

Keyworth Methodist Church

Minister

Rev Helen Fyall

Website

www.keyworthmethodistchurch.yolasite.com

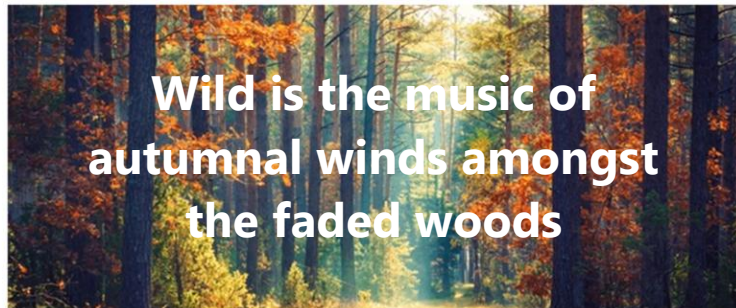
KeyNotes Editor

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SEPTEMBER 2025 ISSUE 18



**'KEEPING US CONNECTED
AT KMC'**



**Which poet do you
think wrote these
words?
Answer page12**

THE AUTUMN EDITION

SERVICES AT KMC DURING SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

Services at 10.15 unless stated

August

31st The Rev Helen Fyall's Welcome Service 4pm

September

7th Rev Helen Fyall H.C.

21st 8.30 Rev Mark Roberts H.C. 10.15 Louise Beaumont

28th Rev Helen Fyall

14th Harvest Rebecca Bilsbrough

October

5th Rev Hilary Cheng H.C.

19th 8.30 Rev Helen Fyall H.C. 10.15 Rev Helen Fyall

26th Rev Roger Hoath

12th David Morley

November

2nd Peter Whitney

16th 8.30 Rev Helen Fyall H.C. 10.15 Rosie Farrow

23rd Circuit Service at Cotgrave Methodist Church

9th Simon Foulds

30th Rev Helen Fyall H.C.

MANSE MUSINGS

Dear Friends,

It is such a joy for me to begin this new chapter of life and ministry amongst you. I am really looking forward to getting to know you all, hearing your stories of life and faith and discovering together how God will lead us forward.

Here's an overview of what's brought me here; Until the age of 18, I lived in Honley, near Holmfirth in West Yorkshire. I am the youngest of 4 children and my parents, Rev. Barbara and Clive Marshall (who also lived in Radcliffe from 2001-2009 and were involved in circuit life) were a wonderful influence and encouragement in my Christian faith.

I became a Christian aged 10 during a circuit weekend at 'Green Gables' hotel in Scarborough. Then when I was 14, God spoke clearly to me through the words in Ephesians 4:7-11 and I understood this to be a call to ordained ministry.

During a student year at Cliff College and whilst working as a Lay Worker at Sutton Coldfield Methodist Church, I felt that call confirmed and I trained for ministry at Wesley College, Bristol, alongside my husband, Andy, just days after we were married in September 1993.

We shared our first appointment in the Cardiff Circuit and whilst there, Hannah and Matthew were born. Hannah now lives with her partner, Issy, and is working in the music industry in London and Matthew works as a teaching assistant in Normandy, France. Times together as a family are rare and treasured.



In 2001, we moved here to the Nottingham South Circuit and spent 8 very happy years serving in 4 churches and villages and sharing in circuit life. During the final 3 years, following our sabbatical, I spent Mondays working as a Chaplain in the Nottingham hospitals and felt a fuller call to that form of ministry. So, whilst Andy served as the Superintendent of the Stamford Circuit, I had 13 fulfilling and demanding years as the Lead Chaplain at Peterborough City Hospital. Pastoral care has always been central to ministry for me.

On moving to Edwalton in August 2022, as Andy began serving as District Chair, I worked as part time Hospital Chaplain until I felt a strong and surprising call from God to ministry based in the churches and communities of Keyworth, Bradmore and Clifton.

Over the past 5 years particularly, I have learnt the importance and value of self-care and so in my leisure time, I enjoy swimming, walking, reading and spending time with friends. Since Andy's role takes him away a lot, I love having the company of our little cat, Betsy.

As I close, I share with you some words that spoke deeply to me whilst I was on retreat in June. They are from the Northumbria Community and I felt them to be from our faithful God to us all;

'You have put your life into my keeping and because you are depending on me for guidance and direction, I shall give it. Move on steadily and know that the waters that carry you are the waters of my love and kindness and I will keep you on the right course.'

It is my privilege to share this next chapter of life and faith with you.

With love and prayers,
Helen.



CELEBRATING FRIENDSHIP

Back in 1962 I left home to train as a teacher at Southlands Methodist College, near Wimbledon. I was moving from a quiet Norfolk village to live in all the hustle and bustle of London. I had no idea who I would meet or train with and it was a pretty daunting experience.

I was to live in a hall of residence, on site, but until I arrived, I didn't know who I might be living alongside. Our rooms were allocated based purely on our surnames and so it was that I got to know Sue Jackson and six other girls and amazingly we all seemed to like each other and the friendship began! (My maiden name was Morgan, Sue's was Murray and a third girl was Muxworthy and so on)

Sixty-three years later the friendship is as strong as ever. We recently met at Sue's home and had our annual get together and it's just as though we've never been apart. During the intervening years we have met up as often as we could and as, one by one, we got married and had children, our husbands came along and also our children. On one occasion, in the 1980's we had a total of sixteen adults and seventeen children. Our husbands became friends and our children all played happily together despite only seeing each other once a year. Although one of our group now lives in Australia, we manage to keep in touch by Zoom and about every six weeks or so all get together in this way and catch up on the latest news.

Our friendship has become something very special and treasured by us all. I have often thanked God for placing me in that hall of residence alongside the girls who were to become my life-long friends.

Is this a record? Perhaps you can beat it?

Gwyn Summers



June 1965

FRIENDS

Thank you, Lord, for the gift of friends, their comfort, help and care
For all the joy and happiness, the special things we share.

Thank you for those other times, the days of long ago,
The memories and hopes and dreams that only they can know.

Thank you for the helping hands when problems crowd around,
For all the patient listening, the kindness we have found.

For all the steadfast loyalty on which our trust depends,
Let us repay this love today, and thank you, Lord, for friends.

Iris Hesselden

SEEN ON A CHURCH NOTICE BOARD

If after church, you wait awhile, someone may greet you with a smile,
But, if you quickly rise and flee, we'll seem cold and stiff: maybe
The one beside you in the pew is, perhaps, a stranger too?
All here, like you, have fears and cares, all of us need each other's prayers.
In fellowship, we bid you meet with us around God's Mercy Seat.

Seen by Jennifer Anderson

HAVE YOU A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE?

Do you enjoy solving cryptic crossword clues? If you do, have a go at these 15. The solution in each case is a member of Keyworth Methodist Church. Numbers in brackets are the number of letters in each person's Christian and surname. And, to help, the answers are in alphabetical order of surname.

