

Christward

The magazine of



November 3rd–December 29th
2013

~ From the Minister's Desk ~

It is not my intention that this segment of the magazine should ever become simply a review of the last two months; however the fifty-three days since the beginning of September (as I write) have been so full of significance that it seems appropriate to spend a moment reflecting on them. This is not an exercise in nostalgia, or a recording for posterity, but an encouragement to press the pause button and allow moments of importance to soak in and affect us.

At the beginning of September we celebrated two different milestones simultaneously! Eileen and Ted marked fifty years of married life together and we were thrilled to include the occasion in our service, together with many members of the extended family. That Sunday also saw us say our 'official' goodbye to Anne (although moving delays meant we enjoyed her company for another couple of weeks) and it was appropriate that she shared something of her 'Manchester chapter' with us, as well as hopes for her new adventure in Matlock.

I recall offering a brief apology at the beginning of this service; the need to honour these moments and pray for these three people meant that there would not be sufficient time for all the 'normal' elements of our Sunday worship. I suspect that there was very little need for me to apologise, or at least I hope so. Church at its best is surely a celebration of love and commitment and growth, a time to rejoice in the goodness of life, an opportunity to deepen relationships and share significant moments. Singing and teaching and scripture are of course all means of doing that, but they are not exhaustive or exclusive, and sometimes it is right that our routine is interrupted by precious people sharing milestones. We honour Ted and Eileen (and others who have, or will soon encounter Golden-coloured anniversaries) and we are blessed by them. We miss Anne greatly, but know that her spirit and contribution live on amongst us, and that we will enjoy visiting Matlock and seeing her fancy cottage next summer!

Exactly a month after that Sunday, on the 8th October, Victoria Howes (Vic) finally reached the end of her journey, nearly three

years after her initial diagnosis of lung cancer. We were privileged to share something of her latter spiritual travels when she took a second session earlier this year, and subsequently facilitated a series of evenings where we wrestled with God and healing (out of which came an article in May/June 2013 issue of Christward). She was a remarkable person, and I am pleased that others will be writing about her in this issue. As for me; perhaps it is enough to say that I am changed for the better because of her. Oh, and because of her it has now become our wider family tradition to gather at Christmas and sing karaoke carols using Youtube videos! Her funeral on the 16th was honest and poignant, a wonderful mix of sorrow and appreciation, crying and laughing – a real credit to Andy, Phil, and Jess (and wider family), who our love continues to go out to.

Our community has also been enriched by the return of members who have been sojourning in other parts of the country. Not long after delight over the return of Brenda, Ned and Matthew died down, than the news of Geoff and Carole's impending return brightened our lives again. In a world of transition, it is increasingly unusual but nevertheless wonderful to benefit from the return of those who have left. All these individuals bring their own gifts and personalities, and we trust that our shared journeys will bring mutual goodness.

There have also been another couple of noteworthy milestones that represent the culmination of much hard work and commitment. O&A has just received news that its application for Registered Charity status has been successful. Since moving out from under the Union Chapel umbrella two years ago this process has been anything but straightforward, but this, together with a review of finances and a refocus on purpose, means that O&A is now in excellent shape for the future.

The Food Bank project has also recently moved in to a new phase. From the typically thorough and cautious planning phase, a Steering Group has now been formed whose responsibility it will be

to transition from idea to reality. This presents us with many exciting opportunities to live out good news in our local community, and to ensure that our life together contains a healthy balance.

All these things are of course just the tip of the iceberg, the exceptional highlights visible above the rich hustle and bustle of ongoing community life. The Open Tuesday crowd continue to serve up a variety of evenings; from films that challenge and inspire to conversations on the big issues of the day, regular food and conversation, and a smidgen of artistic expression thrown in. This is perhaps the group which encounters the most regular stream of new faces. Speaking of which, it has been most pleasing to see the continuation of Vibrant Voices with a new leader after a long-serving Hannah finally hung up her Vibrant vocal chords (although she dusted them off in style for our recent 'Singing and Dancing for All' evening).

