



THE NEWS

October 2026

The Magazine of Potters Bar United Reformed Church



ST JAMES'S PARK, LONDON

St James's Park is a beautiful royal park that comes alive with autumnal colours. Imagine strolling along its tree-lined paths, surrounded by a kaleidoscope of autumnal hues. The park's iconic lake, home to ducks and geese, reflects the vibrant autumn foliage, creating a serene and picturesque scene.

As you wander through the park, you'll encounter historic landmarks like the Horse Guards Parade and the Birdcage Walk. Plus, don't forget to keep an eye out for the park's resident pelicans, a tradition dating back to the 17th century. Whether you're seeking a peaceful escape or simply want to admire the beauty of autumn in London, St James's Park offers a truly unforgettable autumnal experience.



Dear Friends,

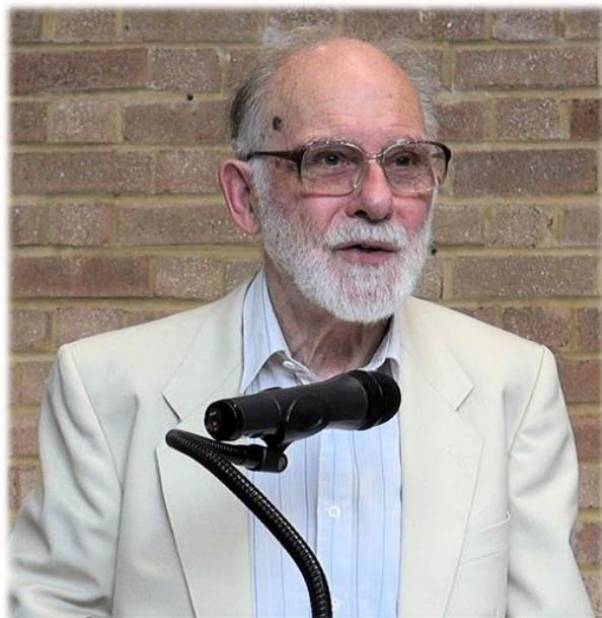
On the whole, I enjoyed my schooldays, the one major exception being the first period on a Friday in my primary school when we practised the hymns for the following week. It may only have been half an hour but to us boys, sitting cross legged on a hard wooden floor, it seemed far longer.

However it did mean that we arrived at secondary school with a at least one hundred and forty hours of knowledge of hymns under our belt, even if the tunes were the then standard. For instance, “The Lord’s my shepherd” was sung to Crimond – no Brother James’ Air then - and so quite different from today when there are hardly any school assemblies to practise for.

When presented with a new hymn by a worship leader we often say that we can sing anything if we can find a tune that we know and will fit. And yet we can know a hymn too well that we can sing it without thinking of what the words mean, so perhaps varying the tune from time to time is no bad thing.

But what constitutes a hymn is also up for debate. Last Sunday, Anne Walton having heard it played on Songs of Praise the previous Sunday had us sing Autumn Days, a happy nostalgic song giving thanks for life much sung in schools some fifty years ago. Anne confessed the tune had passed her earworm test while your scribe woke up two days later with the tune ringing in his ears.

So why not, proving PBURC can be semi modern without being happy clappy!



*Alastair Maclean
on behalf of the Elders*

Church Officers and Elders

Interim Minister: Reverend David Aplin

Serving Elders

David Aplin, Revd. 07900673529

Alastair Maclean 653636

Maureen Marlow 652252

Janet O'Connor 856967

Frank Palmer 873179

Marian Poulton 07795516707

Lettings Officer: Jane Wood

Mobile: 07879 687569

Chairman Premises & Finance Committee

John Knott Tel: 01707 335238

It is with sadness that we note the passing of **Roy Purton**.



Roy was a great friend of Don Mackenzie, and he and his wife Doreen were regular stall holders at Darkes Fayres.

His son used to print the Darkes Fayre programmes for us.

He worshiped with us on occasions and this became more frequent after he moved into Mandeville Court. When his health deteriorated, he had to move into care, and we lost touch with him.

We'll remember Roy for his sense of humour and that ready smile.



Always immaculately dressed

Roy's "In Memoriam" service will be held in our church on the 27th October at 11.00 and we hope that those who knew him will be able to come

Communion Service Sunday 6th September – led by Martyn Macphee



Martyn is a regular and very welcome leader of our worship, so the burst of machinegun fire provided by the sound system elicited shock, a feigned wound to the heart and a big smile. All part of the PBURC experience for our great band of worship leaders.