1. A shilling with Villa's first half. (3,5)
2. Set out dog! (5,6)
3. Noel! But this lady has four. (4,4)
4. Molly garbled in a disorderly fashion. (4,8)
5. She likes her coffee, albeit mocha another way. (5,6)
6. Father has six inside before the fruit. (5,6)
7. Anger contains read awry and a doctor. (5,5)
8. The new Saul and three epistles. (4,5)
9. Witch river! (5,6)
10. Sounds like a five-penny drip! (3,5)
11. The Arc lady with the brown hare. (4,8)
12. Greg Powell people are confused. (6,10)
13. Fruit part embraces reordered floor coverings. (3,5)
14. Biblical High Priest includes rearranged flying insect. (3,6)
15. Pay for postage with a bell-like sound. (5,7)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 12



JAM JARS FOR PRESERVES

Do you need any Jam Jars for preserve? I have many in all shapes and sizes. Please phone me for collection
.
Julie Greenwood

BUTTONS – IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES

Are you in need of Buttons? I have plenty available in all colours, striped, patterned, all shapes and sizes, metal, Mother of Pearl. Please contact me for further details. *Julie Greenwood*



WESLEY WORDS!

My fear is not that our great movement, known as the Methodists, will eventually cease to exist or one day die from the earth. My fear is that our people will become content to live without the fire, the power, the excitement, the supernatural element that makes us great. **John Wesley**

Once in seven years I burn all my sermons; for it is a shame, if I cannot write better sermons now than I did seven years ago. **John Wesley**

CIRCUIT GARDEN PARTY



After the success of last year's garden party, we have arranged another Circuit Garden Party for Saturday 6th September (details are on the poster). If you are able to join us, please let Jane Everett know on 07905 143661 to help with catering.

If people can car share, then that will help with parking. Thank you to Leo and Hilary for hosting us again! **Book early as places are limited**

ME AND MY MIND

I stand right here before you -
But what it is makes me ME?
It isn't what I look like.
I'm not quite what you see.

Maybe what I THINK defines me –
But who wants to look inside?
You might find the revelation thorny.
No, don't go there for a ride!

Is it what I SEE that makes me ME?
But who comes to the same conclusions?
We are generally free – would you not agree?
Yes, the captive of delusions.

How real are my thoughts and assumptions?
Who mixes the soup in my head?
Maybe it's something I saw on the telly?
Maybe it's something I read.

We read about AI and sometimes
Face the man-created thing in our life,
But let's close the matter quickly,
Or there'll be that old-fashioned word – yes STRIFE!
Elsbeth Jackman



MORE WESLEY WORDS!

Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can. **John Wesley**

When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before; at present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to me. **John Wesley**

TELL ME THERE'S A HEAVEN

Tell me there's a heaven, tell me that it's true, tell me there's a better place reserved for me and you. And all the angels are singing, and pain and fear are gone, and God is in his right house and not a thing is wrong.

Tell me there's a heaven where all those people go. Tell me they're all happy now, Father, tell me that it's so, and though they're taken from us they look down from afar but the point that they're not really gone is not the point at all.

For my heart is ripped right from me
and cast upon the floor
and I am then discarded, adrift for evermore.

Tell me there's a heaven Tell me that it's true,
tell me there's a better place reserved for me
and you and all the angels are singing and pain
and fear are gone and God is in his right house
and not a thing is wrong

Tell me there's a heaven, don't tear into my world.
Now is not the time for me
I don't want to hear your words.

Time it is a healer; time will heal the hurt, a shame
that it takes its time, a shame it doesn't work.
For in my life are spaces, holes where they have
been, I feel it in the air around, old familiar scenes.
For a time, the memory of them slips gently from my mind
but every time I fall through, no time has passed at all.

Tell me there's a heaven, tell me that it's true, tell me there's a better place reserved for me and you and all the angels are singing and pain and fear are gone and God is in his right house and not a thing is wrong

Tell me there's a heaven, Tell me that it's true Tell me there's a reason why *I'm seeing* what I do.
Don't think me disrespectful but I will scream a while. The wound is in my heart and soul
my 'israe' justified.

He made the smiles of children. He made the thunderous dawn.
He made the dew upon the ground the earth, the sea, the sky.
He made us eyes to see him and lips that we might tell
and if you shouldn't like it then, well, you can go to Hell.

Tell me there's a heaven, tell me that it's true tell me there's a better place reserved for me and you
and all the angels are singing and pain and fear are gone and God is in his right house and we
shall sing along.

Michael Parnham

WORDS ABOUT METHODISTS

I've never understood the point of ecstasy. I think if I wanted to get dehydrated and jump about with a load of people I've never met before I could go to a Methodist barn dance!

Victoria Wood



KMC SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

One of the most contentious and divisive acts of Parliament is presently making its way through both houses; I am referring to the 2024 Assisted Dying Act.

The Definition of 'Assisted Dying'

Assisted dying, commonly referred to as euthanasia or physician assisted suicide, involves providing individuals, usually those suffering from terminal illnesses or incurable conditions, with the means or assistance to end their own lives in a manner they perceive as dignified and controlled.

An Argument For - Autonomy.

It is an individual's right to make decisions on their own life, particularly when faced with a terminal illness or incurable disease and not to be forced to live with unbearable pain.

An Argument Against – A Type of Euthanasia

Giving doctors the power to decide whether a patient's life is worth living by opening the doors to voluntary euthanasia could lead to cases of non-voluntary and involuntary euthanasia.

An Argument For - Dignity For an individual to lose the ability to care for themselves, such as being able to control one's bodily functions or becoming totally dependent on others for care, can leave them with a loss of dignity. Being able to choose the timing and manner of one's death can give the person a sense of control and self-respect.

An Argument Against - The Pressure to die Where there is the assumption that the patient has the right to die, this could impose on doctors a duty to kill. Once the process of assisted dying becomes normalised it would become easier to accept a wider eligibility criterion for euthanasia.

An Argument For - Compassion Those in favour of assisted dying argue that allowing people to die with dignity is far more compassionate than forcing people to continue their lives in suffering.

An Argument Against – Alternatives are available. In our country today there are many excellent alternatives to assisted dying. Cancer drugs are rapidly evolving. New drugs that can extend both the quality and quantity of life are becoming widely available. Excellent palliative care is widely available in hospitals, at home and in hospices.

An Argument For – Informed Decisions Everyone has the right to make informed decisions over what happens to their own body within reason.

An Argument Against – Legal Protections and Disability Rights This bill could particularly impact on disabled people as there is not always a clear line between terminal illness and disability. There is a concern that people who are seen or already see themselves as a burden and feel that their lives are undervalued, fear that health professionals will give up their efforts to relieve distress and suffering, seeing death as an easy option. Most doctors are rarely aware of the everyday lives of their patients social, family and financial concerns that may pressurise a patient to accept assisted dying as an option.

