

# WINDOW ON WESLEY'S



**SEPTEMBER 2020**

## **STAFF**

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

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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 BA (Hons) MA (Learning &  
Community Engagement Officer)

**Administration:** Mrs Ling Arzeian  
Miss Beatrice Omane  
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Dear Friends,

Welcome to the September edition of Window on Wesley's – and a special welcome if you are reading this online, or are part of the wide digital community who participate in Wesley's Chapel's discipleship, heritage and learning, or worship.

Now is a crucial time for this City and our countries, and for every church, as it is a crucial time for our households: if you find yourself in times of uncertainty with work or other commitments, you are not alone! And church in all its forms will continue to spread news of God's love for all people, build community, bring people together, and work for the good.

This church has been offered into this place and time, with a particular work to do. We will be equal to the tasks, and bold in taking the opportunities that come. Looking ahead, we are especially glad to have Professor Anthony Reddie, a leading Black British Theologian and Methodist lay preacher, preaching for our church anniversary next month. Anthony will also be launching a new edition of his book, 'Is God colour blind?' at Wesley's Chapel, and as restrictions allow, leading a workshop for us.

We are taking the next steps to re-gather for worship: Thank you to the group of you who have been coming each Sunday through August, working to make the safest, best possible worship under the current government restrictions. Do read the pastoral letter from the Secretary of Conference to see his reflection about worship with restrictions, it is apt. And please, if you do not receive the weekly update, register for it by email, WhatsApp, or hard copy: one thing we can count on is that things will change, and we will need to get word out quickly, both among our signed up membership, and in our wider digital diaspora. We are care home residents, students, shift workers, Methodists, non-Methodists, new to church, coming back to church, never been to church. And we are part of something new, with deep roots and heritage, and ever wider reach.

While the media may be new, there is nothing new about having the mission and ministry based at the Chapel 'owned' by many in this country, and among our global partners. It is with this heritage in mind, and an acute sense of the needs of this time in our world, that we are planning to re-launch the 'Friends of Wesley's'. This will allow us better to serve this wide diaspora. For our local congregation, we are working to know how to have the regular meetings and governance that will keep our church strong, and include the most people possible.

The task of discernment, that is working on our vision and evolving the mission plan which will guide our progress in the next years is ongoing. The trustees have continued this summer, not least to be able to propose budget and strategy for the next year based on discernment about God's purpose, not just on what is easy. This will be a process we will engage together, as the year progresses. Worship, Discipleship, Learning and Caring, and Evangelism are the four broad areas of 'Our Calling.' We interpret each in what we do locally, and in our national and international partnerships. 'For such a time as this,' we are called to be who we are.

Friends, let your church know how you are getting on, and share your insights and dreams. Because God is faithful!

With every good wish, Jen

p.s. We are in great need of occasional helpers to steward worship: if you could give even one shift /Sunday service in 6 weeks, please contact the office or one of the administrators: you are needed!

## **Church News**

For many years, Adrian Beviss has been caretaker at Wesley's Chapel, as well as a member along with his wife Geraldine. It has been a true ministry, involving welcome and hospitality to people from all walks of life and all parts of the world. Adrian

lives locally, and he would often join for 7 am prayers led by Jennifer Potter, in addition to his usual duties looking after the Chapel from 7.30am to 5.30 pm, Thursday to Saturday. Adrian has been a wonderful support to residents and staff, and also helped to conserve this site for future generations.

The time has come for him to retire, and we wish him well on this new adventure. In due course we will make a presentation to Adrian in worship, and also he has agreed (subject to election by the Church Meeting) to serve as a property trustee from 2020. Wisdom, friendliness, practicality, warmth: these are among Adrian's gifts, and we will miss him very much in the day to day life of the Chapel.

## Rooms to let

The Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Community currently have rooms available to let, and is looking for new people to join the community.



The cost of the rooms available vary and as part of the community we will also require people to volunteer time and commit to coming to our monthly gathering.

To find out more details and request an application form please contact the office at Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission (tel: 020 7253 2262) or email Sally Rush our community worker ([cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk](mailto:cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk))

## **LIVES MATTER – MY Story (Part 3)**

The last time I wrote, in the August issue of WOW, I ended where I was looking into a teacher training course, especially because I remembered my time at school, and wishing there was at least one black teacher, and if there was, I would not have been so misunderstood.

Going back to the time when I was looking for a new career path while I was at home with my son, I enquired further into getting into the teaching profession. There was a government initiative of positive discrimination, whereby Black and Asian people who didn't have the opportunity to go into further education, could do an Access Course of A Level English and Maths which would give them access to the University of North London (now the Metropolitan University) to study the humanities. I applied for the Access A Level courses and was accepted. The staff at the university on the Open Day, were very helpful and assisted with all the paperwork including student grant/loans.