The day's New Testament Reading was from Matthew 18, which Martyn felt was about Matthew's ordered world. Matthew had been an organiser of the first order who'd loved to take subjects and place them where they belonged. He'd not told the story of Jesus in his particular way because he believed every event unfolded in that exact sequence. He'd told it that way because it served his purpose. Matthew's purpose had been order—and not just order, but perfect order.

That was why the Sermon on the Mount appeared in three tightly woven chapters in Matthew. It was very likely that Jesus had not preached all those words in one place at one time. Luke had recorded much of the same teaching, but scattered it throughout the narrative, which might well reflect how it was first spoken. Luke had simply not been as concerned as Matthew with keeping his Gospel neat and tidy.

Matthew had wanted everything in its proper place - and that included his church – and many biblical interpreters might say that this part of Matthew's Gospel had less to do with the immediate experience of Jesus' disciples and more to do with his own church. Conflict had arisen within the congregation, and Matthew, with his orderly mind, could not bear the messiness of it. He wanted things made right. Remembering the teaching of Jesus, he'd presented it as a clear message to his fellow believers: when people fell out with one another, there was a way to deal with it.

The instructions were simple enough. If a brother or sister in Christ sinned against you, you were to go to them privately and explain what had happened and how it had affected you.

If they listened, reconciliation had begun.

If they did not respond redemptively, take one or two others with you as witnesses and try again.

If they still refused to listen, tell the church.

If they would not listen even to the church, then the relationship with that fellowship was broken.

“Where Two or Three Are Gathered”

We loved the verse in which Jesus said that where two or three are gathered in his name, he was there among them. Yet it could be one of the most misunderstood verses in the Bible because we took that promise out of context. The verse was not primarily about prayer meetings, worship services, or small congregations. It was about church conflict—about disagreement, hurt, and the hard work of reconciliation.

At first glance, Jesus might seem an unlikely person to advise us on conflict management. He'd ended up on a cross, and the biblical record showed that *he'd* brought the confrontation with the religious authorities in Jerusalem to a head. Yet his teaching made more sense when we attended to its spirit. For one thing, Jesus placed the burden on the person who had been wronged. That was just like Jesus, turning our expectations upside down: the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. The person who had been hurt was called to take the first step - act of deep humility. Having already been made vulnerable by the offence, the wounded person was being asked to become vulnerable again—to approach the one who caused the hurt and give them the opportunity to put things right.

Jesus had not been primarily interested in proving who was right and who was wrong. What mattered to him was whether the relationship could be restored. Matthew had understood this too. There were people who had an astonishing ability to remember every slight: the careless remark, the tiny snub, the wound that was never addressed. They allowed it to fester until resentment and anger were all that remained. But in the kingdom of heaven, the final issue was not what had been said, who had been offended, or who had received the short end of the stick. The real question was whether the relationship could be restored.

In *The Great Divorce*, C. S. Lewis had imagined hell as a vast city inhabited only at its outer edges. The houses at the centre stood empty because the people who'd once lived there had quarrelled with their neighbours and moved away, leaving the streets empty behind them. That, Lewis had said, was how hell had become so large: empty at the centre, occupied only at the margins - a powerful image of what happened when people chose distance instead of honest confrontation.

So for us, were we really willing to give up relationships that had been formed through our shared desire to follow Jesus? Nowhere in the Gospels had Jesus said that the first order of business was always to be right. He'd spoken instead about forgiveness, relationship, reconciliation, service, humility, and vulnerability. Yet it was precisely among people gathered together—with all their disagreements, hurts, apologies, and tensions—that Jesus had promised to be present. "Where two or three are gathered in my name," he'd said, "I am there among them."

When we were together, arguments could break out, disagreements could surface, and controversy could divide. But when we were together, God would be with us—breathing his Spirit upon us and calling us to be the family of God.

Vicar of Dibley – The Second Coming – Saturday 5th September

Another enjoyable theatre evening. Very nice sandwiches, fruit, and cake before the performance. Then the Potters Bar Theatre Company's follow-on from the previous year's performance of *The Vicar of Dibley*.



A challenge to produce something equally hilarious, perhaps not quite achieved in some people's minds, but actually plenty of laughter, with the interplay between Alice and Geraldine as good as ever.

The theme of new creative church events for Dibley – a radio station for a week, and a nativity play involving a heavily pregnant Alice with the predictable (*chaotic, though very humorously portrayed*) denouement – are perhaps a warning to us that creative church projects can bring their own special surprises.

