

WINDOW ON WESLEY'S



JUNE 2020

STAFF

Ministers: The Revd Canon Dr Jennifer H Smith BA PhD
M.Phil (Superintendent)
The Revd Steven Cooper BTh, MA(Cantab)

Associate Ministers: The Revd John Cooke MA (Supernumerary)
The Revd Brian Goss MA (Supernumerary)
The Revd Paul Hulme BA (Supernumerary)
The Revd Dr John Lampard BA M.Th
(Supernumerary)
The Revd Stephen Penrose (Supernumerary)
The Revd Ian Yates (Supernumerary)

Authorised Presbyter: The Revd Canon Dr Keith Riglin MA MTh ThD

Leysian Missioner: Mrs Judith Bell MA(Cantab)

Community Worker: Ms Sally Rush BA MA MLitt

Museum: Mr Christian Dettlaff MA (Curator)
Miss Gemma Smith (Learning & Community
Engagement Officer) BA (Hons) MA

Administration: Mrs Ling Arzeian
Miss Beatrice Omane
Mrs Tracey Smith

Caretaking: Mr Adrian Beviss
Mr Louis Oludare

Organist: Mr Elvis Pratt BEng (Hons)

Church Office: 49 City Road
London EC1Y 1AU
(T) 020 7253 2262
(E) administration@wesleyschapel.org.uk

‘The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases, his mercies never come to an end, they are new every morning.’ Lamentations 3.22

Dear Friends,

As I write this, we are getting ready for the third and hopefully last month of full closure of the Chapel site: welcome to the June edition of Window on Wesley’s.

We have been fully closed since March 23, with pastoral life continuing by phone, email, youtube, zoom, and post. You have been caring for one another well: please, if you have not subscribed to the weekly update, with its live links to orders of service and community information, please do.

<https://wesleyschapel.us17.list-manage.com/subscribe?u=14da32ec05deca006017dff16&id=3122bd464b> takes you to the Chapel’s mailchimp page, where you can enter your email and click on the box to receive the weekly update. The weekly update can also be shared on WhatsApp, or other platforms: please subscribe.

First, a brief word about church: staff and trustees have been working to make plans for an unhurried, phased re-opening of Wesley’s Chapel, the Museum, and John Wesley’s House. We await guidance from the government task force on churches and places of worship, and then we will publish a short video guide to our reopening on our YouTube channel, along with the regular methods. We will have care for one another and our mutual safety as our first priority. And we will get there: not all at once, and not without some false starts, but we will get there. Our hope is to get the word out clearly and accessibly about what our plans are, and in as many media as possible.

Secondly, a word about where we are now: it is a time of great anxiety, when our public civility and confidence in advice we are given has become less secure. It has never been more important for us to exercise a gracious, generous ‘holding to account’ of our

whole society as we move forward. The effects of this pandemic and the burdens of lockdown have not been shared equally, and there will be hardship to come: we know this. Some of this will touch us personally.

And churches like ours will be there as places to support one another, but also to participate in the public conversation about what comes next. Not just in the United Kingdom, either, but in all the many places that we call home.

So while of course our attention will be on the important details of our own re-opening plans, and the snags and hitches that will come with that, keep your eyes high to the horizon, friends. We must not lose sight of our wider mission, and be ready to help make peace, and speak truth, in our world.

Close to home, we are mourning the loss of two church members: Edwin Prempeh died just before the lockdown started. And then just a few weeks ago, Naibuka (Sam) Quarau, our larger than life friend, uncle, and brother in Christ. His funeral will be Wednesday 10 June, at 1.30 pm and will be livestreamed from the crematorium, details to follow. We will miss them both, and especially Naibuka on the door to greet us as we return to church. Please, pray for one another, and for the life of this place.

Blessings on you all,

Jen

Looking for accommodation in London?

Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission have a room, with toilet/shower room attached available in our voluntary onsite community. There is a separate communal kitchen and regular use of a communal lounge area is available. It is in on the chapel site in EC1, close to Old Street and Moorgate stations. Rooms are let at less than market rate to those who are willing to make a

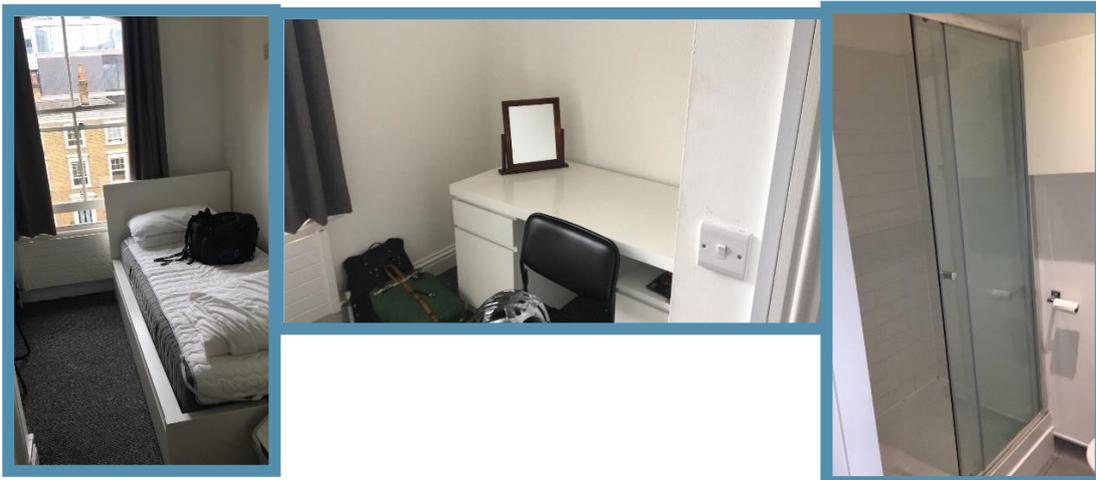
commitment being involved in the life of this heritage and faith site, through regular volunteering.