An Argument For – Social Acceptability A major parliamentary inquiry set up in 2023 to explore whether assisted dying should be introduced in the UK received tens of thousands of submissions from people suffering from uncontrollable pain that palliative care alone could not fix. In November 2024 a UGOV poll found that 73% of respondents believed in the principle that assisted dying should be introduced and 13% do not. A dignity in dying survey of doctors by the BMA in 2020 found that 50% of respondents were broadly in favour and 39% against.

An Argument Against – The Religious Objectors Many religious people believe that life is the ultimate gift and taking it away is usurping power that only belongs to God.

Conclusions

This article is not a definitive nor an exhaustive list of all the arguments for or against assisted dying. The material used comes from a variety of verified sources including Medical Doctors, Psychologists, Sociologist, Clergy and Charities that deal with disabilities, terminal conditions and palliative care. Please consider this issue in your prayers.

Debbie Boote KMc Promoter of social Awareness



CANON CLEMENT

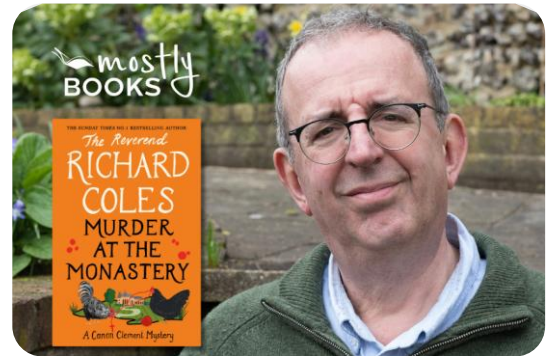
Our Thursday Bible Study Group has just celebrated its third birthday! It's been an interesting adventure for those who attend, but also for me. Two comments from group members stick in my mind. One was along the lines of 'How is it that I've been attending church for so many years but nobody has ever said this to me before?' The other was, 'Up to now I've just heard and read the Bible stories without really asking questions.' Those comments made me think about what it is that we're trying to achieve and I came up with three answers.

1. We're familiarising ourselves more fully with the content of the Bible – and in our group we have ranged widely in both Old and New Testaments.

2. We're starting with the Bible just as it is for anybody to read but are then asking the questions that the scripture we read raises – questions relating to both the composition of the Bible and to its meaning.

3. We're attempting to answer those questions to the best of our ability. We've just been considering a number of puzzles raised by various Gospel stories, but when you read this we will be studying the Book of Ruth under Peter Whitney's guidance. It might be worth saying one thing that we're not trying to achieve - conformity. We encourage open minds. We raise questions and point to possible answers but are not trying to force anyone's understanding. We are a group of Christian people at varying stages of our faith journeys. What we have in common is a desire to grow our understanding of scripture.

My guess is that just about everybody who reads this will know of the Rev Richard Coles. He's an Anglican priest, but is probably better known as a writer and TV personality. You may have seen him on, 'Have I Got News or, especially, perhaps, on Strictly Come Dancing. Others may know him better through his writing – for the Sunday Times, through his autobiography, his pastoral writing, or maybe his detective novels featuring Canon Daniel Clement, a sleuth as capable of solving murders as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple!



I recently read Murder at the Monastery. The title says it all, and the Canon, naturally, solves the crime. I enjoyed the book not least because of its ecclesiastical setting. Frequently I met the wording of liturgy or of hymns with which I was very familiar. I felt 'at home'. But one passage hit me above all others.



The context is a bizarre one. Mark 16:18 (part, incidentally, of a later addition to the Gospel of Mark by a scribe who felt the Gospel ended too abruptly at verse 8) says that those who believe in Christ will be able to perform many wonders including the handling of snakes without fear of hurt.

There are Christian groups (particularly in the USA – where else!) who include the handling of venomous snakes as part of their worship precisely to prove the truth of the Gospel's claim. (Yes, Christians come in more varieties than Heinz's 57!) Canon Clement tells of a woman from Tennessee whose father was a snake handler and did so on the basis of a literal

understanding of scripture.

Now Canon Clement agrees that the Bible merits 'our most faithful attention', but by that he means that we bring 'our best reading – careful, informed, thoughtful,' to our study of scripture. But that, he believes is different from a 'literal' reading. He contests that 'the truths of the Bible are not literal - they are far, far truer than that'. He suggests that the Bible is not 'dictation from God' but rather 'a library of fragmentary and slowly assembled accounts of the mystery of our encounter with the One who made us and sustains us and redeems us' (p 205).

That helps me understand why I need to study the Bible. *Peter Curtis*

MY BEST HOLIDAY EVER

When I was a child, my family went away once a year on holiday. As Londoners, the chosen destinations for most of us were the south coast or Devon. Thanks to my father's position on the railways, we were entitled to travel concessions and tended to go further afield - Cornwall, Wales, Scotland even. Then, when I was 19, we got really brave. We went abroad.

I stood on the cross-channel ferry pinching myself. This was it!!! I was no longer in Britain. I was heading for the continent! The journey to Paris, the meal there, the boarding of the train – all are a blur that has slipped from my memory. At some point I must have settled myself into the middle berth of a sleeper and dropped straight off to sleep because I remember with extraordinary vividness waking in the morning. The blind at the window was ringed with intense light. The warm brilliance was pushing against the blind, forcing its way in. Cautiously, so as not to disturb anyone else, I lifted a corner and peeped out.

Barrel tiles, glowing terra cotta, smiled at the sun.

South - I was truly somewhere else, this was 'other' and something, a curiosity, and an excitement, woke inside me. 'We've seen it in the movies, now let's see if it's true'. How corny can you get? But that was also my motto! So, was that my best holiday ever? It was good: the train rattled on across the continent and we ended up in what was then Yugoslavia – a communist country no less! But then there was Austria the following year!

Marriage meant that I could no longer claim cheap rail travel on account of my father's occupation, but Harrie and I saved for four years for a trip to the United States – a place then so remote, so inaccessible that friends gasped when we told them of our destination. And that was a wonderful holiday. My perspective was changed for ever when, on our return, I saw England so differently. I saw now that our cars were small, our towns compact, jumbled and full of variety, our fields green and hedged, and every little place had a church hundreds of years old. Never again would I take them for granted. It was mind-changing – but was it my best holiday ever? Later we drove miles across Western Europe with our children and my first sight of olive trees almost – though not quite – equalled my 'barrel tile' moment!

Later still, there was Australia, New Zealand, Japan..... So many wonderful places. How to choose? Yet when I think of my 'best holiday ever,' I think it will have to be a far more modest affair.



