

ST CHAD'S CHURCH, BAGNALL —NEWSLETTER 14.01.24

Family Service:

Well, it was all a bit different on Sunday for a family service. Julia and Claire (who usually do the service) were, according to Kath, "off gallivanting" (not together!) and so Rev Carrie was put to service helping Kath with setting the scene and leading the service, leaving Kath to do the talk. Grace (who was also off gallivanting!) left an empty seat at the IT counter, ably filled by Emma, moral support from Pat S. To top it all, Kath Rosie was quite poorly with a cough, cold etc which left Peter in charge of the refreshments on his own and yours truly to look after the children with the opening sentences, arrival of the Magi and the collection.

There was also a thanksgiving for a new baby who had a 4 year old sister. Amelia (see photo with Florence) who did brilliantly with helping Florence and myself with everything.

As we only had 2 children and there was the candle, bible and cross to take to the altar and, of course, three kings, we, shall we say, exerted a little pressure to find an older child, Flossie's dad, who very good naturedly carried the candle and escorted one of the three kings to the nativity scene. The only thing in all this that went slightly wrong was my inability to light the candle and we had to say the opening verse twice. It would have to be me!!!!

All in all, it was a lovely service and as you can see below, the two girls got on famously. They carried the plate of biscuits round after the service and generally made themselves useful. Flossie was brilliant at making Amelia feel welcome, perhaps we adults should take note! I won't say I'll be sorry to see Kath back for the next family service but to work with those two girls was a joy and as I pointed out to Judith (Florence's Grandmother) Flossie could do everything on her own but I just like doing it with her!

So, Julia, Claire, Grace and Kath, we coped very well in your absence but don't do it too often!!!!



Well, fancy that!

This week in history.....

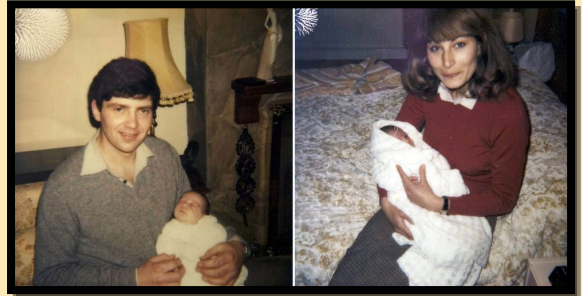
8th January 1942

English theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking, who developed a theory of exploding black holes that drew upon both relativity theory and quantum mechanics, was born .



9th January 1982

Catherine Middleton, who married Prince William in 2011, becoming the Duchess of Cambridge, was born in Reading, Berkshire, England.



10th January 1946

Radar signals bouncing off the Moon were detected for the first time.



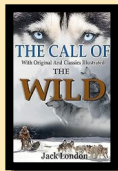
11th January 2008

New Zealand mountain climber and explorer Sir Edmund Hillary—who, with the Tibetan mountaineer Tenzing Norgay, was the first to summit Mount Everest—died at the age of 88.



12th January 1876

American novelist Jack London, author of *The Call of the Wild* (1903) and *White Fang* (1906), was born in San Francisco.



13th January 2012

The *Costa Concordia*, a cruise ship carrying some 4,200 people, ran aground and capsized off Giglio Island, Italy; 32 passengers were killed.



14th January 1900

The opera, *Tosca*, composed by Puccini, made its world premiere in Rome's Costanzi theatre.



Prayer Corner

• May God the Father,
 • who led the wise men by the shining
 • of a star to find the Christ, the Light
 • from Light, lead us also in our
 • pilgrimage to find the Lord.
 • May God the Son,
 • who turned water into wine at the
 • wedding feast at Cana, transform our
 • lives and make glad our hearts.
 • May God the Holy Spirit,
 • who came upon the beloved Son
 • at his baptism in the river Jordan,
 • pour out his gifts on us who have
 • come to the waters of new birth.
 • Amen.

Muriel

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 ★ **January Services:**
 ★ 7th—Family Service KH/JP/CHB
 ★ 14th - Praise and Prayer KH/MF
 ★ 21st - Holy Communion Rev Barry
 ★ 28th - Morning Prayer KH/MF
 ★

“Food, glorious food!”
 Next week I go for my six monthly diabetic check which includes a weigh in.
 Not to **mince matters**, I’m a bit of a **couch potato**, exercise not being my **cup of tea**. In order to **curry favour** with the nurse, I may need to **eat humble pie** as I am likely to end up with **egg on my face** as I’ve had a bit of a **bean feast** lately.
 I may well be in a **bit of a pickle** because it’s not possible to **have my cake and eat it** and **when the chips are down** in order to **save my bacon** I need to get my diet in **apple pie order**.
 I often get **cheesed off** with being on a diet and I have a bit of a **chip on my shoulder** that I can’t eat everything I want to. I’m not on **the breadline** and it may be **sour grapes** but it does **take the biscuit** when I **spill the beans** and find I’ve put on weight. I just hope to **pour oil on troubled waters** and promise to do better next time!!!

Leek Food Bank:
 The article above made me realise I’ve not put anything in the boxes since before Christmas!!!!!!

Smiles:

“For years,” confessed the Deacon, “I thought Dan and Beersheba were husband and wife.”
 “Don’t worry,” confessed the Curate. “For years I thought the Epistles were the brothers of the Apostles!” The Vicar said nothing. For years he had imagined the Sermon on the Mount to be instructions to a jockey before “the Off!”
 The strangest man in the parish was the old Colonel who lived near the church. He confessed to the Vicar that he thought the reason for his longevity was that every morning he sprinkled gunpowder on his cornflakes instead of sugar. He was well into his nineties when he died. He left a widow and three sons and a very large crater where the crematorium used to stand.
 A Vicar looked at his diary and read, “9.30am H.C.” So he went to the church, put on his robes and got ready for the service. Not a single person arrived. He couldn’t understand it until he got home and his wife said, “I thought you were having your hair cut this morning.”
 The Vicar took his little daughter with him visiting one day. Granny Smith made them very welcome. She was asked by the little girl how old she was. “Do you know, dear,” the old lady said, “I can’t remember my age.” “Well,” said the little girl, “If I were you I would look in my knickers for it says in mine “For three and four year olds”.”
 A Cheshire Vicar had two cats. Their names were Ancient and Modern. The Vicar said that was because they were both him.
 “I have nothing but praise for the new Vicar.”
 “I noticed that when I came round with the plate last Sunday”