I passed the A Level Maths and English courses and gained access to the University. I was warned by my tutor that I would be one of the oldest in the classes. It was a four year course and I would be specializing in Language, Literature and Media Studies. Obtaining at the end a Bachelor of Education (Hon) degree in Primary School Teaching. I was really proud of my achievement, for just getting into university as I had for years, suffered from such low self-esteem. I would also be the first of my siblings to get a university degree.

I thought that things had changed regarding the entrenched racism, but it had not. Black students on teacher training found it hard to get school placements. Most white teachers didn't want non-white students teaching beside them. Twice whilst on the course, things got so bad that I thought I'd have to give up before completing the teacher training. And I would have, except for the encouragement and support from family and good friends which kept me steady.

One of the racist incidents occurred on an occasion when I was in my second year at University. I had a hospital appointment and informed my tutor of my appointment and said that I would not be able to attend that morning's lecture and would collect the study notes later. I finished my appointment early and telephoned my tutor to ask whether I could come to collect the study notes. She answered the phone and when I said who I was, she got angry and shouted: 'if you can't be bothered to come to lectures, then I can't help you'. And she slammed the phone down. I thought 'it's not happening again.' I left the hospital and decided to go straight to the University, I had to get to the bottom of this.

It was now the early 1990s and I'd lived with such disrespectful attitudes towards me, from white people, most of my life. I got to the University and knocked on my tutor's door. She said 'come in' and I went in. When she saw it was me, she said 'what do you want, Betty?' I told her that I didn't like the way she had spoken to me, that I had told her in advance about my hospital appointment, and that I would collect the study notes afterwards. She became furious and said: 'how dare you barge into my office and question me? Get out! YOU PEOPLE EXPECT TOO MUCH.' I thought, 'why such hatred? She was a tutor on a Black and Asian course to help the disadvantaged students to achieve a higher education, and she was a racist. I knew that I had to challenge her, especially on the last comment she had made. I was now a fully grown adult, with a family of my own. I was probably older than she was. I was aware that I might be thrown off the course; but I had to say something; not only for myself, but for my race and for the other black students coming after me.

My eyes filled with tears and they run down my cheeks. I could feel my hands and my body begin to tremble. I had never challenged anyone in authority before, and in particular, never a white person. I summoned up all my courage and said: 'I don't know why you hate me so much; I've seen the way you help the white girls when they're away. You collect their work for them and offer to help with anything they don't understand. You're

supposed to be my personal tutor and you've never helped me with anything.'

To my surprise, she calmed down and her body language changed from aggression to seemingly, friendliness. She said 'sit down Betty. I don't want you to think that I have anything against you or have singled you out for any reason. It was just that I was up a ladder when you phoned and I could have hurt myself coming down quickly to answer the call. You understand? You know how it is when you're busy and someone phones.' I said to her that I couldn't have known that she was up a ladder, and if I answered a phone when I'm busy, I would either ask the caller to call back or take the number and call him/her back. Then she said: 'let's forget the whole episode, what was it you wanted?' I repeated that I would like the morning's study notes, and she promised to have photocopies ready for me to collect in the morning.

There was another incident, when I was in my third year of training. I was doing a four-week placement in a primary school in Islington. The class teacher appeared hostile and, clearly, didn't want me working alongside her. If I asked any questions she told me that she was not supposed to help me, and that I had to find the answers for myself. I realised that I was in for a difficult time but I didn't have much choice. I worked very hard, with different groups of children and putting up displays as required. The marks for this assignment would go towards my final exams. There were three black children in the whole class. The parents of both the white and black children got used to seeing me in the mornings and afternoons and began to speak to me, generally asking how their child was doing with the classwork. The teacher, I believe, was jealous that the parents spoke to me and commented on how lovely my displays, mounted on the walls, were. The class teacher told me afterwards that I was not allowed to speak to the parents because I was not a qualified teacher. I explained that they only asked briefly, how their child was doing. She said that if anyone wants information about their child's progress, I should refer them to her.

It was difficult to follow her instructions, because I couldn't play dumb, when a parent spoke to me. I tried my best to refer the parents to her when they asked questions, but they did not go to her unless it was absolutely necessary.

A few days before the end of my placement, I reminded the teacher that I would like to take the report of my performance with me when I leave. She said okay. On the last day of my placement I asked her for the report. She said: 'I'll send it to the University'. This was unusual, as in previous school placements, the teachers wrote and gave the students their reports on the day that they left the school. A few days later, my tutor at the University had still not received my report so she telephoned the teacher to enquire whether she had actually posted the report. My tutor told me that the teacher confirmed that she had put the report in the post. A week passed and the report still had not arrived, so I telephoned the school and asked to speak to the teacher. She would not take my call. I eventually went to the school in person to try to sort this out.