Our daughters were still children and a couple I was friends with, fellow teachers, lent us their semi – converted farmhouse in the Dordogne. My brother and his partner joined us there. We took turns to cook each evening, buying from local shops and markets, sampling the local wines and eating at a table made from one of the old farmhouse doors set on trestles outside the former cow barn. After dinner we would lie back and count shooting stars! It was a place where nothing happened three times a week!

I remember sitting at the top of the slope behind the house one afternoon and looking around me. One daughter was reading, the other trying to find crickets in the long grass. My brother was crouched over his camera; his partner was sketching. My husband was asleep. I had a book to read. We were scattered around, separately absorbed in what we were each doing but within sight. It was warm and still and perfect, and I knew that this was a moment to treasure in my mind for ever. That golden moment will always live on for me. I think that was my best holiday ever.

Chris Cooke





A MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

Back in 1991 Jenny and I travelled with our children Katy and Richard to Vancouver Canada to visit Jenny's Aunty Mona and Uncle Roy. We were shown the wonders of the local area by Uncle Roy and on one excursion visited Lions Bay and were captivated by the humming birds feeding from sugar solution at special containers. Later we went for a swim at a nearby beach and Katy spotted a bottle floating in the waves close to the shore. This was quickly recovered and we saw that there was a message inside!

The message was from a boy named Mark Warwick whom we later found out was only seven and a half and was on a yacht sailing about 75 miles to the north. We thought it would be much more exciting to take the message back with us to England and post the note to the home address that was on English Bluff Tsawwassen B.C. Canada. Happily, we did receive a reply from Mark's Mum, Ingrid Warwick, who is Danish by birth and we have kept in contact with her over the decades, especially at Christmas time. We first met Ingrid and her husband in Vancouver in 2003 when we were invited to go with Jenny's cousin Kate and her children Nick and Jennica for a sail in Burrard Inlet, a fiord close to Vancouver on their large sailing boat Severance. It was a glorious day and we were given a flypast by the Canadian Airforce's Snowbirds and later, back in the harbour, as the sun set, watched a fantastic firework display over Vancouver City that was in time to music broadcast over local radio. Sadly, we did not meet with Mark.

Ingrid visited us in Keyworth in 2006 when she was on her way back from visiting her mother in Denmark. We enjoyed a day sightseeing in Derbyshire as well as visiting Hardwick Hall and catching up on family news. Later in 2009 she came to see us in Tsawwassen when we visited Aunty Mona who was by then living in a splendid Senior's Complex, but, again we did not see Mark!

In Christmas messages we learnt that Mark has two older sisters, Sonja and Kim and that he had trained as a fireman. We found out that Mark and his girlfriend Joani had opened and later expanded a store in Tsawwassen called 'Ma Maison'. So over 34 years we have been in contact with Ingrid and her family and had seen Mark on one photograph!



of what Mark had been doing and was most surprised to see a letter addressed to her 7-year-old son all the way from England! *Geoff D*



This June Jenny and I spent two weeks with Peter and June Curtis exploring Alaska and had a final week back in Tsawwassen with cousin Kate and husband Brad. Finally, after all these years we met fireman Mark, his shop owning girlfriend Joanni and sister Kim. Mark told us that as a 7-year-old he was often very bored on his parents' boat and had thrown many messages in many bottles into the sea. His bottle had travelled 75 miles South and our reply was the only one he had ever received! At the time his mum knew nothing

A FRENCH ADVENTURE

Some years ago, three siblings and two spouses set off from Dover to Calais for An Adventure. We started with a reunion with five of our Belgian cousins at a hotel in Wimereux, just north of Boulogne.

To explain, my husband's mother came from Brussels and we still have family there. Over two days, we enjoyed meals together, a bit of sight-seeing and lots of chatting. After two days the English party headed to Normandy and our gîte for the week in Le Bec Hellouin, south of Rouen.



The following morning, we walked around the village and headed towards the Abbey. The village has the title of one of the most beautiful in France, with many half-timbered houses with thatched roofs, some with irises growing on them. It is a small village, but attracts many visitors.

We looked in the small parochial church which is quite plain but has some lovely stained-glass windows. The Abbey, founded in 1034, was very influential in the 11th century, sending Archbishops to Canterbury and bishops to important posts in England. This was due to William the Conqueror wanting his own men around him, after he had conquered England. The Archbishop of Canterbury was Regent whenever William returned to France.

The monastery was rebuilt in the 17th and 18th centuries in the classical style. The monks were driven out in the French Revolution, and the abbey church, one of the largest in Christendom, was demolished under the Empire. There are only a few stones of the original abbey left and the Benedictine monks have been in residence only since 1948.

We visited Giverny and Monet's Garden which looked wonderful: colourful flag irises, sweet smelling wallflowers and aquilegias. The wisteria on the bridge was in flower but the water lilies were not. Monet had syphoned off some water from the River Epte to make his water garden. The trees are now mature but it must have looked very different in his day. The house is full of colour: his studio had been restored since our previous visit, with the chaise-longue and other chairs re-upholstered. The walls are crammed with his paintings and you can imagine him working there with the light pouring in through the large windows.



Our next was a trip to Honfleur, where we walked around the picturesque and colourful Vieux Bassin with all the boats and yachts bobbing gently on the sea. Artists have been attracted to the town for years; We walked round and saw where salt sellers had stored the salt used in the 17th century by the cod fishing fleet. We admired the architecture and enjoyed the hustle and bustle of the town.

On Ascension Day three of us went to the Abbey Church for the special Mass at 10.30am, which finished at 12. It was in French and Latin and the singing was beautiful, the monks joined by the nuns from their Sister House.

Another trip took us to Lisieux; St Peter's Cathedral was huge with many side chapels and beautiful stained glass by the Gaudin workshop. Afterwards we headed up the hill to the 20th century Basilica of St Thérèse de Lisieux, built from 1929 to July 1954. The all-white building is imposing from the outside which gleams even on a grey day. Inside is a real wow factor: a single, immense nave is decorated with mosaic pictures, which illustrate the message of St Thérèse, and the most wonderful stained glass again from the Gaudin workshops, dating from 1948 – 49. This Basilica seats 3000, and is the second largest place of Pilgrimage in France, after Lourdes. It is worth looking up the life of St Theresa of Lisieux, who was one of 9 children and became a nun at the age of 15 in 1888: she died of tuberculosis aged 24. What a French adventure! *Clare Franklin*

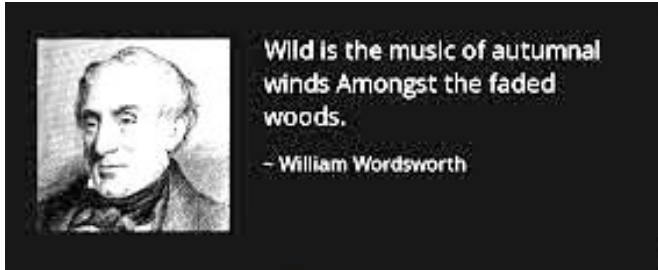
HAVE YOU A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE?

