

# Central Norfolk Methodist Circuit

## Facebook Posts

### FEBRUARY 2026

#### A thought from Rev Neil:

Being Brave

One of the joys of moving to the UK is that there is far more opportunity for walking.

Partly this is because we live in a small town where all of the amenities are within walking distance from our home and there is more of a walking culture than in my community in South Africa. While I never felt unsafe when I did walk around in Cape Town, I know there are people who don't walk because of that concern, and we do feel much safer here.

So whenever I have the opportunity I walk, even when the weather isn't great, and as I walk I observe my fellow pedestrians.

Mostly they (dare I say 'we'?) don't appear to be a terribly happy bunch! I see people muttering angrily into their mobiles, people annoyed at the weather, people rushing on to the next frustrating event in their difficult life.

Henry David Thoreau, American writer and philosopher, is often quoted as saying that most men live lives of quiet desperation and go to the grave with the song still in them, however the full quote, from Walden, is:

**"The mass of men (sic) lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind (sic). There is no play in them, for this comes after work."**

Following on from my thoughts last week, I wonder what desperation we're hiding under our Facebook posts and our grim determination to get through the day?

Thoreau published Walden in 1854, it seems that not much has changed in the past hundred and seventy plus years. Some of the things which I have experienced as change, for good and ill, is that our communities are no longer as close knit as they once were.

Whereas today there is huge movement from town to cities, from one country to another, previously a majority of people would be expected to stay relatively close to their place of birth, surrounding by large extended families to provide a support structure.

There were of course, those who went off to war or to explore new lands such as my forebears who left Europe for Africa two hundred or so years ago - perhaps searching for happiness of their own.

Maybe I'm creating fantasy out of a very different reality!

I do think, though, that as we have had smaller families, as we've moved further and further from home, as we've exchanged wealth for simplicity, as we've become more independent and become consumers rather than providers, we've lost many of our coping mechanisms.

We've lost people to turn to when in need, we've lost the wisdom of the elders, we've lost meaningful work. We sit at computers all day, typing figures or letters and no longer craft tangible items that reflect who we are.

Thoreau suggests in the quote above that desperation is countered by bravery (disclaimer - I haven't read Walden, he may be saying something completely different in the book). My experience is that when we're brave enough to grab life with both hands, rather than live in despair, we discover a life that is rich and fulfilling.

We take hold of the challenges that we face, and rather than denying, hiding, living around them, we face up to them, acknowledging that this is who we are, this is what we have. When we live our lives fully, embracing it's reality that's when we discover meaning, rather than resignation.

A healthy community, whether family, work environment, social club or faith organisation should give us the strength and space to do that.

I encourage you find a place where you can be brave and take hold of the challenges you face!



## A thought from Aileen:

### Not Perfect

Last week I mentioned that I was off to do a Saori (Japanese) style weaving workshop. I went to London and along with my daughter we did a 5-hour workshop. I admit I was apprehensive about it, would I be capable, what if I couldn't get to grips with it. I wondered whether everyone would be friendly, would the instructions be complicated. I needn't have worried, we arrived first, the instructor/owner of the studio was so reassuring. She started us off, the loom already threaded and we were given basic instructions and told there was no right or wrong method, and we were to enjoy ourselves.

All my fears went and I suddenly found myself immersed in colour and texture as I started on my wall hanging. 5 hours went and I was hooked. I made two hangings and yesterday I finished off tying the tassels and tidying up the loose ends. It took ages and then I noticed. The tension hadn't been quite right in places, and I could see where in several places I had missed a few warp threads. Then I remembered what had been said to us all day. The imperfections make the piece, sometimes intentionally or a happy mistake. The importance was in expressing ourselves, enjoyment, getting into a rhythm and exploring colour and texture. It was quite meditative, though I'm glad we didn't have to thread the 100's of warp threads on the loom, that's a specialist job.

