

## Welshpool Methodist Church, High Street

### “Celebrating and Sharing God’s Love”

## “IN TOUCH” issue 35, 25<sup>th</sup> August for September 2021

### News and Updates

**1. Congratulations** to Tony and Janet Deacon who are celebrating their 65<sup>th</sup> Sapphire Wedding Anniversary on 8th September. We extend our good wishes.

### **2. Sunday Services**

Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> Aug Revd Jacquie, 10.45am (Service at St Mary's was cancelled.)

Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> Sept Circuit Covenant and Celebration Service, 10.45am.

Although we were fortunate to have our Covenant Service in January before the further lockdown, other churches were not able to do so. Therefore, Jacquie is inviting the circuit to come together at Welshpool for a United Covenant Service on this first Sunday of the new Methodist year. To book, please tel. 850514

Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> Revd Marian (Holy Communion), 10.45am. (Please book)  
Churches Together at Church House, 6pm

Sunday 19<sup>th</sup> Revd Rob Saunders, minister of the Baptist Church, 10.45am  
Afternoon Tea Service, Prayer and Praise, 4pm

Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> Revd Jacquie (Holy Communion), 9am, followed by Breakfast  
Revd Jacquie, 10.45am

### **3. Events and Activities**

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> Coffee Morning and Stalls, 10am -12

Monday 6<sup>th</sup> & weekly Jubilate at 10am (& possibly Tuesdays at 7.15pm)

Wednesdays, weekly Church open for private prayer, 10am – 12

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> Mid-Week Movie: “Enigma”, 2pm (see below)

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup> Property and Finance Committee, 7.15pm

Thursdays 9<sup>th</sup> and 23<sup>rd</sup> Reading the Bible Together, 12noon – 1pm

Friday 17<sup>th</sup> Gallery Discussion Group, 7pm

Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> Friendship Lunch, 11am - 2pm. Welcome back!

Friday 24<sup>th</sup> Friday Fellowship, 2.30pm (see below)

Saturday 25<sup>th</sup> Walking with Friends, 10/10.30am. (Contact Derek, 556117)

### **4. Mid-week Movie, 8<sup>th</sup> : “Enigma” (All welcome. Free admission & interval drink)**

Based on the best selling novel by Robert Harris. “In March 1943 the code breakers at Bletchley Park, Britain's top secret intelligence station, are facing their worst nightmare.....” Featuring Dougray Scott as Tom Jericho, a brilliant young mathematician and code breaker, and Kate Winslett (Hester) whose help he enlists.

### **5. Friday Fellowship, 24<sup>th</sup> : “Buildings of Montgomeryshire: A Pictorial Journey”**

An illustrated talk by Peter Francis. This will be an Open Meeting – all are invited. Please join us for what promises to be a very interesting afternoon. As always, tea and cakes will be served at the conclusion.

### **6. Pentre Llifior Chapel, September 25<sup>th</sup> (10-4) and 26<sup>th</sup> (10-1; Praise Service 2.30pm)**

Display of Flowers and Produce inspired by members' reflections of the past year.

## **From Revd Jacquie: Reflections on my first year in Welshpool & Bro Hafren Circuit**

I have been asked to offer some reflections of a year in circuit and this is not an easy task since it has been anything but normal - and as I write, I realise that I don't know what 'normal' looks like!

I think I'm going to begin with what will be a controversial statement, and if it starts everyone talking then it will have achieved its result. *"The Methodist Church should not have moved ministers in the middle of a pandemic"*. It doesn't just affect the minister, it also affects the circuit that they leave, and the circuit that they come to. The first few months of circuit ministry involve getting to know people and also looking at how churches function, and their strengths and weaknesses. Many ministers say that it is only in the second year of their appointment that they feel 'fully operational', because in that first year there is so much knowledge that needs to be gained before you can help a circuit to grow and develop. So circuits now have ministers that they don't know well, and ministers who don't know them well. If ministers had been asked to stay where they were for a further year, some of these issues would have been reduced, and ministerial mental health would have been protected to a greater extent.

