

**ST TERNAN'S SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL
CHURCH MUCHALLS**

February 2025



Sunday Service 10.30am

Prayer & Chat Wednesday 11.00am

The church is open for private prayer during daylight hours

From our Minister



This year Mike and I managed to have a bit of time at Cruden Bay for our post-Christmas break. We stay close to home these days as our Jack Russell, Harry is approaching 17 and wherever we go she needs to come too! So, it was to the dog friendly Kilmarnock Arms Hotel that we went.

Three years ago, when we came north, on a day out we visited Slane's Castle and of course the fabulous beach of Cruden Bay. I was fascinated at the time to think that the Castle in particular had connections to Bram Stoker and of course Dracula, Stoker's novel that was published in 1897. The castle perched on its precipice is certainly atmospheric, and it is easy to imagine looking at the ruin as it is today just how it would have inspired Stoker, of course in his time there it would not have been in such a state of disrepair but nevertheless....

Perhaps, as this January's visit north was somewhat leisurely, in passing, I read bits and pieces about Stoker and of course his famous Gothic novel. I was surprised to read that he was the business manager of London's Lyceum Theatre, and that he travelled with his family north to Cruden Bay on more than one occasion for their summer holidays. (I did learn that there had been a train service, and that it was a favoured location for golfers) However, it seems a very long way to travel. The dining room in the Kilmarnock Arms it must be said has the air of a bygone age, and so it helped to fuel my imagination. Stoker wrote much of Dracula at the Kilmarnock Arms and it is said that his family said that during this period he was short tempered and preoccupied, not the best for a family holiday.

Now, like many of us I had read Dracula many years ago and I suppose almost forgotten about it. But again, with time on my hands, and Mike watching snooker, I decided to listen to the audio version narrated by Mark Gatiss. May I say that it is without a doubt terrifying! ~Such an imagination!!! I have yet to do research but I have questions about why Dracula was written at that particular time and the whole genre of Victorian Gothic novels. I wonder how Stoker was influenced by the times he lived in.

These days I must admit I feel quite bogged down by the news. Beyond the politics there appear to be an increasing number of stories of violence. The violence of the world is often then reflected in the entertainment of our time, as seen in music, film and television. Victorian Britain, we know, had its own fair share of violent stories, but of course the reporting of them would have been in the newspapers of the day. I expect that many of those stories would have been local, reported locally and never have been known beyond their own locales. I do wonder if it is actually good for us to be bombarded with news. Of course, it is important that injustices be named, but I wonder if there is a point where it begins to affect our own psyches, and the way that we relate to other people, both within our own communities and farther afield. The

word scaremongering comes to mind. I worry that our young people will grow up being distrustful and anxious.

The truth of the world, of humanity is that there have always been individuals who will stop at nothing to gain power and influence. The truth of the world, of humanity, is that there have always been individuals who have cared for those in need in our world. Perhaps all that we, as Christians, hear, that we read, should be the motivation for us to consider how we can work to change the communities that we live in one relationship at a time.

Mary

Love in Action! - Canon Paul Hardingham

'Dear children, let us not love with words or speech but with actions and in truth.' (1 John 3:18).

The writer Gary Chapman describes how love can be expressed in 5 different 'languages': words of encouragement, quality time, gifts, acts of service and touch. Do you have a preferred language of love? As we think about St Valentine during this month, let's consider how God's love language is expressed in the word *agape*. This is exclusively found in the New Testament and is uniquely defined by Jesus: *'This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down His life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers and sisters.'* (1 John 3:16). Jesus' giving of His life on the cross provides the model for how we can demonstrate God's love in our relationships with others.

It is self-giving: are we ready to put the other person first, as Jesus did when He died for us in our place. Are we generous with our time, words, money and service, whatever the cost?

It takes the initiative: are we ready to show love to those who don't deserve it or who we find hard to love? Do we have eyes of compassion to see their needs and a heart to love and serve them?

It is intentional: are we ready to get close to those in need around us, irrespective of the time we have or how we feel?

