

The Good News

Autumn 2021



North West Northants Pastorate

Today, as we look toward the end of the church year, I find myself gratefully sitting on a thoughtfully placed bench, along a narrow country lane.

Thankful for a thermos flask and with my faithful dog laying at my feet, still a long way to get home...



Journeys begin and journeys end, some end on arrival at home, some do not.

Nevertheless, here we are, September, October, November; autumn once again...

But not the same autumn as before, each autumn is different, each autumn is new.

Each a new end, each a new beginning; and as with all new beginnings, a new journey into the unknown.

But, let us walk with hope and faith because all will be well, all must be well...

In the hedge wild fruit ripens, over the hedge and all around combined harvesters gather in the grain; all is well...

"The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our God will stand forever."

(Isaiah 40: 8 ESV)

Inside this Autumn Issue

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Deadline for contributions to next
issue: 16th November 2021

**Good News welcomes contributions
from readers**, though publication is
not guaranteed.

A Message For all churches

From Michael Bond

Are you on the right road?

Last week Peggy and I were on holiday walking footpaths in Leicestershire. We found that walking unknown paths slowed us down. The book had to be consulted at each stile and gate so that we knew which way to go.

The guide book was an absolute need. Walking paths today back home we knew the paths without the book, knowing that we had trouble in the past on these paths.

Is this the right way?

Christianity is a bit like that. Early in life we often went wrong, because we did not know the book of the way.

Life can be a long journey of failures and successes.

On Sunday our preacher had encouraged us to look to the Father. Our Father in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. A challenge to listen and to follow.

We have walked nearly 2000 miles since the beginning of Lockdown, written over 60 acts of worship and tried to listen to God in prayer.

Sometimes we have had physical accidents whilst walking, sometimes we have got it wrong when trying to do the right thing for ourselves and others.



[Continued over...]

A Message For all churches

From Michael Bond

What is the right way?

For us we can walk and be concerned for people. Even in lockdown we could enquire at front doors as to how people were and pray for them. For others of you, you could pray for people on the phone or by email or even write letters of encouragement. Well done all of you!

I pray that readers will be concerned for each other whilst being prayerful for the hurting wider world. Starting in our own localities. Our prayers are being asked for Governments and non Government organisations.



A Message For all churches

From Michael Bond

Are we called to help the wider world?

The Government and the non government organisations are concerned for a number of countries at this time as well as trying to bring changes to the climate of the world.

Maybe we are called to pray and to encourage these organisations. We try to follow the United Reformed Churches encouragement to give half of our giving to the church we belong to and to give the other half to Non Governmental organisations. Periodically we write letters to our Member of Parliament to gently encourage Governments to do the right thing.

Think Globally and Act locally:

Don't panic but be concerned for the hurting world.

Act locally pray for your neighbour in church and in the street, think globally and try to be an influence for good.

May the Holy Spirit guide you in all you try to do.

May Jesus be your Guide as you read the bible.

Love in Christ

Michael



An Opportunity for Bible Study

With Michael Bond

Why not come along to a guided Bible Study with a small group hosted by Michael Bond at 25 Wright Road, Long Buckby at 10am on each Friday from 3rd September?

The current topic is:

"Differing aspects of the Holy Spirit".

Discover, explore, start to de-mystify, perhaps come to a greater understanding of, what some might say, is history's greatest work of literature and faith.

Everybody welcome! The venue will change to the Church Vestry should numbers require.

Michael.



It is said that on average a Bible is sold every three seconds?

That's 180 per minute

10,800 per hour

259,200 a day

Over 94,000,000 every year

The biggest selling book of all time has sold over 5000,000,000 copies so far... check out The Guinness Book of World Records!

Some Bible Thoughts and Quotes

Unravelling Acts from Anecdotes

Malcolm Muggeridge once said:

"People say the Bible is a boring book... but they don't say that about Shakespeare, because the people who teach Shakespeare are zealous for Shakespeare."

What does this tell us about what he thought of the bible?

What does it tell us about what he thought of the people who taught the Bible?

What does this tell us about Malcolm Muggeridge?

