

CONTACT

November 2020



Volume 61 - Issue 11
Sawston Free Church – Castle Camps URC

Sawston FC Church Activities

Churches Services and Dates for Your Diary

| Date | Sawston | Castle Camps |
|----------|---|--|
| November | All Services and Groups suspended this month | All Services and Groups suspended this month |
| | Further details on the website | |
| | http://www.sawstonfreechurch.org.uk/ | |
| | | |

This diary appears on the website. If you know of anything else you would like on the web diary, email: contact@sawston.com

Rotas

| | Car | Flowers | | Car | Flowers |
|----------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--|-----|---------|
| November | All suspended this month | All suspended this month | | | |
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The closing date for **December** Contact is Thursday **19th November**

David Nunn is the editor, so please email your items to contact@sawston.com or anne.nunn@btinternet.com

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| | | |
|----------------------------|---|------------|
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Contact

The monthly magazine of
Sawston Free Church & Castle Camps URC's
United Reformed – Methodist

Whilst in vacancy please refer Church related matters to:
secretary@sawstonfreechurch.org.uk or valeriespencer20@gmail.com (CastleCamps)
www.sawstonfreechurch.org.uk
www.facebook.com/SawstonFreeChurch

From The SFC Elders

We held a trial service in Sawston Free Church during the afternoon of the Fun Run as a try out. This had been requested by several church members who felt the need of being together again in church after six months of “Zoom” services. A huge amount of work and preparation was put in before with risk assessments, technology issues; cleaning etc (we wanted Zoom to continue in conjunction for those who did not feel they wanted to meet in church yet.)

We also had to set up a booking system so we would know who was coming as we could not put too many people in the church, to enable social distancing. All in all we had about 20 people in church including those helping. The heating was turned off when people arrived, so the church did feel a bit chilly. Rosemary played the organ and it was good to hear it played again but we could not join in and sing. Paul led us in worship and we worshipped together. After the service everyone left quickly so no conversations were held until they were outside in the air!

We asked for feedback from those who watched it on Zoom and those who were in the church. There was mixed feedback and very valid concerns. The Elders decided we should have one more trial service to see if the technology glitches and other comments could be sorted out. So on November 15th we will be holding our second trial service and we will make a decision after that if we continue or revert to Zoom only services. Please pray for all those involved in organising this service.

We look forward to our Virtual harvest service on zoom on November 1st where cash donations will be divided between Jimmy's Night shelter and John Huntingdon's food bank. There will be no Remembrance parade this year or service at the War Memorial to remember all those who lost their lives for peace. Please remember them and their families on Sunday November 8th wherever you are.

As the Covid restrictions change from day to day we know how unsettling this time is for all of us, but as a church we are here for any of you who read this magazine so please phone any of the names on the eldership if you want a chat or any help.

Paul Whittle – New 3 Year Appointment

As most of you will know by now, I am – somewhat unexpectedly - to leave my post as Eastern Synod Moderator at the end of 2020 in order to take up a three year appointment as Moderator of the National Synod of Scotland.

This has come as a great surprise to me, as it may to you. I was fully expecting to remain as the Moderator of the Eastern Synod until retirement. However, I was asked to consider this relatively short term role in Scotland and, after prayerful consideration, met with the discernment group on Monday 28th September. That was an extremely positive meeting and I felt a strong sense of call.

I have loved being the Moderator of the Eastern Synod and will be extremely sorry to leave earlier than planned. Within that, I have really enjoyed serving as Interim Moderator at Sawston since Bruce's retirement. It has been good to get a little bit of 'rooting' in a local congregation, even though that has been very disrupted and different since the pandemic hit in March.

The move takes me back to my roots. Though not a Scot, I was largely brought up in Scotland, being 6 or 7 when we moved there. My schooling, university, training for the ministry and first pastorate were all in Scotland. The move then takes me in an unexpected circle, though is much more of a new adventure for Mary.

I start the new role in January, so my last service with you will be on 10th January.

I pray God's blessings on you as you continue the journey towards a new ministry.