The Meditative Prayer group continues to experiment with God in silence and purposeful reflection, and forging a safe space to share how life is going. The Book Group continue their theological deliberations, recently wrestling with ideas of church for all ages, cultural relevance, true openness, and our ultimate purpose as a gathered congregation! The Bible Study group have begun to look at characters in scripture who exhibit 'less famous' spiritual gifts - which offers encouragement to us all. The last few walks have been fabulous (see the photographic evidence on the website if you are in any doubt), as was the aforementioned autumn event with Hannah on vocals and Opanka providing much enjoyment of the dancing (and hat-swapping!) variety. And if I even begin to mention all the groups who are planning and organising and fixing and reviewing - well, the editor would rightly cut my article off short.

And so we spend a moment appreciating one another; the sweat and toil, the seriousness and the humour, the strain and the privilege, the chaos and the beauty - and we are thankful.

Ian Geere



**Victoria Howes
1963 - 2013**

Ian has written above of Vic's funeral. Although there were a great number of people in attendance there were many who were unable to attend and hear and share in the many remembrances of a great life. Andy gave a eulogy for Vic and that is printed below together with two memories written for Christward by Rachel and Lorna.

Eulogy for Vic

It is a joy to be together with you today. We are here to celebrate Vic's life; a life fully lived. We have words, music, flowers, photos. And another photograph. Jess can you bring it forward.

Vic was bright, strong, intelligent; a dedicated colleague, a strikingly beautiful person, a gifted teacher, a passionate mother, partner and friend. She could be so funny it hurt. She could be wonderfully precise in naming people's stupidity: none more so than mine. Many a breakfast time saw me nearly falling off my chair, crying tears of laughter over some ridiculous part of myself. She was a person of conviction and faith, which in her last years she moulded

into a Christian form. It was typical of Vic to borrow things, adapt them, reflect and make them her own. She did that with music, film scripts, clothes. And with people. She always tried to emulate the best she saw in others.

Vic was born in Samara, on the Volga, sometime after the Beatles first LP - which was just in time for me. She had a lifelong revulsion towards dirt, and also towards injustice. Fighting the latter, she got herself into serious trouble in school, standing up for a classmate badly treated by a teacher. That didn't stop her going on to graduate from university in mathematics. Joining George Soros's Open Society Institute in Kiev in 1992, she quickly gained a reputation for excellent organization and boisterous after-work parties. She ran a higher education development programme on which she eventually got herself a place, coming to England in 1996. Phil, you had been the light of her life for nine years by then, and she smuggled you here with her. Vic and I met within a few days of her arrival in Manchester. I thought she was striking, but aloof. She thought I was dashing, but a social butterfly. Over the years she convinced me that it was love at first sight for both of us, and I have no desire to disagree with that. We were married within a year, with a great DIY reception at Union Chapel, where we'll be heading after this. We would love to continue this celebration with you all there. We have plenty of food...

Vic was never afraid of taking a stand, or making a splash. She never really enjoyed parties where she wasn't at the centre. But this wasn't ego; it was more a love of creating vivid occasions. For Vic, people standing chatting with each other wasn't really a party. A party was a massive Russian spread, always 'Olivier' salad, and then always the 'Oscar' ceremonies, the murder mystery, charades, the song sheets, the piano.. And on several memorable occasions, instigating and directing plays with Phil and his teenage friends. Why not? The Insect Play and Charlie's Aunt are part of our warm collective memory. Vic was director; I was co-director. She called the shots; I negotiated around the edges. It was the closest we ever got to working together, which was probably a good thing.

And why *not* become a lawyer? I gained a really intimate feeling for probate law, helping her revise through the small hours of 2001. She was called to the bar on 24th July 2003. Vic was never afraid of a challenge.

Vic sought proper friendship. To her, the English word 'friend' was a terribly *loose* category. She wasn't interested in collecting friends, but in *drug...* real, lasting friendships, often hard-won. Getting to know people as Vic wanted to, needed to, usually involved several major conflicts.