The cost of the room available is £605 per month with a deposit of £302.50 payable with one month's rent in advance.

Applicants do not have to be Christian but do have to be in sympathy with the values of Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission. Usual checks of eligibility to rent will apply.

The room will be available from 23rd June and applications will close on the 12th of June with interviews to take place, by Zoom, the following week.

Please email Sally Rush cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk for an application form and more details.



Injustice, privilege, and Black Lives Matter

Our Minister, Revd Steven Cooper, writes...

As I write, America rages, together with so many across the world who stand for justice: who stand for an end to institutionalised racism and dehumanizing attitudes towards, and treatment of, black people.

I stand with them, although I am struggling to find the right words to say. Last Sunday, Pentecost—following the death of George

Floyd, the latest of so many killings of black persons at the hands of those supposedly charged with upholding law and peace, and protecting society—I preached an impassioned but very deficient sermon, in which I spoke of the need of the Holy Spirit to transform hearts and attitudes shaped by prejudice; and praying also for the Holy Spirit to pour upon us all a spirit of prophecy, by which we can speak and respond to our present reality in transformative ways.

Deficient though, because in spite of my best intentions, it felt like pretty empty words. For one thing, the social systems and histories that serve to feed and perpetuate racist attitudes and racist outcomes—and which go to the heart of what it is to address these issues—are far more concrete and far more involved than my brief words managed to acknowledge. But moreover, deficient because—unaccompanied by action—words alone cannot offer a meaningful response to the racial injustice that we see still perpetuated in our world. It takes work, adequately to engage with this—speaking most especially as a white person who is not automatically confronted with prejudice on a daily basis.

I am deeply conscious of the extent of privilege that I have as a white, male, heterosexual, cisgender, middle-class, financially secure, food-secure, able-bodied, educated individual—privilege that I possess relative to a range of demographics within our human family: race, gender, sexuality, to name but three. As a church leader, I feel a deep sense of calling and responsibility to address prejudice, disadvantage and discrimination in each and every one of these forms.

My privilege gives me a freedom, in a sense, to pick and choose to what causes I might dedicate myself. But all of these take work, and each of us is limited in how much, physically, we can do. Some of my colleagues in ministry manage extraordinary levels of engagement with a whole range of areas of injustice in our society, and I deeply admire them for it. I confess to feeling at times bashful and paralysed, by limitations on my own personal

capacity at this particular stage in my life, with a desire to take seriously injustice in all its forms—acutely aware of my privilege—and yet an inability to apply myself to serious work across all of these areas. In attempting to satisfy my sense of needing to be all things to all people, I find myself paying what feels like lip-service to each of these forms of injustice, at the expense of the hard work needed to address any one of them. That is how I felt after I preached last Sunday.

I find myself needing to make a choice. It is itself a feature of my privilege that I can say that: that I am able to choose where to focus my own personal resources. I am deeply conscious that many of my brothers and sisters—especially, today, those of you who are black—are spending your whole lives in confrontation with injustice: because you have no choice. The same is of course true for many of you on the receiving end of injustice on account of your sexuality, gender, or disability. I continue to stand against injustice in all its forms. But at this point, in terms of where I especially dedicate my time and work and reading and action, I have to make a choice: and for me, that choice is the movement known as Black Lives Matter.

This has been with me, in one way or another, my whole life. From my mum defying the racist apartheid laws in Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) before I was born, to boycotting produce from apartheid South Africa during my childhood; from the murder of Stephen Lawrence nearly 30 years ago and the appalling institutional racism at work in the police's response—the report of the public inquiry into that shameful episode has been part of my personal library for many years—to undertaking courses in racial justice as a teenager, and bewildering my white peers at university with the suggestion that they needed to recognise their own whiteness; and now, once again, as I witness yet again the police killing of an unarmed black man on the streets of America—our neighbour in so many ways, culturally and historically—I find that I can do no other.

This Sunday I shall, as so often, conclude our 9.45 communion service with the words, “Go in peace in the power of the Spirit to live and work to God’s praise and glory”. Lest my praise be hollow, of a God who died for us all, in a manner shockingly similar to a lynching—our present reality, in which the spectre of the lynching tree continues brutally and murderously to disfigure the face of our human family, compels me to focus my work and my learning for justice on this cause.