The story is told of Jesus asking a little child, *'how much do you love me?'* The child replied *'lots and lots and lots!'* Then they asked Jesus how much He loved them. Jesus stretched out His arms wide and said *'I love you this much'*, as they nailed Him to a cross.



Prayer for February 2025 *By Daphne Kitching*

Dear Lord,

February can be a trying month, but there are special associations too and we thank you for the hope they bring.

In February we remember how Jesus was taken, as a baby, to the Temple. Simeon took Him in his arms and by the power of the Holy Spirit, recognised Him as the Saviour you had sent as a light, to bring revelation to the whole world. And how this world needs your light and revelation in this new year, 2025.

Lord - as we notice more light in the lengthening days of this month, as we see the promise of the Spring in the bobbing heads of the beautiful snowdrops – help us most of all to recognise Jesus as our Light and to trust in Him as our Lord and Saviour. Thank you, Lord, for the gift of each new day. In Jesus' name. Amen.

What you have in common with a woodcarving

Woodcarving isn't as straightforward as it seems. You don't begin with a block of wood; you begin with a piece of paper. The first step is to draw a plan of what you want to carve, and only when you've got that right do you start to shape your piece of wood.

The carver then works his block with his plan alongside it. He cuts those bits of wood away that he doesn't want, and shapes what's left until it ever more closely resembles that original plan.

Only when the design on the wood and the paper plan *are identical* has the carver finished his job. He's then made exactly what he'd hoped for, while working all along from that original plan.

It's the same for our lives. God is the master carpenter. He has a unique plan for each one of us, which is a blueprint of what He hopes we will become.

As we go through life, God shapes us, cutting away those bits of us that He doesn't want and which would spoil what He hopes we'll come to look like. He then gradually moulds what's left until we look ever more like that original blueprint. Only when the two are identical will God's work be over.

But there's one big difference between a human being and a block of wood. A block of wood sits impassively on the carver's bench while he works at it. The wood cannot help the process along and has no idea what's happening to it.

God very much hopes that we'll help Him in the process of being moulded and shaped into His pattern. That's why we read the Bible and worship and pray: to find out just what His plan is for each one of us. Only when we have some idea of what He wants us to be can we help Him in the process.

Modomnoc and the bees of Ireland



Legend tells us that it was St Modomnoc who first brought bees to Ireland, in the early 540s AD. Although it's more likely that the bees had drifted over from Britain after the last Ice Age all by themselves, certainly Modomnoc did his bit to help them.

Modomnoc was a 6th century abbot, probably one of the royal O'Neill family of Ireland. When he sailed over to Wales to study under St David in his Pembrokeshire monastery of Menevia, he was given the duty of caring for the bees of the monastery. This he did

so well that the bees must have grown very fond of him, because when he was setting sail to return to Ireland, a swarm of his bees settled on his ship and went back with him. Thus apiculture – and hopefully lots of honey – was introduced to Ireland. Even the Martyrology of Oegus the Culdee (c800) records that it was "in a little boat from the east over the pure-coloured sea my Domnoc brought ... the gifted race of Ireland's bees." In time, Modomnoc, and presumably his bees, settled in Tibberaghny (Co. Kilkenny). Today, there are about 3,500 – 4,000 beekeepers in Ireland.

Carl Handel Nelson MBE 25th November 1936-29th December 2024

Carl Nelson was a member of St Ternan's Church Muchalls for many years.

Carl was a native of Aberdeen. As a child he faced many challenges. Carl was of mixed race, his Grandfather Horatio, known as Sam was a sweet man, a man of strong Christian principles, who had travelled from the island of St Thomas to seek a better life. Carl had been brought up by his Aunt, a woman for whom he had a great love and respect, in the boarding house that she ran. Financially there were struggles, as there were for many in the 30's, but Carl was loved, cared for and guided by his family. At an early age a sense of right and wrong and justice was instilled in him.