Whilst I have dabbled in many different crafts over the years, colour and textiles are probably my first love. But I have always been hard on myself and a harsh critic of anything I produce.

The thing is God loves us and we are indeed flawed individuals and often get things wrong. He never stops loving us or wanting the best for us. Do we always realise this? Perhaps if we stopped worrying and being critical of ourselves and sadly of others, we might find life a little easier and could do more of what he wants us to do. When we trust in him, we can do what he wants us to do and achieve imperfections and all.

I love my weaving, and God loves me even when I don't always get things right.





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### **A thought from Rev Derek:**

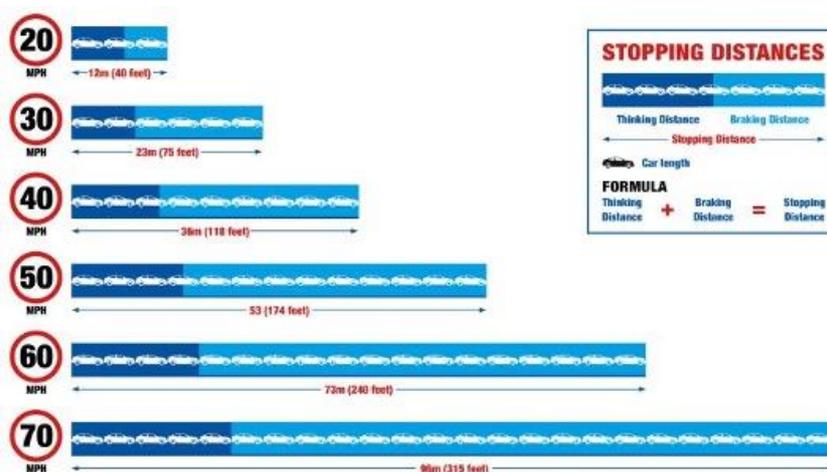
#### Tailgating

Sometimes I wonder where the time has gone. I took my first driving test in March 1976, which means that it is almost fifty years since that momentous day. I had longed to learn to drive from being young and had my first lesson in my dad's three-wheeler van on my 17th birthday. I remember that day almost like it was yesterday; I stalled the car turning out of the test centre and was convinced that I had already failed so it didn't matter what happened after that. Nobody could have been more surprised than me when the examiner told me that I had passed first time. I had spent weeks revising the Highway Code which, in those days, was a fraction of the size of the 21st century tome. I can still remember spending hours memorising braking distances and, on returning to the Horsforth test centre on that March day, I was asked the difference between triangular road signs and circular ones, and I was asked to identify a couple of road signs which seemed to satisfy the examiner - and he said those important words "may I be the first to congratulate you" and I knew that I was now officially a driver.

Living in Dereham and frequently travelling to Norwich I regularly commute along the A47 which is currently undergoing major road improvements thus being subject to lengthy mandatory speed limits of 40mph, with average speed cameras in place. By and large people are good and adhere to the limit. However, I seem to be a frequent victim of a brand of motorist that I find both annoying and dangerous. You will see from the above diagram that if travelling at 40mph the safe stopping distance is roughly equal to nine cars, and three car lengths is what is referred to as "thinking distance" and consequently I feel vulnerable when somebody, often driving a van or a pickup, is so close to the back of my car that I can't even see the number plate on the front of their vehicle, let alone read it. This means that they are travelling way too close and should anything go wrong, they couldn't fail to pile straight into the back of my car, putting my wellbeing at risk as well as their own. I frequently pull in and wave tailgaters past me, because I would sooner have them in front rather than behind.

In the usual way, I am writing this thought early in the week ready for being posted on Sunday and at the same time my thoughts are turning to the pearls of wisdom I hope to share with my unsuspecting congregations. In the Bible reading for today (Matthew 5: 13-20) Jesus is teaching his disciples about how to live as God would like them to and this is about respecting and valuing other people. In the previous understanding of religion, people have been expected to live by the law and a bit like the Highway Code the law gets bigger and more complex as laws increase to cover every eventuality. In his teaching, Jesus is trying to help his disciples to understand that if people care for one another, there is no need for endless numbers of rules, elsewhere Jesus adds one solitary command "as I have loved you, so you must love one another".