None of this is easy; not least as we continue to reckon with the profound challenges of coronavirus. My prayers are with you. Please let me know how I can support you—in this and in any other matters—and how you can support me. Each of us can do what we can do. Together, in faith, we can bring transformation to our broken world. In Jesus’ name.

Steven

My tribute to Naibuka (Sam) Qarau force of Nature The Revd the Lord Leslie Griffiths

Nothing could stop me falling into a deep friendship with this extraordinary man. We were both born in 1942. I was born in a coal-mining community in South Wales; he was born in the shaft of a gold mine in faraway Fiji – there was an air raid going on at the time. And, as he told me over and over again, he was brought into the world by the medical skills of a Dr (Peter) Griffiths! We were both fashioned by a culture dominated by male voice choirs and each of us had been a devoted rugby player. The way he rejoiced when Fiji beat Wales in an international match was outrageous but he made up for it



by giving fervent support to Wales whenever they played against England. We were bonded together like brothers.

Naibuka, Paul Appafram and Peter Baugh were the mightiest team of Circuit Stewards ever raised up in Methodism. Naibuka welcomed people to church, became the friend of all and the enemy of none, did errands, cared for the vulnerable, went the second mile, never let anyone down. I remember him wondering if he might have a vocation for ministry – he was really keen to explore this. I arranged for him to attend seminars at Wesley House in Cambridge. He attended these for several months before realising that the academic life wasn't for him. But the impression he'd made on the other students was astonishing. They missed him deeply. As we miss him now. He brought vitality to everything he got involved in.

So he wasn't an academic. But he did have a ministry. Think of all those young men and women from Fiji who entered the British army. He cared for every one of them. They often stayed at his place. He was like a father to them. Who will forget the young man who knelt at the front of the church ahead of setting out for service in Afghanistan? We gave him a copy of the New Testament. We said prayers with (and for) him. A month later, we heard he'd been killed in action. When they heard the news, the whole church wept. Naibuka did too but for him it was more personal – as if he'd lost a son.

I worked with Naibuka to set up a charity that would help Fijians leaving the British army – often after many years' service and with British wives and children born here – to claim their rights to citizenship. He'd spotted the scandalous way such young soldiers were allowed to lose these rights and set about restoring them. It's a service that continues to exist to this day.

The excitement that surrounded the visit of Margaret and myself to Fiji in 2006 was tremendous. We were received in the VIP lounge at Suva airport, we met the President of the Republic, we stayed in an amazing house on the princely island of Bau, we

were taken everywhere as guests (yes) but, more especially, as friends of Naibuka. He was widely loved by his own people. I recall the hours we spent together listening to a competition of male voice choirs or drinking cava or attending rugby matches. And there was a James Bond moment too. The two of us whizzed across the South Pacific Ocean in a high speed motor boat which he drove with a Jehu-like lack of restraint. All this in search of an island where we could get ourselves a glass of good red wine. It was fun. I can't think of many people with whom I've laughed so much.

I was very moved when Naibuka and Makereta knelt at the altar in the Centenary Church in Suva as I said prayers with them on the twenty fifth anniversary of their marriage. Ah, Makareta – a gentle soul blessed with deep wells of spirituality and inner strength. Her beauty was no mere physical thing. She was the perfect complement to Naibuka – quiet, strong, unassuming, humble, and good. I sat with her as she lay dying in Saint Bartholomew's Hospital. She asked me to look after Naibuka when it was all over. We wept copiously together as she passed into glory.

Naibuka was the very embodiment of all we tried to achieve at the Chapel – bigger than his ethnic self, proud of his ethnic identity, outgoing, welcoming, hospitable, hard-working; a smile around which a body had been framed; a person out of whom a radiant personality beamed both light and warmth. What joy and rowdy enthusiasm and downright happiness the saints and the angels are going to know with him in their company.... They'll have him on door duty, or gate duty, in no time at all.

We thank God for him and cherish every memory of this amazing man, a force of nature indeed.



Tales of a Travelling Preacher – Part 1

Memories of Fifty Years as a Methodist Local Preacher

Dedicated with much love and grateful thanks to my wife, Christine, daughter, Daniela and son, Bernhard who for over the past forty years have driven me, (as I don't drive) to fulfil my preaching obligations and God's call for me to preach the Gospel of the risen Jesus, my Lord.

Preface

Dear Reader,

It is with much amazement and humility that in June 2020 I will have been a 'Fully Accredited' Methodist Local Preacher for fifty years, following in the footsteps of those called by God to be one of 'Mr Wesley's Preachers'. It has caused me to reflect on that calling, how God prepared me for this role and throughout my life led, persuaded, pushed and guided me.

I share my experiences with you to demonstrate how God has worked in and with me to share the Gospel of redeeming love to all, not just from the pulpit as a 'local' preacher but in the everyday life of a man living and working in many different occupations and environments along the way. May God go with you as we share this life journey, so far.