Whatever this does or does not tell us, Malcolm Muggeridge, though agnostic for much of his life, became a Christian (protestant) and went on to write extensively on the matter, perhaps observing:

"...when God became Man, it was in the lineaments of the least of men"

(Malcolm Muggeridge, *Jesus: The Man who Lived*. Harper 1976)

Queen Victoria almost certainly *never* said this:

"Tell the Prince that this is the Secret of England's Greatness"

When presenting a Bible to an African Prince.

But you can see the painting on which the idea is based in the National Portrait Gallery, London. (Primary Collection, NPG 4969). Worth a look I think...

Queen Victoria and Victorian attitudes, or indeed lineaments, might get another mention later...

Long Buckby News

Enjoying face to face services once more

Hello From Long Buckby Everyone! - Our Flower Rota:

September 5th	Mr. and Mrs. B Colton (3rd)
September 12th	Peggy Bond
September 19th	Andrew and Yvonne Howes
September 26th	Norman Chandler (30th)
October 3rd	Marion Boucher
October 10th	Alan Ketley (15th)
October 17th	The Bruce Family (21st)
October 24th	Gwennie Wilks Family (25th)
October 31st	United Service no flowers
November 7th	Kath Packer (2nd)
November 14th	Remembrance Sunday: St Laurence church
November 21st	Grace Mawby by Sue (20th)
November 28th	Peggy Bond (21st)



Birthday Wishes to:

September	Andrew Howes, Frank Berry, Norman Chandler
October	Michael Bond, Peggy Bond, Joy Patterson, Marion Boucher
November	Lucy, Abbey, Emily Faulkner, Sian Ellison, Ruth Collins

Hope Centre

Please remember the collection box for the Hope Centre in Northampton. Food and cleaning Materials very welcome.

For Prayer

This quarter we asked to remember and pray for:

- Vision for the Elders as they seek the way forward.
- Opportunity to hear God speaking to us in Prayer.
- The Climate Change conference in Glasgow starting at the end of October.
- Those in countries overseas who need the vaccine .

Crick News

Bring and Buy...

Hello From Crick Everyone!

Our mission statement:

The purpose of this church is to provide a warm, welcoming place for people of all ages to worship God and to grow in faith.

We were delighted to start 'face to face' worship once again from July 18th. Life is, slowly, returning to normal.

We are not able to provide refreshments for this year's re-scheduled scarecrow weekend on September 4/5th as Brenda Tomalin's family have organised a memorial service for her on September 4th in the chapel.

Coffee Mornings

We are planning to resume coffee mornings, starting on Saturday October 2nd from 10.30 til 12.

It will include a Bring and Buy and sales stall, as we usually do in October, to raise funds for Cancer Research. You are all welcome to join us.

Birthday wishes to:

Tom Nisbet and Brenda Morgan

who have birthdays during this edition's time frame.



Jenny Goodger

Creaton News

Hello From Creaton Everyone!

Our Mission Statement:

Worship God joyfully
Offer Christ faithfully
Promote growth hopefully
Serve others lovingly.

Life is gradually getting back to normal at Creaton

Our **Pilots Group** will be restarting in the Chapel on
6 th September.

Our **Coffee Shop** will reopen on
Wednesday 22 nd September

and initially will open on
Wednesday and Friday mornings.

There will be a **Church Meeting** on
Thursday 16 th September at 7.15 for 7.30pm.

Margaret.



Kilsby News

Drop in for a coffee...

Hello From Kilsby Everyone!

Our Mission statement:

The purpose of this church is to provide a warm welcoming place for all people, of any age, to worship and to learn about faith.

Services are on Sunday mornings at 11am

You can find our list of Services and Preachers in the Preaching Diary.

Our Cafe is now once again open:

9am to 12noon Monday and Thursday.

And Scrabble is back:

Wednesday 1pm.

Regards,

Val.