I reflect on that often, if I care for other people, then I will strive to do my best to ensure that they are safe, not simply so that I comply with the rules. Maybe employers of people who drive trucks and vans should frequently remind them of important safety rules like braking distances. Most modern vehicles have much more advanced braking systems than cars in the '70s had, but even so I frequently observe people travelling way too close, and the results of their actions could be catastrophic. I doubt very much that I would pass my driving test if I were to take it again today, but I hope that I have sufficient care for other road users that I act responsibly.



Please pray for the congregation and community in Wells



### **A thought from Rev Jonny:**

I really like listening to podcasts and watching YouTube videos about the Bible, theology and philosophy. Over the coming weeks, I want to share some of them with you, as I think it is so important that we, as Christians, equip ourselves with as much understanding as we can. It helps us to deepen what we believe, sometimes through affirming what we believe, but also by having what we thought we knew challenged. (That latter bit isn't always easy for me!)

One such YouTube channel is Dan Maklelan, who is a biblical scholar and tries to make biblical scholarship accessible. One of his 'shorts' (short-form video) is in the link below. He also has a podcast called Data Over Dogma. Dan Maklelan looks at what the Bible texts (he can speak Greek, Hebrew, Aramaic, and many more!), archaeology, and history to see what the Bible actually says. Have a look at some of his videos!

<https://www.youtube.com/shorts/jBDxtstURAc>

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### **A thought from Rev Neil:**

On the Move

The Exile was an important time in the formation of the Jewish people.

Babylon, one of the neighbouring states to Israel (Iraq today) had invaded the Southern Kingdom of Judah (split off from the Northern Kingdom of Israel which was itself destroyed by the Assyrians a couple of hundred years prior), and their foreign policy was to take all the movers and shakers away into exile to prevent them from organising a resistance to the occupation.

It was thus that Judah's capital, Jerusalem, found herself emptied of her inhabitants while her people struggled to make a new life as refugees in a foreign land, and which was the inspiration for Psalm 137, in turn the inspiration for Boney M's "Rivers of Babylon", "for how can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

The time in Exile (eventually around 70 years) became a very important time for the Jewish people as they worked out what it meant to be a people of faith when all that they knew had been taken away from them. They'd lost their homes, city, the Temple. It even seemed as though either their all powerful God was not all powerful, as the Babylonian gods had conquered their God, or that God had deliberately abandoned God's people.

This time was deeply significant theologically as their scholars and priests (some of the above mentioned movers and shakers) tried to understand the mess they were in, the role of God and their response (and to respond to the theology of the Babylonian gods). This was all codified in writings that contribute significantly to the Jewish scriptures, or what Christians call the Old Testament. All a long way of saying, together with the experience of being called out of Egypt in the account of the Exodus, that the Jewish people, and the Christians followers after them, saw themselves as a people on a journey.

I can't help but draw comparisons to our own journey as a family, as we have moved from South Africa to the UK. We certainly don't feel like exiles, or unable to sing the songs of the Lord; rather my experience has been one of deep affirmation of my own ministry, the home provided by the Methodist Church and the power of colonisation.

My experience has been very positive and it feels almost like a homecoming to me.

I put this down to a number of reasons. First, I was born in 1970, just a few years (it seemed a lot longer then!) after South Africa got its independence from the UK. I was raised by parents and grandparents who had significant colonial influence, we grew up reading Enid Blyton and British periodicals (Beano and Dandy for the kids!) and eating food that was largely UK influenced. As children many of our friends and classmates had moved over to South Africa from the UK when parents lost work in the 70s and 80s.

Then as South African settlers we are, I think, genetically disposed to movement. Our forebears, for whatever reason, had itchy feet hundreds of years ago and were brave enough to take the chance of getting on a ship and sailing to an unknown land.