Carl was academically able. He loved learning, he loved words and loved to read. He was encouraged at home and went on to go to the grammar school. Financial challenges at home meant that often he would not have the best of sporting gear. Carl had spoken about being bullied at school. However, regardless he excelled. And so, like many of the post war generation he went to night school and eventually entered the Civil Service in the HSS department and there he thrived. Carl cared deeply for those who were struggling to get by in daily life, and his work allowed him to be a good Samaritan, and he was one always to go the extra mile. He was a great one to volunteer, accepting the challenges of working with prisoners and others, when no one else was willing to take on the task. Carl was to say that there was not a single day of his working life that he did not enjoy.

A blind date to the Douglas Hotel was where he was to meet his beloved Rhoda. Following their engagement' of 2 years' they were married at St Ternan's'. It was through Rhoda's influence that he was to become involved in the Episcopal Church and after preparation was confirmed. He was a stalwart member of this church and we give

many thanks for all that he did. His children said that his Christian beliefs gave him an anchor, that they along with his family background informed who he was as an individual. Carl's faith meant a lot to him.

Carl and Rhoda once married were to have 2 children, Graham and Hilary. He took his responsibility of providing for his family seriously. His sense of knowing what was right and wrong extended into his expectations of his children. It is said that once his mind was made up, he would not waver. He encouraged his children.

Carl was a man of passion...he joined the Aberdeen Speakers Club; he was a great reciter of poetry. He often would rise to speak on Burn's night and was always one with a story to regale an audience. He loved football both as a player and later as a referee and here it should be noted that he was the first of 3 generations to fulfil that role. He was president of the Aberdeen International Football Festival being its main architect.

All of Carl's characteristics especially his desire to improve the lives of all, informed perhaps by his childhood, were to lead him to be a local councillor. He was a man who was able to see need and make the connections necessary to enable things to happen. He was dutiful. Carl's commitment at so many levels was recognised when he received an MBE for services to the community.

Carl's health had deteriorated over recent months, he was cared for initially at Kincardine Community Hospital Stonehaven and then later at Fordmill Care Home at Montrose. He was well cared for....Carl died peacefully, he said he had no pain, and his final meal was a favourite ice cream.

We give thanks for Carl's life and for all he has contributed, knowing that he as Saint John says is in a place where God himself will wipe every tear from their eyes. A place where Death will be no more; , a place where mourning and crying and pain will be no more.....Carl may you rest in peace and rise in glory.

Mary Jepp

Nigel Beeton writes: "2nd February is Candlemas - when we commemorate the presentation of Christ in the Temple. Zechariah was the priest there, he had been told by God that he would meet the Messiah before his death, and his beautiful prayer in Luke 2:29-32 became known as 'Nunc Dimittis.' It is very familiar to those of us who use the Compline service".

Nunc dimittis

A child within my arms now lays
Asleep, He's in my care
The Son of God, the Spirit says
And now I speak this prayer:

*O Lord, now let me go in peace
According to Your Word
My earthly life may gladly cease,
For I have seen You, Lord*

Salvation You have now prepared
Before the face of men
Salvation with the world is shared
So all may live again

*O Lord, now let me go in peace
According to Your Word
My earthly life may gladly cease,
For I have seen You, Lord*

A light upon the Gentiles, He
And Israel's glory, too
Now all Your saving love may see
And all may come to You.

*O Lord, now let me go in peace
According to Your Word
My earthly life may gladly cease,
For I have seen You, Lord.*



'My First Sermon' by John Everett Millais

There is a story of two men talking about their new minister. One says to the other, "This new one's not a patch on the old minister With the old one preaching I was asleep in five minutes. With the new one it takes all of ten." Some churches in times past employed 'sluggard-walkers' who had long rods and walked down the aisles, ready to wake up the faithful if they had nodded off during the sermon.