Preaching Diary September 2021 to November 2021

Date	Long Buckby All services at 11am unless otherwise stated	Creaton All services at 11am unless otherwise stated
05/09/21	Lucy Faulkner	Rev. Geoff Townsend With Holy Communion
12/09/21	Rev. Geoff Townsend Harvest Festival	Jon Heard
19/09/21	Rev. Michael Haighton	Martin Buckby
26/09/21	Rev. Michael Bond With Holy Communion	Rev. Geoff Townsend
03/10/21	Vaughan Griffiths	Joint Harvest Service at Parish Church 09:30
10/10/21	Cecil Gee	Jon Heard
17/10/21	Ian Harrison	Rev. Geoff Townsend
24/10/21	Andrew Howes With Holy Communion	TBC
31/10/21	Pastorate Zoom	Pastorate Zoom
07/11/21	Cecil Gee	Rev. Geoff Townsend With Holy Communion
14/11/21	Remembrance Sunday St. Lawrence	Jon Heard
21/11/21	Jonathan Heard	Rev. Geoff Townsend
28/11/21	Rev. Geoff Townsend With Holy Communion	TBC

Preaching Diary September 2021 to November 2021

Date	Crick All services at 11am unless otherwise stated	Kilsby All services at 11am unless otherwise stated
05/09/21	Rev. Michael Bond With Holy Communion	Clive Leakey
12/09/21	Margaret Hooper	Trevor Boys
19/09/21	Wally Mullar	Cecil Gill Harvest Festival
26/09/21	Cecil Gill	Wally Mullar
03/10/21	Andrew Howes With Holy Communion	Trevor Boys
10/10/21	Jon Heard	Rev. Geoff Townsend With Holy Communion
17/10/21	Trevor Boys	Cecil Gill
24/10/21	David and Pat Biddle	Rev. Michael Bond
31/10/21	Pastorate Zoom	Pastorate Zoom or Pat and David Biddle
07/11/21	Rev. Michael Bond With Holy Communion	Clive Leakey
14/11/21	David and Pat Biddle	Rev. Geoff Townsend With Holy Communion
21/11/21	Dawn Margetts	Cecil Gill
28/11/21	Ian Harrison	John Perkins

Thoughts of a Fellow Christian

Conversations with John B - A Pilgrimage to Iona Abbey

I met John B many years ago, it is fair to say that one of Johns defining characteristics is that he is, and always has been a Christian. From a young age John went to Church and to Sunday School, he is imbued with the traditions of the Church; in Johns case, that of the 'High' Anglo Catholic Church.

For all of his adult life John has been a singer, formally trained, and has appeared on stage, sung in public both solo and as part of choirs many times and in some well known venues.

Some time ago John decided that he wished to travel to the Abbey on the Scottish island of Iona. A number of times he had tried to arrange this with friends, but most recently the Covid outbreak scuppered things. Eventually, a few weeks ago, after some debate John said "I'm going to Iona by myself!". "Alone?" I answered, "Yes, I can't wait any longer for other people to get themselves organised!"

John went on to explain; "I have been in touch with the Iona Community and have booked myself onto a residential course, I am going to learn about the birds, butterflies and plant life of Iona". "I thought you wanted to visit the Abbey", I said. "I'm doing that too, and I'm going on a boat to visit Fingal's cave on the Isle of Staffa", he added for good measure. "I think you will need more than one boat to do all of that" I replied, marvelling at the impracticality of his plans—it should be added that John is 85 years old after all.

In the event John was determined; "I just need to catch the train at Northampton, change at Rugby, go to Glasgow, change again, another train to Oban, catch the ferry to Caignure, then the bus across the Isle of Mull to Fionnphort, then another ferry to Iona and I'm there!"

"How long will that take?!" "Well if I get up at five in the morning I will be there by 9pm". He will never do it, I thought. But then I thought again, this is John B we are talking about...

By a bizarre coincidence, at short notice, just as John was returning from Iona, I found myself on a ship called Iona. It was Iona's maiden voyage and this colossal ship was heading where? Where else? Iona.