Paul Whittle

Elders Training and Discipleship Day Online

Paul, Nicola and Lindsey will be delivering online training for those newly elected and those wanting a 'refresher'. The sessions will last approximately ninety minutes. We will focus particularly on the spiritual Call, trustee and pastoral responsibilities, but will allow plenty of time for discussion and questions.

| | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------|
| Elders Training online | Tuesday 3rd November | -10am - 11.30am |
| Elders Training online | Wednesday 18th November | - 7pm - 8.30pm |
| | A repeat of Tuesday 3rd session; | |

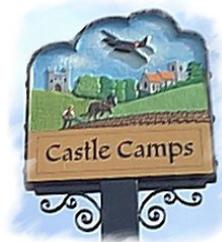
Walking the Way Day - looking up, joining in, reaching out

Lindsey and Nicola will be holding a 'missional discipleship' morning online

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| Discipleship Morning online | Saturday 7th November | - 10am - 1pm |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|--------------|

To Sign up for any of the above online training sessions please e-mail Lindsey – training@urceastern.org.uk

Message From Castle Camps



Dear all, we send greetings from Castle Camps and hope you are all feeling well and occupied.

November is now here and the darker nights are with us. The trees are changing colour and losing their leaves; but the different colours of the leaves are lovely.

We have missed our Happy Harvest Festival Service this year, particularly singing the favourite hymns, but are pleased to say that “all was safely gathered in, safe before the storms began”, albeit with a lower yield than hoped for..

This curtailment seems to be going on for quite a while and I think it will for some considerable time yet.

Robert seems to have plenty to do and is getting on putting the garden to bed for the winter and I can always find things to do, as I love a bit of craft work and I write a lot of letters lest our relatives might think we are deceased. Letter writing and telephoning seems to be my job.

Though I know we must be considerate and careful in how we conduct ourselves for the sake of the many but just sometimes I would like to do something spontaneous and just have a change of scene.

We seem to have seen most of the TV programmes we want to see and have been round the world with Michael Palin and Simon Reeve and had trips to Devon and Yorkshire via Google to see our childhood homes.

We both read a lot but in the evenings the temptation to close our eyes sometimes overcomes us. I think we are like animals preparing to hibernate.

I hope this lethargic patch will pass soon and we shall start to look forward and plan and get going. After all, once Christmas is over and February arrives, the Days lengthen and we shall once more feel positive and hopeful. I just wish we could all be together and sing, sing, sing. It is not the same joining in with Songs of Praise, is it.?

It is now 12 months since we said goodbye to Bruce and we still miss him, but are pleased to see that they are settling well in Australia and now, no doubt looking forward to their Spring and Summer!

A lot of good wishes and love comes to you from us all here.

“Courage mes amis!”

Val and friends

The Green Thing

In the queue at the store, the cashier told an older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags, because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologised to him and explained "We didn't have the "green thing" back in my day."

The cashier responded, "That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment."

He was right – our generation didn't have the 'green thing' in its day. Back then, we returned milk bottles, lemonade bottles and beer bottles to the shop. The shop then sent them back to the plant to be washed, and sterilised and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled; but we didn't have the 'green thing' back in our day.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two streets. But she was right. We didn't have 'the green thing' in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's nappies, because we didn't have the throw away kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine, burning up 220 volts – the wind and solar power really did dry the clothes. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers and sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But the old lady was right; we didn't have the 'green thing' back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV, or radio in the house – not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief, not a screen the size of the county of Yorkshire. In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item, we used a wadded up old newspaper to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working, so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity.

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty, instead of using a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled pens with ink instead of buying a new one and we replaced the blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor. But we didn't have the 'green thing' back then.

Back then people took the tram or bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked, instead of turning their mums/dads into a 24 hour taxi service. We had one electrical outlet in the room, not a bank to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerised gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 2,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest MacDonalds

Remember, don't make old people mad!!

Maureen McKenna
CASTLE CAMPS

Autumn Comfort

The weather has taken a definite Autumnal turn quite suddenly and the afternoons are really cool from three-o'clockish onwards. The chilly evenings mean one thing in our house. It is time to light the Rayburn!