ANSWERS

Cryptic Members of KMC!

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Bob Aston | 2. Sally Barker | 3. Gill Bell | 4. Glad Blomerly |
| 5. Alice Botham | 6. David Cherry | 7. Freda Drury | 8. Paul Johns |
| 9. Hazel Jordan | 10. Bob Leake | 11. Joan Leverett | 12. George Popplewell |
| 13. Pat Smith | 14. Ann Thomas | 15. Frank Tinklin | |

The Quotation from page 1



'ISLAND OF STRANGERS'



The prime minister warns that immigration could turn Britain into an 'island of strangers'. Author and poet Michael Rosen responds

I lay in bed
hardly able to breathe
but there were people to sedate me,
pump air into me
calm me down when I thrashed around
hold my hand and reassure me

play me songs my family sent in
turn me over to help my lungs
shave me, wash me, feed me
check my medication
perform the tracheostomy
people on this "island of strangers"
from China, Jamaica, Brazil, Ireland
India, USA, Nigeria and Greece.

I sat on the edge of my bed
and four people came with
a frame and supported me
or took me to a gym
where they taught me how
to walk between parallel bars
or kick a balloon
sat me in a wheelchair
taught me how to use the exercise bike
how to walk with a stick
how to walk without a stick
people on this "island of strangers"
from China, Jamaica, Brazil, Ireland
India, USA, Nigeria and Greece.
If ever you're in need as I was
may you have an island of strangers
like I had.

MORE METHODIST THOUGHTS!

I grew up a Baptist and went to seminary at Methodist school, Duke University, but I also don't worry too much about denominations. I love what John Wesley said - "If our hearts are together, let's not worry about whether our heads are together. If our hearts are together, then let's join hands." So, I try to do that regardless of denominations. **Randall Wallace**

I'm a firm believer in God himself, but that's as far as I can go. I'm not any denomination. I'm not Catholic or Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist or Jewish or Muslim. I'm none of those things. And I'm sure that's just fine with God. **Ray Charles**

I'm neither Democrat nor Republican. I'm Methodist. I have grievances with both parties.

Joseph Lowery

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE CONFLICT IN THE HOLY LAND



A friend recently sent me a link to these words of the actress Miriam Margolyes She was asked, 'What is your current big issue?'

Miriam replied, 'Gaza. I feel it particularly because I am Jewish, because I know how much wickedness and cruelty were meted out to Jews in my life time. I was born in 41 at the height of the holocaust. I cannot bear to think that my people are doing exactly the same thing to another nation and the nation that they are doing it to, the Palestinian nation was not responsible for the holocaust, they had nothing to do with it. That was purely a European pleasure and so my heart is broken and I think the terrible thing I have to face is that Hitler won. He changed us he made us like him.'

Are we experiencing another holocaust?

The following letter feels startlingly current, as though its author, despite being long gone, has somehow managed to write directly into the present. Of course, it's simply a reminder that the human race has always wrestled with the same fears and frustrations, and likely always will. It was in **1938** that the letter was written by Pulitzer Prize-winning author Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. The recipient was her editor and close friend, Maxwell Perkins.

Hawthorn, Florida

Friday

Dear Max:

What cure is there for human stupidity? Education, so-called, seems to have destroyed the individual power to think, rather than to have accelerated it. The only hope, to me, lies in the relative youth of the human race on earth. Figured in ratio to the probable life of our planet, a cosmologist pointed out to me that we are only a few hours old. Just as a child grows, and makes mistakes, and slips back, and goes on again, so perhaps in the end we may achieve a cosmic maturity. And to what end? You can go mad thinking about it.

I have always had a cosmic awareness. I am conscious most of the time of the universe of which we are a small part. But I have only lately become aware, so that it strikes deep into me, of the moment's earthy turmoil. I hate it. And it seems as though the whole plunge into ruin were a tangible cohesion of evil superimposed on the reasonable and kind and peace-loving individual. Each of us asks only to breathe without pain, to love and be loved, to work for the daily bread, without interference.

Always yours,

Marjorie

A Prayer for the Holy Land

In the words of the Episcopal Archbishop of Jerusalem and the Middle East Hosam Naoum, with people all around the word we pray:

O God of all justice and peach we cry out to you in the midst of the pain and trauma of violence and fear which prevails in the Holy land. Be with those who need you in these days of suffering; we pray for people of all faiths, Jews, Muslims and Christians and for all the people of the land. While we pray to you, O Lord, for an end to violence and the establishment of peace, we also call for you to bring justice and equality to the people. Guide us into your kingdom where all people are treated with dignity and honour as your children for, to all of us, you are our Heavenly Father. In Jesus' name we pray, Amen



Marjorie Rawlings

BUT LORD

But Lord - if They come to our church we might hear about Life outside. You would, said the Lord.

But Lord – there is no Life apart from you. That’s right, said the Lord.

But Lord – then there is no Life outside of church.

Not true, laughed the Lord.

But Lord – to learn their story is to feel their loneliness.

My loneliness, said the Lord

But Lord – to listen to Them is to know their terror.

My terror, Said the Lord.

Or to hear Them is to know their fear. My fear, said the Lord.

And to know Them might be to love Them or to hate Them To love me, or to hate me said the Lord.

Or to embrace Them truly, truly, we would then belong to Them.

Truly, truly, you would belong to me. said the Lord.

But Lord – if we do this we will be changed. We can hope, laughed the Lord. We can pray.

But Lord – if we do this thing we would no longer be our church.

No! My church. said the Lord. You would be My church.

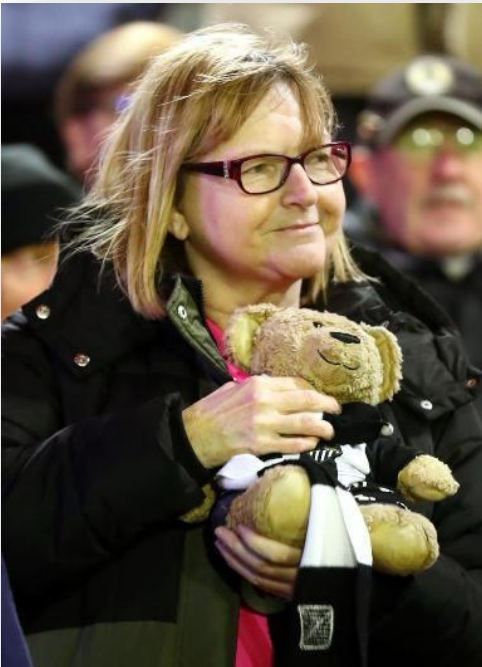
By Lucy Berry who is a poet, URC minister and first Poet-in-Residence of the Methodist Church,



Rev Lucy Berry

TRACEY B

Many of you will have been at the Thanksgiving Service for Tracey Bellis in July and heard Fran give this moving poetic tribute.