As I stood high on deck 19 of Iona gazing across to the Abbey of Iona, on Iona, I recalled Johns excited phone call from, well, right just there, a few days ago. "You'll, never guess what, the (URC) minister in the Abbey asked me to sing for them at one of the services! Something 'environmental' he said they needed, So I sang 'All things bright and beautiful'". An ad hoc solo performance at Iona Abbey—this man will never cease to amaze me...

The story behind the hymn

All Things Bright and Beautiful

Published in 1848 by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander in 'Hymns for Little Children'

All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small
All things wise and wonderful
The Lord God made them all

It is argued that the Hymn is based upon the 'Apostles Creed' and represents a creationist view of the world. Also, that the various stanza confirm, among other things, the rightful place and ones position in the world.

But, some people say was it inspired by Psalm 104:

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is the great wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."
(Psalm 104:24-25 KJV)

Or perhaps by 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner':

"...He made and loved them all."
(The Rime of The Ancient Mariner: Samuel Taylor Coleridge 1834, Macmillan 2017)

For surely, as a woman, some thought then [and still do?], Mrs. Alexander could not have thought or have been inspired, for herself?

It might also be argued that it was an especially Victorian Era method to use any available argument [Hymn], however contorted, to justify the Status Quo of the Powers that were [be]...

But, enough of this critical analysis!

It is a measure of the impact of this (children's?) hymn or poem, that it has inspired such debate among grown ups as to what and where it refers.

It would be nice to refer back to the primary source and to ask Mrs. Alexander just exactly what the hymn was a celebration of.

I suspect her answer would be quite straight forward—all things bright and beautiful!... but then sophistry is in human nature is it not?



Memories of Granny Townsend; come full circle

A Constant Story Through the Years

Walking, thinking, pacing, breathing, are we on the right road? is this the right way?

The threads that run through time, the things that link and bind us; the straw from the combined harvester, the golden threads that shine iridescent yellow and green and red and blue and stretch and sometimes eventually snap; with a sense of relief and freshness as we pass on to pasture new.

In the distance on the top of the hill, I can see gleaming in the sunlight the gable end of a house. I recognise the house; it stands far off, on the Nobottle Lane. It brings to mind the time that my mother was learning to drive in the early 1970s.

My father was supervising her driving practice in between lessons and I was sat in the back. We came to the junction at the top of Little Brington and were supposed to turn right toward Whilton Locks.

Things didn't go according to plan; luckily the hedge was soft and we ended up gently parked in it. This of course supported my fathers assertion that women should not be allowed to drive cars.

My father knew all about driving cars as he had had lots of practice, including not only one but three driving tests, so he must have known what he was talking about.

After the initial excitement, the hedge, car and its occupants all became calm.

There was a house nearby with owner present and in possession of a Land Rover which quickly and easily pulled the car from the hedge. As it happened no damage was done and the only noticeable reminder of the indecent was the trembling a leaf in the hedge, apart from that, all was as it were before. As father drove away, I noticed the prominent white gable end of the house as it shone in the sun.

Sometime later mother took a driving test, she wasn't expected to have as much knowledge of driving as father and didn't need the

Memories of Granny Townsend; past reaches forward

The Blending of Times and Places

experience and so naturally only took one driving test.

Just as Granny Townsend expected, mother passed with flying colours (whatever that meant). Father for once didn't seem to have much to say on the subject.

From that time on, mother had use of the car every Thursday, and every Thursday went to visit Granny Townsend in order to take her out on a ride in the country and then back to our house for dinner.

On one of those visits many years later, long after my father had died, Granny Townsend was talking to me. By this time it had been decided that I was to go to University. I knew which one I wanted to go to; I had it all worked out.

Granny Townsend had other ideas, you shall go to Warwick she had decided. But what did Granny Townsend know about universities? What could she have possibly known about Warwick? It was only established in 1965... I of course knew better...

Some years after Granny Townsend died, I had just finished my last final examination and was leaving the building on Warwick University Central Campus and turned around one last time to look back at the building I had seen most days for the previous three years, before boarding the bus to Leamington Spa.

In large letters on the front of the building was its name 'The Rootes Building'. Rootes, I thought, wasn't that Granny Townsends Great Aunt Lucy's name? you know, the one with the Rolls Royce?...