The teacher would not see me but sent another teacher to tell me that she had posted the report, and if the University had not received it, there was nothing more she could do for me. I was devastated, without that report, I couldn't go on to my final year. It was difficult enough finding schools that would accept black students on teacher training, and if I wanted to continue, I would have to find a school which was willing to accommodate me and at short notice. I had gone that far, i.e three years at University and would probably have to give up before finishing the course because of such systemic racism.

My problem was not only finding a school placement, but my finances would dry up if I failed this practical exam. I would not be able to obtain a student's grant/loan. The only option would be to take out a bank loan, if I had to repeat a year, and with interest, a bank loan would be prohibitive. I resigned myself to admitting defeat. Once again I found that there was no one, in authority, to whom I could talk to about the injustice of it all. If I complained to

someone in authority, the person would most likely be, white. And to complain to a white person about another white person, (one of their own) my complaint would, more likely than not, only be met with resentment. Through all this, I knew God was with me.

I mentioned my dilemma to two of my friends who were already qualified teachers and they encouraged me to go on and not give up, and promised to help me find school placements. And they did. Each of them found me a place at their school. One of the schools was a state school in Bruce Grove, North London, and the other was in a Roman Catholic school in Kenninghall Road in East London. I was lucky to get these placements at such short notice and especially in the Roman Catholic school, since I am not a Roman Catholic. But on my friends' recommendations, I was offered placements. I was filled with gratitude and thanked God for sending me good friends and family who helped, encouraged and supported me, at a time when I couldn't see a way forward.

It was a joyous day when I graduated, at the Barbican Centre in London, with a 2.2 Bachelor of Education (Honours) Degree: Specialist Subjects: Language, Literature and Media Studies. It had been a hard uphill struggle, not because of the work involved, but because of the racist attitudes of some of those in authority, who tried to hinder and put obstacles in my way so I would not succeed. And as I write this in the year 2020, there are still many in authority, in all walks of life, who are set on keeping black people from reaching their full potential, through institutional racism.

In the 1950s or even 1960s or 1970s, if someone in the British Government had informed the English people that they, the Government, had invited the black Caribbean people to Britain, to help rebuild the country after the devastation of World War II, there would have been more tolerance and less resentment, towards people from the West Indies, up to this day.

I grew up with six brothers and one sister, and each one of them have their own stories to tell of how racism almost killed their spirits, as it almost did mine; in the schools; in shops; in the workplace and in the streets; where white people feel that it is alright to hurl insults such as; “go back to your country’. ‘Go back to the jungle where you came from’. And. ‘we fought for our freedom and you people come over here demanding rights that you have no claim to.’ Believe me, all these have been said to me. I had no response at the time, because our black history was hidden from us, especially while I was growing up. And it’s not until fairly recently, say, in the last 15-20 years, that I realise my grandfather had fought in one of the earlier wars. On the British side, of course.

I'll say a bit about my ancestry here. My paternal great-grandfather was from West Africa who travelled to St. Lucia during the slave trade and my maternal great-grandparents were Hindus from India, who converted to Christianity and Methodism, during the British colonial days, and were brought to St. Lucia as indentured labour. In fact, my great-grandfather became a Methodist Local Preacher. I took more of my characteristics from my mother's side of the family.

I hoped that during my teaching career I helped a lonely black child, or any child who was having difficulty making friends, that I was a friend or, at least, a listening ear, to him or her. Remembering my lonely time at school because my teachers and classmates thought I was the wrong colour and didn't belong there.

I later went on to do a Master's Degree, for purely selfish reasons. I needed to prove to myself that I had the capability and confidence to rise higher, academically, than the limitations set for me, by a white person, for a black person. GOD IS THE CREATOR OF ALL!

In conclusion, I want to say thank you for reading My Story of Black Lives Matter. I pray that God will bless us and help each of

us to do how much, or how little we can to bring about change for the betterment of all humankind.

***Betty Maynard - Trustee and Church Member***

***Our Minister, the Revd Steven Cooper writes...***

It feels hard to believe that I have now been Minister of Wesley's Chapel & Leysian Mission for a year—that is, until I think back across the past twelve months and recall what an extraordinary (in the truest sense of the word) year it has been. I give thanks for what we have been able to achieve together as a church, throughout the most challenging of circumstances. The heroic staff team here, in particular, has brought remarkable gifts—and constantly adapted them to an ever-evolving situation. Special thanks to Adrian Beviss as he retires from many years of sterling work as Chapel caretaker, always with skill and good humour, and an outstanding member of the staff team. It has been a joy and a privilege to serve with them, and with you, in the worship of God and in responding to the needs of our present time. Thank you for your welcome over the past year, and for being the extraordinary community of people that you are!