Sluggard-walkers are not needed for this month's painting, *My First Sermon* by John Everett Millais. It hangs in the Guildhall Art Gallery in London, which houses the art collection of our capital city. The Gallery is built on the site of an amphitheatre and was only completed in 1999, having replaced a building that was destroyed in the blitz of 1941. It has over 4000 works, many of them from the Victorian and Pre-Raphaelite period. Among them is this painting by Millais which depicts Effie, his 5-year-old daughter sitting in Kingston Church. She is dressed properly and sensibly for the occasion with feathered hat, muff and a cloak of vivid red. Her mother's prayer book and gloves are by her side. Effie is listening with great concentration.

When the painting was exhibited in 1863, it was a great success. In the following year Millais produced *My Second Sermon* – a very different occasion, for Effie has now fallen asleep with her hat by her side. Millais was often criticised for his sentimental portraits of children as in *Cherry Ripe* and *Bubbles*. But in 1864 the Archbishop of Canterbury, Charles Longley, praised this second painting for reminding us of 'the evil of lengthy sermons and drowsy discourses.'

As we look at Effie alert one Sunday, asleep the next, we can smile. But we might also ask how we respond to the Word that comes to us through the medium of words in the weekly sermon. The preacher has the daunting task of using this everyday coinage of words to draw us into that mysterious, life-giving realm of the Word, Jesus. The words spoken must make a straight path for the Lord to reach each human heart.

The two paintings of Millais depict the reality and fragility of this endeavour. Sometimes our attention is engaged; at others, drowsiness closes our eyes and even our hearts to the good news of salvation. On occasions the sermon sows seeds, which can bear fruit. At other times, all kinds of factors mitigate against the sermon's success. Let us pray that as listener or as preacher, we may be aware of the dynamic power of the Word, which, as Karl Rahner wrote, calls us 'out of the little house of our homely, close-hugged truths into the strangeness of the mystery of God that is our real home.'



***My First and Second Sermon* -Sir John Everett Millais Bt PRA (1829-96)**



Eric Liddell – from Olympic star to Japanese internment prisoner - *Tim Lenton*

Eighty years ago, on 21st February 1945, Scottish athlete Eric Liddell died. An Olympic gold medallist in 1924 at Paris, he had withdrawn from the 100m heat because it was held on a Sunday, and had entered the 400m instead. The story is featured in the film *Chariots of Fire*.

Liddell died in a Japanese internment camp in China, aged 43. He wrote to his wife on the day he died saying he was suffering from a nervous breakdown brought on by overwork, but he was also malnourished and had an undiagnosed brain tumour. Five months after his death, the camp was liberated.

Liddell was born in China to Scottish missionary parents and attended boarding school at Eltham College in South London, where he is remembered as an outstanding all-round athlete "entirely without vanity". He later went to the University of Edinburgh, which awarded him a posthumous degree last year in recognition of his contribution to sport and humanity.

Originally intending to run in the 200m at Paris, Liddell discovered en route that the heats for the event would take place on a Sunday. So, he switched to the 400m – and won in an Olympic record time of 47.6 seconds.

"God made me fast. And when I run, I feel His pleasure," he said.

He returned to China the following year and stayed there until his death, apart from two furloughs to Scotland, during one of which in 1932 he was ordained a minister of the Congregational Union of Scotland. He then continued his selfless missionary work, largely as a teacher, in China, where he married Florence Mackenzie, a China-born Canadian. Their daughter Heather died in 2023.

When Scotsman Allan Wells won the 100m gold medal in Moscow in 1980, he dedicated his victory to Eric Liddell.



Those notices which didn't come out quite right...

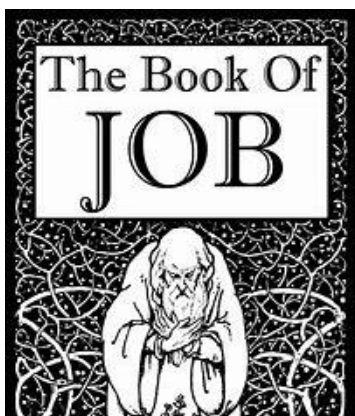
- Notice in health food shop window: Closed due to illness.
- Spotted in a safari park: Elephants, please stay in your car.
- In a Laundromat: Automatic Washing Machines. Please remove all your clothes when the light goes out.
- This coming Sunday our special service will be gin at 11:00am.
- When parking on the north side of the church, please remember to park on an angel.