I alighted at Leamington, just outside the railway station where many years before my father would get off the train and walk the ten miles to Granny Townsends farm when he was courting mother.

Back at the student accommodation, party poppers and streamers blue and green and red and yellow, end of term! end of year! end of uni!

Later, in my drunken state the psychedelic bright primary colours and feeling of elation strangely reminded me of a rag book; the one mother bought for me on holiday in Dorset in 1968, I was four years old, it was soft bright and colourful and happy and I was full of love for all those around me...

[Continued Over.....]

Memories of Granny Townsend; intertwined

The Threads Which Hold Things Together

... Continued from page 17]

... all seemed as in the rag book, with brightly coloured images of animals, flowers and trees... and words...

In 1968, Granny Townsend would have been proud that even as young as I was, even that I could barely read, I knew these words from somewhere and was able to repeat them; be it though I was a little child.

All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small, all things wise and wonderful..

I know this to be true

...The Lord God made them All.

The tenuous links, triggered memories of meeting, joining, growing with; then pulling apart.

After all the tragedies and partings that must haunt us from the past, present or future; let not the sorrow and grief over-run us. Let us remember:

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

(Alfred Lord Tennyson, In Memoriam A. H. H. 1850. Dodo Press, 2008)

And so this Autumn, as we look forward and our new journeys begin, we shall always remember those whom we have loved and lost and those memories are the threads and streamers that will inevitably colour our lives and our future.

Granny Townsend loved poetry and was born of the Victorian Era.

The End.

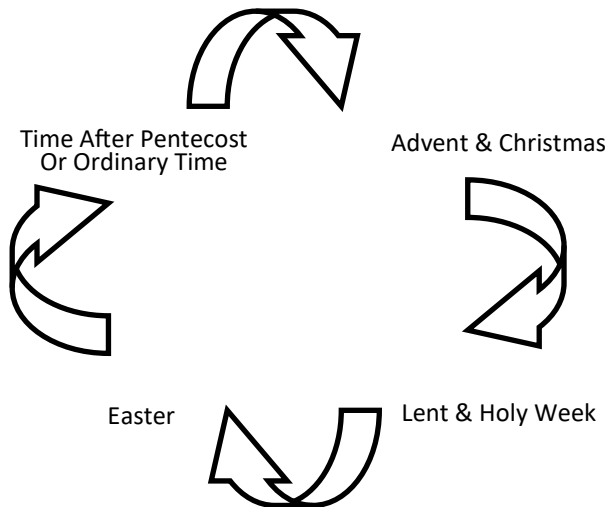
Thinking About the Lectionary

The Seasons of a Church Year

Lectionaries and Liturgies: - or, 'Chosen Readings' for 'Public Services'; following the seasons of the Church year and based on the life of Christ.

Starting with Advent at the end of November/Beginning of December and ending the same time the following year.

A new ending and a new beginning; a new journey...



The Lectionary might be thought of as a guided walk through the scriptures according to the season; with the object of enhancing knowledge and understanding.

**Perhaps Lectionaries and Liturgies should be as
Simple as reading the Bible**

Lectionary Readings

September 2021

Fifteenth Sunday After Pentecost - September 5, 2021

Proverbs 22:1-2, 8-9, 22-23

Psalm 125

James 2:1-10, [11-13], 14-17

Mark 7:24-37

Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost - September 12, 2021

Proverbs 1:20-33

Psalm 19

James 3:1-12

Mark 8:27-38

Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost - September 19, 2021

Proverbs 31:10-31

Psalm 1

James 3:13-4:3, 7-8a

Mark 9:30-37

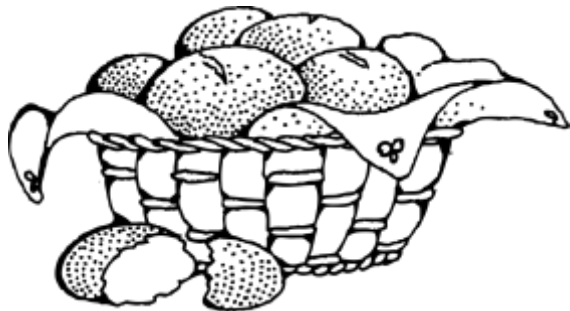
Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost - September 26, 2021