In the beginning:

My name is Graham Anthony Warr and I was born on 15th August 1947 in Bromley Kent. I was the fifth child, eventually of seven. Mum and Dad were both practicing soldiers of the Salvation Army. According to my Dedication Certificate I was '*dedicated to God and the Salvation War,*' at Bromley Temple Corps on 21st September, my Dad's birthday. As a family of five boys and two girls we were brought up in a truly Christian home. My Mum and Dad were both loving and caring. Although there was little money but we never went without the essentials.

Dad was a member of the Auxiliary Fire Service in Penge, south east London throughout the Blitz. After the war he joined British Railways as a Senior Porter at Holborn Viaduct station. Several years later a colleague, Michael Webb, who had worked with Dad wrote this about him in his book, *'Steam Days in Dorset,'*

'I would class 'Wally' Warr as being one of nature's gentlemen, though not always treated kindly, he was a staunch Salvation Army man, quiet disposition, harmed nobody and very nice to work with.' What an example of Christian living.

Mum had trained to be a teacher and taught in Berkshire until 1939. She was appointed as Kindergarten Teacher in a Salvation Army Mother and Baby Home in Essex. They were evacuated to a large house, *'Barnes Close'*, on the outskirts of Birmingham, donated by the Cadbury family. As well as caring for and teaching the 3-8-year olds, in her 'spare time' she drove a Salvation Army Canteen where it was needed during the Blitz.

On the night of the 14th November 1940 she had been on duty all day. Having put the children to bed, she was having her evening meal when the Air Raid Siren sounded. With her colleagues they got the children up and into the Anderson Shelter at the bottom of the garden. She was sitting near the entrance discussing with a colleague where the raid might be, as they agreed the flight path was not towards Birmingham, when the telephone extension rang. Could Mum go into Birmingham and collect the Canteen as it was sorely needed? Driving the Home's small car with the obligatory 'half-penneth' of light she drove to the Divisional Headquarters. Here she was informed that the vehicle was needed in Coventry. She parked near the Cathedral serving tea, cake and sandwiches to the Fire and Civil Defence workers. Shortly after the Cathedral was hit by the firebombs a burning beam crashed onto the counter of the Canteen. It was quickly pulled away but the long ribbons on her colleagues Salvation Army bonnet caught fire, Mum threw a jug of water over them,

grabbed the bonnet, and beat out the remaining sparks. Undeterred they just carried on. Mum said,

'When I drove into Coventry that night it was a city standing, when I drove out the next morning it was a city on fire!'

Arriving back later at the Home she had to get the little ones their breakfast, then teach for the day, fetch the older children from the school over the hill, get tea ready and put the little ones to bed. She had been up for over thirty-six hours – when asked about her role she would say, *'I was just doing my duty!'* Another example of Christian service.

In 1941 she was transferred to another Mother and Baby Home, *'Marshfield'*, in Southport. It was here that she later met Dad. His wife had recently died of tuberculosis and their children were placed in the Home. It wasn't long before they fell in love and in August 1945 were married and became a family. I thank God for the life and example of my Mum and Dad.

Whilst on War Work in a factory in Lewisham a V2 rocket exploded nearby and Dad was badly 'shell shocked' and his nerves were shattered. The Doctor recommended to Mum that we move out of London to a less stressful area. However, they were caring for my invalid Grandma and it wasn't until June 1956 that we went to live in a large Manse attached to a small Congregational Chapel at Cripplestyle, Alderholt, in Dorset, on the edge of the New Forest near Fordingbridge. The Chapel no longer had a Minister and the Manse was part of an offer for a large family to live there rent free. Mum had the responsibility of Caretaker/Cleaner and Dad was a general handyman when not at work. So, Mum, Dad, Jenny, Geoff, Mike, Paul, baby Sue and I packed up and moved. Only big brother Ken didn't come as he had just joined the RAF. It was idyllic for a young family from smog ridden London – clean fresh air, wide open spaces and being part of a rural, farming community.

Mum and Dad were very happy, and we enjoyed life to the full. Sundays could be a bit tedious, for a child, as we had morning and afternoon Sunday School plus morning and evening services. We made up a large part of the Sunday School and were often the only children at the evening service. It gave me a great introduction to the Bible and on a Sunday Evening we used Sankey's Sacred Songs and Solos – they were some wonderful hymns.

As time passed the afternoon Sunday School was dropped and one Sunday afternoon when I was about nine/ten my younger brother and I put on a 'Service' for Mum and Dad. I clearly remember my first sermon, as I preached it then. I randomly took a text, that I have since discovered was Colossians 2:2, about being knit together in love and my punchline was 'but not with knitting needles', my parents collapsed into laughter and I suppose that could mean it was well received!

The Call

Looking back, I can identify God calling me in different ways and 'sowing the seeds' early on. By the time I was thirteen I had gradually become aware of my relationship with Jesus. I can't put an exact date on it, but when I was asked to take over the duty of 'pumping' the Organ, from my brother Geoff, for all the services in the Chapel, (for the 'princely' sum of fifteen shillings a year) I felt a call to respond. I accepted and retained that role until we moved.

