

Holy Trinity and St. George Parish Magazine

Autumn 2026



Issue 38

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A Feast for the Body and Soul

Dear Friends:

Greetings from waterlogged New Jersey. As I write, we are in the midst of a nor'easter which has caused widespread flooding. My great-niece had to be collected from a sleepover in hip waders, I kid you not!

Oh, what a pleasure it was to see so many of you on my recent visit! I am sorry to those I missed. I try hard to be there for two of my three weekends and still it's impossible to catch everyone. A particular joy was joining my erstwhile parish house group for trips to Leighton Moss and the Lakeland Wildlife Oasis.

Those of you who know me are aware that I have friends in many places, and on my trip to York I was able to catch up with Judith Robinson's daughter Elva and her family as well as Deb Chapman, with whom I used to run a youth theatre, Live Wire. I am constantly in awe of all that Elva has accomplished and how hard she works for her beautiful family. Deb is a tireless hostess; nothing is too much trouble for her. She, like me, is a history hound, and on the evening prior to our walking tour along the medieval route of the York Mystery Plays, she laid on a buffet of biblical foods, complete with chapter and verse! She used the following wonderful website as a reference:

<https://www.learnreligions.com/foods-of-the-bible-700172>

We ate in her walled garden and the following day retraced the steps of those medieval guilds of long ago as they presented, on wagons drawn by townspeople, the salvation story from Genesis to Revelation. It included a visit to the Bar Convent which had an exhibit about women in the Mystery Plays throughout the years. From beginning to end, it was marvelous, as was my introduction to the Kent Estuary Pilgrim Way.

And now I am here, up to my eyes in schoolwork, the parish thrift shop, family concerns and already dreaming of my visit next summer, which will include a trip to Scotland with an American friend of Scottish extraction. I trust you have enjoyed the final weeks of summer and are enjoying the turn of the season.

Many thanks to our healthy number of Issue 38 contributors: **Raymond Daley, Pamela Boyes, Judith Robinson, Elizabeth Cartmell** and first-time contributor **Lesley Sellar**. And remember, with Advent right around the corner, we will be asking for more contributions very shortly! Nothing is better than an issue full of timely items from fellow parishioners, hmmm...?

Enjoy this beautiful time of year.

Celeste



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Thanks as always to Raymond Daley for this update on the St. Vincent dePaul Society. I am completely gobsmacked by the term “toxic empathy,” which has been used by arch-conservatives here (including those purporting to be Christians) to actually discourage people from putting themselves in the shoes of those caught up in the current political mess. They try to make the case that empathy for the stranger is a bad thing! In the words of many of today’s young people, “I literally can’t even...!”



Christians Urge the Government to Defend the Right to Asylum



Catholics across the UK have sent a clear message to the government ahead of this year’s World Day of Migrants and Refugees: the right to seek asylum must be protected, and people seeking sanctuary must be treated with dignity.

On Monday 21st September, representatives from JRS UK, the Caritas Social Action Network, Caritas Plymouth, Caritas Brentwood, and the St Vincent de Paul Society delivered hundreds of postcards from parishes, schools, religious communities, and local groups across the UK to Downing Street. They called on the government to restore the right to asylum, end immigration detention, and place dignity and protection at the heart of the asylum system.

The postcards are part of the **Welcome the Stranger: Defend Asylum** campaign, launched at Pentecost and supported by Bishop Paul McAleenan, the lead Catholic bishop for migrants and refugees.

The campaign comes at a time when people seeking safety in the UK face increasingly restrictive policies, hostility, and uncertainty. People seeking safety do not have safe routes to seek protection. They face barriers to family reunification, the increased use of immigration detention, and greater hurdles to finding stability here in the UK. All of this takes place amidst growing, dehumanising rhetoric and even violence.

Speaking after the hand-in, Sophie Cartwright, JRS UK's Senior Policy Officer said: "We see every day the impact of hostility and cruel policies targeting women, men and children seeking sanctuary. It is so encouraging that parishes, groups and individuals across the UK are calling for a different approach, rooted in humanity and dignity. As Christians we are called to welcome refugees."



Fiona Ranford from CSAN said: "Pope Leo XIV, in his message for World Day of Migrants and Refugees, has called for a supportive response to refugees which guarantees protection, welcome and support for those who migrate."

"Catholic communities across the UK are playing a crucial role in providing this supportive and welcoming response. But now they are calling on the UK government to play their part in building a society where everyone can live in safety and can build a future for themselves and their families."

Kate Nightingale from the SVP added: "Every person seeking safety and sanctuary has a story, a family and a future that matters. Through our work across England and Wales, SVP members see first-hand the difference that compassion, welcome and practical support can make to people who have been forced to leave their homes."