That was certainly true for the two of us. Argument was part of our repertoire, coming from such different kinds of family and society. We grew *through* our differences. In a tough period in our marriage, we took a lot from 'The Road Less Travelled' by Scott Peck, which begins: 'Life is difficult'... And his definition of love: *to extend oneself for the spiritual development of the other*. That resonated with us. By the end, we were thoroughly intertwined.

Vic was determined, courageous, and she faced considerable adversity. She had a tough time when she started work here. And anyone involved in adoption knows that it can bring challenges. Vic met those with courage and resolve. And she grew to love you Jess, in what was always a real and honest relationship; no fairy tale, but she practised what she preached: 'listen, work, practice, patience'.

And in resolving to face down this cancer, she came to realize absolutely that she/we had built, as she said, a real family; made a real home; established real friendships. And out of that realization came deep thankfulness, flowing from her in words and prayers. She could have become bitter, but she chose instead to commit herself completely to life. She started making clothes again; learned to swim; instigated the transformation of our garden; joined a choir; painted; learned to knit; travelled with me, and with Phil and Jess, and around Ukraine with Rita; she annotated the Bible with a lawyer's attention to detail; and drew us closer.

Vic's death last week was not separate from her life. It was very much part of her life, lived to the end with us and at home. It wasn't sad, she said – it was 'emotional'. I think she meant that there was sadness, but so much more besides. There was no panic or fear in her. Finally, her enormous energy was exhausted; her breath slowed, she took a last breath, and that was that. So many people gave of themselves to make possible her calm, peaceful departure. I want to mention Andrew from Macmillan, and Alison, Heidi, Ronni, Jan, Clare, Ann, Tony among so many generous and dedicated NHS staff. At the end, Vic departed, and we know she is now free.

A person of deep faith, who loved singing; undeterred by failing lung capacity; an improviser with a great sense of humour. Her preferred recording studio was our Toyota Yaris, in a corner of the university car park in Salford, stereo on full. But this time, picture her in a hotel room in Hull on her 50th birthday in June, iTunes on computer and Dictaphone in hand. She didn't intend this for this occasion, but I know she would be happy with it. This is Vic's faith, expressed as only she could. This is from you Vic, and for you, and thank you, and I love you

Andy

After the Eulogy we heard Vic singing Oceans (Where Feet May fall by Hillsong)

My Memories of Vic

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven...

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

These are just some of my memories of Vic and I hope the reader will excuse any inaccuracies that may have crept in to my memories.

I will always remember Vic as incredibly glamorous. And yet glamorous in a way that was very take it or leave it - as I am writing this I am trying to find the word to describe this attitude but what sums it up best is me imagining Vic shrugging her shoulders. I

remember her talking to me about her wedding dress -which was a beautiful green dress and then her telling me in the next breath that she was going to cut it up for something else- I was shocked- but she was very matter of fact about it “it’s only a dress”- of course the dress could be cut up because then it could become something else. I suppose she didn’t attribute any false posterity to these things and that she was always breathing new life into things rather than letting them become stale and lifeless.

She had an eye for detail. At the age of 15 I remember rehearsing Charley’s Aunt every Saturday evening at the church. We rehearsed the opening dance to the piece meticulously- which was set to the song ‘Kiss’ by Prince. It didn’t matter that the piece was set in 1892 - some people might see the inclusion of a song by Prince as the opening to the piece as an historical inaccuracy - Vic saw it as an opportunity for bringing passion to the play. Vic could find rhythm in anything and sought to bring it out in everyone. I do remember beginning to worry and think that if only the rest of the play was as highly polished as the dance routine...

I also remember New Year’s Eve at the church 1999 going into 2000. When suddenly Andy, Vic and Phil burst forth from the toilets in the small hall and began singing and dancing to mambo no.5 - there was such a feeling of joy, elation and hilarity in all the performances Vic took part in and helped to create.

Vic appreciated drama and dance, she was a great storyteller and she could see these things for everything they really are. She showed me there is always a time for dance.