Third, as an itinerant minister, I'm used to moving every five or years or so. Arriving in a new congregation, a new context, a different culture, not knowing anybody is the norm. The Methodist Church of Southern Africa is intentional in stationing her ministers cross culturally, at least in the probationary years.

Another dynamic, which is more real for me than my wife, who is a little younger than I, is that the South Africa I grew up in no longer exists. This is a good thing, I think! But the flag and the national anthem I was indoctrinated with as a school child are no longer a signifiers of South Africa, and the new flag and anthem, as much as I may like them, don't have them same connection, there was no brainwashing.

What I'm suggesting is that the invitation to God's people - who have always been on the move, described as a 'pilgrim people' - is to continue to do the theological work of asking the question, "where is God in this place?". It's not helpful to keep longing for a past when we knew God, understood our surroundings, when we knew the answers.

A pilgrim people are always invited into the new to discover what God is doing there! Sometimes it feels as though we've been ripped from our mother's womb, sometimes it feels like home, but whatever the circumstances, whatever the change, be it physical, spiritual, emotional, "where is God here? What does God look like here? What is God saying, here?"

I have no doubt that as we ask those questions, God becomes real again and again and again. I hope that you will discover God - whatever God looks like for you - as you wrestle with those questions.



## A thought from Aileen:

### Barriers

Barriers are obstacles or structures often constructed to prevent access, or to protect something such as cliffs and property at the coast.

There are also natural barriers, we can walk down a path and find that grass and shrubs have overgrown, or a tree blown down and we cannot get past. Sometimes a road is under repair and has to be closed or restricted to one way with traffic lights. There will be cones or other barriers to stop vehicles going the wrong way and meeting oncoming traffic. Doors are also barriers when closed and locked so that unauthorised people cannot enter, only keyholders.

Some well known barriers are the 4 concrete causeways called the Churchill barriers in Orkney. These were ordered by Sir Winston Churchill following the sinking of the HMS Royal Oak in 1939 and were constructed to protect the area of Scapa Flow from German U boats. They were completed in 1944 using Italian Prisoners of War. Roads (now the A961) were built over the concrete blocks connecting Orkney mainland with the islands of Lamb Holm, Glimps Holm, Burray and South Ronaldsay. Originally as protection during WWII now a vital connection for those living on the islands.

Barriers can be for good, protection of people and property, but they can also be a means of stopping interaction, preventing people going about their daily lives.

We can all be guilty of putting up barriers and this may be physically or mentally. I wonder if we've put up barriers at times between ourselves and other people? Sometimes we may have put up strong defenses for doing something and even listening to the way God wants us to go? I wonder if we look back or even in the present times, whether we have all been guilty of putting barriers in the way of welcoming everyone into our Churches or moving on with new ways of spreading the good news?

Fred Pratt Green wrote a lovely hymn which I often pick, it's number 691 in Singing the Faith "What shall our greeting be: sign of our unity? 'Jesus is Lord!' May we no more defend barriers he died to end: give me your hand, my friend – one Church, one Lord! Surely a reminder that we may worship in different ways, but we are united through the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus.



## **A thought from Rev Derek:**

### Signs of Hope

I always find this time of year particularly challenging because of the shorter hours of daylight, poorer weather conditions, and the colder temperatures. Being paid to travel around the beautiful lanes of Norfolk is an absolute delight during the warmer months, but at this time of year the roads are prone to flooding, and potholes lurk in a sinister way beneath the water, out of sight. You have to be careful, and I seem to spend time having to wash increasing layers of muck off my car. Driving after dark is no fun with the modern LED headlights on cars approaching at speed, and it seems that even with fifty years of driving experience behind me, those who are half my age seem to have double my confidence and approach at high speed, causing me to brake. I look forward to longer, warmer days with eager anticipation.