And so I enter into this new connexional year filled with joy and with hope for what the future holds here at Wesley's. However, it remains a time of profound challenge for all of us: for each of us in our individual lives and in our families, and for the Chapel itself. God is good, but this is also the time when God calls us to rise to the occasion, to support one another's needs as best we can, and those of the communities around us.

## **Benevolence Fund**

This is a time when many of us have experienced, and will experience, moments of crisis. One of the very practical ways in which the Chapel is able to provide support to members at particular points of crisis is by the use of our Benevolence Fund. Like every Methodist church, Wesley's maintains a Benevolence

Fund, the sole purpose of which is to provide financial support to members of our community in moments of special need. The use of the Fund is within the gift of myself and Jen as ministers—and it is entirely confidential: the annual accounts of the Chapel show how much the fund has been used, but never the particulars of for whom or for what specific purpose. We do make regular use of the Fund, and it is here to be used: if you are in special need, for which some financial help would make a difference, do let me or Jen know. It will be in strictest confidence. It may be that there are costs associated with starting in a new phase of education that are too much for you to carry, or a crisis with accommodation, or some other unforeseen emergency. Please do not suffer in silence: let us know if we can help.

### **Giving to the Chapel's work**

The corollary of this is that I need to make a plea, to all of you, to maintain the income of the Chapel: both for the sake of the Benevolence Fund, and for all the work of worship and ministry that we do together. As with almost all organisations, the present circumstances have had a dire effect on the Chapel's finances. There has been a total loss of income to the Chapel, since the lockdown began, from the complete cessation of the previously almost daily hiring of our meeting rooms to external organisations. This loss of income amounts to tens of thousands of pounds. On top of this there has, quite understandably, been a drop-off in levels of congregational giving to the finances of the Chapel. It is crucially important that we begin to recover our income levels, and so I make a plea to you, if you are able to give, to consider how you can make a regular gift to the work of the Chapel. Please call the office, or see the website, to learn how to make a monetary gift electronically, or indeed to set up a regular offering. A regular financial gift, even if not large, makes a huge difference to the scope and sustainability of what we are able to achieve together as a community.

The past year—and the coming months of the year ahead—have, God willing, been exceptional. Because of this, together with the

Chapel trustees, we have not sought to make—in a knee-jerk fashion—radical changes to the scope of our work, at a time when it is perhaps more important than ever. In consequence, the Chapel’s budget for the present year anticipates a deficit of over £130k. This is something on which we will have the opportunity to reflect at our Annual Church Meeting next month (we will announce soon how we will meet, in a way that enables maximum participation in the present circumstances, including members who can’t physically be at the Chapel when the meeting happens). Over time, we shall have to reconcile this deficit—as well as continuing to support our current work—and so my plea to consider what you can give really is urgent.

The greatest blessing you bring though is simply who you are! I rejoice once again at the privilege of sharing in ministry among you. Wesley’s Chapel and Leysian Mission is indeed an extraordinary church. As we begin this ‘new Methodist year’, I wish you every blessing this month, and in the year ahead.

**Steven**

**September Lunchtime Recitals (1.05pm)  
Entry Free of Charge**

**Starting this month, we are pleased to announce that our very popular lunchtime recitals will be resuming:**

**08.09.20 Roman Szczepaniak - Violin**

**15.09.20 Roman Szczepaniak - Violin**

**22.09.20 Stuart Raeburn/David Elwin – Tenor/Piano**

**29.09.20 Roger Press - Piano**



***Oxford Centre for Religion & Culture in association  
with Sarum College, presents***

**Words of Life and Death: Poetry and Culture in Crisis**

In times of crisis poetry speaks into matters of enduring concern, the great themes of life and death. At the same time poetry speaks directly into our current context where the use and abuse of words, miscommunication and incomprehension, can be a matter of life and death. In many spiritual traditions, words have power to bring life but also to pronounce death. This series of poetry readings and conversations will look at matters of life, death and poetry, exploring how words can bring life and hope to a fearful and divided world.