It's never easy to say 'Goodbye,' to someone you love.
I'm sure you're looking down on us and waving from above.
You enjoyed going fishing, you loved your ice-cream,
You loved to watch Notts - your favourite team.
You enjoyed being in Barmouth, gulls flying by,
On golden beaches beneath the blue sky.

I'll remember you always for the love that you shared,
For the ones that you helped, for the times that you cared.
There are many that loved you, we want you to know.
We were sad when the time came and you had to go.

We love you Tracey and we will always.
You are in our hearts for the rest of our days.
I would swap all I have for just one more day,
To embrace you and thank you for coming my way.
Now you're at peace, pain is no more
In the arms of your Father, safe evermore.

Fran Parnham

Money given in Tracey's memory was to be divided between the Anthony Nolan Trust a leukaemia research charity and the Hayward House Hospice at the Nottingham City Hospital. At the time of writing £1143 has been donated to the Anthony Nolan Trust and £1283 to the Hayward House Hospice making a total of £2426. A fitting tribute to a lovely lady.

U3A

EXPLORING WORLD FAITHS



We continue to normally meet on the *third Friday afternoon of each month* at 2.0pm in the *Centenary Lounge* of the Village Hall, although occasionally we have a visit instead. Following our *March* event as a *visit to the Ahmadiyya Muslim Mosque in Sneinton* we didn't meet in April (our date coming in the Easter weekend). *We resumed in May* with a lovely meeting when *Dharminder Singh and some of his family members shared with us their Sikh faith*. During *June and July* we explored together various '*religious words*' and how they might be perceived in some of the various faiths we have encountered.

We restart in September (19th) when Sheila Spencer from *The Society of Friends* will be sharing with us on *Quakerism*. Looking a bit further ahead, *Ian Todd* has agreed to be with us in *November* to share with us his study of '*Near Death Experiences*'. Ian is a former member of KMC, having since moved to Derbyshire, and he came to Time to Discover to lead a discussion on this and its implications for our Christian faith as in his book, '*Why Are You Here?*' Clearly there would be implications also for those of other faiths, so we look forward to Ian also sharing with the '*Faiths*' group in November.

In our group we have participants from various faiths (and indeed no-faith) backgrounds, and with a good representation from KMC. If you are interested in coming along, please contact Robin Wilcockson to find how to join the u3a, if not already a member.

Robin

TIME TO DISCOVER

Our *Lent* Group hosting based around the film '*Casablanca*' concluded with the various underlying themes from the wartime situations coming together, and the love and friendship relationships finally resolved, albeit not necessarily as might have been expected!



We restarted as Time to Discover after Easter with a miscellany of topics including '*Wisdom*' in the Bible, *The Ascension* and *Pentecost*. We concluded with a really special meeting with *Paul Johns, Patsy Wattley* of Bridgeway Hall and *Roger Gould* sharing their respective experiences of *Maundy Money Services*.

After our summer break we restart on *Thursday evening September 18th*, and *fortnightly thereafter*. After a first meeting of *Summer Reflections*, topics continue on '*The Creeds*,' (Paul Roebuck) and then the *Kendal Convention* (Peter and Pam Whitney), with subsequent topics yet to be arranged. As always, see KMC weekly notices for updated details and for hosting addresses.

Our meetings are normally fortnightly on Thursday evenings at participants' homes, and are open to any who may wish to come along – whether regularly or whether just for an occasional topic of interest. And if so, it can be helpful to hosts if you let the host or myself know beforehand. If you want to know more about the group, just contact Robin Wilcockson. *Robin*



A GOLFER'S INSIGHT

Since moving to Keyworth just over three and a half years ago my wife Sonia has become a key member of Keyworth Methodist Church and I, a member of Radcliffe on Trent Golf Club, where I am Seniors Secretary and this year Vice Captain of the Seniors Team. To this end I have either thought Golf or played Golf to such an extent that Sonia has this ridiculous idea that I play too much so that it came to a head at about 11.30 the other night. She suddenly shouted at me, "**Golf, Golf, Golf, all you ever think about is golf!**" I'll be honest, it frightened the life out of me, I mean you don't expect to meet somebody on the 14th green at that time of night!!! *Steve D*

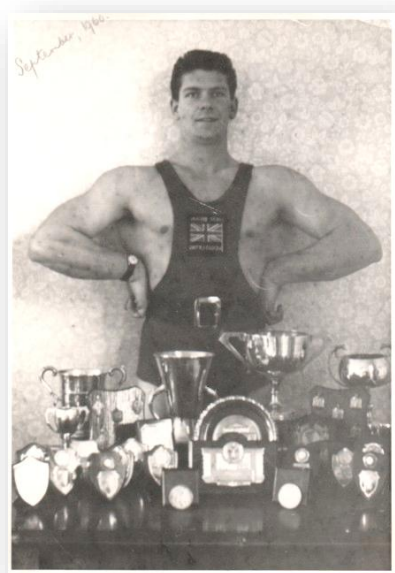
HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW GEORGE POPPLEWELL?

George was born near Wakefield in 1933 and was baptised at the West Ardsley Methodist Church and remembers attending the Methodist Sunday School and pumping the organ during services and belonging to the Scout troop at Wesley Hall Methodist Church in Lupset. At 18 he began two years of National Service in the RAF and spent much of his time in Canada in Winnipeg where he worked in the Airforce Navigation School.

Released from National Service he began a teacher training course at Loughborough College where he qualified with a Distinction in Science and studied Sports Science which was in its infancy as a subject. It was in his second year that he began weight training at a body building club located upstairs in a coach house beside a local pub. There were those who did weight lifting besides weight training and George soon realised he was as good, if not better than the others!

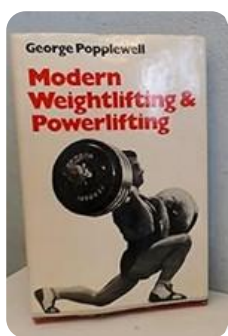
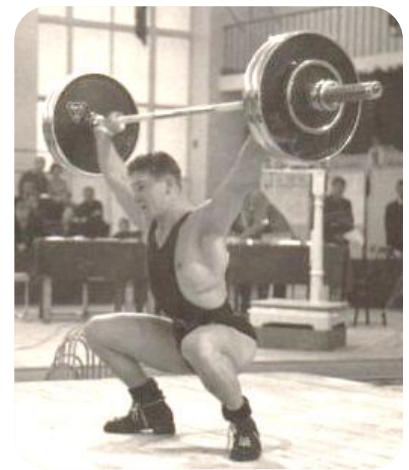
In 1954, at the age of 21 he became a life member of the British Amateur Weight Lifting

Association so he could compete and George concentrated on the three classical lifts. His first competition was in the North Midlands championships and won in the Middle Weight Class (11.5 stone.) Later he competed in the Yorkshire and North East Championships and became the Light Heavyweight Champion (about 13.5 stone) George recounts that he gradually improved and broke many records and was voted best in the year 1958-9 aged 25 years old.