The whole house feels different when our black workhorse is lit. We have been collecting kindling for a week or so, now as our inner weather clock has been telling us that Autumn is on the way. Robert has a good supply of seasoned oak which was a Christmas present from a friend, who brought it up from Surrey. We shall burn it over the Christmas season and think of them. They are up very early to milk 120 cows each morning; they then bottle the milk and deliver it. We are real softies compared to them!

The Rayburn alters our cooking habits, as it is a completely different way of producing food. Casseroles are wonderful when gently left to their own devices for several hours and you can't beat a rice pudding done slowly to perfection.

Sundays are like the Rayburn, they warm you through to the core and keep you going through the week with flavours which emerge through thoughtful preparation and cooking and keep you well in spirit.

Val

Written - October 2010

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Workday - SFC

Although the church is operating at a reduced level there will be a Workday on November 14th 2020.



Nobody told the trees and plants about lockdown and they have continued to grow and shed leaves. There will be a great need for volunteers to keep the grounds tidy.

There may also be a need to prepare the manse for the next tenants. So with social distancing and the usual refreshments please come and help this important work.

Please let me know if you can come it really helps me to plan the work.

Thank You

Gordon (833983)



Memories of a childhood harvest festival

As a child, we as a family attended Gt.Chishill Congregational Church. This little chapel was linked with Barley chapel up the road.

Our harvest festivals were a major event in our church calendar. I was brought up on a fruit farm, so fruit of all varieties were selected to be donated and used in the display. The church was decorated on the Saturday morning before the Harvest Sunday., It was all hands on deck and I used to help, my job was to polish all the apples so they shone on display. The village was predominantly a farming community so everyone was involved.

The chapel looked wonderful and I can still smell the fragrance as you entered , the fruit, vegetables and flowers filled all the window sills and the table at the front and up in the pulpit.

One year my Mum had the job of decorating the pulpit. Old Man's beard and flowers were woven round the steps going up to the pulpit and Mum balanced the apples along the rail on the staircase. It looked magnificent and you could hardly see the preacher!!

In the service, there was a noise and we all looked and the apples slowly fell off the rail and bounced down the steps, all of them landing on the floor. My Mum was mortified but us kids giggled our way throughout the rest of the service!!

Has anyone else got memories of such services?

Mary

Editors Note: This month has been quite a challenge to produce Contact. Please remember that I need your articles otherwise Contact may cease which will be a shame as this is Volume 61.

Have you visited anywhere interesting, do you have a particular recipe that you would like to share, a favourite poem or a recent experience, testimony of a religious experience. I Would love to hear from you – especially previous church members.



Boys' and Girls' Brigades.

As we are unable to meet in the church at the moment, we have been doing different activities with the members of Boys and Girls Brigades. This has included ropes and poles, apple picking and leaf clearing at the Challis gardens, conker collecting and games, scavenger hunt around the village, and 'through the window' visits to see a number of church members and friends.

Autumn is upon us now, with the evening light fading fast and rather inclement weather, so we have donned our coats and sometimes wellies to take part in our socially distanced activities. We met on 13th and 20th October, to visit a few households connected to the church just to show them that we are thinking about them. We have asked them if they had any prayer requests and they told us what they have been up to in these strange times. Thank you to everyone who welcomed us.

Closing the evening sessions with our thoughts and prayers under torch light is something quite new to us all.

Sue Nunn

Thank you to our wonderful Brigades for a lovely socially distanced, pastoral visit yesterday. The group of young people, with their leaders visited throughout our front window, asking questions as to how we are and if we had any prayer requests. They also coped very well with Brian's 'little quiz'.

Anne and Brian.

It was lovely to open the front door in the early evening of the Tuesday October 12th and see the smiling faces of a group of youngsters from our Brigades.

The group also included a couple of leaders and two grandparents. As we haven't been able to provide the usual Brigades cafe sessions I have missed seeing them all and it was good to be able to chat about all sorts of things. The Granddad amongst them is someone I have had long chats with in the cafe whilst he waited for his granddaughters, so I enjoyed meeting up, albeit briefly with him and his wife, my namesake. We parted with the idea that they might return in December as carol singers. I said they would be very welcome.

Thank you to all those who came and visited and also to Lucy and David for organising it. Please do it again, weather and virus permitting. God bless you all.

Yvonne.