But they can be fun too!



(And then the mystery of the missing walking stick).



Lunchtime Recital Friday 4th September – Alan Dorn (piano)



Great to have Alan back with us. His theme, ‘**Carillon up the Keyboard**’ (*pun definitely intended!*), brought us a programme of nine pieces inspired by bells, grouped in threes;

Evening Bells – a solemn almost religious piece from Saint-Saëns, the sophisticated elegance of Godowsky, with Rossini providing what Alan described as “a light-hearted romp”, the Allegretto.

Impressionists – two pieces from Debussy, a master of different sound worlds, offering us the delicate tracery of Cloches à travers les feuilles, and the massive sonority of La cathédrale engloutie (*the sunken cathedral rising from the waters*). And sandwiched between, the sincerity (*and fewer notes*) of Mompou with La Fuente y la campana.

The Golden Age of Piano – featuring two of the greatest 19th century composers, Liszt and Chopin. Alan told us that Liszt had two sides to his personality; the thoughtful spiritual side expressed in Les cloches de Genève, and the bold virtuosity that had taken Europe by storm (*and us!*) of La Campanella. And between the two one of Chopin’s most beautiful melodies , the Prelude in A flat major.

And if that was not enough, we were given an ‘encore’, The Swan from Saint-Saëns transcribed for the piano by Godowsky.

There was a prize for anyone who could identify the piece and the two composers.

We failed to get the prize, but for us the recital itself was the biggest prize of all!



You can view the recital video at <https://pottersbarurc.org/music-in-our-church/previous-recitals-2/4-september-2026/>

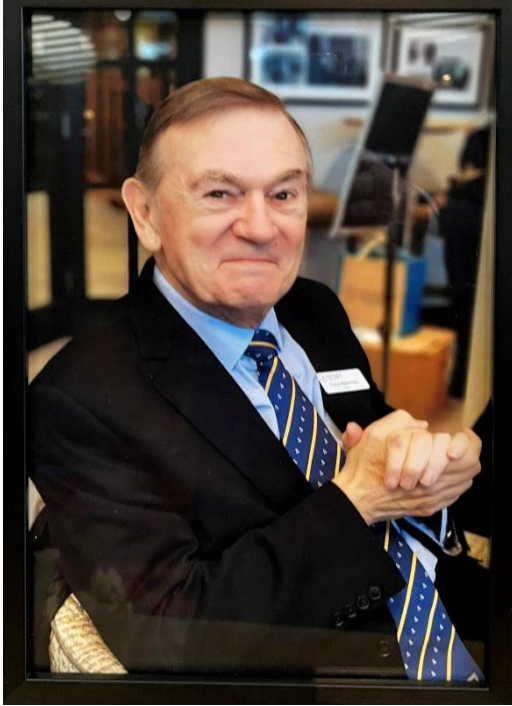


‘Carillon up the Keyboard’

A programme of piano music inspired by bells

Les cloches du soir (<u>Evening Bells</u>) (1889)	Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
Abendglocken (<u>Evening Bells</u>) from <u>Walzermasken</u> (1912))	Leopold Godowsky (1870-1938)
Allegretto from <u>Quelques riens pour album</u> (c. 1860))	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Cloches à travers les feuilles (<u>Bells Through the Leaves</u>) from <u>Images</u> , book 2 (1907)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
La fuente y la campana (<u>The Fountain and the Bell</u>) from <u>Paisajes</u> (1942)	Federico Mompou (1893-1987)
La cathédrale engloutie (<u>The Sunken Cathedral</u>) from <u>Préludes</u> , book 1 (1910)	Debussy
Les cloches de Genève: Nocturne from <u>Première année de pèlerinage - Suisse</u> (1855)	Franz Liszt (1811-1887)
Prelude in A flat major op. 28 no 17 (1839)	Fryderyk Chopin (1810-1849)
La campanella from <u>Grandes études de Paganini</u> (1851)	Liszt

Tony Alderman – 9th July 1945 – 14th August 2026



Around 150 people were at St John's URC New Barnet for Tony Alderman's Thanksgiving and Memorial Service - a testimony to Tony's huge range of activities across the church, charities, the arts and the educational sector. Working in the insurance sector, Tony saw insurance as the majority of premium payers paying to protect the few, and helping others become his life's purpose.