His first international competition was at the World Youth Games in Moscow in 1957. During his career George broke 17 British Records including the British Amateur Weightlifters Association Two Hands Snatch at Light Heavyweight, lifting - 266.5 lbs. Sadly his weightlifting career ended abruptly in 1960 due to a very severe knee injury so he began coaching, organising and refereeing

lifting competitions including the Paralympic Team, which in its early days was called the paraplegic team based at Stoke Mandeville and he guided the squad as Team Manager in Vienna. In 1976 he was elected a Fellow of the Physical Education Association of Great Britain for his superlative contribution to student sport after refereeing at most International Championships and organising many events. George was one of only two in the World who held qualifications in: Olympic weightlifting, Power lifting and Disabled Lifting.



In 1963 George met his future wife Elaine at a Central Council of Physical Recreation Course held at Lowestoft YMCA. Elaine was a formidable athlete herself, having played at Junior Wimbledon, represented Bedfordshire and Cambridgeshire at both tennis and hockey and later became Kent County Squash champion, an international, a team manager and coach. In her 40's she took up marathon running with a best time of 3 hours, 3 minutes and 39 seconds. George and Elaine married in 1965 at Trumpington Church Cambridge. In 1978 he published the book 'Modern Weight Lifting and Powerlifting' which covers the History, principles, equipment, safety

precautions, rules, techniques, training exercises, teaching methods, lifts such as bench press and dead lift, weightlifting for the disabled and other aspects of competitive lifting

After retiring from his position of Director of Physical education at the University of Kent at Canterbury, George was in charge of preseason training of the Kent cricket team which included Alan Knott and Mike Denness.

If you want to know more, just have a word with George! *Geoff D*

WAIT AND SEE! from Garden Philosopher

That's what Mum always used to say when we three children rushed to the table in our hungry holidays, bolting down the main course (weren't we lucky?) because we always, always, wanted to know what delicious pudding was to follow. But the serious (though still delicious) sustaining stuff had to be eaten first - just as bread-and-butter always had to precede cake at teatime.

I've been playing the waiting game in the garden in recent weeks. My dear sister-in-law brought up from Somerset in the autumn of last year a Hibiscus cutting, which I cherished on a window sill over the winter, transferring it to a large pot out on the terrace round about Easter time. She had assured me that if I was only patient, it would eventually produce one or more large yellow flowers, so I treated it tenderly, watering regularly through all the hot dry weeks that followed, and securing some of the heavy, glossy-leaved stems against the wall to prevent them from sagging. Then it was just a matter of watching and waiting.

At last I spotted a good fat bud, and two rather smaller ones. The first was in full sun and looked very promising, the two others were hidden among leaves and would clearly take longer to blossom. Days and weeks passed. Still the bud remained a bud. I became rather sceptical, having been disappointed in the past by exotic blooms that never materialised. However, I persevered in loving tenderness; no one could say I didn't give it every chance. Morning after morning my first peek out of the kitchen window was to check on any progress.



Then last Saturday, on doing the routine peek, I was amazed to see that a huge trumpet flower had emerged overnight, and it was indeed a glamorous golden colour. Hastily I took a photo to send off to Anne along with another big, 'thank you' for the gift of such beauty. Mid-morning I had to take another one, as the flower had opened wider still . . . and wider, till it looked like one of those huge astronomical telescope dishes pointing up at the sky (but of course much more beautiful). The next day it was straining upwards even more. And a couple of days later it turned inside out, much like an umbrella in a fierce gust of wind!

I might have guessed what would happen next: this morning I looked out (as had become my habit) and the flower was nowhere to be seen, later spotted lying beneath the plant where it had fallen off. Only five days of glory! Have I enough patience and belief to continue my tender care for the two remaining small buds? And will I consider it worthwhile for such a brief reward?

Now take a giant leap from contemplation of one created being of extraordinary glory but a tiny life span, to another, namely humankind . . . godlike perhaps in our own eyes in relation to the rest of the natural world . . . and from there another still more gigantic leap to a glimpse of the God of Glory itself . . . the patience of aeons, waiting, tending, hopeful that the potential given us will, with help, be fulfilled, so long as we are not too taken up with our own 'glory' and try to improve on it on our own.

'You made him a little lower than the heavenly beings and crowned him with glory and honour', says Psalm 8 in amazement. Which is put into perspective by Psalm 19, where *'The heavens declare the glory of God . . . day after day . . . night after night'.*

*'May the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be pleasing in your sight,
O Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.'*

MORE METHODIST THOUGHTS!

God bless the Methodist Church - bless all the churches - and blessed be God, Who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches. **Abraham Lincoln**

**COME ALONG TO
OUR MACMILLAN
COFFEE MORNING**



Place: **Keyworth Methodist Church**
Date: **Saturday 20th September**
Time:



**MACMILLAN
CANCER SUPPORT**
Lets do whatever it takes to support people living with cancer.

MACMILLAN COFFEE MORNING

Saturday 20th September

We are planning to host a coffee morning to support this worthy cause. It's been a couple of years since we have held a fund raiser so we hope that you will support us.

Make a note of the date. 10am until 12noon in the church hall for coffee and cakes .

Lydia and Chris.

MAVIS EVANS

When Peter Curtis led our worship in July, he mentioned our friend Mavis Evans who had recently passed away and we sang one of her favourite hymns, 'In Heavenly Love Abiding.' Mavis and her daughter Trish have been receiving KeyNotes since Mavis moved down to Reading in 2020 to live with her daughter Trish and son-in-law Richard.

Trish and her husband Gwyn moved to Keyworth from South Wales in 1975 when Gwyn, became Principal Lecturer in Chartered Surveying at Trent Polytechnic. They moved in on July 15th, St Swithin's Day, and it poured with rain! It was a long summer due to the schools and local clubs being closed but once things opened up again, the family embraced Keyworth village life.

Mavis became involved with the United Reformed Church, the W.I. and the Nottingham branch of the Welsh Society. It was through the church that she became involved with the playgroup, Webster Hall Ladies, and The 8 o'clock Group and was involved with the formation of the Girls' Brigade. It was with the W.I. that Mavis found herself dressed up as the Queen Mother and riding on the back of the coal man's lorry for the village carnival held to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977.

When husband Gwyn took early retirement, they spent a fair bit of time travelling the UK, sometimes independently and sometime with one of the local coach companies. Having suffered some health problems, Gwyn passed away suddenly in 1995. It was devastating for the whole family. But in true spirit Mavis picked herself up, dusted herself off and started over again. In addition to the clubs that Mavis had joined she began to spend more time in the Methodist Church, regularly attending the coffee morning on a Saturday and the Craft Group. It was not long after this that Mavis started going to Moore's Garden Centre with Jan Fairholme for lunch and a game of bingo where she met Richard and John, who soon became close friends.