Rachel Garner

Memories of Vic

I knew Vic for several years but we met infrequently. She was an open and interesting person who was always interested in others. I remember her immediacy, vibrancy, enthusiasm and readiness to join in with discussions. She never hesitated to add her thoughts and feelings on an issue.

I was always amazed at her energy and creativity. She always seemed to be doing something creative or physical: dancing or

acting at the Lowry, taking swimming lessons or playing the piano. She was a superb organiser and inspired others with her passion. I remember the plays, and dances which she wrote, choreographed and directed with the teenagers at the church. It always involved a lot of laughing and fun.

It seemed that Vic faced her illness with the same passion and fervour that she faced life. I trust that her spirit will live on in photos, songs and memories.

Lorna Richardson

Anne Phillips retired from the co-principalship of the Northern Baptist Learning Community in August. Earlier in the year she delivered a lecture as part of the First Tuesday Series at the Community. Below is an edited version of that lecture.

~ 'There I am in the midst?' ~ Who and how is Christ for us today?

Matthew records Jesus' saying: 'where two or three are gathered in my name, I am there among them'. The writer is clearly referring to the presence of the risen Christ in the church, but the question this raises for us today is: *who* is the 'I' who is present now among us, and *how* is that 'I' imaged? It's certainly not the human Jesus who may have originally have made that promise!

Theology has for centuries agonised over relationships within the Godhead, postulating a doctrine of the Trinity to describe the internal relating of the three 'persons' active in creating, healing and sustaining as Father, Son and Spirit, thus introducing (two) male identities into divine personhood which in faith transcends such limitations. Theology recognises that in the risen Christ there is both continuity and disjuncture with the human Jesus, that although the disciple's experience of the risen one was recognisably with the one whom they had known in the flesh, such identification was neither instant nor irrefutable (we read that some still doubted). Jesus is the

Christ not only by the particularity of his incarnation, but also by the inclusiveness inherent in his rising by which *all* humankind is represented before God: Jesus the Christ, risen and exalted in the diverse unity of God comprehends but is not contained by his human form.

Modern theology has struggled with this conundrum. Unlike in the ancient world where the Christ figure was often represented in art and in faith with greater fluidity, Christ has in more recent times been habitually imaged shackled by history, as a 30 something male of (pale) middle-eastern origin – complete with dress and hairstyle. Thus, Christ is imprisoned by the particularity of gender, race and age. Theologians searching for an inclusive Christology wrestle with this. If we take gender as an example, many now recognise that Jesus' *humanity* is the theological essential rather than his *maleness* which was no more than a culturally conditioned historical necessity. As Clive Marsh expresses it, 'Jesus maleness was not constitutive of the insights he conveyed, the activity he embodied or the salvation he was said to bring'.¹ Patricia Wilson-Kastner echoes this: 'to identify Jesus with maleness' she says, 'is to miss the point of Jesus' significance and mission. ... Jesus the Christ is the expression of God in *a* human life not *the* human life.'² Rosemary Radford Ruether in her classic study of the issue concludes that 'Christ, as redemptive person and Word of God, is not to be encapsulated "once-for-all" in the historical Jesus'.³ And Catherine Keller rails against the hero worship to which the man Jesus is subjected in the church: for her, Jesus was not the lone male hero ('good old Mr. Christ'), but caught up in partnerships in the service of others within a context of relationships of mutual love and respect. She goes on to say that 'the Jewish Jesus I encounter in the gospels would never abide the fixation upon his person – in

¹ Clive Marsh, *Christ in Focus* (London, SCM Press, 2005), p.55

² Patricia Wilson-Kastner *Faith Feminism and the Christ* (Fortress Press, 1983) p 90

³ Rosemary Radford Ruether *Sexism and God-Talk* (London SCM Press, 1983)

almost pure defiance of his message and mission for and to “the least of these”⁴.