These events will be held online at 1pm-2pm BST:

**Please Register for these events via the link below.**

*The sessions are intended to be recorded and your registration will give permission to do so.*

<https://zoom.us/meeting/register/tJApd-utqz4vGNOeFRNstTKfGaluhwbMMxIP>

Monday 7 September: Suhaiyma Manzoor-Khan & Harry Baker

Monday 14 September: Rachel Mann

Monday 21 September: Martin Glynn

Monday 28 September: Pdraig O'Tuama

Convened by Dr Elizabeth S. Dodd, Research Associate for the Oxford Centre for Religion and Culture, and Lecturer at Sarum College

The Secretary of the Methodist Conference, The Revd Dr Jonathan R Hustler, regularly writes a pastoral letter to the clergy and what follows is his special pastoral letter for September & the beginning of the new Connexional year:

*September 2020*

*Dear Brothers and Sisters,*

*During these months when we have been unable to sing (or at least, in my case, to do more than warble hesitatingly at a screen bearing the legend 'You are muted. Press alt-A to unmute'), one hymn has been my particular companion. As is not unusual, it came unbidden into my mind in March and has remained there ever since. It is John Henry Newman's 'Lead, kindly light'. On 19 March we took the decision at Methodist Church House to ask everyone to work from home until further notice. The evening as I left 25 Marylebone Road was cold and miserable; there was indeed an 'encircling gloom' and it was not just the drizzle and the crepuscular fading of the light. It was anxiety.*

*Newman wrote 'Lead Kindly Light' on his much delayed journey back to England from a tour of the Mediterranean in 1833. He came to believe that the journey home, and in particular a period of illness that he had experienced in Italy, marked a seminal moment in his spiritual development. Somehow, although very ill, he was certain that he would not die 'for I have not sinned against the light.' Even Newman did not know what he meant by that peculiar remark. His strong notion of providence led him to believe that there was a guiding light that he was following even in his darkest and most uncertain hours and it had not finished with him yet. The Sunday after he arrived back in England, John Keble preached a sermon on 'National Apostasy' and, in Newman's view, the Oxford Movement was born. The Church of England, the Church in Britain, would never be the same again.*

*Without doubt, we are living in a period of transition and we long to know what awaits us at the end of the journey. It might well be*

*that the Church in Britain will never be the same again but we don't know what 'not the same' means. Having attended a couple of services over the last few weeks - masked, with no hand-shaking but multiple opportunities to sanitize, deprived of music, receiving communion in one kind only, and conscious of the many who could not be there or who reluctantly chose not to be there - I've been left with a sense of the impermanence of the current arrangements. We do not want to live or to worship like this for long. Yet perhaps the peculiar nature of the current arrangements makes us more conscious of the guiding light – we in our inhibited way affirm that we are still God's people and that God has not finished with us yet.*

*'Keep thou my feet. I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me.'* It is not always easy to remain content with not seeing the distant scene. We naturally want to know what church life will be like when we are finally free from all the COVID-19 restrictions, whenever that might be. But nobody knows the answer to those questions. How many of the many joining services online will grow into faithful church members who lie out a post-lockdown discipleship? Or how many of those who have lost the habit of weekly church attendance will regain it? How much of our newfound digital literacy will remain useful to us and how many meetings will we now regularly attend from our studies rather than by train or car? We only know that we don't know; we cannot see the distant scene. As Gordon Wakefield argued in his insightful little book, *Kindly Light*, the image is of a candle; the kindly light is not a searchlight that would reveal everything but a flame that shows us enough.

*Living in this way can be hard. I am conscious of the huge amount of work that has been done by the Connexional Team over the last six months to advise and support the circuits. I am also conscious that we have sometimes struggled to respond to queries and that we have not got every decision right; with hindsight there are things that we might have done differently. I fear that in March next year we might say that about some of the actions we take this September. So I am grateful for those who*

*have recognised that this is a time when we have limited information and have been generous and understanding in their responses. The very phrase 'kindly light' is perhaps a prompt to be kind in dealing with each other when none can see the distant scene.*

*This, of course, is not a reason to do nothing or to avoid planning ahead. We have to make decisions, even if those decisions are provisional, and we have to recognise that the current peculiar situation has given us opportunities which might not otherwise have come our way. That will be especially challenging for those just beginning appointments (which might in itself remind us of the importance of the Circuit Staff Meeting in fellowship and support). Without the light of 'garish day', it seems to me, we are called to live and work collegially, prayerfully and gently, with the assurance that God is with us and is giving us the light that we need.*

*With my prayers and best wishes for the new connexional year,*

*Jonathan R Hustler  
Secretary of the Conference*

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
lead thou me on;  
the night is dark, and I am far from home,  
lead thou me on.  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
the distant scene; one step enough for me.  
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
should'st lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
lead thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
pride ruled my will: remember not past years.  
So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
will lead me on,  
o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
the night is gone;  
and with the morn those angel faces smile,  
which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.  
(John Henry Newman 1801-90)*