In my mid-teens I also joined the local 'Youth for Christ' choir, The Sandleheath Gospel Male Voice Choir and the Methodist Church Youth Club in Sandleheath. I loved the singing and the camaraderie. At youth club we enjoyed the usual activities of the time, table tennis, quizzes, a 'Juke Box Jury' come to mind. We were encouraged by our leader, Dennis, to take part in the Epilogue at the end of the evening.

In April 1964 we were offered the opportunity to take part in the Salisbury Circuit Youth Festival. As we were a small group - with a sense of adventure, and the prospect of two days in Salisbury, we all agreed to take part. Some of us, me included, took part in the Table Tennis Tournament. Sadly, I got knocked out in the second round. I also sang in the Tenor Solo Competition, the Mixed Voice Folk Song Competition and the Public Speaking Competition. I was the only entry in the Tenor Solo but gained enough marks to be credited as first. Two of us took part in the Folk Song and I came second. The other singer was good and deserved to win.

I took Railways as my subject for the Public Speaking as it was, and still is, my hobby and passion. Incredibly I won with extremely high marks and received some very complimentary comments. I was soon to discover how this experience was part of God's purpose for me. A couple of weeks later Dennis, who was a Local Preacher, asked me if I would like to accompany him and help with some services, announcing hymns and reading the Bible. I declined, as it didn't appeal to me, and I took the 'wild horses' approach. I remember Dennis with fond memories and thank him for planting the seed, for God had put the idea in the back of my mind.

Life changed dramatically when Dr Beeching closed our local railway line in 1964. I used it to travel to College in Salisbury. As Dad was working as a signaller on the line he lost his job. Fortunately, he got a transfer and promotion to Brockenhurst and those of us who were still at home moved to Sway. It had a lovely little Methodist Chapel and a new, young, Minister. I quickly settled in and enjoyed it. Mike, Paul and I became members of the Methodist Church on April 17th 1966. Shortly afterwards Dad was accepted as a tenant for the Station House at Lymington Town station and we moved there. Lymington Methodist Church was only five minutes' walk away and I quickly became involved in helping to run the Youth Club and became an active member of the choir. We frequently joined the youth club at Brockenhurst for joint activities and our Minister persuaded three of us to form a

group to take Film Services to the small chapels out in the New Forest on a Sunday evening. We quickly established a routine – my friend Mike was a wizard with the projector, Clive played the piano/organ which left me to lead the service and read the prayers, we shared the bible readings around. It worked well and we had fun.

Then one evening at Wootton the film broke and Mike could not repair it. I filled in time by bringing a hymn forward and then told the story of the film – we had taken the same film to three or four chapels, so I knew it well. The service finished and we all went our separate ways. A few days later I was very surprised to hear the Minister, at the front door, he asked Mum if he could speak to me. Then he asked me what happened at Wootton and I explained. He told me that a fault in the projector had caused the film to break and it was irreparable and there were no funds to replace it. Sadly, the film services would have to end. Then out of the blue he said,

‘You did very well on Sunday, one of our Local Preachers was at the service and he thought you had the makings of a Local Preacher.’

I recognised that God had made a quite clear call. This time there were no ‘wild horses’ for God had been preparing me for this challenge. I had to reply, like Isaiah I had all the reasons not to, but none of them were really valid, God had proved to me I was a competent public speaker, I had participated in the Film Services, Youth Club Epilogues and I knew I loved Jesus. I could only respond, ‘Here am I, use me.’

Graham Warr – Local Preacher & Heritage Steward

Look out for part 2 in the July edition of Window on Wesley’s

Update on Transport For London plans...

You will be aware that the Mayor's office announced on 15 May that the congestion charge will be raised to £15, and extended to seven days a week, and 7 am – 10 pm from 22 June. This was required to secure the government bailout for the TFL network, and is spoken of as temporary on the Mayor's website. You may also be aware that in order to facilitate safe travel by foot and bicycle, several major thoroughfares in central London are to be pedestrianised or made buses only between 7 am and 10 pm. Although detailed plans have not been released as at 2 June, the outline plans imply that City Road up to the roundabout, and Old Street to the west of the roundabout as far as Holborn may become bus, walk, and cycle only. Access from Tabernacle Street to the garden would continue as it is now: although we have not often used the rear access, the proposed changes do not mean the Chapel would be entirely cut off.

Our first thought was about coming to church, and the safeguarding especially of our children and vulnerable adults to have safe transport, and affordable for all of us. However, this is a larger issue than that, and far more important than just the effect on one church, neighbourhood, or business. We are committed to helping London recover, and we know that everyone in cars is not a solution. However, it is clear that many of the recovery plans, including removal of free public transport for under 18s, right now will hit the poorest among us hardest.

We have written to the Mayor and other representatives; about the burdens this will place on our whole community. We are making specific suggestions: we want to be involved in consultations, and ensure that we can have vehicular access to our forecourt. We also want a conversation about exemptions or reductions in the congestion charge where transport by car it is a matter of safeguarding vulnerable children or adults.