What's the Big Idea? An Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament: Job- Canon Paul Hardingham

'Why does God allow suffering?' This is a frequently asked question of Christians, because we believe in a God who is both good and powerful and it is explored in the book of Job. This book is part of the wisdom literature, along with Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Solomon.

Job was both wealthy and righteous, yet he experienced catastrophic suffering, losing all his wealth, children and health. This is portrayed as a result of Satan's challenge to God, testing whether Job's devotion to God was dependent on his circumstances or not. The main body of the book (3:1-42:6) consists of dialogues between Job, his friends (Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar) and God. Job and his friends assume that God is almighty and just, and that no human being is wholly innocent. In the three cycles of speeches they wrestle with the reasons for Job's suffering, remembering his morally upright character.

Finally, all are silenced by God, as He speaks Himself (chs 38-42). He points out that Job knows very little about the universe when he reflects on God's power. Job confesses his lack of understanding and weakness, but then goes on to confess his confidence and trust in God. This puts suffering in a right perspective. Job is not condemned, and the book ends with the restoration of his family and possessions.



The importance of this book is that it realistically addresses the painful questions of life, without offering simplistic answers. It focuses on *how* we should respond to suffering, rather than on *why* God allows suffering: *'Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked I shall depart. The LORD gave and the LORD has taken away; may the name of the LORD be praised.'* (1:21)

Helping to keep a church open helps to keep the rumour of God alive for a fresh generation. - *David Ford*

Prayers of the Bible: Praying in your Discouragements

'Moses said to the Lord, "...I am not able to carry all this people alone, the burden is too heavy for me..." Numbers 11:10-15.

Moses prayed this prayer in a day of dark depression and discouragement. The opening verses of the chapter relate how divine punishment fell on the people of Israel because they complained about almost everything. Moses prayed and the punishment stopped but not the people's complaints. They wanted meat to eat.

For years they had been sustained by manna from heaven, but now they longed for the fish, cucumbers and melons they had eaten in Egypt (vv.5,6). They forget how the Lord had delivered them from Pharaoh's bondage. Now they preferred Egyptian food, and the slavery that went with it, to the goodness of the Lord and His provision for them.

Moses was beside himself with despair. Would these ungrateful people never stop complaining? Then the Lord's anger threatened the people again (v.10). Moses was caught in the middle. On one side of him the people complained, and on the other side God's wrath was about to fall. Moses couldn't go on.

His frustration broke out in petulant questions to the Lord. 'Why are you dealing so severely with me?' 'Why do you lay this burden on me?' 'Did I conceive these people?' 'Why am I a nursing mother to them?' 'Am I responsible for getting them to Egypt?' 'How can I provide meat for so many?' 'Lord, this burden is too great for me.' 'I'd rather die now than go on like this' (see vv.11-15).

Moses was depressed, irritable and resentful. He poured it all out before the Lord. It was a prayer born of frustration and anger. He was angry with his ungrateful congregation, and he was angry with God. Why did the Lord leave it all to him? After all, it was God's plan to bring the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan. Moses had only gone along with it because God commanded him. But now it was all too much. Worn out with listening to the people's whining and not sure of what God would do next, Moses had had enough. He blamed the Lord for giving him a burden he couldn't carry, and he wanted to die.

But God answered Moses graciously! He understood the frustration, the petulance, the lack of faith and the rebellious spirit that blamed God for it all. He provided Moses with seventy elders who eased the burden of leadership (vv.16, 17). He sent an east wind that brought quails into the camp and provided meat for them (vv.31, 32). In grace and mercy God 'overlooked' the faults of Moses and sent him help and refreshment.

In our deepest disappointments, God understands. In our frustrations, God is merciful. When we lash out at circumstances and even at God Himself, He does not answer in kind. In our deepest discouragement, His love and grace and understanding are with us still.