BUT, I recognise that this doesn't work in every situation, and it certainly would not have worked here. The church as a whole needs to learn from this experience and look at strategies for how it would manage things better next time. It is almost certain that if I had stayed where I was I would not have come here – I would have retired from that circuit. So I can only think that the Lord had plans for me, although on many an occasion I can't quite discern them!

With all this in mind, I tend to think of last year as year 0, and this next year as year 1, which in real terms means only an almost 4 year appointment (because of sabbatical), if we put aside the last year. However, I have been asked to offer some reflections on this last year so here goes.....

### **AUGUST**

Many ministers dread the manse move, as it's usually very stressful. What I noticed this time was that it was a lot harder physically than it was 4½ years earlier, and the packers took a day longer than last time! As ministers, we tend to expect things will not go smoothly, we've seen it on too many occasions – but I was really impressed with the ways the circuit tried to prepare for our arrival. What could possibly go wrong? In theory nothing; in practice: no television, no phone and no internet! I was glad to go home that first night to relative normality! I was really thankful for Stan and Derek sorting it all out, and we ended up with a temporary telephone number to tide us over until BT sorted it out. We weren't allowed to give it out, but I know some people managed to find out what it was!

We had moved on 20<sup>th</sup> August and we returned to the manse on 23<sup>rd</sup> with Jon's sister Melanie and her husband Derek, to try to sort everything out so that it was in a liveable condition. It's amazing how many hands sort things out, and by the end of that first day we had a fully functioning dining room and were able to sit down to a Sunday roast. If we shut the door we did not see the chaos elsewhere! Of course the chaos didn't last long. The boxes emptied, the cupboards filled, the pictures went up on the wall. I was really grateful that we didn't have the cats getting under

our feet (they were in a cattery near home, so they didn't see the packing up and unpacking). By the time Melanie and Derek left, the manse was a workable building.

## **SEPTEMBER**

You always feel everything is 'cranking up' in Methodism in September. We start getting going after that long period in 'ordinary time', and everyone starts to think about Harvest, Remembrance and Christmas. I was the only person in the District to have a physical Welcome Service, and I am truly grateful for that, after not having had a leaving service.

Various small tasks were completed around the manse this month, and Penny and Izzy (our cats) returned to us. They find it very easy to adjust to new locations, and had settled in in a matter of days.

## **OCTOBER**

The covid figures were starting to rise again, and any feelings of precious-won normality started to fade away. Lots of meetings moved online, and we heard the first mention of a 'fire break lockdown'.

There were a lot of advantages to many of the meetings going online, in particular the meetings that you would normally be required to travel a long distance for.

## **NOVEMBER**

No Remembrance Sunday to speak of – how weird! I've always been used to being in uniform and parading, and the weather often being cold and wet. Of course we were still in lockdown at this point, so nothing was happening, and every time I was in England, it was as if I was in a different place, everything open.

Sadly, Dad became very poorly this month and died towards the end of November, but he was 98, and as he would have said 'had a good innings'.

## **DECEMBER**

Of course this was never going to be a normal December, but the one thing that I do remember with thanks was being able to lead a Midnight Holy Communion service (I've attended many but not led any). Then - going home so that I woke up in my own bed on Christmas morning – Joy!

Of course we also went into the big lockdown on both sides of the border and whilst that time we were not instructed to stop services, we all felt that it would be prudent to do so.

## **JANUARY**

We are starting to get to grips with online meetings, and some of the most surprising people are getting online. We're trying to get everyone who wants to be, up to speed, as now we have a circuit zoom account.

With lots of zoom meetings with every organisation I'm involved with, a new phrase comes into the vocabulary – being 'zoomed out'!

## **FEBRUARY**

Worship moves online and we can all see each other without the masks! Some social activities also started on zoom, and Derek's quiz was very popular with keen

competition between Welshpool and Newtown. Having online worship meant that I had the privilege of seeing other people lead worship. Ministers never normally get that chance, we are too busy leading our own services.

In Methodism the debate raged about online Holy Communion, and whether there could ever be such a thing.

### **MARCH**

Online services are now an every week occurrence, and I'm heartened by the many different types of worship which are on offer, and also the attendance. Circuit services are often not well attended and so this is lovely to see.

Welshpool Churches Together Lent Course has everyone focussed on how we can look after our planet, and we are thinking of ways in which we can do more and make a contribution.