"As Catholics, we are called to welcome the stranger and to stand alongside people who are experiencing hardship and uncertainty. We urge the government to ensure that our asylum system upholds the dignity of every person, protects those seeking refuge and gives families the opportunity to rebuild their lives in safety."

We were also joined by young people from Caritas Brentwood. Onosé shared: "It's important as Christians to support this campaign, because it is living out the message that Jesus gives to us, which is to love our neighbour.... Jesus himself was a refugee. He sought a new home because of danger, and God willing, we hope that if any of us were in a similar situation, we would be able to find solace and safety in another country as well."

There's still time to add your voice. Hundreds of postcards have already been delivered to Downing Street, and more continue to arrive from parishes, schools and individuals around the country.

Could you support this campaign in your parish, school, or community? If you'd like to get involved, email uk.outreach@jrs.net for support or to order resources. Every postcard helps demonstrate the strength of support for an asylum system rooted in dignity, compassion and justice.

Thank you to everyone who has already taken part. Together, we continue to stand alongside refugees and people seeking asylum, and to call for a society where everyone can live in safety and dignity.

Raymond Daley - Kendal Catholic Church SVP

We believe, first and foremost, what makes us feel that we are fine fellows.

Bertrand Russell

PEACE According to a Variety of Thinkers

*from the Center for Spiritual Development, a Ministry of the Sisters of St. Joseph
[Orange, New Jersey, USA]*

Peace is not the absence of conflict but the presence of creative alternatives for responding to conflict,
alternatives to violence.

DOROTHY THOMPSON

Peace is an environment where conflicts are resolved without violence, where people are free, not exploited,
living so they can grow to their full potential.

GERARD A. VANDERHAAR

Peace is the work of justice, indirectly, in so far as justice removes obstacles to peace; but it is the work of
charity directly, since charity, according to its very nature, causes peace.

THOMAS AQUINAS, OP

Peace is not a relationship of nations. It is a condition of mind brought about by serenity of soul. Peace is not
merely the absence of war. It is also a state of mind. Lasting peace can come only to peaceful people.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

If you love peace, then hate injustice, hate tyranny, hate greed—but hate these things in yourself, not in
another.

MOHANDAS GANDHI

The life of “peace” is both an inner journey toward a disarmed heart and a public journey toward a disarmed
world. This difficult but beautiful journey gives infinite meaning and fulfillment to life itself because our lives
become a gift for the whole human race. With peace as the beginning, middle, and end of life, life makes
sense.

JOHN DEAR

Peace begins with a smile.

MOTHER TERESA



For it isn't enough to talk about peace. One must believe in it. And it isn't enough to believe in it. One must work at it.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Peace is not something you must hope for in the future. It is a deepening of the present, and unless you look for it in the present, you will never find it.

THOMAS MERTON

Peace comes from being able to contribute the best that we have, and all that we are, toward creating a world that supports everyone. But it is also securing the space for others to contribute the best that they have and all that they are.

HAFSAT ABIOLA

We must devise a system in which peace is more rewarding than war.

MARGARET MEAD

Without deep listening and gentle loving speech it is very difficult to move towards peace. Peace will only become a reality when world leaders come to negotiations with the ability to hear the suffering at the root of all conflicts.

THICH NHAT HANH



Faithful Pamela Boyes offers these lovely contributions. I grinned like the Cheshire Cat at "The Power of Poetry!" And I was so happy to learn of wonderful Nano Nagle. I regret I wasn't able to properly magnify most of the information boards; I'm sure they were fascinating.

Pamela's Pages

U in Jesus

Before U were thought of or time had begun,
God even stuck U in the name of his Son,
And each time you pray, you'll see that it's true:
You can't spell out Jesus and not include U.

You're a pretty big part of His wonderful name,
For U he was born, and that's why he came.
And his great love for U is the reason he died.
It even takes U to spell 'crucified.'

Isn't it thrilling and splendidly grand
He rose from the dead with U in his plan?
The stone rolled away, the gold trUmpet blew,
And this word 'resUrrection' is spelled with a U.

When Jesus left earth at his Upward ascension,
He felt there was one thing he just had to mention:
Go into the world and tell them it's true
That I love them all, just like I love U.

So many great people are spelled with a U
Don't they have a right to know JesUs too?
It all depends now on what U will do,
He'd like them to know, but it all starts with U.

