



This Month

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Lenten Sacrifice – Easter Thanksgiving (New Life)

You might have noticed that something was missing in the life of the church during Lent this year (and I don't mean some of the chairs). It has become common practice in many churches in recent years to have a special Lenten appeal for a charitable cause or project. Such appeals are a natural development of the idea of giving up something for Lent to giving up something so that others can gain something. In recent years we have supported:

- Christian Aid's 'Count your Blessings' plan, daily bite-size reflections to inspire us to give, act and pray to bring justice to our world and change the lives of people living in poverty across the globe.
- Water Aid's 'Jars of Change' appeal, turning loose change into clean water.

- Practical Action's 'Human Waste' campaign, tackling problems faced by toilet-pit cleaners in Bangladesh.
- And some have followed the '40 Acts' programme, encouraging people to give back, do good and live generously.

This year, as there were several other things happening in the church, we did not have any organised Lenten appeal. However, that does not mean we don't want to have a special appeal this year. The question is when? Having an appeal during Lent introduces a sense of sacrifice in our donation, but in some ways thanksgiving is a better reason for giving that sacrifice. The Sundays following Easter are a time of celebration and thanksgiving, so it occurred to me that this is as good a time as Lent to have a special appeal. So, subject to the agreement of the



Members' Meeting on 3rd April we will launch a special appeal to raise money for a marula fruit nut cracker.

The marula tree is able to survive in drought-affected areas and its fruit can be used to make cosmetics and beer as well as being a source of food, oil and vitamin C. However, the nut containing the fruit is hard to crack. Traditionally this has been done by hand, but this is slow and leads to accidents. Engineers at Practical Action have designed a machine to crack the nuts safely and at greater speed. The machine can transform the lives of women in rural Zimbabwe.

The nut-cracker can lead to people having a new life, which, incidentally, is the theme for the Sundays between Easter and Pentecost this year.

You can find out more about the 'Nut Cracker' project in Zimbabwe on the Practical Action website <http://practicalaction.org/support/thaba>

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Happy Easter.
Nick Skelding

With rue my heart is laden

*With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had
For Many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a light food lad
By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid
The rose lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade
(A.E. Housman)*

Like others I have looked thoughtfully at the 'Good Grief' sculptures - not just once but many times. Like others I was moved by Jean Parker's telling of how they came to be.

During the time when the sculptures were at Christ Church my mind was focussed by other griefs too. I read a press interview with a 16 year old boy who has been diagnosed with terminal cancer whose dignity and repose stunned me. He made me think back to the times, when, as a teacher, I had to tell a class of teenagers that one of their

friends was dead. Then came the awful atrocities in Ankara and Brussels; the tragic car accident in Ireland that saw a young woman lose her husband, her mother, her sister and two of her children and the sentencing of Radovan Karadzic for the murders of the victims of Srebrenica, many of them only children. All of these things were a kind of kaleidoscope in my mind as I looked at the sculptures.

Grief is something which comes to us all. For some it invites a 'stiff upper lip' in a numb stoicism. For others it ushers in a terrible despair and anguish. For us all it initiates a 'missingness' as we realise again and again, that those moments of shared joy, laughter, excitement, sorrow, disappointment and defeat are gone forever. So, in all this, is there a 'Christian' reaction to grief?

In all truth, I don't know! I am sure there are things that should not be part of our reaction. We shouldn't deny a God who "allows" our

loved ones (or other people's loved ones) to die. We shouldn't ask "why me?" and, most of all perhaps, we shouldn't become so consumed by our own grief that we become blinded to, or uncaring about, the griefs of others or offer them only pious platitudes. We should perhaps give thanks for the life that has gone and rejoice that we were, however briefly, part of it.

Jesus of Nazareth never said that those who followed him would be spared grief and suffering in exchange for faith. He spoke of a God who would share our suffering with us. In all our human variety we grieve in different ways but Jean Parker's sculptures pointed up a path that leads to acceptance. But what thoughts did they prompt in YOU?

Howard Cooper

PS I am often asked why I always end with a question . It's because you, the reader, may have better answers than me!)

My Childhood - Part 2

The Church played a considerable part in our lives and the family were members of the Old Meeting House Congregational Church. My parents were married there and my Sister and I were christened by the Rev'd Luther Bouch. From the age of five we were taken to Sunday School each Sunday morning and again in the afternoon. At the end of Sunday school in the morning the children filed into the Church but only stayed for the first half of the service; we came out prior to the sermon. When Mother couldn't take us in the mornings we were taken by Eva Keen, Ethel and Win Bright or Vera Newport; all lived locally to us. From about seven onward I was able to go alone.

There was a considerable social side to the Church in those days. There was an annual outing usually to the seaside, such as Worthing, Littlehampton and Bognor. Also there were smaller outings to places such as Burnham Beeches,

Newlands Corner or Boxhill. To take us on these outings Gregories charabancs were used, and they were open-topped with a canopy that could be pulled up if it rained. It had no side windows so one hoped the rain would come down straight, not to be blown sideways. Boys club took place each, Tuesday evening in the Sunday School building. We were well equipped for gymnastics, having a vaulting horse, horizontal and parallel bars etc. Len Fountain of Hillingdon House Farm was our instructor.