### **APRIL**

The joy of Easter Sunday was coupled with the joy of opening up all of our churches and hoping that we would not have to close them again. We still hope and pray that this will be the case. It is still sad to hear that many churches around the UK have still not decided to open - they have yet again had another Easter in which the church doors were firmly closed. I think that we are really blessed to have been able to open again, with such support from everyone.

### **MAY**

Because we are back worshipping almost normally, we had to make decisions – we have kept the Worship Sheets going, and carrying on with a pre-recorded service online is a lot of work for techie folk like Derek, so we decided that we should begin to scale this back, and gradually move to a monthly online service. Sometimes you just have to be pragmatic, and work with what you can do, rather than what you might wish to do. In an ideal world we would have a tech team so this would not fall on one person's shoulders. The need for the online service has substantially reduced, and so it makes sense to once again evolve. This is what church is all about really – we evolve to meet the needs of our community, whatever the time and place.

### **JUNE**

Over the last year it has not been possible to use the manse for any social activities, and so it was with great joy that the Local Preachers had a garden party at the manse on the 12<sup>th</sup>. It was a lovely warm day so we were able to sit in the garden and relax socially. At last I have a chance to start to get to know an important group of people in our circuit.

The Methodist Conference agreed in principle to same sex marriage, but the decisions will be left to individual Church Councils and ministers, and no-one will be forced to do anything that they don't wish to. A wise decision, I think. Online Holy Communion is also to be allowed for a trial period, but it has to be live and not a pre-recorded service. I can't help thinking that this decision has come far too late – why could we not respond when it was actually needed during the lockdowns instead of waiting for Conference? We fell behind many other mainstream churches in this matter and showed our systems to be 'clunky' .... not fit for purpose?

The noticeboard in Welshpool fills me with joy, as it shows that lots of activities are beginning again in July as we move forwards. It feels so much more normal!

## **JULY**

A funny month, this is the time when people start coming and going, but many are still fearful about leaving familiar environments. The weather got extremely hot, and Andrea's Recognition Service was absolutely stifling despite every door and window being opened.

We are moving forward, and let's hope and pray that we don't go backwards....

Jacquie

## **Sing Praises with Julia: 'A Hymn for September'**

### **StF 130: "We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land"**

This is a well-known phrase in a much-loved harvest hymn – I rather think we all love the refrain as much as the hymn itself:

*"All good gifts around us are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all his love".*

This refrain was used often as the Grace before a Harvest or other Church social meal. Perhaps you have been at an event when you have been asked to sing this.

Some years ago, when our Anglican Deanery had a very enjoyable link with a Lutheran Deanery we would often be entertained by the unaccompanied harmonies of our visitors from our link congregations. On a visit to Germany I was asked to lead Grace at one of the meals we attended. I find it quite amusing now that I think about it, because the original hymn that the refrain comes from was German, and I asked our contingent of British visitors to sing the refrain, unaccompanied. It is of course so easy to sing and we all felt very proud of ourselves as we sang in lovely harmonies and impressed our hosts.

J A P Schultz, who died in 1800, composed the tune we still sing to this hymn. I think the way the notes fall down the stave in a reflection of the falling seeds is rather clever, as we sing in the second line *"the good seed on the land."*

I expect the writer of the words of the hymn is one of the lesser known in the hymn book. He is Matthias Claudius, writing before the Victorian writers we are more familiar with, and this hymn was translated by Jane Montgomery Campbell some years after his death in 1815. Matthias Claudius was born in Reingeld and died in Hamburg, Germany. He wrote many essays and poems whilst editing a newspaper. In February 1988 the Asteroid 7117 Claudius was named after him. (I checked that fact in a couple of different sources and I think it is correct.) Rather a nice thought considering his line *"he lights the evening star."*

The hymn takes us into the creation story bringing to mind the birds of the air, green things of the earth, the pattern of seasons. The hymn is set as a reminder that when we plant and plough we work alongside the Creator and require the weather and elements of nature to be favourable for a good crop. The chorus repeats *"Thank the Lord."*