His intelligence, wide knowledge, and people skills saw him frequently get to the pinnacle of the organisations he worked with. He loved people and loved to laugh. He was the ultimate networker, knowing the organisations he worked with inside out, and also a consummate motivator, encouraging and supporting others to take on those tasks that needed their skills.

He was an Elder at St John's for 37 years, Chair of their Management Team and then Church Secretary, each for a number of years. He was also on the Executive Committee at Synod. He'd preached regularly for 62 years, often leading up to 40 services in a year. Steadfast and sure was one description of Tony. His integrity and commitment were undoubted.

Tony led worship in our church over many years, much loved and always with a strong message – though that would be practical rather than theological, something he preferred to leave for the experts.

With Tony it was WYSIWYG – what you saw was what you got. His love of football, his seminal encounter with Johan Cruyff on the football field at an early age never forgotten! His near obsession with Brentford Football Club (*the bees*) and its fortunes that was always front-page news. For us, the regular 'clash of titans': the fortunes of Brentwood and Southampton FCs and their proponents, Tony and Phil Barton, were a long-time part of the warming-up process at the start of Tony's sermons. As were the jokes he used to emphasise a point (*well, at least after the groans*). And we don't forget more recently the ties. Having been teased about wearing the same tie twice, he took us through his entire tie wardrobe – each with its own story.

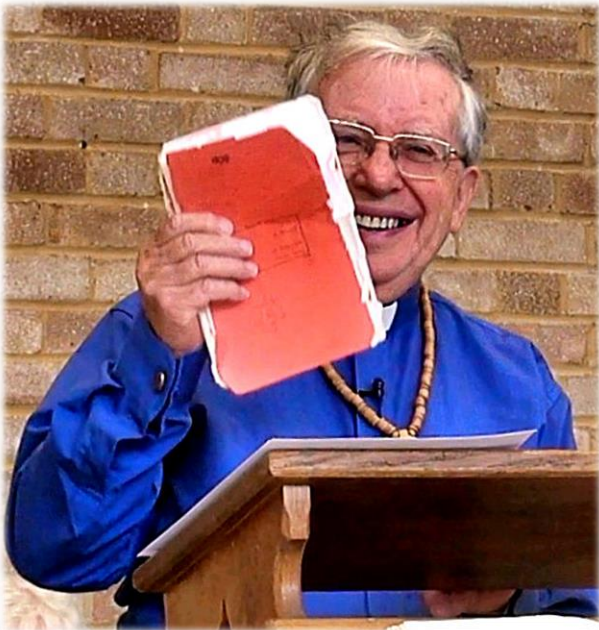
His interest in the people attending his services, and his memory of those things big and small in people's lives – he would enquire about them the next time they met - were a feature of his relationship with all he met, including, it appears all the dog-walkers in New Barnet.

And he still managed to have time for his family. His son recalled the rush to the door when dad returned home from work, to be immediately scooped up into his arms – dry or wet - before even the coat had been taken off. He'd known his wife Myra from the age of 5, and they'd been married for 55 years: she definitely deserved a medal for that in Tony's view. They remembered him taking the family out for many meals. A range of culinary tastes, good conversation, lots of laughter, and all washed down with copious Malbec and a brandy to finish.

A true 'man for all seasons'. He'll be missed but not forgotten by so many of those across the full range of his activities who came to St John's remember him. And yes, we managed to fill two pews with grateful Potters Bar URC members.

A big thankyou to Alison Bond, the church secretary at St John's, and Tony's successor in that role, for leading the Service.

Communion Service Sunday 20th September – led by Revd. David Aplin



With his 54th Wedding Anniversary celebrations still very fresh in his mind, his trusty but well used red prayer book in his hand (not quite Chairman Mao), and a sermon where the computer had said yes – David was back with us.

The sermon was drawn from the Gospel reading, Matthew 20, particularly verses 14 and 15: **“I choose to give to the last the same as I give to you.”**

“It’s Not Fair!” might be our first reaction, David thought, to the story of labourers hired at different times of the day. Some had worked for hours in the blazing sun; others worked for only part of the day; and the last group might have laboured for just an hour in the cool of twilight. We readily understood the old trade-union cry: “A fair day’s pay for a fair day’s work.” Yet that was not what happened here. The landowner had said: “Take what belongs to you and go. I choose to give to the last the same as I give to you. Am I not allowed to do what I choose with

what belongs to me? Or are you envious because I am generous?”