As a result of such thinking we are becoming accustomed to more inclusive images of Christ, reflecting that identification with ‘the least’ (marginalised peoples identified as such by western culture). Although not uncontroversial, images now abound representing Christ as black, dread, Asian, guru, Brahmin, female, and in other ways that rightly stretch our thinking. Other writing follows this trend, such as theologian Nicola Slee’s exploration of the risen Christa through poetry, meditation and prayer.⁵

Once freed from historical captivity of gender and race, we are able to cross the age-divide, too. Why not an elderly Christ, white-haired, stiff with arthritis? Why not a puking infant with dirty nappy? The latter, of course, Jesus would have been historically. However, we are tempted to sentimentalise images of the baby Jesus: Christ as child (boy or girl) is hard to envisage without the entrapment of gospel and apocryphal narrative. We must subvert these images too, for just as any adult form can carry the presence of Christ, so can that of child and young person, similarly detached from historical reality (although art has only in a limited way caught up with this theological insight). What then does child theology contribute to our understanding of God in the way that feminist, womanist and liberation theology have begun to do?

There are many interesting attempts to understand the meaning of the childness (as distinct from the childhood) of Christ. I will select two for brief mention here. Firstly, the wisdom of the child. Proverbs speaks of the wise child at play with God in the act of creation,⁶ one of the many personifications of wisdom in the Bible, later also identified with the Word or Logos of John’s Prologue, who became enfleshed. When we aren’t blinded by the pejorative features of

⁴ Catherine Keller *Forces of Love: The Christopoetics of Desire* in Andreas Schuele and Gunter Thomas, eds.

Who is Jesus Christ for us Today: Pathways to Contemporary Spirituality (Westminster John Knox Press, 2009), p 124,

⁵ Nicola Slee, *Seeking the risen Christa* (London, SPCK 2011)

⁶ Proverbs 8.30, a permissible alternative reading.

childness and our own acculturated adult superiority, we can acknowledge the innate wisdom and clarity of insight a child is capable of bringing to many an adult mess. The second is vulnerability. This is more tricky. God, vulnerable? Yes, for what else is the incarnation about? The birth stories, Matthew's in particular, as well as other gospel narratives, demonstrate that Christ comprehends fragility and vulnerability, and that it is of the nature of God so to do. God's strength is in Christ made perfect in weakness; it is in openness to the world in all its brokenness that God redeems humankind. To combine these insights, wisdom is not measured by sums of knowledge, but by openness to and dependence upon God and the insights God reveals, most clearly to the 'little ones' whom the world despises. And this is the childness Jesus lived, and the model of discipleship for us all.

So, think about the imagery of 'Sonship' (Christ's - and ours, male or female!), and the theological limitations it implies; reflect on the masculine pronoun so often substituted for Christ, and use them as a launch pad for your own alternative, and wild, imaginings as you meditate on Christ not (only) in your own image - female or male, older or younger, whatever shade of skin colour you are - but in the faces of the rich diversity of all humankind worn and borne by Christ in the heart of the Godhead.

Anne Phillips

~ Homeschooling ~

A few people have expressed curiosity about my experience with homeschooling. Homeschooling allows parents to tailor the teaching style to the child. I've had friends who did online schools, partial homeschooling, and even known some no-schoolers. There is a lot that can be said about homeschooling but the best thing about it for me has always been its flexibility.

Being the eldest, I was the test child for my parents. They decided it was time to teach me to read when my friends were being taught in school. My mom bought a heavy yellow textbook that I remember as being too large to fit in my lap even when closed. We worked through the book, lesson by lesson. Dutifully doing a single lesson a

day and not skipping anything it suggested. I did not particularly enjoy the learning process but I remember an ongoing story involving an ant in each lesson and I always wanted to know what happened next to the ant. If I had to read it myself, so be it. My mom would have to keep the book out of reach so I didn't read the story from the next lesson. Keeping books away from me was something she would have to continue doing as I grew older because they were always much more interesting than math.

