kind to us, rather changeable and windy.

In the evening the other five residents in our flats joined me on the spacious landing (maintaining social distancing) for drinks, our first social gathering this year, which was a lovely way to end the day.

Again I thank you all from the bottom of my heart and send my very best wishes and blessing to each of you. The flowers, ivory roses, each bloom perfect, are beautiful and much appreciated. Thank you to all my Church friends.

Canterbury Tales (2020) part 2

Last month I wrote exclusively about our lockdown in Christchurch because it was foremost in my mind, but now I will tell you about the preceding 10 days when we enjoyed all the things that we originally planned to do.

Our arrival at Christchurch was at the civilised hour of 2pm after a 24-hour journey, having touched down at Dubai and Sydney en route. As instructed, we were very honest and declared that we had packed walking boots and poles. Despite the fact that we had thoroughly scrubbed them, we were not allowed into the country until these items had been rigorously checked by an inspector. This is because the New Zealanders are determined not to introduce any (more) foreign species into their country. More about this later. Fortunately, they did let us in!

Our first 2 nights were spent in Christchurch recovering from jetlag, exploring the city and sorting out a SIM card for my phone. An extremely helpful young man called Jack set it up for me. Little were we to know how important this seemingly insignificant transaction would prove. For our first meal we followed our daughter-in-law's recommendation and got some delicious fish (blue cod) and chips from a take-away.

Arthur's Pass

We set off early on the Sunday morning using the Google map that I had downloaded with directions for Arthur's Pass and Hokitika. The car hire company wanted us to rent a satnav, and they were highly amused when we told them we preferred maps. Driving an automatic car again after having a manual one for the past 20 years was challenging enough without the addition of a satnav!

Before our holiday I ordered several novels based on the places we were visiting. One of these was 'The Colour' by Rose Tremain. It was all about the New Zealand Gold Rush in 1865-6, and gave a graphic account of the arduous and dangerous journey from Christchurch to the West Coast. The first road wasn't completed until 1866 and was named after Arthur Dobson, the man who originally surveyed the route. It was built in less than a year by about 1000 men who toiled through a bitter alpine winter, using only hand tools, rudimentary rock drills and explosives. A Stage Coach service was started as soon as the road was opened. In good weather the journey from Christchurch to Hokitika took 36 hours, but snow, flood or road collapse could lead to delays of over a week.

Our journey was far less arduous. We set off on Highway 73 across the Canterbury Plains and climbed up into the Southern Alps. Halfway we stopped at Arthur's Pass Village, resident population 25, which was teeming with camper vans and cyclists enjoying the mild late summer weather. We had a bite to eat at the Wobbly Kea café. This was originally home to Oscar Coburger who emigrated from Germany in 1927 during the depression. His early love of mountains and snow led him to become a popular local ski instructor and accomplished mountain guide. He also established a successful business importing high quality skiing and climbing equipment. Not surprisingly, Edmund Hillary and George Lowe, and their climbing compatriots, purchased their first ice-axes from Oscar.

Hokitika

From the Village we began our descent to the West Coast, in some places running parallel to the rail link which was started in 1907 and completed in 1927, including an 8.5 kilometres tunnel. On reaching the coast we turned south, still driving beside the railway line all the way to Hokitika. In March this is a rather sleepy small seaside town with a factory, holiday accommodation and visitor attractions. Its heyday was during the gold rush from 1865 to 1867. In 1866 it was home to at least 6,000 people. In the same year 44% of all immigrants to New Zealand entered the colony through the 'Port' of Hokitika. In 1867, even with a smaller population of just over 4,500, it was the sixth largest town in New Zealand, with 101 hotels. In the surrounding gold fields thousands of diggers endured hardships - densely wooded and rough terrain right down to the river banks, unbridged rivers, trackless forests, difficulties in transporting provisions. Diggers worked the creeks, gullies and terraces, and from time to time came to town to sell their gold and go on a spree. The digger either in his travels or on the gold field suffered hardships enough to break the stoutest constitution, and many a poor fellow succumbed and died. Due to a rainfall of more than 100 inches a year, hills became waterfalls, rivers became torrents and tracks became sloughs before they could be turned into streets and roads. Many drowned in the rivers trying to get to the coast overland from Nelson or Canterbury or even when landing in open boats on the beaches. The mouth of the river is guarded by a notorious shifting sand bar. Between 1865 and 1867 there were 108 strandings, 32 of which were total wrecks. Some of you may have seen 'The Luminaries' on BBC1 recently, in which a boat breaks up and the occupants have to swim ashore. The rollers are impressive even today.

The gold has all but disappeared; nowadays jade is the chief mineral. Skilled craftsmen, many of them Maoris, carve beautiful necklaces, bracelets and figurines. At one time the Maoris also used to carve whalebones. Now that whales are no longer hunted, they use beef bones, boiled for hours until they are sparkling white. Some of the jewellery also incorporates the iridescent shells of the abalone, called paua in Maori.

We only stayed one night in Hokitika; before we left, I couldn't resist visiting a jade shop to buy a necklace. The shop had a stack of visitors' books, but we looked in vain for our son's entry, later discovering we had got the wrong year.

Whataroa

Our next destination was Fox Glacier, further south along the coast. Sand-flies are a less-publicised feature of New Zealand's West coast, but they are a small price to pay for such outstanding scenery. Even when the sun was shining, I covered my arms and legs and liberally applied insect repellent but still got one or two bites. The flies were particularly voracious at Whataroa where we made a slight diversion to board a helicopter to fly over the Franz Josef Glacier and Mount Cook. There were only 4 passengers and the pilot, and we had headphones for the commentary. The views were amazing and we were able to get really close to the mountainsides. The glacier reminded me of the surface of a lightly caramelised Pavlova because the ash from the Australian bush fires had given it a pinkie-brown coating. The crevasses that had formed more recently were brilliant white.