## From Revd Marian: “High Days and Holy Days”

My Methodist diary doesn't show many 'High Days and Holy Days' in September – the first appears as the **Birth of the Virgin Mary**, a feast day in many parts of the church. Just inside the walls of the Old City of Jerusalem, entering through St Stephen's Gate are the remains of the Pools of Bethesda (John 5:2-4) and very close is a church dedicated to St Anne, the mother of Mary. It's a place where groups I lead sing because the acoustic is wonderful. Who knows when Mary's birthday was? If the Queen can have an 'official birthday', then **September 8<sup>th</sup>** is the 'official birthday' of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

On **September 11<sup>th</sup>**, parts of the church commemorate St Deiniol and, although he doesn't appear in my diary, he's 'one of ours'!, a Welsh saint, so I'm including him. Tradition says that Deiniol was not only an abbot, but also the first bishop of the newly-established Diocese of Bangor. The present cathedral stands on the site of one of the monasteries which became one of the largest monastic centres in Britain with up to 2,000 monks living there. The other monastery was at Bangor on Dee. He died in 584 and was buried on Bardsey Island, the island of 20,000 saints. A number of Parish Churches in Wales bear his name. In 1889, the British statesman and Prime Minister William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898) founded a library in the Flintshire village of Hawarden, named after St Deiniol. There he transferred more than 30,000 of his books from nearby Hawarden castle. Sadly, since 2010, this library, which is said to be the largest residential library in Britain, has been called Gladstone's Library.

Celebrated on **September 14<sup>th</sup>**, **Holy Cross Day** is a day, away from the intensity of Holy Week, which honours and commemorates the sacrifice made by Christ. This holy day is also known as “The Triumph of the Cross” in the Roman Catholic Church and as the “Exaltation of the the Holy Cross” in the eastern church.

**St Matthew**, one of the twelve disciples of Jesus, is remembered on **September 21<sup>st</sup>**. The New Testament records that he was called by Jesus in Capernaum, where he was collecting taxes (Matthew 9:9). He followed Jesus, and tradition claims that Matthew preached the gospel to the Jewish community in Judea, before going to other countries. Whether this Matthew is the author of Matthew's gospel is a matter of debate among scholars.

**September 29<sup>th</sup>** celebrates **St Michael and All Angels**, or St Michael, St Gabriel and St Raphael.

Archangel Michael is the “Prince of the Heavenly Host”, the leader of all angels. His name is Hebrew for “Who is like God?” and was the battle cry of the good angels against Lucifer and his followers when they rebelled against God. He is mentioned four times in the Bible, in Daniel 10 and 12, in the letter of Jude, and in Revelation.

“I am Gabriel, I stand in the presence of God.” (Luke 1:19). Saint Gabriel, whose name means “God's strength,” is mentioned four times in the Bible. Most significant are Gabriel's two mentions in the New Testament: to announce the birth of John the Baptist to his father Zacharias, and the appearance to Mary at the Annunciation.

"I am the angel Raphael, one of the seven, who stand before the Lord." (Tobit 12:15)

Saint Raphael, whose name means "God has healed", is instrumental in the healing of Tobit's blindness in the Book of Tobit. Tobit is the only book in which Raphael is mentioned. By tradition, he is associated with healing and acts of mercy. The Book of Tobit is in the Apocrypha (not printed in every version of The Bible) – the story of Tobias and the angel is worth reading!

Outside The Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is a statue of **St Jerome**. He was a convert to Christianity and a scholar. In the caves beneath the church is 'his' cave, where he completed his major work translating the Bible into Latin (this translation became known as the Vulgate). He died on **September 30<sup>th</sup>**, 420, and was buried beneath The Church of the Nativity before his remains were transferred to Rome. He's not in my diary but he's remembered on the anniversary of his death.