This rendering, taken from a modern scholarly Bible, drew our attention beyond money. The parable was ultimately about God and the gifts God gave. Scripture made it clear that God did not value us according to our wealth. Indeed, riches could become an obstacle in our relationship with God. We could see this in lives consumed by the pursuit of more, never satisfied with what they already had.

Health, love, and faithful relationships were treasures beyond price. They reminded us that there could be enough in life—more than enough—to make life rich and deeply worthwhile. And we were back at that anniversary celebration.

Accused of being a millionaire when he insisted on paying for the family’s celebratory pub meal, David had responded that having a wife of fifty-four years and a loving family was worth far more than a million pounds. And in a Christian context, he could have added:

I have the love of God.

I have been blessed by many spiritual experiences.

I have been called to serve God in many ways, including preaching.

I have the assurance that, when this life is over, there is a place and a welcome for me in the Kingdom of God.

David trusted that Jesus awaited him when he travelled that final path and hoped that we all might have that same confidence: the Lord was waiting to welcome us home. The penitent sinner who came to the Lord in faith would be saved and there was a place for each one of us, and for many more besides.

David believed in the power of infant baptism to help a child grow in faith, and the power of teaching the young. Even if people stepped away from church during the busy years of early adulthood and family life, the foundations laid in childhood could help them rediscover and re-engage with Christian faith later. And the story told us that a Christian who came to God later in life would be as fully accepted as someone who had been faithful from childhood, through adolescence, and into adulthood. God’s acceptance was not measured by the number of years we had belonged to the Church.

For those in the evening of life who had not yet found God, it was not too late. But faith had to be sincere: those wealthy people in past centuries who had lived as they pleased and then sought (*and paid for*) baptism on their deathbeds were relying on doubtful theology if they lacked sincere repentance. Baptism was not an outward washing that automatically made us clean. True cleansing came from within - from faith, repentance and the forgiveness made possible through the death of Jesus.

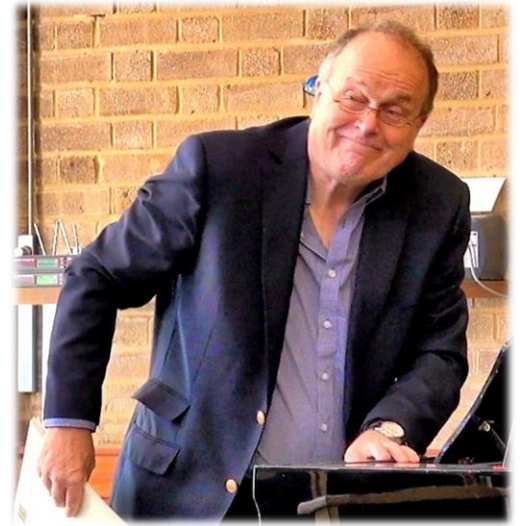
We entered the Kingdom of God by God’s free gift, received through faith. God granted that gift whether we had been faithful Christians for sixty, seventy, eighty or ninety years, or whether we found God only a few years before death.

We were called to take faith into the community, but we must not assume that people were already Christian. God desired the salvation of people of every age.

- We could support Christians who were unable to come to church and help them attend where possible.
- We could welcome those who joined online.
- We could serve people who discovered God later in life.
- We could share the faith without measuring anyone by age or length of church membership.

Young or old, all might receive eternal life through faith. God gave generously, not according to the number of years we had served, but according to the truth and depth of our response.

This was Stephen's last Service before his hip operation. So, piled high with best wishes for a successful operation and with a few weeks to recuperate in prospect – perhaps a little “demob happy”?



Ever since I Had Me Op

Hello, it's nice to see you looking so well,
 What? How am I?
 I haven't been so good meself
 But I've been getting by
 No, I've had a bit of trouble, well, I wouldn't bore a friend,
 But if you knew how much I'd suffered, well, your hair would stand on end.
 No, I'm not one to complain, and we all have our cross to bear
 And I wouldn't even tell you, what they did to me in there
 If you asked how many stitches, I wouldn't let it cross me lips
 Well, alright then, twenty-seven and that's not including clips.
 Course, it was only fifty-fifty, on the drip all night and day
 Oh, they gave me all the lot, and then they took it all away.
 You wouldn't have recognised me, and I'm glad I never seen ya
 And the doctor on the case, gave up and went home to Kenya.
 Well, I know you're in a hurry, and you haven't time to stop
 And I've just seen Deirdre, she'll want to know about me op
 And there's always someone worse off, than yourself, without a doubt,
 In my case I haven't met him, but I'm sure that he's about.
 And you're healthy dear, enjoy it, for it fades away too soon,
 Now I've got me eighteen pills, so I'll get through this afternoon
 Don't give a thought to how I've suffered, I'm the last one to complain
 I'll just keep smiling through it all, until we meet again.