Rosalind Fearon

At this point we were blissfully ignorant of the relentless worldwide progress of Covid 19 and all the implications for the rest of our holiday. But all that was to change while we were staying at Fox Glacier. I will stop here and leave the rest to Part 3 next month.

A Message from Croftfield

The folk at Croftfield have asked us to pass on their good wishes to everyone at St George's.

Croftfield is to open up to family visits starting in August. Visits will be by appointment

Twelve Faces of Hope (9)

Living under one sky

Hope encourages us, empowers our walks, sharpens our talks, enhances my belief that tomorrow will not be the same. It preserves my sanity and keeps me alive to meet the challenges with a smile and love rather than entices my hate or grudges. Hope is the main reason why I am living. We cannot live without hope.

There are lots of hopes that I wish to see in my lifetime. The Arab and Israeli children enjoying their childhood by living in safe havens turning the protracted conflict relationship into a transformative relationship. I love to see peace dwelling not only among ourselves but within our hearts. Peace we want based on justice and incarnated through collective responsibilities thus leading to reconciliation where mutuality, reciprocity and inclusivity replace hate, enmity and exclusivity.

I love to see human rights rendered, injustice corrected and loss compensated. I hope that Israelis and Palestinians will acknowledge each other's suffering, pains, ambitions and dreams. I hope to see my family reunified instead of having them isolated and besieged in Gaza,



separated from the rest of us who live in Jerusalem, West Bank and Diaspora. I love to see them all living under one sky enjoying nature and nurturing their eyes with red colour of the flowers rather than the bloodshed in the streets.

When I am in doubt about coping with hope I realize my grandmother's steadfastness

(72 years old) with my uncles, aunts and cousins who are determined to embrace life and to celebrate it in spite of the acute darkness, frequent incursions and terrible life conditions in Gaza. Their resilience, faith and trust in hope that will bring better living conditions in the coming years have fostered my belief in hope.

My work has allowed me to walk through Via Dolorosa on a daily basis, during years of instability, political violence and escalation. It has helped me to go back to my faith which says the last station of the Via Dolorosa is in the Holy Sepulchre where the tomb is empty and Christ has resurrected overcoming death.

To be realistic doesn't mean to be hopeless. If there is no peace with justice in the area, we will see more terrible things happening. Since I strongly believe in hope it and my faith calls me to cling firmly to it. I love to work to create a different reality where dreams will lead to coexistence and thus justice will be rendered one day.

Samar Hashweh
Administrative officer



Makes you think

Last Monday's bible class via Zoom and led by Lawrence Moore focused on the subject of Jesus's attitude towards wealth and our understanding of Jesus's teaching about it.

Now here am I looking for inspiration for two pages to make up the necessary multiple of four for this month's rather slender magazine. I should explain that we have been waiting for anticipated explicit guidance about reopening the church for public worship. This is coming in thick and fast but makes it likely that reopening will be a long drawn out process. There are so many matters to attend to and requirements to fulfil before there is any question of reopening.

Rummaging through my collections of bits and pieces, one of the first things to come to light was an old URC Prayer handbook, 2017 to be precise. Opened at random, up came two prayers on the subject of wealth, both written by Caro Smyth (Community Minister in Priesthill, Glasgow). The second one particularly, seems to speak to today. Yes, it makes you think!

Wealth offering

Genesis 24:34-38, Romans 7:15-25a

O God, giver of wealth; the wealth of resources and relationships of talents and time, the wealth of life itself.

We squander and devalue your gifts, assuming ownership rather than practising stewardship knowing cost, ignoring value, spending today, without thinking about tomorrow. Forgive us.

As we give thanks for your ceaseless abundance, stir up our resolve to live generously but not wastefully.

O God, receiver of wealth, including our often hesitant offerings of money, love and faith, keep reminding us to offer the hidden wealth of our vulnerability, our fears and our wildest dreams, believing that you will receive them gladly and transform the world through them.

O God, giver and receiver of wealth, here and now, we offer our whole selves, our deepest selves, our unknown selves, for the sake of your reign on earth and in heaven. Amen.

Wealth Blessing?

Genesis 24: 34-38

God, I need a chat.

Abraham and Sarah, an elderly couple, started a journey into the unknown - following your call.

It inspires and discomferts me. The 'blessings' sound so familiar
Chief of his clan.

Bank CEO and big business farmer,
supported by low paid workers.

What's more, this father of faith insisted on no mixed race marriages with those whose land he had grabbed.

Oops sorry, that was part of your blessing too ... It makes my stomach turn. Am I missing something?

Today - changed times, changed norms, Changed priorities, changed worldview - I need answers, God. Have you changed?

Or is Abraham and Sarah's story the beginning of an unfolding account of your amazing way of knowing and valuing change more than I can imagine or want to countenance?

The Virus

I am bored and this feels weird -
Bike runs, baking and shaving Dad's beard.
I miss my family and friends at school
but Mummy keeps me busy in the paddling pool.
Mum helps me with my school work and sums
then I bounce on my trampoline, which is so much fun.
I wish people would stay at home.
This virus is scary.
The NHS are trying their best.

I think they are magic fairies.

Libby
aged seven

Social
Distancing?



Come on Beaky, give us a cuddle

It's not bird 'flu!



Even the trees
socially distancing

Hagley Park
Christchurch
New Zealand