**The Bible in 50 words:** *from a 2007 Circuit Magazine, submitted by Revd Peter Jennings*

God made  
Adam bit  
Noah arked  
Abraham split  
Jacob fooled  
Joseph ruled  
Bush talked  
Moses balked  
Pharaoh plagued  
People walked  
Sea divided  
Tablets guided  
Promise landed  
Saul freaked  
David peeked  
Prophets warned  
Jesus born  
God walked  
Love talked  
Anger crucified  
Hope died  
Love rose  
Spirit flamed  
Word spread  
God remained

**From Pat P: "It Struck Thirteen!"** *(said to be a true story)*

In Plymouth, in the early 1800s there lived a man called Captain Jarvis. His home was away from the bustle of the town in a lonely part called Lipson. One evening he was visiting friends in Plymouth when he suddenly noticed the time – it was nearly midnight, and he had a long walk home. He said a hasty farewell and left.

The moonlight fell softly on St Andrew's church, and as the captain passed under its shadow, he stopped to gaze up at the splendid tower. Suddenly the bell started tolling the midnight hour. Mechanically he counted till the twelfth stroke had sounded and the echo was dying away. Then to his surprise, the bell tolled once more – thirteen!

It was then that he realised he was not alone. A stranger was standing near him.

"Sir," he said, "did you ever hear the like of that?"

"No," answered Captain Jarvis, "I never did. There must be something wrong with the clock. Goodnight, my friend."

"Goodnight, sir," the other answered. "Twas strange we both heard it."

The weeks passed by uneventfully until one night, Captain Jarvis woke, convinced that somebody was in urgent need and wanted him. In his dream he'd seen the face of the man he'd met in the moonlight under St. Andrew's tower. The next night the same thing happened. On the third night, he was sleeping soundly, but at two o'clock the summons came again. He sprang out of bed, woke his wife and told her he must go out. He went to saddle his horse, but as he entered the yard, he saw William the coachman, leading the horse, already saddled.

"William!" cried the astonished master. "How is this?"

"I don't know sir, but something woke me, telling me you wanted the horse."

As Captain Jarvis had no idea where he should go, he let the horse choose the way. The horse took the road across the plain and went on until it reached the river crossing. It was scarcely daylight, and the Captain was wondering how the ferryman would like this rude awakening when – another surprise! The ferryman was standing on the shore waiting for them!

"So it's you, Cap'n?" said the ferryman. "I know'd someone would be here soon, but I didn't know who."

"I can't understand it, John," said the captain. "I'm mysteriously awakened and impelled to go out; William has my horse saddled for me; my horse brings me here unguided, and you're waiting on the shore to ferry me across."

Once on the other shore, the faithful horse, guided by some instinct, jogged on mile after mile until they reached the town of Bodmin.

"What has brought me here?" the man asked himself as he wandered the streets. There seemed to be excitement in the air and he asked what was going on.

"There's a murder trial, master! Maybe you'd like to go and hear it."

Captain Jarvis scarcely knew why he accepted so dismal a suggestion, but he went to the courthouse and sat listening to what was going on. The trial was drawing to its close, and the prisoner was striving with this last chance to prove his innocence. Was he at or near the scene of this murder or was he, as he repeatedly affirmed, miles away in the next county? Captain Jarvis held his breath. The prisoner's back was toward him and he couldn't see his face, but he heard the judge ask: "Have you anything to say for yourself?" and he heard the man reply,

"No sir, except that I am innocent. There's only one man who can prove my innocence, and I don't know where he is. Some weeks ago, on the night in question, he and I stood together in the town of Plymouth at midnight underneath the clock in St. Andrew's tower. It struck, not twelve, but thirteen, and we remarked on it to each other. If he were here, he could speak for me; but it's hopeless for I cannot summon him."

"I am here, I am here!" shouted Captain Jarvis. "I'm the man who stood with the prisoner at midnight. What he says is absolutely true; the clock struck thirteen!" The reputation of Captain Jarvis was well known and placed him above all suspicion. The accused man was pronounced innocent and set free immediately.

This story became widely known and wasn't attributed to chance or coincidence, but to the guiding hand of God, who even in this day, still works miracles.

*(From the 'Good News' magazine, edited by Margaret Leighton, published three times a year)*

### **From Graham: "Going to Church"**

I go to church on Sundays – well, it's a chance to wear a hat!  
And to catch up with the gossip – well, we all know that's a fact!  
I've been going there for 30 years - a veteran C of E  
I seldom miss a Sunday – you'll find me in row 3.