I was travelling home from a meeting the other day and there, at the side of the road, was a little clump of daffodils wafting merrily in the breeze, as though somebody had failed to mention that it was only January and they should have still been tucked away in their bulbs, or at best just peeping out from the soil. This cheerful little bunch was in full flower and, for a few moments, I might have been led to believe that we were in March or April. I found myself reflecting on the famous words penned by William Wordsworth at the beginning of the nineteenth century as I drove along:

**I wandered lonely as a Cloud  
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of dancing Daffodils;  
Along the Lake, beneath the trees,  
Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.**



Wordsworth is reputed to have been walking with his sister in April 1802, close to Ullswater in the Lake District, when they spied a long belt of daffodils, which prompted him to write his now-famous words.

What I saw as I travelled along the lane in Norfolk at the end of January 2026 could hardly be described as “a host of dancing daffodils.” In truth, there was just a small clump of maybe no more than a dozen flowers, but I didn’t expect to see them so early in the year, and it did my heart good. I could understand why the bard had been moved to write his famous poem.

The Bible reading for Sunday 8th March sees Jesus teaching his disciples that they were to be like the light of God shining in a darkened world, and my little clump of roadside daffodils reminded me how much we need those signs of hope in our world.

I was reminded once again about my role in life. The world feels to me a dark place, and it is a vital part of my calling to be one who reflects the light of God in the world today – not only by the things I say, but by the life I live – and maybe that is a message for us all.

**What are the signs that give you hope in these dark days?**

Please pray for the congregation and community in Wendling



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### A thought from Seb:

Preaching at Litcham Methodist Church on Exodus 24:12-18, I was reminded that Moses waits for six days before hearing from God. Six days of silence, without the noise of the world, without rushing to action. Just waiting. In our busy, fast-paced lives, it's hard to imagine such stillness, yet it's in this waiting that Moses is able to hear God's voice clearly.

I've been struggling recently, feeling frustrated and lost, and needing to feel God's presence. I've seen how easy it is to get caught up in the noise of life and struggle to feel that presence as a result. Just like Moses, we need those moments of silence, those times where we intentionally slow down and listen for God's voice.

Taking time for prayer, for stillness, is essential. It's in these quiet moments that we can experience true renewal. The world tells us to keep moving, to always be doing, but we are called to rest with God, to lay our burdens at God's feet. I encourage you to make space for silence in your day, whether it's through prayer, meditation, or simply being still and resting in God's presence.

If you're struggling recently, I recommend listening to "Lay It All Down" by Will Reagan. Let the lyrics remind you that you don't have to carry your anxieties and sadness alone. Instead, bring them to Jesus. We can find peace and renewal when we stop to listen and trust that God is with us in the silence.

As we finished the service at Litcham, reminiscent of the cloud of God's presence on the mountain, we were greeted by the white snow of a beautiful new day.

Lay it all down - <https://youtu.be/RNacm6zR8eU?si=1DJ2HOCr3uHTkWju>



## A thought from Rev Jonny:

Ash Wednesday marks the start of Lent (pun intended). In Lent we often give things up to fast as Jesus fasted for 40 days in the wilderness. In philosophy there is an idea called the 'death drive'. It was to understand why humans engage in self-destructive behaviours. A part of it is that we destroy things in part so that something new can be made.

Jesus in the wilderness was like this. He went out, breaking away from the nourishment and pleasure of food and drink and to 'destroy' temptations that did not lead him to bring glory to the Father.

As we follow in his steps, we begin our Lenten journey. You may be going to an Ashing Service, which is a space for self-reflection, acknowledging what we have done that is unloving, and seeking to prepare oneself for the journey in Lent. Maybe you want to consider this idea of the Death Drive and the Jesus in the wilderness. Think about what in you or your life needs to be let go of so that something new can be made? What needs to be broken away from or even destroyed so that something new can come out of it?