Pam Ayres

And we were pleased to learn that in Stephen's case the operation had gone well, he'd been sent home almost the next day and was last seen - crutches and all - setting out up Wroxham Gardens for his daily exercise. Paula was with him, and we could see no signs of a whip.....

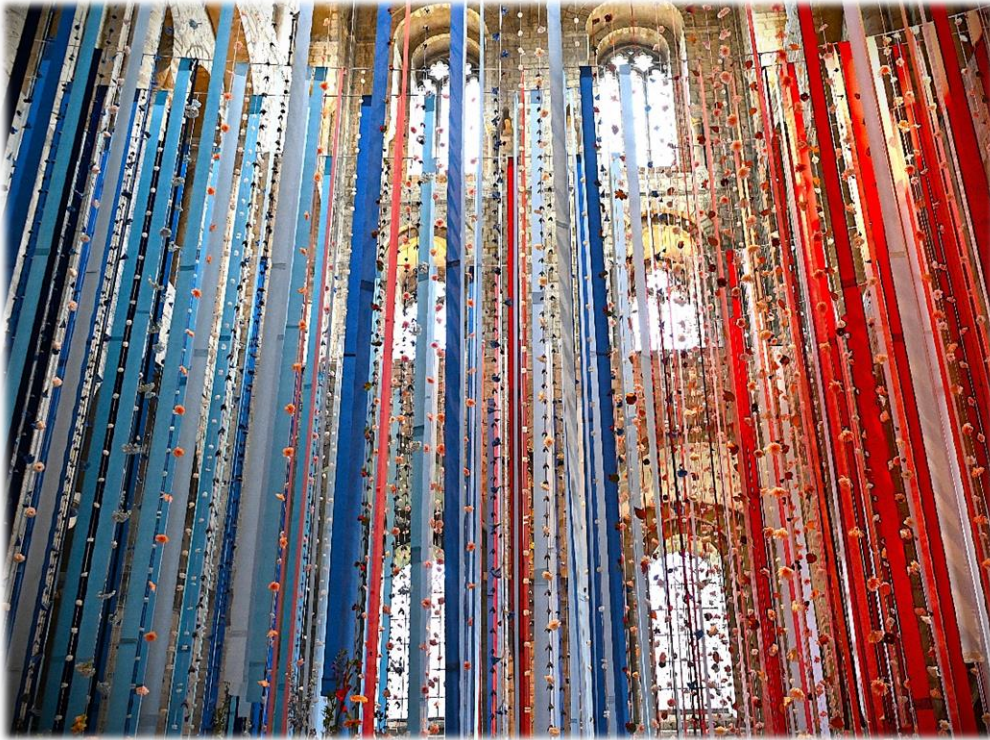
PHOTO CORNER – Winchester “Wild! Festival of Flowers and



The **Winchester Cathedral Flower Festival**, officially titled "**WILD! Festival of Flowers and Nature**". Over 200 floral artists and volunteers, this highly popular immersive event transforms the historic cathedral into a vibrant floral landscape. This event is held every four years.

Luckily, we got in early, otherwise we would not have got the pictures we wanted, it was very crowded. We went on day three of public viewing; sad to say the arrangements were fading.