The sermons are sometimes boring - but the flowers are always nice!  
And Mrs Smith and Mrs Brown always give such good advice.  
We've got a new young vicar; he's got brawn as well as brain,  
But he asks such funny questions like, "Have we been born again?!"

He asked if we were Christians – well, fancy asking me!  
"I'm always here," I said to him. "You'll find me in row 3."  
"But do you really know Jesus – as friend and Saviour in your life?"  
Well, he asked me this only yesterday – as I was helping his wife!

These youngsters have such big ideas, saying they know Jesus personally.  
But then I stopped and wondered.... is there something I have missed?  
Surely this doesn't apply to me?  
No, I'm alright – I don't tell lies, swear or get things wrong;  
Well, I MUST be a Christian – after all I've been going to church so long!

It's all very well for that new man to tell us repentance is our part,  
And that if we want Eternal Life, we must take Jesus into our heart.

I'm too old to change.... aren't I? I thought I'd got it right,  
But I'm not taking any chances – I'm going to pray about this tonight.

I'm going to do what the new vicar says  
And start to know Jesus - personally.  
And I'm NOT going to rely on the hope  
That in heaven there'll be a space in row 3!

*Author unknown*

**Pause for Thought:** "For every minute you are angry you lose 60 seconds of happiness"

An old man lived with his three sons in a village near a desert. He had 17 camels, and they were the main source of his income. When he died his three sons held the funeral and then read the Will. While their father had divided all his other property into three equal parts, he had divided the 17 camels in a different way. The old man had stated that the eldest son will own half of the 17 camels, the middle one will get one third of the 17 camels and the youngest son will get one ninth! But that was impossible. Half of 17 camels is  $8\frac{1}{2}$ . A third is  $5\frac{2}{3}$ . One ninth is  $1\frac{8}{9}$ . Killing camels was unheard of and anyway who wanted a bit of dead camel! The sons began to quarrel. They got angrier and angrier and soon it looked as if they would come to blows.

A poor but wise man in their village heard what was going on and said: "Please don't quarrel. Anger doesn't solve anything. I only have one camel but please take it and see if it helps." The sons took the camel and added it to their own. So now there were 18 camels. The eldest took half – that was 9. The middle one as per the Will got one third – that was 6. And the third son took his allotted portion of one ninth which was 2. So they all got their share, all were satisfied and happy. In total they had between them  $9+6+2$  camels which comes to 17.

The poor wise man just smiled. He hadn't lost out. He simply took his own camel back but he had gained much more. By his initial sacrifice and his wisdom, he had smoothed the way. He had remembered that for every minute you are angry, you lose 60 seconds of happiness, and that anger doesn't solve anything. It builds nothing but it can destroy everything.

*(from the weekly newsletter of Revd David Fleming, retired Anglican priest – used with permission)*

**"The old, old story"** *(from Church Music Quarterly. This may be controversial! Responses invited!)*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our foolish ways,  
For most of us, when asked our mind, admit we still most pleasure find  
In hymns of ancient days! In hymns of ancient days!

The simple lyrics, for a start, of many a modern song,  
Are far too trite to touch the heart; enshrine no poetry, no art,  
And go on much too long. And go on much too long.

O for a rest from jollity and syncopated praise!  
What happened to tranquillity? The silence of eternity  
Is hard to hear these days. Is hard to hear these days.

Send thy deep hush, subduing all those happy claps that drown  
The tender whisper of thy call; triumphalism is not all.  
For sometimes we feel down. For sometimes we feel down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress of always having to be blessed.  
Give us a bit of peace. Give us a bit of peace.

Breathe through the beats of praise guitar thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let drum be dumb, bring back the lyre. Enough of earthquake, wind and fire.  
Let's hear it for some calm. Let's hear it for some calm.

## **To make you smile: "I'm Fine Thank You"**

*A Supernumerary Minister in our previous circuit, Edgar Nicholson, had an unusual hobby – collecting teatowels! He once gave us a very entertaining talk on a selection he had brought along. Most had interesting information or amusing rhymes incorporated in their design. One such is this one, which we also have among the collection in our church kitchen tea-towel drawer. (You may have seen it!)*

There's nothing the matter with me, I'm as healthy as can be.  
I have arthritis in both knees, and when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.  
Sleep is denied me night after night, but every morning I find I'm alright.  
My memory is fading, my head's in a spin, but I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent?  
Well, my "get up and go" has "got up and went"!  
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin  
Of all the grand places my "get up" has bin!