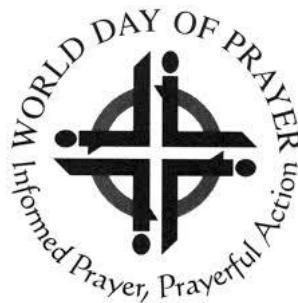


Look back, and remember He was with you. Stand still, and realise He is with you. Walk forward, and trust: He will be with you always. – *Margaret Silf*

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER SCOTTISH COMMITTEE

Friday 7th March 2025

“I Made You Wonderful”



The World Day of Prayer is a global ecumenical movement led by Christian women who welcome you to join in prayer and action for peace and justice. A service is held annually on or near the first Friday in March.

The service for 2025 was written by an ecumenical group of Christian Women from the Cook Islands who prayed and reflected together over several years and finally developed the service in the context of peace, justice and unity. The writers invite the world to pray for peace, justice and freedom of religion and movement. They call us to pray with women, refugees, the homeless and those who are sick, dying and grieving. They remind us of our role in causing the climate crisis and ask us to commit to repair what we have destroyed. Finally, they ask us to treat all with justice and love.

The World Day of Prayer is for everyone - men, women and young people. A warm welcome awaits you at your local service, and you are invited to share your faith, joy and hopes.

This years' service for our area will be held at St Ternan's Church, starting at 2.00pm.

1st February – Seiriol, saint of Puffin Island

You can find traces of old saints in most corners of the British Isles, but Seiriol is one of the only two saints connected to Anglesey, and certainly the ONLY saint connected to Puffin Island.

It was back in the 6th century that this gentle abbot first settled in Penmon, and built a little church. His ruined beehive cell still survives there today, as does the well from which he drew water, both for his own use, and also for baptising local people.

Like many other Celtic saints, Seiriol would have travelled by sea. So he felt comfortable near the coast on Anglesey, on low-lying land. Although he lived as a simple hermit, Seiriol soon attracted followers, and eventually he decided to establish a small monastery. He chose to build it on nearby Ynys Seiriol, now called Puffin Island.

That little monastery on Puffin Island saw some scary action in 632, when Edwin of Northumbria was chasing the Welsh king, Cadwallon, and ended up besieging him on the island. Cadwallon was finally conquered, and history moved on, but the monastic ruins of Seiriol's little monastery are still there today.

Seiriol seems to have been a purely local saint who never attracted a very great number of followers. The only known dedications to him are at Penmon and Puffin Island. But Seiriol's life and work are still a testimony today. He is a gentle and encouraging reminder of what an impact even a simple local Christian can achieve, by simply being faithful to Jesus Christ in the place where he is.



Last Month on the Facebook Page

5th January 2025

The festive period is starting to fade into the memory. The days are still short and darkness fills a lot of our day. We are looking at the year stretching ahead of us and wondering what it will bring. Hope is a tenuous thing something and it can be easy to succumb to a sense of gloominess. To feel a little bit deflated as normal life resumes after the festivities.

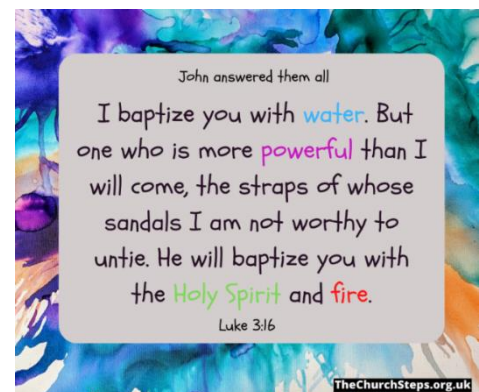
As Christians, we are still celebrating Christmas. For us it does not end until Epiphany, when we celebrate the visit of the three wise men to the infant Jesus. In the gloom we have the enduring light of Christ which will never be overcome by the darkness.