Please, do not panic over the implications of these changes for you, but do look for more detail in the press and from the Mayor's

office. And keep us at church in touch with what this might mean for you. We can help with applications for blue badges, or to find alternatives, if these measures are indeed in place when we re-open.



The Grave at Wesley's Chapel

As a heritage steward, it is always a privilege to take visitors to see John Wesley's grave, and to read aloud the eloquent eulogy written by Wesley's friend and fellow-minister, Adam Clarke. This is a fitting tribute to the man, and an acknowledgement of the work he faithfully carried out for his Lord. John Wesley was the 843rd person to be buried in the graveyard. Often visitors take photographs of the grave, and speak appreciatively of John Wesley and his achievements. Sometimes visitors also like to look at the opposite side of the tombstone where the names of other eighteenth-century ministers who share Wesley's final resting place are listed.



The reason why this is one of my favourite sites though, is that the far side of the grave has the simple information: '**Also Mrs Martha Hall, sister of John Wesley, 1706-1791.**'

Martha, known as Patty by her family, was the last surviving sibling, and she died just four months after John's death. The timing is the reason for her inclusion in the tomb. She was a remarkable woman who had a very hard life, married to an unfaithful husband, and suffering the deaths of all her children. Despite this she kept her faith, and was known for her generosity and kindness. Martha's younger brother, Charles, said that it was useless to 'give anything to add to her comforts for she always gives it away to some person poorer than herself.' Her niece Sarah was with her when she died, and arranged her funeral. Martha's was the 873rd burial. The tomb originally also had words of appreciation of Martha's life. What were they? Why are they not there now?

The words were from Proverbs 31:26. 'She opened her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness'. It seems

that when repair work was done on the tomb, probably in 1828, - the text was destroyed and not replaced.

However, I was pleased to discover that the highly-regarded 'Gentleman's Magazine' had an obituary which recognised Martha's qualities and was a fitting tribute to her life. 'In the City-road, in her 84th year, widow of Rev Mr Hall and last surviving sister of Revs John and Charles Wesley. She was equally distinguished by piety, understanding and sweetness of temper. Her sympathy for the wretched, and her bounty even to the worthless, will eternalise her name in better worlds than this.'

Perhaps the text from Proverbs should be re-instated on Martha's tomb?

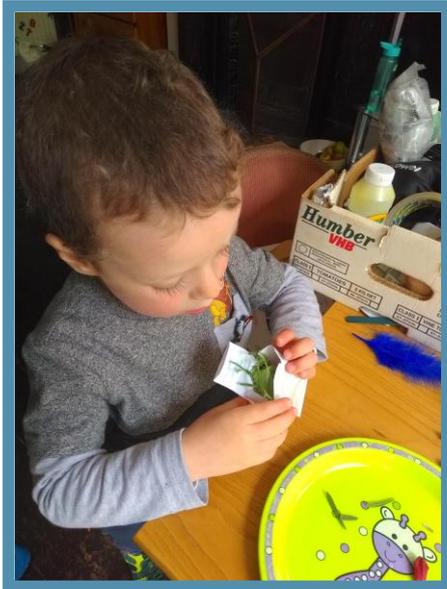
Judith Lampard - Heritage Steward at Wesley's Chapel

Our Learning Officer writes:

June is already upon us! In these socially distant times, it's important to stay connected where we can. I've enjoyed working in partnership with Newington Green Meeting House and Benjamin Franklin House to produce a set of new education workshops (which I mentioned last month), it's been a great way to keep in touch with some of our partner sites. All three site's workshops, and a webinar explaining the sessions, can be found on the NGMH website <https://www.ngmh.org.uk/category/schools>. I've also given my first virtual talk to volunteers from Emery Walker's House (<https://www.emerywalker.org.uk/>) about John Wesley's life and work.

At the end of April, I started sending out fortnightly 'Wesley's Wednesday Challenge' packs to our family mailing list as a way to keep in touch. So far, the themes have been health, hope and most recently, the Victorians, inspired by Helen McKenny's diary. Helen was the daughter of a minister and live in John Wesley's House from 1885-1888.

It was lovely to receive some photos of a family completing the health themed Wesley's Wednesday Challenge together! In the photo they are making scent pots. A template was provided in the pack and the children then collected scented plants from the garden to fill the pot. The idea for the scent pots was inspired by John Wesley's interest in health and his Primitive Physic book. In the 18th century, and before, it was thought that bad smells could be a cause of illness. Scent pots, or vinaigrettes, were sometimes carried to ward off bad smells. All the packs are available to



download from our website

<https://www.wesleysheritage.org.uk/family-visits-projects/>

We also had our second virtual Open Day to celebrate Wesley Day. New recipes to try at home, Curator's Picks and a trail were uploaded the website, why not take a look if you haven't had a chance yet? The resources can be found on the same web page as Wesley's Wednesday Challenge using the link above.

Take care all!

Gemma Smith

Emerging Adults programme for June

During June the Emerging Adults group will be looking at the book of Ruth, in the bible, in a series of 4 sessions which will be social during the first half and bible study in the second half.