"Old age is golden" I've often heard said, but sometimes I wonder as I get into bed,  
With my ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup, my eyes on the table until I wake up.  
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself  
"Is there anything else I could lay on the shelf?"

When I was young my slippers were red; I could kick my heels right over my head.  
When I was older my slippers were blue, but I could still keep dancing the whole  
night through.  
Now I am old my slippers are black. I walk to the store and puff my way back.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,  
And pick up the paper and read the "Obits".  
If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,  
So I have a good breakfast, and face what's ahead!

### **And some shorter gems:**

Who is Pete and why do we keep doing things for his sake?

So you're telling me you drive a mile to the gym to walk a mile on the treadmill?

Free Marriage Tip: Don't ask your wife when dinner will be ready while she is still mowing the lawn.

Little girl to Grandpa: "Grandpa, if you give me 1 dollar, I'll tell you who sleeps with Grandma when you're not home..."

"Here, I'll give you 2 dollars – who is it?"

"Me...!"

My wife sent me a text that said, "Your great", so naturally I wrote back, "No, you're great". She's been walking around all happy and smiling. Should I tell her I was just correcting her grammar?

I hate it when you can't figure out how to operate the iPad and the resident tech expert is asleep – because he's 5 and it's past his bedtime!

I got my wife to help me put some posts in the ground for a new fence.

I gave her the hammer and said: "When I nod my head, hit it."

I don't remember much after that.

## Answers to Money Quiz (issue 34) - Total is £17-7s-91/2d

1. An old Bicycle – a penny farthing – 11/4d
2. A girl's name – Penny – 1d
3. A boy's name – Bob – 1s
4. Sun, Moon and Stars – 3 far things – 3/4d
5. Male singer – tenor (tenner) – £10
6. Ill fish – sick squid (six quid) - £6
7. Coronet – crown – 5s
8. Leather worker – tanner – 6d
9. Pig – guinea - £1-1s-0d
10. Gorilla's leg joint – ape knee – half penny – 1/2d

## Quiz Time

### A tale of a walk in the countryside – how many birds can you spot in this story?

It was the Spring season when Gale and the boys wanted to go off bird watching. So they set off while the sky was still red, starting along a path towards a nearby wood. There was a bitter north wind blowing but having had the previous night in, Gale was pleased to have some fresh air. Bill kept himself warm with a black cap and scarf, whereas Rob wore a light coat and a bandanna tied with a knot.

The entrance to the wood was by a gate.

'Let Rob in first,' said Gale. 'Now don't be cross, Bill, you can go next. Move the metal bar, now let the gate swing open.'

Through they went and walked by a little brook of clear running water.

'Coo, that looks nice,' said Rob. 'Does anyone fancy a dip?'

'Personally, no,' said Gale. 'Oh, look at that boy with a stern-looking man. Why is he wearing a crown? Do you think he's been dressing up as a king?'

Fishermen were sat on the bank further on, trying to catch a trout.

Suddenly Bill said 'What's that bird stealing through the bushes making a low rendering fearful noise? It makes me quail.'

Just then one of the anglers shouted out, 'Colin, net me this fish.' Colin took to the path, rushing to help his friend.

'What a good hobby angling is,' said Bill. 'I should like to have a little stint myself.'

'Well, we'll have a drink now,' said Gale, 'then you can fetch some fishing rods. Here, swallow this,' she said, handing the boys two cups. They swiftly drank their hot chocolate and then returned to their home in Dover Avenue to collect their rods.

*(Congratulations if you find all **28** – I didn't!)*

**Thanks** to those who have contributed to this bumper issue! Please keep your items coming in. For the October issue (36), out around 29<sup>th</sup> September, please send your contributions to [rhodes4144@gmail.com](mailto:rhodes4144@gmail.com), tel. 01938 850514, or to 'Brynteg', Castle Caereinion, Welshpool, SY21 9AS, by 20<sup>th</sup> - or sooner if you can.