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**You are warmly invited to a District Lent Bible Study, led by Rev Helen Hollands, East Anglia District Chair. This year's focus is Mary Magdalene – "Apostle to the Apostles".**

 Where: Thetford Methodist Church, Tanner Street, Thetford IP24 2BQ

 When: Saturday 28th March 2026

 Time: 10.00am – 1.30pm

Coffee and tea will be available on arrival, followed by worship and Bible study from 11.00am. Please bring a packed lunch to eat at around 12.30pm.

Organised by Methodist Women in Britain.

Everyone is welcome – we would love you to join us for this thoughtful and reflective morning. If you would like to attend, please contact

Jacky Woor: 01362 697860 Email: [jackywoor07@btinternet.com](mailto:jackywoor07@btinternet.com)

**YOU ARE INVITED TO**

**A DISTRICT  
LENT BIBLE STUDY**

**Led By East Anglia District Chair  
Rev Helen Hollands**

**At  
Thetford Methodist Church  
Tanner St, Thetford IP24 2BQ**



**SATURDAY 28<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 2026  
FROM 10AM TO 1.30PM  
MARY MAGDALENE  
'APOSTLE TO THE APOSTLES'**

Organised by  
**METHODIST WOMEN IN BRITAIN**  
FOR WOMEN  FOR JUSTICE  
FOR CHRIST

**EVERYONE IS WELCOME TO ATTEND THIS EVENT**  
Coffee/tea, followed by worship and  
study from 11am.  
**PLEASE BRING A PACKED LUNCH** to eat about  
12.30pm

## A thought from Rev Neil:

### The Yoghurt Spoon

I wonder if you have a favourite spoon - or perhaps one that is always the last in the drawer to be chosen?

As we moved from South Africa into the manse, we brought with us in our baggage the remains of a set of six teaspoons, tablespoons, knives and forks to tide us over until we had settled and the rest of our cutlery arrived. We also arrived to a well-equipped kitchen with a large set of cutlery and a mix of teaspoons.



Among the spoons was one which was neither a teaspoon, nor a tablespoon, but something in-between. Nobody liked using it! Too big for tea, too small for a decent sized spoon of cereal or pudding!

Then I discovered the joy and luxury of milk deliveries to the home! We grew up in South Africa with the milk float coming past daily. In the morning we'd wake up to fresh milk in glass bottles (with a dollop of cream on the top!) as long as nobody had nicked them before we opened the door!

At some point in my older teenage years milk delivery fell away. I imagine partly due to theft, changing dietary habits and more mobile shopping population. I guess something similar happened to milk deliveries in the UK as well.

But Facebook, marvel of marvels, started populating my feed with ads for milk deliveries to the home. The nostalgia of childhood milk deliveries, and perhaps one less thing to worry about, prompted me to subscribe to a milk delivery service. Skimmed for me, full-fat for the rest of the family, fruit juice and yoghurt.

Suddenly we had an abundance of yoghurt, instead of the odd cup when someone was in the mood and decided to buy some.

Both my son and I realised at the same time that the spoon that nobody wanted to use, is the perfect size for yoghurt! Where a teaspoon is too small and the serving size unsatisfactory, and a tablespoon too big for the tub, this strange misfit of a spoon is ideal, and now it's a race to get to the spoon first!

On those occasions when I feel a little mismatched it's helpful to remember that as for the mismatched but perfect yoghurt spoon, there is always a place, and a task, that is perfect for me! I'm sure the same is true for you also.

## A thought from Aileen:

Dreary Rainy Days.

We have just had pancake day, Ash Wednesday and we are now in Lent. 40 days of thinking, reflecting and following Jesus' journey to the cross. We remember his temptation in the wilderness, how he did not give up.

Like many people I am fed up with the rain, it seems to have gone on for a very long time. Just meeting people out, everyone has remarked on the rain and how they long to see the end of the wet weather.