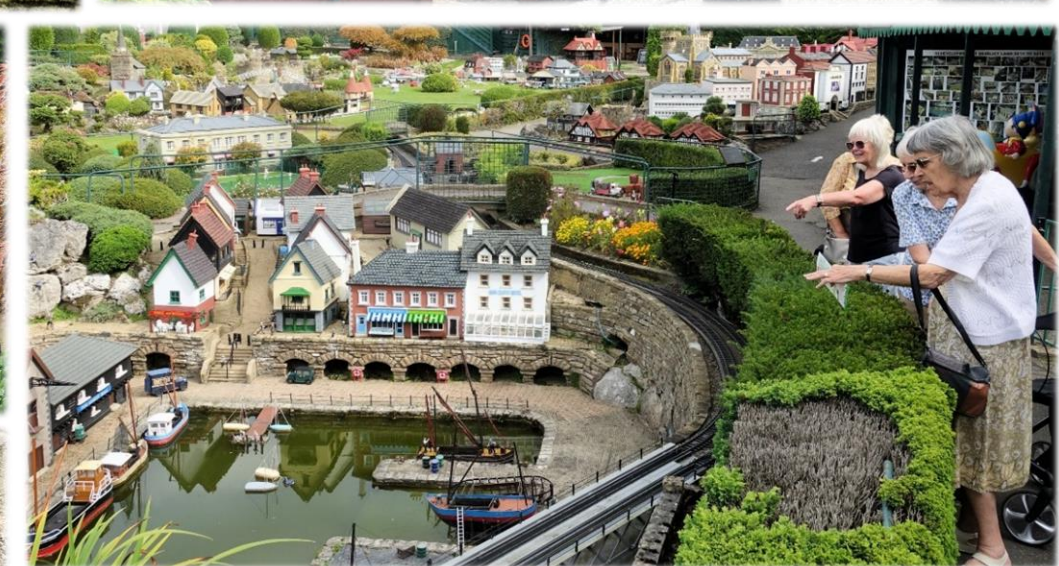
The top left picture, the colour ribbons represent the temperature changes over the years and top right picture, the lady's dress was printed by hammering flowers.

Must say what a wonderful day and experience. Hope you enjoy the pictures as much as we did taking them.

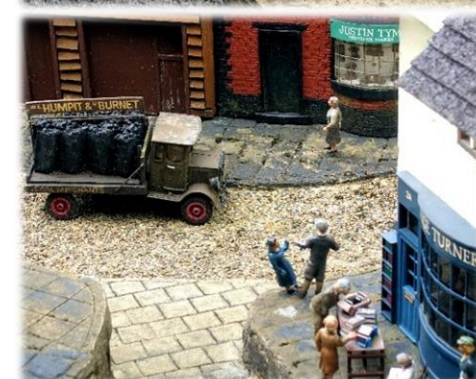
Pauline and David Morris

Visit to Beconscot Model Village 22nd Sept 2026

We were a somewhat depleted team, illness, falls, and a shift of dates having reduced our numbers, but it was a good day, fine and warm but not too crowded at the village.



And a good pub lunch to follow, to refresh those tired legs!



Diary for October

Fri 2	12.15	Lunchtime Recital by Edward Tait (piano)
	13.15	Charity Lunch
	14.30	Phoenix Whist Group
		No Choir Practice
Sun 4	11.00	Communion Service led by Reverend Jonathan Hyde
Tue 6	14.00	Elders' Meeting
Sun 11	11.00	Morning Service led by Canon Richard Osborn
Fri 16	14.00	Phoenix Whist Group
		No choir practice
Sun 18	11.00	Communion & Harvest Service led by Reverend David Aplin
Wed 21	14.00	Knit & Natter Group
Fri 23	14.00	Phoenix Whist Group
		No choir practice
Sat 24		British Summertime ends – clocks go back at midnight
Sun 25	11.00	Morning Service led by Mr John Wainwright

Rotas

Pulpit Supply

4th Reverend Jonathan Hyde 11th Canon Richard Osborn 18th Reverend David Aplin 25th Mr John Wainwright

Duty Officer

4th Frank Palmer 11th Janet Green 18th David Ramsay 25th Janet Green

Bible Readers

4th John Knott 11th Mary Deller 18th Jenny Blumsom 25th Janet Green

Communion Preparation

4th Margaret Hillyard 18th Chris and David Ramsay

Coffee

4th Chris Ramsay 11th Margaret Hillyard 18th Marian Poulton 25th Margaret Hillyard

Morning Service Sunday 27th September – led by Anne Walton



We might sometimes wonder whether there is a malign influence out there in the cyber-world that infects the computers of our worship leaders, swallowing David Aplin's sermon a few weeks ago, and today disrupting Anne's Reflection, refusing to accept Anne's mouse instructions, and particularly to scroll down to let her access her sermon. In a reflection about authority, her laptop was clearly not accepting hers – well at least not until after a very stern "talking to"!



Anne's reflection was based on the reading from **Matthew 21**, where the Jewish 'powers that be' questioned Jesus' authority to preach, and the sons of a vineyard owner challenged his authority when asked to work in the vineyard. Anne asked us to take a moment to think about what authority meant to us. The chief priests and elders and the two sons were not the only people with authority issues. The Bible contained many more examples, and so did the modern world.

Yes, Anne was talking about us - and about herself - because we all had authority issues. But perhaps not in the way we usually understood authority. We tended to think of authority as something that came from outside us. From that perspective, the obvious question in the day's Gospel was whether we recognised, accepted and submitted to the authority of Jesus and of his Father, God.