Esther 7:1-6, 9-10; 9:20-22

Psalm 124

James 5:13-20

Mark 9:38-50



Lectionary Readings

October 2021

Nineteenth Sunday After Pentecost - October 3, 2021

Job 1:1; 2:1-10

Psalm 26

Hebrews 1:1-4; 2:5-12

Mark 10:2-16

Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost - October 10, 2021

Job 23:1-9, 16-17

Psalm 22:1-15

Hebrews 4:12-16

Mark 10:17-31

Twenty First Sunday After Pentecost - October 17, 2021

Job 38:1-7, (34-41)

Psalm 104:1-9, 25, 37b

Hebrews 5:1-10

Mark 10:35-45

Twenty Second Sunday After Pentecost - October 24, 2021

Job 42:1-6, 10-17

Psalm 34:1-8, (19-22)

Hebrews 7:23-28

Mark 10:46-52

Twenty Third Sunday After Pentecost - October 31, 2021

Ruth 1:1-18

Psalm 146

Hebrews 9:11-14

Mark 12:28-34

Lectionary Readings

November 2021

Twenty Fourth Sunday After Pentecost - November 07, 2021

Ruth 3:1-5; 4:13-17

Psalm 127

Hebrews 9:24-28

Mark 12:38-44

Twenty Fifth Sunday After Pentecost - November 14, 2021

1 Samuel 1:4-20

1 Samuel 2:1-10

Hebrews 10:11-14 (15-18) 19-25

Mark 13:1-8

Last Sunday After Pentecost - November 21 2021

2 Samuel 23:1-7

Psalm 132:1-13 (14-19)

Revelation 1:4b-8

John 18:33-37

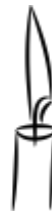
First Sunday of Advent - November 28, 2021

Jeremiah 33:14-16

1 Thessalonians 3:9-13

Luke 21:25-36

Psalm 25:1-9



A Late Night Reflection: And The Page Fell Open...

Coming Together, Drifting Apart and Moving On

It was late at night aboard the Iona, sailing away from the Isle of Iona on the way home ; I was alone in the library.

Alone with my thoughts, how different this journey was around the Scottish Islands, to one I once undertook across the South Sea Islands some years ago.

The gentle almost imperceptible rocking of the great ship calming my mind.

I picked a random book from one of the many shelves and took a comfortable chair. I was drowsy and let the book fall open on a random page and I began to read...

Was it serendipity or synchronicity?

The passage described coloured streamers running down the side of a ship, green and red and blue and yellow, softly breaking as it moves slowly away from the dockside; people separating and departing forever.

The bitter-sweet sadness of life's separations...

The book was, 'The Trembling of a Leaf' [Little Stories of the South Sea Islands] (Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. New York 1921).

The short story I read is titled 'Envoi'.

Worth a look I think...

I would quote the author here; alas, insufficient time has elapsed... Perhaps.



Space for Reflection

And Dates for Diary

31/10/21 Pastorate Zoom Service



Many Thanks to all Good News contributors and a special thanks to those that enable and facilitate our Zoom Services and meetings.

Afterthoughts:

When I mentioned to John that I was sailing to Iona, he asked "will they be able to get the ship between Iona and Mull?". He went on to ask "Will you see the Isle of Man and the Isles of Scilly as you pass them?"

Silly old fool I thought, does he not know how big the ocean is, and the sheer size of the ship? I was reminded of this latter when the captain announced we were the largest vessel, ever — "by a country mile!" to moor where we were, Iona off the port beam and Mull off the starboard.

I was once again reminded of what John said as I watched first the Isle of Man pass by, and yet again the following day as I gazed across the sea to the distant but visible Isles of Scilly.—It's amazing what you can see from 19 decks up...

I saw a rainbow; red and yellow and pink and green and purple and orange and blue...

Who was the fool now?