Thank you lovely Brigades and leaders for our visits over the past two Tuesdays. It was great to see you grinning at me at the front door when I opened it. It was such a great idea and gave us all a huge boost.

Love from Mary

It was a pleasure to see such a happy GB/BB group at our back door last Tuesday evening. We had a lovely chat with them. Of course they found Tony's injury and how he did it very interesting! Thanks so much for coming to visit us, especially on a dark, damp evening.

Love from Pam and Tony

I was privileged to be one of those to be visited. It was an absolute delight to chat to them through the window. I was able to open a small window that was high up so we could hear each other better. They were socially distanced themselves and carefully supported by the leaders. We had a lovely chat – I asked how they were finding school now they were back with new Covid rules in place. I was so impressed when they said school was great – they had nothing to complain about, apparently just taking it in their stride. They asked how I had been doing during the lockdown. I think I rambled a bit about the garden! My prayer requests for them were to pray for all schools going through such strange times and also to pray for their teachers in particular who are working so hard to keep everyone safe and secure whilst giving them their very best in lessons. It was a real treat to chat with them. Thank you so much for popping by!

Love Maggie

Recently, the morning after Margaret and I drove some 530 miles home from Buckie and our visit to our son and his family, I staggered into the village for essentials. It had changed in our absence. There were festoons of red poppies everywhere, and I found myself humming a hymn tune. Now some may recall that I have my difficulties with Remembrance Day: not with gathering at the war memorial, not with naming the village fatalities over three wars, not with thanksgiving, and not with the elements of contrition and sadness – all these I applaud. What I struggle with firstly is the narrow-minded Britishness of our remembering, the blind eye turned to the dead of many nations, foes and allies, as if ours were a private grief and as if war and its sorrow did not touch all the non-British who share our village. I struggle with the idea that God was on 'our' side, and that there is something noble about the death of a conscripted soldier. Finally, I struggle with a hymn that suggests that God requires us to love our country above all else. Such love verges on blasphemy and sanctifies the myths of fascism.

But those poppies, and another hymn

And from the ground there blossoms red life that shall endless be.

George Matheson's hymn, *O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go* appears in our hymnbook as StF 636. He wrote it in 1881, when he was 40. It was an instant success. He said later, 'I was suffering from extreme mental distress, and the hymn was the fruit of pain.'⁽¹⁾ It was the eve of his sister's wedding!

Matheson had gone blind whilst studying for ministry in the Scottish Presbyterian Church. His fiancé, unable to face life with a blind husband, abandoned him, and his sister became his primary carer from then on. Now she (as had his sight and his fiancé) was abandoning him. How strange that a hymn born of such deeply personal, unusual and not utterly laudable anguish should, some thirty or so years later, speak so powerfully to a nation convulsed in the carnage of the so-called Great War.

The ground that 'blossoms red' was not, of course, intended as a reference to poppies. Matheson said he was thinking of 'the sacrificial life which blossoms by shedding itself.' As he penned the line, he was convulsed with bitter anger, and a self-centred sense of fear and betrayal. His hymn suggests that he overcame the moment with the realisation that only by 'shedding himself' was he going to emerge to a fulfilling life. Did Matheson liken his image of 'shedding himself' with St Paul's image of Jesus 'emptying himself' as a literal translation of Phil. 2:8 would have it? Surely, he must have done.

I imagine that to those brought up on this hymn, who gazed out across the mud, shell holes, barbed wire and corpses of the First World War, and across the poppies churned into glorious bloom by the carnage, the association was irresistible. Did they hum the tune despite themselves? I rather fancy that they did. Did they realise how appropriate their humming was? I very much doubt it. Matheson's hymn was already a funeral favourite, but he was not mourning the death of a loved one. In the darkness of his blindness, he was struggling with anger, betrayal, jealousy and all-consuming fear for the future, and that not-very-laudable question, 'But what will become of *me*?'

What did my mythical soldier or nurse think as they stared out at the poppies of Ypres? Were they, too, convulsed with a sense of anger, betrayal and fear? Did they too wonder 'But what will become of *me*?' Did they also wonder 'But what will become of *us*?' I fancy that perhaps they did. Certainly, our war poets did.