We're going to be using Bible Month resources and as an introduction you might want to watch the two videos Rachel Starr has produced to help people looking at Ruth:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TLJTH-Zx1Vc> (part 1)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aMJGwhntgwg&feature=youtu.be> (part 2)

If you're in the 16-30'S age group and want to know more contact Sally Rush (cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk)

Sally Rush - Community Worker (Emerging Adults)

Once again our very own John Showemimo has given permission to print another one of his wonderful compositions. This one is based on Paul Simon's "Fifty Ways To Leave your Lover".

**There's a feeling inside me, of that I can't deny
Jen I have to tell you, I must not tell a lie
Whenever you're on the pulpit, its like watching CSI
There must be fifty ways to tell a sermon.
Fifty ways to tell a sermon.**

**Good morning Steven, it's always nice to hear from you
Hanging with the Methodist posse and not with the
privileged few.
It is the will of God Almighty; it's what God has said to do.
There must be fifty ways to tell a sermon
Fifty ways to tell a sermon.**

**Get out your pen Jen
Roll up your sleeve Steve
A story to tell, Bell
God's said it to thee
Kudos my pal, Sal
A look in the Methodist book
Say a prayer in there
And so shall it be.**

**Better get out your pen Jen
Roll up your sleeve Steve
A story to tell, Bell**

**God's said it to thee
Kudos my pal, Sal
A look in the Methodist book
Say a prayer in there
And so shall it be.**

**It is obvious Judith, it is in your design
In the calling He's given thee, you are doing really fine
The station supervisor, controlling the District line
There must be fifty ways to tell a sermon.
Fifty ways to tell a sermon.**

**I must not forget the blessed and gifted Sal
An amazing prophetess and my gracious pal
She has her way words, just like Bach's chorale
There must be fifty ways to tell a sermon
Fifty ways to tell a sermon:**

**Get out your pen Jen
Roll up your sleeve Steve
A story to tell, Bell
God's said it to thee
Kudos my pal, Sal
A look in the Methodist book
Say a prayer in there
And so shall it be.**

**Better get out your pen Jen
Roll up your sleeve Steve
A story to tell, Bell
God's said it to thee
Kudos my pal, Sal
A look in the Methodist book
Say a prayer in there
And so shall it be.**

On Friday 8 May 2020, although in still in lockdown, the country celebrated the 75th Anniversary of VE Day, or Victory in Europe Day, which marked the end of World War II in Europe. Alan Watts a long-time member of the church shares with us his recollection of that momentous occasion:

VE DAY

“The War Is over.” That was the exciting announcement made on the radio, I believe by Alvar Lidell, the top news caster. “The War is over”. I 10 years old and, for all but 3 months of the war, I had lived in Central London, some 500 yards from the Chapel, in fact, for about six months, I used to walk past the rear of it with my mother and two aunts, to shelter from the overnight bombing raids, at Moorgate Underground Station. This had eased off towards the end of 1942, when, in the main, the bombing eased off, to be replaced by the V1 and V2 rockets. Funnily enough, although they were still very dangerous, more so in the case of the V2, when you neither heard or saw it, people got out more and walked around.

I used to go shopping with my mother, went to the Library and out with my friends, to local play areas. From the age of 6 I had been taken to Westminster Bridge by tram from Old Street to Bloomsbury, change trams to go down the Kingsway tunnel to Waterloo Bridge and on to Westminster, where I would view the Big Ben tower, walk onto the bridge to see Queen Boadicea, then walk back along the Embankment to Blackfriars Bridge and get a bus home.

Talks were started with local neighbours to arrange a street party in the next few days. Then my mother said shall we go down West to see the celebrations, so that evening we caught the 76 bus at the end of the street, (in those days it was a long route from Brimsdown to Victoria.) We got as far as Blackfriars, where the crowds and traffic meant, to go much further, would take forever, so we got off the bus and went down the Embankment, getting as far as Temple Gardens.

The crowds were dense, happy, singing and dancing, really enjoying themselves, a number under the influence of something stronger, but all good natured. For a short while I got disconnected from my mother, I did not get worried, I was in a happy crowd and, I knew that part of London quite well. When my mother caught with me I was chewing a gum, given to me by an American soldier. It was now nearly 9.00pm, time to go home, so we walked there via Smithfield Market. Quite an evening, and something felt different – The smell of freedom

Alan Watts – Church Member

News from Leysian Missioner

Since I wrote in last month's Window on Wesley's, the Methodist Connexional Team have let us know that 3Generate (weekend away for 8-23 year olds) will not be taking place this autumn. We look forward to hearing in September about 3Generate365 which will offer a chance to gather virtually this year, and to hopefully taking a group to Birmingham for 3Generate 2021.

Postcards from Lockdown

Over the coming weeks and months, our children and young people should hopefully find a (nice) surprise coming through their letterboxes. We hope this will provide a welcome reminder to the c50 young people and children on our Sunday School registers that the church cares for them.