We also used to play games of various kinds. I also learned to play billiards as there was a billiard table in one of the rooms behind the stage. The Church had tennis courts behind the Sunday school and therefore a keen tennis club. We had a very good choir, and apart from singing on Sundays they also gave concerts, usually an oratorio. There was, of course, a girls club. When I was nine or ten I was asked to blow the organ. I did

this for some years. The organists were Norman Tyrell and Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor (Wife of Fred Taylor who was the Sunday School Superintendent). It was useful, as when blowing for Weddings I would often be given a Florin or Half-crown.

From a very early age we played tops out in the road. There were two types of top, the Carrot top, shaped like a carrot and the T top, which I preferred. These tops were spun by a whip and then were gradually whipped up the road. There were, of course, contests to see who could make the top jump furthest. Hoops were also an attraction. There were wooden hoops and steel ones. These were approximately two feet in diameter and were bowled by hitting them with a stick or pushing them along with a stiff wire hook.

Playing cigarette cards was another pastime, there were various games: on tops, unders

and knock the card down which was propped up against a wall. From the age of eight children were able to join the Uxbridge Library club. The library then had recently moved into the old Cowley Road School. A very young Miss Humphreys read stories to us, and advised on which books we should read.

When I first went to Whitehall School there was only the infants school. At the rear of the playground was a tall fence, behind which were fields. In the summer for nature study we were taken out into the playground and through a green gate into the field. Here we were taught about the different wild flowers, and we were not encouraged to call them weeds. Whilst still in the infants school Rabbs Mill was burned down (February 1928). We were able to watch that from the school windows, having a very good view as my classroom was then upstairs.

By the time I was eight the senior school had been built (28th August 1928) and so instead of going to Cowley Road School, we went to the new school. On the Rockingham Road side of the River Frays, behind the Prince of Wales pub and the cottages that side of the road, was Beasley the iron founders. They cast many parts for agricultural machinery which was made by several companies locally.

Beasley's owned a small field adjacent to the foundry buildings. They used to put unwanted large pieces of equipment out in the field, so this was an ideal playground for children and the owners did not mind us using it. This area was known locally as 'The Old Irons'. We got up to all sorts of things there. The most popular being digging large holes and using old corrugated iron for a roof, these were our caves. Lighting bonfires was, of course, very popular. When we were a little older and had bicycles, what better place to make a race track and for good measure put some ramps in it

to see who could jump the furthest. I mentioned the allotments earlier. These did not last long in my life.

Came the day when it was decided to make the Fasnidge Memorial Ground. I remember watching two great agricultural engines, one each side of the area. There was a four-bladed plough which was pulled from side to side by the engines with a heavy hawser loop. They leveled the whole area in two days.

The Fasnidge Memorial Ground was opened on 27th October, 1926. At a later date the Rockingham recreation ground was leveled, but this time by a traction engine with a gyro tiller at its rear. This consisted of a number of blades mounted vertically on a heavy wheel, the blades were then pushed into the ground and the wheel was rotated as the engine went along. A large number of allotments were lost in forming these two recreation grounds.

Syd Wilson

Church Calendar

All events are at Christ Church unless indicated by an X in the final column

Day/Date	Event	Group	Leader	
April				
Tue 5	Tuesday Club	Church		X
Thu 7	Craft group	Church	Doreen Smith	
Sat 9	Saturday Morning Coffee	See separate rota		
Sun 10	Sunday lunch	See separate rota		
Thu 14	Pop-in			
Fri 15	Start new session	GB/BB	Stephanie Marr /Paul Edgeworth	
Sat 16	Saturday Morning Coffee	See separate rota		
	District Explorer/Junior Outing	GB	Stephanie Marr	
Thu 21	Craft group	Church	Doreen Smith	
Sat 23	Saturday Morning Coffee	See separate rota		
Tue 26	Worship Planning Group	Church		
Thu 28	Pop-in			
Sat 30	Saturday Morning Coffee	See separate rota		
Sat 30 -Sun 1 May	Junior Weekend Sleepover	GB/BB	Stephanie Marr/ Paul Edgeworth	

Churches Prayer Diary

w/c 3rd April - Wealdstone Methodist.

w/c 10th April - Yiewsley Methodist.

w/c 17th April - Cannon Lane Methodist

w/c 24th April - Christ Church

Look-In

Please help us to produce an interesting newsletter by handing in news items or articles to the office, or sending them by email to Louise George (publicity@christchurchuxbridge.org.uk). The next issue of Look-In will be the May issue and the deadline for articles for this is Friday 22nd April 2016.

WHO'S

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Fowler

Administrator
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Contacts via office for:

Brigades:
Girls' -
Stephanie Marr
Boys' -
Paul Edgeworth

Junior Church
Club -
Jenny Peet

Tuesday Club -
Wendy Pollard

Prayer Tree -
Val Bailey
Rosemary Moere

WHO!

April Services

(All services are 11am unless stated otherwise)

- 3rd Rev'd Nick Skelding (Holy Communion)
10th Rev'd Nick Skelding
17th Rev'd John Mackerness (URC minister, chaplain at Heathrow Airport)
24th Mrs Cathy Smith (Methodist local preacher)

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04-06-2015

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