Having gained confidence from teaching me, my mother decided to try and start teaching my sister to read before most of her friends started. I think my sister was about four. They didn't make it very far. My sister hated that book. She started hiding the book so that my mother wouldn't be able to teach her. Rather than force the issue, my mother let it be. Once her friends were learning to read my sister felt like she was being left out and she brought the book to my mom and grudgingly learned to read. Once she had surpassed her friends' reading level she was satisfied. She has no love for reading to this day but on occasion finds a book that is worth sitting still for.

My brother always learned quickly. When my mother wasn't teaching him he was listening in on my sister's and my lessons. He knew the alphabet and was learning arithmetic by the time he was three without any effort on my mother's part. My mom didn't want to push the big how-to-read book on my brother like she had with my sister so she just asked him if he was interested and he said no.

That changed when we got Game Boys. Up to that point my sister or I had been happy to read books to my brother, explain what signs said or anything he asked. We did not have the time to sit and read the text for our Pokémon game to him. There was a lot to read and we resented him being allowed to play while we were doing homework. I got the ugly yellow how-to-read book for him and told him to figure it out. My mother was thrilled to have a child who wanted to learn and they breezed through the book in record time. By this time my mother was confident enough that they would do multiple lessons a day, or skip sections when it was clear my brother understood concepts. My brother is an avid gamer now but also a voracious reader. This is how most of our homeschooling

went. My parents would test things on me, my sister would test my parents, and my brother races through his schoolwork so he can do what he wants.

J'Andrea Hood

~ Thank you from Anne Phillips ~

House negotiations seemed to go on for ever, but I did eventually move at the end of September. I want now to say a(nother) big 'thank you' to you all for your forbearance and friendship over the years at Union Chapel, and for the good wishes that accompanied my leaving.

I'm beginning to settle in, but won't be straight until I have enough bookshelves built! Hospitality doesn't depend on that, though, and if anyone happens to be over this way, or decides on a trip out to enjoy the beauties of the Peak District (it's only 40 miles), then do let me know and call in. I will certainly be back to see you from time to time, as Union Chapel will continue to be my spiritual home for as long as it takes to find another – which may be quite a while!



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**~ Minutes of the Church Meeting
of Union Chapel Fallowfield (Baptist)
held on Sunday 15th September 2013
at 11.20am.~**

Present: Ian Geere (chair), Gwyneth Heritage Roberts, Leonie Earnshaw, Margaret Garner, Beryl Dykes, Irene Roberts, Ted Land, Eileen Land, Steve Roberts, Michael Welford, Harry Fleming, Gwen Mattock, Rachel Adebago, Alan Dobbins, Rachel Scott, Anne Phillips, Geoff Walker, Carole Walker, Owen Jones, Sarah Geere, J'Andrea Hood, Brenda Marston

Apologies: David Garner and Enid Welford (with children), Alan and Margaret Redhouse, Margaret Edmonds

The Minutes of the July 2013 meeting (in current magazine) were approved.

Notification of AOB: Alan D - the choice of Hymns. Eileen L – World War One commemoration day.

Matters Arising *including updates/information:*

- (a) The Harvest service will be on 22nd September. We are collecting donations for the Food Bank run from Chelwood Baptist Church in Stockport.
- (b) Reminder about the Saturday evening social event on 12th October with singing led by Hannah Jones (nee Kidd) and dancing led by Opanka. Will be a buffet supper. Donations towards costs to be invited. Publicity will be distributed soon.
- (c) “Who does What” review – now wondering whether this is necessary as Deacons not aware of any concerns. Another call for anyone who is unhappy with their present involvement (or lack of it) invited to make their feelings known to Ian or Gwyneth.

- (d) Membership of the Use of the Buildings Committee – initial membership confirmed by the Meeting as Ian G, Gwyneth HR, Margaret R, Eileen L, Michael W, Rachel S and Leonie E.
- (e) Tim Presswood (known to Union Chapel as minister of Mersey St Baptist Church Openshaw) has agreed to lead our Church Weekend in 2014
- (f) Correspondence – notification of forthcoming events in the area. All flyers to be displayed on the notice board in the Small Hall.
- (g) Food Bank project – we are now looking for people who would be prepared to act as managers for the scheme. We know of lots of prospective volunteers but as yet no-one prepared to take overall responsibility. Location would probably be Union Chapel initially but no decision has been taken (or proposal put to the Church Meeting) on this.
- (h) Shared signage with O&A – this is on hold for the time being. O&A's energies are at present directed elsewhere. Their application for charitable status has now been submitted.