*Gracious and compassionate  
God,  
who guided your people by a  
pillar of cloud by day  
and of fire by night,  
bless and accompany, we pray,  
your covenant people,  
that in uncertain times we may  
witness to your love,  
perform to your holy will,  
and depend on your great  
faithfulness,  
In Christ our Lord.  
Amen.  
(Based on verses from  
Nehemiah 9)*

# Sharing with us in Sunday Ilam worship?

Find the order of service online at  
<http://ow.ly/Zc0f50zBPpa>

Or sign up to our mailing list to  
recieve alongside weekly notices  
<http://eepurl.com/c-aWr5>

## Emerging Adults (18-30's)

Hi

The emerging adults group at Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission is still just on line this month. We have our social on the first Saturday of the month (5<sup>th</sup>) at 4:30pm and our bible study on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday (19<sup>th</sup>) at 4:30pm.

Next month on Saturday 3<sup>rd</sup> October we will be looking to do a socially distanced walk during the day starting at Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission at 2pm and ending at the church at 4:30pm, where there will be the chance for those who meet us online to join us for half an hour.

As with all generations this is a time of uncertainty for a lot of people at the moment but emerging adults are particularly feeling the risk of unemployment. If you are an somebody who is experiencing this please do get in touch. We are happy to support you in CV's and sharing opportunities we become aware of.

We get regular information on opportunities through Islington Council and others but it would be really good if as a church community we can share information on opportunities we become aware of relating to: jobs becoming available, internships; grants and work experience. Please telephone the office or email [cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk](mailto:cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk) to get in touch.

Blessings Sally

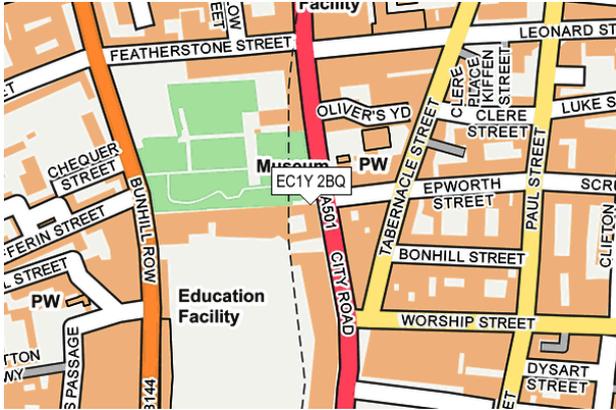
### **Community Audit**

At Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission we're conducting a listening exercise over the next few months to hear more about what people in the local community are feeling about the area and what God might be saying to us as a church about how we engage in mission and evangelism where we're based.

There are a few ways in which you can get involved in this:

- 1) We will be prayer walking the area, in a socially distanced way, for around 1 hour at 10:45 each Wednesday. If you want to join in you'd be more than welcome, meet in the courtyard of Wesley's Chapel and Leysian Mission by 10:40am. If you can't get out but would like to pray for the local area please join us in your own homes praying during that time on a Wednesday morning.
- 2) If you live or work within the Islington, Hackney or City of London areas I'd be interested in meeting up with you; via telephone, zoom or socially distanced in person. Please phone the office or email me at [cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk](mailto:cw@wesleyschapel.org.uk) to get involved.

3) If you have family or friends who live in the area who might be willing to speak to me please do pass on the details and get in touch. We're interested in hearing from people in the community



who don't have a link with the church alongside those of you who do.

We are particularly interested in hearing from those who are located within the following council wards: Bunhill Ward, Hoxton East and Shoreditch, Cripple Gate, Coleman Street, Bishops Gate

## **Tales of a Travelling Preacher Memories of Fifty Years as a Methodist Local Preacher**

*In the penultimate instalment of Graham Warr's preaching memoirs we read about his ministry in HM Prisons:*

### **Challenging Times (1)**

By 1990 services were changing – chapels and churches were closing – Ripley, Shepperton and West Byfleet URC, and other congregations were noticeably ageing and numbers declining. Then out of the blue I was asked by the Superintendent, who had recently been appointed as the Free Church Chaplain, if I would be prepared to conduct a service at HM Prison Send. Now that was a challenge and a real adventure in faith.

I was planned to preach at the prison on 2<sup>nd</sup> November 1997. Christine and I had a rare weekend break and as the service was at 6.15 pm had planned a day out. We left early for our trip to Bicester and intended to leave in good time to get to Send. We had a lovely morning and an enjoyable lunch and then we noticed that it was getting cold and misty. We cut our visit short and started our journey back. As we drove over the Chiltern Hills and

into the Thames Valley fog began to build up and by the time we got off the M25 it was a real 'pea-souper'. We crawled in ever increasing murky darkness towards the prison. Our arrival was truly Dickensian as we arrived outside the huge locked gates which came looming out of the fog. Christine waited until I had rung the bell and was admitted. I waved to her as the gate was locked behind me. She was not allowed to accompany me and had arranged to visit a friend.