Yet that question was so obvious that Anne wondered whether it really was the question at the heart of the reading. Treating it as the only question might be a misunderstanding of what authority meant. We often associated authority with credentials, expertise, an impressive CV, or years of education. We also assumed that authority was conferred on a person, position, or circumstance: some people had it, while others did not. And, if we were honest, most of us did not like being told what to do. We resisted people teaching us, correcting us, or prescribing exactly how we should act. We could hear that resistance in the chief priests' and elders' challenge to Jesus. We could recognise it whenever someone said: "Who do you think you are?" "What gives you the right to tell me what to do?" "You're not my boss. Go away."

But another issue was there in the reading: our failure - and sometimes our refusal - to recognise, claim, and exercise the authority that was within us. In the language of the reading, it was the authority to go to the vineyard. If we *thought* of God simply as our boss, we misunderstood authority. God *was* not our boss *but was* our authority. Every day, God authorised us and sent us into his vineyard to act in the world with his authority and on his behalf, exercising the many gifts he had graciously given us. Each of us had received at least one gift, and often many. True authority *came* from within, not from other people. It *was* given by God.

That was what the chief priests and elders had failed to understand and also why Jesus was so frustrated with the religious leaders: they exchanged God-given authority for human power. Power and authority were not the same: Power served our own interests; authority, in God's terms, served the interests of others. Many leaders exercised power, but far fewer exercised true authority. People who held genuine authority over us did not dominate or control us. Instead, they inspired faith, hope, and trust. They enlarged our world, opened new possibilities and drew out gifts within us that we might not have known we possessed. They could change our minds and lead us to see things in a new way.

There were people in our church, and in other churches, who had no leadership position, title, or theological credentials, yet possessed great authority, evident in their compassion and gentleness; the way they prayed; their love for others; and the way they showed others the path to God's vineyard. True authority originated in God but was not exclusive to God: God shared his authority with us. And that shared authority was nothing less than the expression of God's divine life in and through our own lives. It was revealed through the varied gifts God had bestowed on each of us.

We might not realise it, but every one of us had God-given authority and gifts. It was not that some had authority and others did not; it was that some recognised and exercised their authority, while others did not—or perhaps could not. Whatever the reason, God saw the authority he had given us and waited patiently for us to recognise it too. When we did, we might change our minds and go to the vineyard.

So Anne left us with some questions to consider over the coming days: What authority had God given us as individuals? What gifts or divine attributes had God bestowed upon us? Were we living from that authority and sharing those gifts with others? Had we gone to that vineyard?

And I pondered the thought that in recognising authority in someone, we were giving them the freedom to exert that authority over us. So perhaps it was both a 'Power from Outside' and a 'Gift from Within'.

.....

**That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes,
which we have looked at and our hands have touched – this we proclaim concerning the Word of life.**

(1 John 1:1)

A neighbour of mine took his family for a week's holiday on the canal. They hired a narrow boat. The weather was kind, the landscape on the riverbanks green and gentle. The pace of life was slow, undemanding, apart from the locks which punctuated the journey with commas rather than full stops on the way.

A few days after their return, he and I were both in our drives washing our cars. I asked him about the holiday. "Great" he said, "We relaxed watched the life around us. One day we noticed butterflies on the riverbank and realised they were travelling faster than we were. It gave us a new perspective."

Life is fast these days, There's little time for anything but the immediate demands of work and daily living. The 'human' things are in danger of being squeezed out. A popular poet of my youth, W H Davies, wrote:

"What is life if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare..."

He wasn't thinking of an aimless idleness where nothing registers, but of a long look which takes in the world around us. A look which wonders and delights in the intricate beauty of butterflies and all that nature offers. It may renew our perspective and help us understand that life is more than a mad rush from one commitment to another.

St John links it to our spiritual awareness. "*That which we have looked at*" he says, and the word means *gazed at*, taken time over. Whether it's the riverbank, butterflies, or the revelation of God's love in Jesus Christ, we need to take time to consider it, absorb its beauty, and reflect on how it can change our lives.

Eddie Askew

Slower than Butterflies

.....

Quiz Night 26th September 2026



Another fun evening. Good questions, good food, and a great atmosphere.



There were losers.....And of course winners.



When he's not on the phone!

Bad form for the organiser (Frank) to be on the winning table - but he claimed to have answered only three questions!