12th January 2025

Today we celebrate the Baptism of the Jesus in the river Jordan by John the Baptist. Some people thought that John was the Messiah, but John knew differently. He knew that there was one to come who would baptize not with water, but with the Holy Spirit. This is one of the signs, early in the Gospel, that Jesus was more than just another itinerant preacher. Jesus was the start of something new, not just for the people of the time but for all of us. As we take our first steps through the year, we can invite God to be at our side through the journey.

19th January 2025

Matthew 6 verses 25:34 speak about not worrying. We all have a lot going on in our lives, so there is plenty of things that we could worry about. The verse asks the question, "Can any one of you, by worrying, add a single hour to your life?". A lot of the time worrying about things, will not change them, and the more you think about them, the worse they begin to seem. It is not easy to step away from worry, but seeking God and trusting in their righteousness is a step in the right direction. Let God carry the worry for you.





Each a Mirror - Philippa Johnson

Ant-mirror and peacock-mirror,
worm-mirror and river-mirror
glimmer with Your glory:
rain-mirror and rose-mirror,
infant-mirror and grassland-mirror
reflect the Lord of Hosts;

symphony-mirror and thunder-mirror,
eye-mirror and kingfisher-mirror
reflect Your handiwork:
crocus-mirror and moss-mirror,
sandstone-mirror and ocean-mirror
echo the Prince of Peace;

moon-mirror and bud-mirror,
stranger-mirror and elder-mirror
echo Your love:
cloud-mirror and waterfall-mirror,
black-bird mirror and minnow-mirror
speak of our Saviour;


acorn-mirror and star-mirror,
opal-mirror and nettle-mirror,
speak of Your attention:
moor-mirror and mountain-mirror,
dusk-mirror and dawn-mirror
reveal Heaven's king:

in each, look to find Christ;
in each, look to see His imprint;
in each, look for glory revealed;
in each, the promise of Salvation:
may we reflect the everlasting
Love of God.

Revd Canon Mary Jepp Tel: 01569 762917

Scottish Charity No. 023264

ROTA : FEBRUARY 2025

| Date: | CELEBRANT Assistant Address/Reflections | Readers/ Intercessions | Readings: | Sidesperson | Refreshm |
|--|---|---|---|--------------|--------------|
| 02/02/25 4 th Sunday after Epiphany | IRENE BUTLER/ CAROL HERBERT | SONGS OF PRAISE  | T.B.A. | Sue Selway | Rhona/Katie |
| 09/02/25 EPIPHANY 5 | REV CANON MARY JEPP <i>Steven Coull</i> | Sue Selway Rhona Vassilikos Steven Coull <i>Andrew Herbert</i> | ISAIAH 6: 1-8(9-13) 1 CORINTHIANS 15: 1-11 LUKE 5: 1-11 | Irene Butler | Andrew/Carol |
| 16/02/25 EPIPHANY 6 | REV MARTYN PERCY <i>Dee Foulds</i> | Kaeden Mackay Carol Herbert Steven Coull <i>Sue Selway</i> | JEREMIAH 17: 5-10 1 CORINTHIANS 15: 12-20 LUKE 6: 17-26 | Steven Coull | Sylvia/David |
| 23/02/25 EPIPHANY 7 | REV CANON MARY JEPP <i>Irene Butler</i> | Dee Foulds Andrew Herbert Carol Herbert <i>Carol Herbert</i> | GENESIS 45: 3-11, 15 1 CORINTHIANS 15: 35-38, 42-50 LUKE 6: 27-38 | Irene Butler | Andrew/Carol |
| 02/03/25 EPIPHANY 8 SUNDAY BEFORE LENT | STEVEN COULL <i>Dee Foulds</i> | Rhona Vassilikos Susan Edwards Sheila Usher <i>Dee Foulds</i> | EXODUS 34: 29-35 2 CORINTHIANS 3: 12-4.2 LUKE 9: 28-36(37-43) | Sue Selway | Rhona/Katie |

CHURCH CLEANING FEBRUARY 2025: NORMA BUTLER