I had been told to bring photographic identity and was searched before being allowed into the actual prison. Then I was led to the prison chapel which was really quite pleasant. In the vestry the Officer told me the prisoners would come in five minutes before the service and be locked in. Then I would come in from the vestry and be locked in too. As I walked out of the vestry door, somewhat nervously, he told me that I would be on my own, but there was a 'panic button' under the lectern if I needed it. Taking my faith in my hands I prayed: *Lord, into your hands I commend my spirit!*

As I entered the Chapel I saw a mixed group of about twenty men. That's what they were men, and all of them God's children. It was not for me to judge why they were there but to bring them a message of love and hope. We sang: *Praise my soul the King of heaven, Great is thy faithfulness, What a friend we have in Jesus and Be Thou my vision*. They sang them all lustily! I needn't have been concerned as the service went very well and at the end of the service most of the prisoners thanked me and gave the impression they enjoyed the worship. I felt that I was truly walking in the footsteps of John and Charles Wesley.

As travelling preachers and followers of Jesus we don't often see the results of our labours but the youngest member of the congregation approached me at the end and asked for some advice. I had mentioned my teaching experience in my introduction. He told me he had been sentenced for drug related offences and accepted that he had deserved his sentence. He had about six months left to serve and wanted to change his life;

to study and retake his A levels and go to university. His aim was to get a Social Work qualification and help other young people to avoid the path he had taken. I suggested he talk to the Prison Education Officer and prayed with him.

I was planned again on the 26<sup>th</sup> April 1998. The weather was very spring like and I had planned a service based on the Good Shepherd. On the Saturday night the Minister at Walton-on-Thames, who was the Prison's Free Church Chaplain, rang me to 'let me know' that the Home Office had decided earlier in the week to close the prison and re-open it as a women's prison. Some of the prisoners had already been transferred. He warned me that some of the men were very unhappy and there could be a larger and perhaps resentful congregation.

It was too late to change anything, but how great is our God, in the circumstances what better theme could there be than the one we had planned - The Good Shepherd. We sang: *To God be the glory, great things he has done, The King of love my Shepherd is, Blessed Assurance, Jesus is mine, and Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.* I also added two, unaccompanied, solos, '*Do not be afraid, for I have redeemed you*' and an old Salvation Army standard, '*Unto thee will I cry*'. I had a list of those who had just moved and those moving the next day and we prayed for them by name. The theme of the sermon was based on Psalm 23:4: '*Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I fear no evil for you are with me your rod and your staff – they comfort me.*'

With a real sense of the presence of the Holy Spirit I gave them God's message of love and care – assuring them that wherever they went Jesus would be with them. At the end of the service the response from the men was one of thanks and gratitude. It was very humbling, for I knew I was going home to my wife and children but they had no idea where they were going tomorrow.

The young man, from last time, came to tell me that he was re-taking his A levels and had received a conditional offer of a university place. I don't know what happened to him, but I often

think of him and pray that he is still with the Good Shepherd. That night I felt and saw God's love at work and the compassion of the Lord Jesus and power of the Holy Spirit in the congregation and myself too.

I preached twice more at HMP Send when it was re-opened as a women's prison. Sadly, the chapel was being renovated and was not in use. The congregation was small, and the services were in a corner of the Library. Many of the other prisoners were in another section and it was very difficult. I heard and felt some antagonism and abuse to me as a representative male. I felt for them because of what men had done to many of them.

They were probably the most difficult services I have ever led. Nevertheless, God enabled me to share his gospel of love.

***Graham Warr – Local Preacher and Heritage Steward***

**CHRISTMAS CARD DESIGN COMPETITION**

Show the Christmas story in words, photo or drawing.

Design the London District's 2020 Christmas card cover and let everyone experience the Christmas story through your creativity, drawing or writing. This competition is part of the Woven Project, the London District's theme for 2019 – 2021, a theme centred on the power of storytelling to transform and renew us in our lifelong discipleship as followers of Christ.