Each postcard is being decorated individually, and as I (Judith, Leysian Missioner) colour them I take time to pray for the child to whom it's being sent and their loved ones. Praying and posting these cards is being interwoven with the other work and tasks I have, so if your under 18 hasn't received one yet please know they are not forgotten, and a card will be sent in due course! However, if you think you might have forgotten to tell the church

that you've updated your address or other contact details recently, please do let me know.

Judith Bell – Leysian Missioner



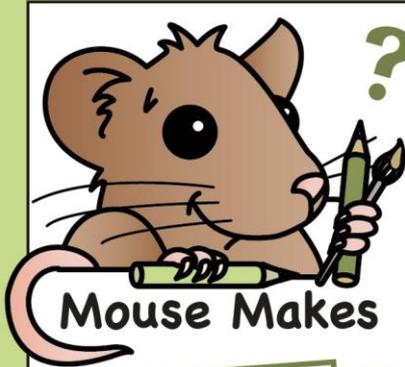
Isolation!

The current Pandemic has caused a number of difficulties and much sadness to so many folk. I have not been out since the end of January, so my problem is one of Isolation. To combat this, I have entered a degree course in Battling Boredom at the small University of Bakingside and, in due time, I will let you know how I got on. One of the first lectures was on hymnology, in which we can all share, change, and certainly, improve.

- **I** In heavenly love abiding.
- **S** Spirit of the living God.
- **O** O master let me walk with thee.
- **L** Life and light and joy are found.
- **A** All my hope on God is founded.
- **T** Teach me my God and Kin
- **I** I sing the almighty power of God.
- **O** O breath of God, breathe on me now
- **N** Nearer my God to Thee,

AGW

Children's page



Mouse Makes



FIND THE MISSING HUSBANDS

Match the wife to their husband

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| MARY | BOAZ |
| SARAH | JACOB |
| RUTH | ZECHARIAH |
| REBEKAH | JOSEPH |
| RACHEL | ABRAHAM |
| ELIZABETH | ISAAC |



WHO AM I?

The last letter of one name is the first letter of the next name.

P			L

- Wrote 13 New Testament letters
- He wrote the third Gospel

- Mother of John (Luke 1:3)
- Sarah's servant (Genesis 16:21)

			R

- Joseph's mother (Genesis 29:35)
- His wife turned to salt (Genesis 11:31)

			L

- Paul's friend (2 Corinthians 8:27)
- A brother of Jesus (Matthew 13:55)

			N

- Ruth's mother-in-law. (Ruth 3:1)

IT'S A PUZZLE!

God sent 9 plagues on Egypt...

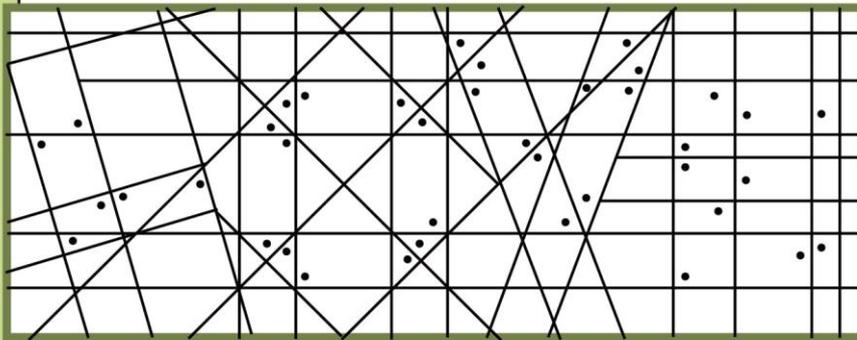
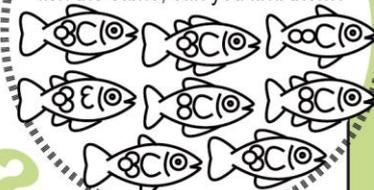
What were they?

Change each letter to the one after it in the alphabet to find out.

AKNNC
EQNFR
FMZSR
EKHDR
CHRDZRD
OKZFTD
GZHK
KNBTRSR
CZQJMDRR

FIND THE FISH

The Disciples have been fishing and have caught TWO fish the same, can you find them?



Colour in all the shapes with a DOT to find out what Jesus wants us to do

Worship at Wesley's Chapel & Leysian Mission

Whilst the Chapel is currently closed to meeting physically, our worship continues via livestream on the internet. Join us at www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/livestreaming

Worship services are available and are livestreamed at the following times:

Monday – Saturday

10.00am Morning Prayer from the Methodist Worship Book

Wednesday

12.45pm Service of Holy Communion

Thursday

12.45pm Service of the Word

Sunday

9.45am Service of Holy Communion

11.00am Morning Worship

All live-streamed services remain viewable afterwards: find previous services at www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/previous-services

We also have a new dedicated email address for prayer requests which will be received directly by our ministers Jennifer Smith and Steven Cooper, and will be prayed during the course of the Daily morning prayer service. Please send all prayer requests to: prayer@wesleyschapel.org.uk

If you would like to submit an article, poem, prayer or item of interest for this magazine please email it to:

manager@wesleyschapel.org.uk