Even though the move to Keyworth was a major upheaval, they all soon got used to village life and it was in Keyworth that many friendships were forged either through the churches or the other clubs to which they belonged. It is because of these friendships and the support given to Mavis that she was able to stay in the family home, living independently for as long as she did, and we are all very grateful for that.

It was only when her health began to deteriorate that we, as a family, made the decision to move her to Reading where Trish, Julie and Richard were able to take care of her in her final years, where yet again, she had her own agenda, having been told in 2020 that she may only have 6-12 months to live, she did in fact last another 5 years! *Trish*

MORE WESLEY WORDS

I look on all the world as my parish; thus far I mean, that, in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet, right, and my bounden duty, to declare unto all that are willing to hear, the glad tidings of salvation.

John Wesley



ANYONE FOR TENNIS?

"When are you going to Whitby?" asked my daughter Kate. I told her and she said, "You're going to have to alter that!" Not much keeps me away from Whitby but I was being given a ticket for Wimbledon. Kate and her husband Ian had decided to give their mums a special Christmas present of Centre Court tickets and so the excitement began. Neither of us had been to Wimbledon before and Ian decided that the Mums needed chaperoning which was great as it took the stress out of the journey.

We arrived at Wimbledon just after 11 and said goodbye to Ian who went to join the Dads for the day. We wandered round the outside courts watching the Junior boys and saw Leyton Hewitt and Mark Philippoussis who were just leaving the court after losing the Gentleman's Invitation Doubles final. It was great wandering around in the beautiful sunshine admiring the wonderful displays of flowers and familiarising ourselves with the whole area.

We decided to go for something to eat as we wanted to be seated in plenty of time for the 1.30 start on Centre Court. After lunch we explored the whole complex including Henman Hill and then



went to find our seats. They were in a wonderful position just a few rows up behind the umpire's chair, (see the photo!) we couldn't believe our good fortune especially as the very strong sun was just going behind our stand. The Royal Box was to our right so we enjoyed identifying some of the celebrities.

The first match was the first of the ladies' semifinals between Amanda Anisimova and Aryna Sabalenka the Number 1 seed. The match lasted two and three-quarter hours although it didn't seem that long. The speed and accuracy of the shots was amazing. It seemed as if each shot was just millimetres above the

net. We were sure that Sabalenka would win as she broke serve early on in the third set but it was all very exciting and Anisimova came through to win. She played so brilliantly that we were sure it would be a thrilling final on the Saturday but that was not to be.

After all the excitement we needed a break and headed off to get the famous strawberries and cream but the queue was so long and we didn't want to miss the start of the next match so we went to the shorter Pimm's queue! It was delicious and just what was needed on an afternoon of over 30 degrees.

The next match between Belinda Bencic and Iga Świątek was a lot closer and only lasted an hour resulting in a win for Świątek. We were still impressed by the speed and accuracy of the play. Our last match was the final of the mixed doubles which included the British player, Joe Salisbury. We enjoyed the first set and the more light-hearted atmosphere.

What a wonderful day, certainly one I will remember for a long time and I'm sure will relive it again every time I watch Wimbledon on TV!

And now we can look forward to our holiday in Whitby! *Jenny D*

ANOTHER METHODIST THOUGHT

As a Christian, part of my obligation is to alleviate suffering. Explicit recognition of that in the Methodist tradition is one reason I'm comfortable in this church.

Hillary Clinton

← (Seen at an aquarium in Anglesey!)



A FINAL MANSE MUSING FROM THE REV. TONY

You may recall me mentioning 'The Traitors' television programme a few times. Well, it's spawned a whole host of other shows seeking to emulate its success and, at least with regard for the ones that Ruth and I have caught, they don't quite have the same 'compulsive viewing' element. The most recent, and one of the better ones, is 'Destination X' where a group of people travel around Europe in a 'bus with blanked out windows. They are given clues and, at each destination, they are asked to mark, with an 'x', where they think they are. The one furthest away from the correct destination is eliminated.

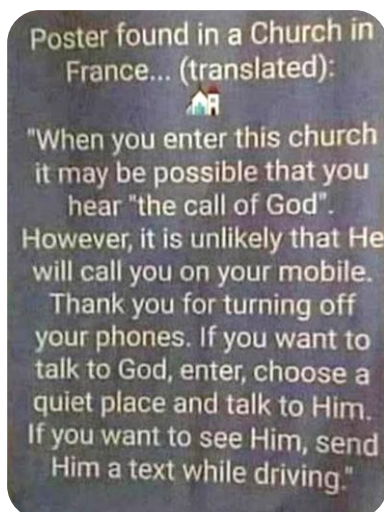
Now Ruth and I are not in Destination X as we know where we are and, moreover, we have lived in North Lincolnshire before. We also spent many a weekend looking at potential houses and bungalows before choosing the one we wanted the Methodist Ministers' Housing Society to buy for us to rent. It was a fraught process with long delays when nothing seemed to be happening and we were simply asked to trust the process. It was a bit like a journey with blanked out windows with no indication of an end point or indeed any sense of progress. But we trusted the process and we are, slowly, getting things straight.

The Methodist Church has a lot of 'processes' and August 31st marks the culmination of two; my 'sitting down' and the stationing of your new minister, Rev. Helen. We have both, along with our Presbyteral and Diaconal colleagues, been through the stationing process in our respective ministerial journeys and, for most ministers, we end our journey with the process of sitting down. But in both, and many other situations, we have to 'trust the process' as it is worked through to a conclusion. It is often not obvious why the process, which we see as guided by the Spirit, comes to the outcome it does, but we trust not only in the process but also in God's desire for us and that He has placed us where we are for a purpose.

I can say that we 'chose' where we live and there are factors that directed us – closeness to two of our children and our grandchildren as well as the practicalities of shops, a 'bus route and medical provision – but what plans God has for us beyond that and why this specific spot remains for us to find out. Helen too will perhaps be wondering 'why here and why now' beyond the obvious reasons of locality to her home. It will, I hope, become clearer over the time she shares with you all as to why God has placed her with you and that questioning will also be present for the gathered faithful that she will minister to. I hope that you all see God's plan in the coming months and years.

With every blessing as you continue your journey of faith together for in Him we trust.

Tony S



AND A FINAL METHODIST THOUGHT!

I am surrounded here by parsons and Methodists, but as you will see, not infested with the mania!!! **Lord Byron**

My thanks to all who have contributed to the largest ever KeyNotes. My apologies to anyone whose contributions I have lost, misfiled or misplaced! The Christmas KeyNotes 19 will be published at the beginning of December. Please email all your ideas and contributions by

Friday November 21st.

The earlier the better!

I hope you have enjoyed another 'bumper' edition! Geoff D