I've posted pictures of Hollyhocks. A little while before they will appear. They are bright and I look forward to them coming up in summer. What always fascinates me is the way one Hollyhock stem has so much seed after flowering. I gathered the seed heads this year and when fully dried I went out and scattered them all over the front garden. It remains to be seen whether they will flourish or whether the seed will have been blown into other peoples' gardens. Perhaps there will be none in my garden and hundreds elsewhere!

What if we all took this approach to our lives. We could establish ourselves in one place and do one or two things that make a difference or we could move on, spread out and make a difference. We have to listen and test where God is calling us, but just think of all those seeds that a Hollyhock produces. Yet just one seed can flourish and produce more plants. What if we attempted to spread the good news of Jesus in different ways and different places? What if we prayed for more and more people regularly? Perhaps if we joined with others and worked together showing love and unity in Christ.

Hollyhocks will grow up walls and in the most unlikely places as well as in poor and good soil. Are we willing to be like them and wherever we are, try and show God's love for all? Sometimes we may feel disheartened but if something hasn't worked out then we need to pray and seek what or where we need to focus next. If I miss out on Hollyhocks this year I must remember that the seed probably blew elsewhere and will hopefully be bringing colour and joy to others. Can we show light and love to others in Jesus' name?



## A thought from Rev Derek:

### *The last gift*

From the outset, I will apologise for starting what I hope is a bright and sunny Sunday morning with morbid thoughts, but just recently I have seen a string of adverts on the television for simple cremations and if I'm being honest they irritate me. When I first started working in the full time ministry, I would check the list at the crematorium, just to make sure that I was in the right place at the right time and mine would be just one in a list of Reverends leading services that day. During the last twenty years that has changed and today the majority of services seem to be led by civil celebrants, which saddens me, but I can accept it.

If I believe what I read on the internet, there has been an increase of somewhere between 500-600% of people signing up for simple cremations, which deeply concerns me. The idea is that there is no funeral service of any kind and instead of spending money on a funeral, the cremation happens in private and an urn of ashes is delivered to the family. I never tout for business and I conduct most funerals without charging a fee, but I see them as being an important part of the grieving process when somebody we love has died. I work hard with families to ensure that these services are conducted in a reverent way and we have cried, smiled often, and even laughed as we have remembered somebody we have loved and miss. I recall leading Afro Caribbean funerals, which have been a real celebration of life and I have even witnessed the mourners dancing as they have left the Church, because they have been celebrating that their loved one has now gone to glory.

Please don't misunderstand me, and I know that there will be people reading this for whom this is personal and even quite raw just now. I don't know how many readers believe in the mere existence of heaven, but I find great comfort in believing that even though it is a long time now since my parents and my daughter died, that they are somehow together and they know what I am doing and even as the decades pass, I still want to make them proud. There is no doubt in my mind that the death of somebody we love is painful and sad, and I feel that a funeral service is an important part of the grieving process.

I can live with the fact that people want to take religion out of weddings and funerals and increasingly people are using other places to mark these important life-changing experiences. I don't expect people to sing ancient hymns, and, to be honest I'd prefer to use secular music than to sing a solo, not particularly well. But I think that these occasions are far more important than simply saving money. I am airing my opinion and you are welcome to disagree.



Please pray for the congregation and community in Beetley



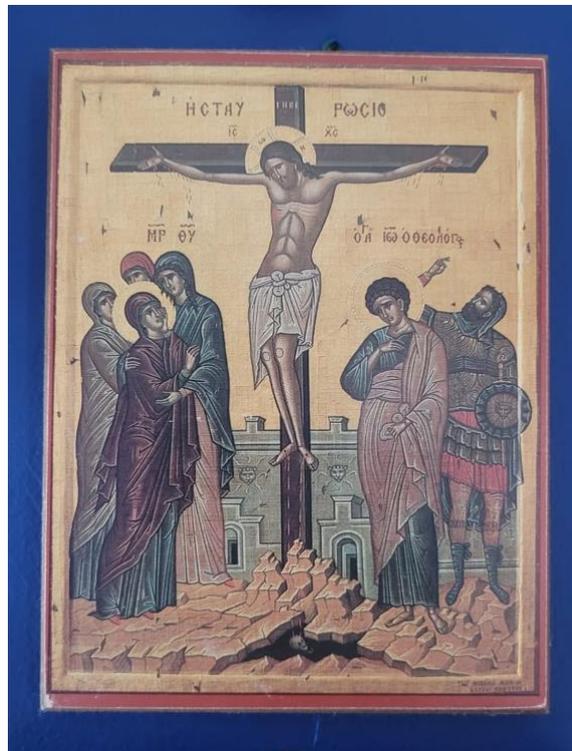
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### A thought from Rev Jonny:

This is one of the icons I have, depicting the crucifixion. On one side are the women who stayed with Jesus, Mary Magdalene, Mother Mary; on the other side are John and the centurion who witnessed the crucifixion.

At Holt during Lent, we are following a book called *The Nail*, which explores the introspections of various characters on Good Friday. This week, it is the centurion who talks about 'just doing his job' and 'following orders'. He places blame on Pilate, not himself, for Jesus' death.

A question for us this week is to wonder when we have 'just done our job' or 'just followed orders', which results in not following what God desires for us? Whether this be by actively causing harm or by being a bystander and not intervening. How have we been like the centurion?



## A thought from Dee:

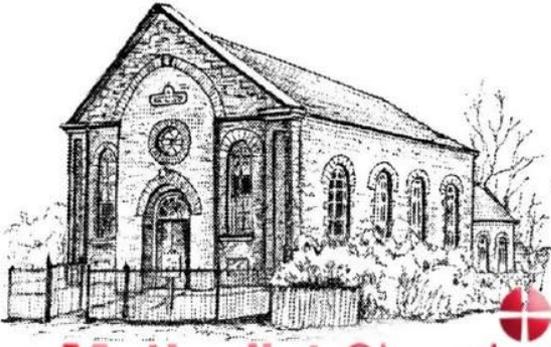
Looking at the news makes me despair; it seems as if people just don't care for each other only for themselves. The world is in complete turmoil, and we question who we can trust! Then we question ourselves asking, "What can we do?" Of course, we alone cannot solve the world's problems, but all the big things that happen start with a small step. Then I remembered this monologue written for the 2018 Commonwealth Day Celebration. This, to me, encapsulates everything we need to do to make the world a better place.



## The Moment – by Jaspreet Kaur

"The moment that you realise that true contentment can be found when we serve others, all other desires will seem so small.  
And the moment you see joy in another being eyes, because of your own selfless actions, life starts to make a lot more sense.  
And the moment you begin to act as the reflection of the visions that you have of a better world, things will begin to change.  
And the moment that you recognise your own responsibility for the betterment of others, you'll see such beauty in life.  
And the moment that you recognise that you'll make more of an impact by being righteous than always being right, rewards will come and fall into your lap.  
And the moment that you are more concerned about learning to love, then to be loved, positive emotions of oceanic depths will engulf you.  
And the moment that you are more concerned about understanding others than to always be understood, that's when your mind will truly begin to learn.  
And the moment that we realise that our enemies are not physical flesh and blood, yet they are our own thoughts, peace will begin to conquer.  
And the moment that we overcome those inner enemies, rather than deflecting them onto others, merriment will come find you.  
And the moment that you are more concerned about learning to listen, rather than to always be heard, you will hear languages you thought your mind could never fathom.  
And the moment that you realise that life will always be about mastering and relearning, hunkering and climbing, your journey will begin to feel so smooth.  
And the moment that we all believe that we can change this world for the better, we will do it. Where we learn, change, grow and give, so go live your moments."

Spoken-word artist Jaspreet Kaur, at the 2018 Commonwealth Day Celebration



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The **Methodist** Church  
*Saham Hills*

# **Coffee & Chat**

***Tea – Coffee – Cake***



**Saturday 10-11.30 28<sup>th</sup> February**