Membership Roll: the Meeting decided to remove from the Roll the names of the following people, all of whom we have had no contact with for 3 years or more: Jean Dadswell, Lord de Clerq Tetteh, Jean Page, Sarah Angyu, Jane Qi Zheng, Alan Quinlan. This is simply an acknowledgement that they are no longer in a covenant relationship with the church. They would all be very welcome back should they choose to come.

Fabric Expenditure: the pointing has flora growing in it and the paths are very uneven in places. The Meeting authorised the Fabric Committee to spend up to £2,200 on the paths and up to £1,100 on the pointing, plus VAT in each case if a VAT-registered contractor is engaged. The concrete slab is to be left as it is for the time being.

10% donations made by the Church out of general income: this will be discussed in more detail during the autumn with a Second Session planned for October but the topic was introduced in outline.

There is an expectation that churches affiliated to the Baptist Union will contribute to Home Mission and the BMS and to the training of future ministers. There is a per capita membership levy by the BU but this is low – approx £3.50 per member.

There was a general feeling that we need to be clear, before discussing this further, on what basis historically the 10% figure has been calculated, how much of what we give to the various organisations is under some kind of obligation and how much is truly voluntary, and what the money we give is used for.

(Financial information used in this discussion can be obtained from the Secretary on application.)

The Epilogue: the question had been raised as to whether or not the Epilogue is still appropriate as the way of concluding Sunday mornings. A number of people offered views. There was a general feeling that there is a value in gathering together for a meaningful close to the morning, but a majority of those who spoke favoured a simple closing ritual rather than the “thought for the day” style epilogues which can be unrelated to what has gone before. However, the contributions of all who lead the Epilogue are valued. This is to come back to the next Church Meeting and in the meantime we will experiment with different endings, including short sung refrains.

Hymns: Alan D would like a wider choice and variety of music. Geoff W pointed out that there is a wide spectrum of opinion as to what constitutes good church music. We are open to trying new (and revisiting old) ideas.

Report from the Deacons: GHR ran through the topics discussed in September (nearly all covered during the meeting). Input invited to Ian as to whether or not services should study one topic for a number of weeks, or whether we should generally follow the lectionary.

Notification of Deacons' Agenda rotating topic for October and November: October – Union Chapel and Children inc Junior Church review, safeguarding issues and Ian's annual review.
November – Union Chapel and the Community including working with users of the buildings and publicity.

AOB: 10th May 2014 is the 100th anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War. Eileen L is helping to organise an event at Union Chapel but assistance is required with publicity etc,

The Meeting closed with the Grace at 12.16pm

~ News of the Family ~

Ted and Eileen Land wish to say Thank You to everybody who made their Golden Wedding weekend so enjoyable.

Geoff and Carole Walker have now moved back to Manchester - Welcome home!

We were sad to hear of the death of **Beryl Dykes'** brother. We send her and her family our sympathy.

Colin Marchbank Smith has moved house. We wish him well in his new home.

Jonathan Garner has started a course in Sport and Exercise Science at MMU in Crewe . We wish him well in this new venture.

Memories: Shutlingsloe October 2010



Unruffled despite the wind on top

Sauntering down Shutlingsloe....



...whilst others find it difficult to stay upright

Walk's end, country pub and joy of joy the landlady (*on the left*) speaks fluent Russian!



~ Talking to Each Other ~

If you would like to comment on any of the articles in this magazine and so start a discussion or if you would care to write an article for us on a topic of your choosing such contributions would be welcome. Please send them by email to alan.redhouse@virgin.net or by post to The Editor, Christward, Union Chapel Fallowfield, 2b Wellington Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, M14 6EQ.

Alan Redhouse

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