During the Great War there was (at home, at least) a fond optimism that once it was over all would slowly go back to normal. Agricultural workers would return to their villages – they never did. Miners, ship-yard workers, dockers, steel workers would return to their industries in the North, in Scotland, in Wales and in Ireland – they never did. And worshippers, grateful for all their blessings, would return to their churches – they never did.

The troops, apart from the 800,000 who had died, did of course come home. Immediately, a second angel of death swept across Britain as it enveloped the world – the largest flu-pandemic ever recorded. It is estimated that one third of the entire population of the world were infected, and that at least 50 million (some say 100 million) died worldwide. In Britain, at least 250,000 died. (Covid 19 has so far killed 45,000 in Britain.) By the end of 1920, it was over, but by then Britain was in the midst of chronic economic decline. Unemployment reached 70% in some areas. And then the Second World War, caused in part, some would argue, by the earlier calamities.

My old friend and mentor, William Baker, whose journey took him from the Yorkshire coalmines via the trenches of WW1 into the Methodist ministry, summed up that first war in three blunt words, 'We was done!' We was done, we were shed (Matheson) and emptied (St Paul's description of Jesus) so thoroughly that (arguably) British society only fully recovered its health in the 1980s, emerging into a life quite unlike the one that had died half a century earlier.

Matheson, Christian preacher all his life, understood well how love, understood in a Christian sense, sets about conquering bitterness, anger, betrayal and fear. His phrase expressing its self-emptying - its 'shedding' - is that it 'blossoms red' into endless life. And so we, who gaze on our world and its sorrows with bitterness, anger, betrayal and fear, do well to wear red poppies.

(1) *Companion to Hymns and Psalms*, Methodist Publishing House 1988 p 389

Impossible Pie

“Impossible Pie”. That’s what it was called!! As I flipped through the new cookbook, naturally I just had to stop and read this recipe. And it did seem impossible – or at least highly unlikely. All I had to do was toss nine ingredients into the blender, give it a whirl, place it in the oven for 60 minutes, and Presto!! I would have a pie with crust on the bottom, custard filling, and a yummy topping.

Of course I tried it. I have to admit that for a few moments I sceptically studied that blender full of ingredients. But then I poured them into the buttered pie dish. Would they really separate into a pie with crust on the bottom where it belonged, and coconut on top? Amazingly, it worked!

I thought of my own life – a jumble of obligations, ambitions, activities, goals. Sometimes, they seem to get all mixed up, and I lose all sense of purpose and order. Can God straighten it all out?

He has done so for other people. I remember reading about C.I Scofield who had lost his business and family and was fast losing his health because of alcohol. One day he turned to Christ, asking Him to bring order and meaning out of the chaos of his life. The Saviour did the “impossible”, and in later years he became an expert in Greek and Hebrew, and authorised the Scofield Bible.

I thought too of a friend who had met Christ as a child but had tried to run her own life and made a mess of it. She had divorced her husband and left her children, trying to straighten things out on her own. At the depth of failure she called upon Christ, and she is now reunited with her husband and family.

When I lose perspective, when everything seems wrong and I feel like giving up, I think about the “Impossible Pie”. I can’t always see why things are the way they are, or how it will turn out, but God does. I can only put my trust in Him.

Are you trying to run your own life – and failing miserably? Then turn in faith to Jesus. He did the impossible in my life, and He’s waiting to do it for you.

Thanks to Reform – Magazine for Foxton, Orwell & Royston. It was published in “Forest Food for All”, a cookbook sold by the Forest of Dean Methodist Circuit in aid of Methodist Homes for the Aged in their Jubilee year (50 years) in 1993, originally written by Phyllis Robinson – Ed.

Now for the impossible recipe.....

Impossible Pie

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 tsp vanilla
- ½ cup flour
- ½ tsp baking powder
- ¼ tsp salt
- ¼ cup margarine



Method

Place all ingredients in blender at one time and blend until mixed together.

Pour into a buttered 10-inch pie dish.

Bake in a 350°F oven for 1 hour.

When cooked, crust will be on the bottom, custard in the middle, and coconut on top – right where they belong.