**To submit your entry**

Visit [methodistlondon.org.uk/christmascard](http://methodistlondon.org.uk/christmascard) for more information on how to submit your entry and for terms & conditions

All entries must be received by Sunday 20 September 2020

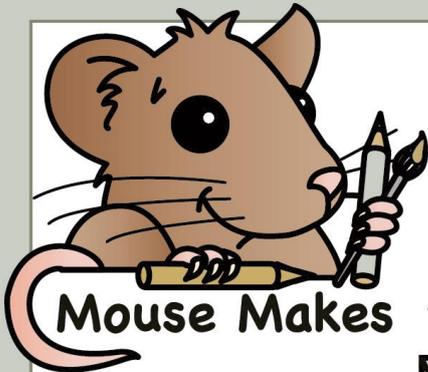
**Open to all ages**

**Woven**  
God's Story. Your Story. Every Story

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# Children's page



The **Bible** is a collection of **books** that took over 2,000 years to write! The books were written by many different people, all helped and inspired by God. The Bible has books about:

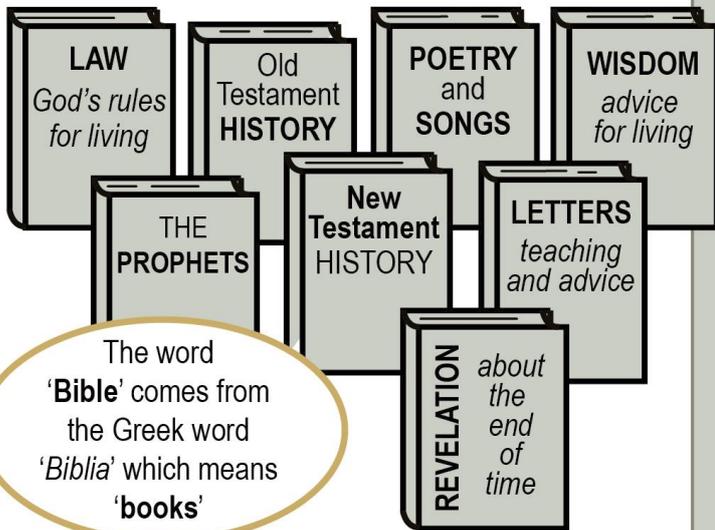
There are **66** books in the Bible. How many can you name?



## BIBLE WORDS

The Bible words in **BOLD** type on this page are also hidden in the word search, can you find them?

P L B O W I K  
 R I O S I L G  
 O G O N S W O  
 P H K E D O L  
 H T S W O R D  
 E R L T M D O  
 T E A E G O D  
 S V W S E E D  
 L E T T E R S  
 T L W A N L O  
 H A M M E R N  
 O T I E H I G  
 N I R N I R S  
 E O R T S A B  
 Y N O R T I I  
 F I R E O N B  
 P O E T R Y L  
 F O O D Y O E



The word '**Bible**' comes from the Greek word '*Biblia*' which means '**books**'

God speaks to us today as we read the Bible. The Bible encourages us, corrects us and shows us how to live, it also describes itself as:



**Mirror**  
James 1:23



**Food**  
Hebrews 5:12- 6:1



**Honey and Gold**  
Psalm 19:10



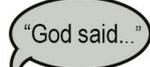
**Light**  
Psalm 119:105



**Rain**  
Isaiah 55:10-12



**Seed**  
Mark 4:14



**Living Word**  
Hebrews 4:12



**Hammer**  
Jeremiah 23:29



**Fire**  
Jeremiah 20:9



**Sword**  
Ephesians 6:17

...but most of all The Bible teaches us about **God** and how we can be friends with Him.

Taking place on  
**zoom**

**Woven**

PRESENTS

# TELL IT!

Poetry night  
for young  
adults to share  
testimonies  
of conversion  
and stories of  
Christian faith  
in everyday life

Friday 18th September 2020  
7:30pm – 9:00pm  
*Virtual room opens at 7:00pm for mingling*

For more information and to register:  
[methodistlondon.org.uk/poetrynight](http://methodistlondon.org.uk/poetrynight)

Want to perform on the night?  
Email Fola on [folaf@methodistlondon.org.uk](mailto:folaf@methodistlondon.org.uk)  
or call 020 7654 3845 by Friday 21st August 2020

18+  
Event

  @LondonMethodist

**Woven**  
Gods They Hear They Every They

LONDON  
DISTRICT  
OF THE  
METHODIST  
CHURCH

## Worship at Wesley's Chapel & Leysian Mission

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

### Monday – Saturday

10.00am Morning Prayer from the Methodist Worship Book – live streamed only

### Wednesday

12.45pm Service of Holy Communion – ***this service is open to the public to attend in person***

### Thursday

12.45pm Service of the Word – live streamed only

### Sunday

9.45am Service of Holy Communion – live streamed only

11.00am Morning Worship – prebooking is essential please contact the Chapel office on 020 72532262 or book via Eventbrite at: <https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/wesleys-chapel-and-leysian-mission-worship-tickets-117422733557> and select the service you wish to attend.

All services are live streamed

([www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/livestreaming](http://www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/livestreaming)) and remain viewable afterwards at: [www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/previous-services](http://www.wesleyschapel.org.uk/previous-services)

We also have a 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](mailto: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**