Children – The Real Heroes (Unsung Heroes)

For many years, I come home from work or wherever I have been and I am warmly welcomed by the running of little feet, screaming and just the sheer joy of having Daddy back home. This is always followed by the biggest and heartfelt show of love.....a massive hug!

Then in just a matter of hours (or words) this was all over! Everything changed. The so much valued show of affection from my children and the very human action of touch and bond is now seen as a taboo. I now have to stop them from doing something that has become inherent and a natural behaviour. The undoing of this was certainly heart-breaking on both sides but for the children more so! But that is not all. These relatively new arrivals to the world are now being asked not to go out. The days of waking up and getting ready for school where they will meet and interact with their new friends (some of who may be long-term friends) is now a distant dream! They cannot go and see grandma, cousins, friends and anyone else including the next door neighbour as casually as they did before! The bonds they have built in their short time on earth now have to be severed, albeit temporarily (or is it?)

And as if this was not enough, we asked them to keep up with their studies and exercises as though things were “normal”. How can we expect so much from these children when even we as adults are struggling to cope and understand this new world we now inhabit?

When we stand and cheer on the frontline staff every Thursday let us not forget these young unsung heroes who are battling with a different frontline. The frontline that requires them to almost unlearn a lot of what they have learnt in their young lives, some of which had come to them naturally. The frontline that accepts them as the disease carriers and in some weird interpretation as the group to be apprehensive of.

I was very disheartened the other day when I was listening to the radio and a mother saying she would not send her kids to school because they would be socialising with kids whose parents work on the frontline and you never know what the children may bring to the school! This brought tears to my eyes! Why do my (and all other frontline workers) kids have to suffer yet another form of discrimination because of me? Is this the world I brought them in to? Surely not! What is even more heart-breaking are the kids for who home is actually the last place they want to be. For them home is not where the heart is and for them the only source of escape has now been snatched away from them by COVID like a thief in the night. Let us not forget them in our prayers for the battle is the Lord's.

Now more than ever I value every little smile, every hug (when it is appropriate), every meal we share together, every time we are in each other's company and the fact that their screaming and bickering assures me of some kind of normality. I appreciate them even more for their strength and courage which they are not even aware they have.

To all the children in the world, you are my heroes, I salute you and clap for you (at the same time if I could!)

(Thanks to Castle St Methodist Church – Sept 2020 issue of Castle View)

And until we meet again, may God hold you in the hollow of His hand

Dear Friends,

As the summer draws to an end, we are trying to make plans for the autumn and even for Christmas. Anytime I write something down on a risk assessment or diary, the government issues different advice. It is inevitable because the times are, as we continue to repeat, unprecedented and so deciding what we can do even in two weeks' time is complicated.

We are edging our way back to (a new?) normal. I think we have very different experiences of the same 'lockdown', and our feelings about our suddenly reduced socialising/working/travelling have also varied over time. Whether you have found this time to be a relief or a frustration, whether children are itching to go back to school or dreading it, whether you dedicated your weeks to learning a new skill or just subsided on the sofa in weariness, we can listen to each other's experiences and respond gently accepting that even in our small villages, we encompass many viewpoints.

Some plans must be made even if we know that everything may change at short notice. So I am planning to celebrate Harvest, to commemorate All Souls, to mark Remembrance Sunday and yes I'm wondering about Christmas and if we can sing carols together (or not, what a shame that may be!) and to take some holiday time walking a pilgrimage or two.

At the same time, I am reminding myself to enjoy the here-and-now, to value conversations, to read a book or two, to take a walk whatever the weather. I hope that these months of many changes have finally taught me that however exciting my future plans, it is the present moment that truly matters and is resonant with deeper meaning.

The uncertainty, the ongoing shielding that cocoons some people mostly at home, still means that we may or may not see each other in person, and even if we do, the usual social signs of hugs and handshakes still cannot be shared. So I'll close with the end of the Irish Blessing in the hope that this physical image of God's comfort and blessing will stay close to you. "And until we meet again, may God hold you in the hollow of His hand."

Rev. Alison Walker

Photo of "Hands"
by Rick Kirby,
outside Woodbridge
Quay Church, Suffolk

The inscription says "I
hold and am held"



(Thanks to Castle St Methodist Church – Sept 2020 issue of Castle View)

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