(Author unknown)



Twenty Modern-Day Proverbs (according to Brian Bilston)



1. Fake news travels fast.
2. Post in haste, regret immediately.

3. Two's company, three's a crowdsourcing campaign.
4. A1 for an eye, an untruth for a truth.
5. Beware of geeks bearing gifs.
6. Caesar's Wi-Fi must be above suspicion.
7. A scrolling phone gathers no moss.
8. Share and share and like.
9. Don't feed the troll that bites you.
10. Empty influencers make the most noise.
11. Every blog has its day.
12. Blessed are the content creators.
13. There's a time and podcast for everything.
14. Do not judge clickbait by its cover.
15. A WhatsApp a day keeps your mother at bay.
16. All's well that trends well.
17. Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day;
teach a man to phish and you phished him for a lifetime.
18. Every cloud has a data centre.
19. Spam tomorrow and spam yesterday ~ and always spam today.
20. The end justifies the memes.



This year during our trip to the Republic of Ireland in early May, we stayed in Galway before heading north to Mullaghmore and went to visit Loughrea Cathedral.

Loughrea is a small market town built on the northern shore of its namesake lake, Lough Rea, and is the cathedral parish of the Diocese of Clonfert. It gets its name from the Irish *Baile Loch Riach*, the town of the grey lake, but there is really nothing grey about it!

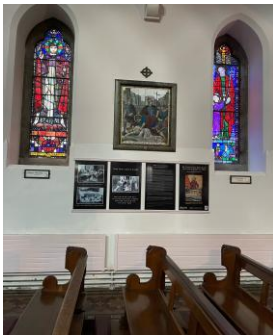


The parish church is St. Brendan's Cathedral (the foundation stone was laid on October 10th 1897), which has been described as the "jewel in the crown of the Celtic Revival" and a "Treasure House of Celtic Revival Art." The international Arts and Crafts Movement of the late 19th century sought to unite the artist and the craftsman, which was born out of a reaction to the mass production of the industrial era, and it found fertile ground in Ireland during the Celtic Revival (c.1880-1930).

Although small in size, it is large in its interior magnificence and, having only visited the Cathedral online, it was a real treat for us to be here physically. It also has a connection to the Yeats family and being a "Yeats fan," it was a must-visit for me. The walls of the cathedral tell a visual story, but there is a small museum next to the Parish Office where you can pick up a 30-minute audio tour of this lovely cathedral.



Mass at the cathedral is celebrated twice daily, seven days of the week, and is open to visitors and locals alike. Attendees can see Irish church art of international renown, pride of place going to the fantastic collection of Irish stained glass.



The Dun Emer Guild was a pioneering 20th-century Irish Arts and Crafts cooperative founded in 1902 by Evelyn Gleason, alongside the Yeats sisters. Evelyn managed weaving, Susan (Lily) directed embroidery and Elizabeth (Lollie) managed the printing press.

Lollie (Elizabeth) Yeats
(artist, writer and printer)
11.3.1868 ~ 16.01.1940



Lily (Susan) Yeats
(prizewinning embroiderer)
25.08.1866 ~ 05.01.1949

The enterprise separated around 1904 into the Guild, run by Gleeson and Dun Emer Industries/Press run by the Yeats sisters.

In that year, an order for 24 solidarity banners and five processional banners for St. Brendan's Cathedral were placed by the then-Administrator Fr. O'Donovan. He also ordered sets of vestments and tabernacle veils. Bishop Healey had given Fr. O'Donovan full control of decorating the cathedral, and Fr. O'Donovan was determined that the cathedral would be decorated with the very best of Irish art and craftwork, a showcase.



Designs for the male saints' banners were designed by Jack B. Yeats, except Saints Patrick and Laurence, which were designed by George William Russell. The female saints were designed by J.B.'s wife, Cottie, except Saint Brigid, which was designed by Pamela Coleman Smith. All the figures, silk and wool on linen, were worked by Lily, and the background was worked by her assistants.

The guild was moderately successful, but finances and personality clashes caused strain, and in 1908 it became defunct and Lily and Lollie set up their own enterprise ~ Cuala Enterprises.

St. Brigid (Ireland's patroness saint) was celebrated in the visual art of Cuala Press. This press printed hand-coloured prints and cards featuring Saint Brigid, and it took her around the world in the early 20th century.

In January 1922, the emerging Irish State held an exhibition of Irish art in Paris, seeking to present a multifaceted independent Irish identity to an international audience, and again at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933, with the intention of making a special connection with Irish-America. St. Brigid's Day is a Gaelic traditional festival on February 1st which marks the beginning of spring. In 2023, the Irish government made it a national holiday.

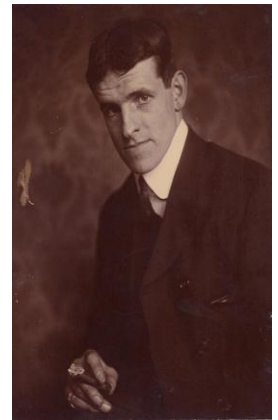
Nothing daunted Cuala Enterprises in the early years; they were committed to the ideal of an Ireland where women and men could be equal participants in the arts, as Susan Mitchell's poem 'Cuala Abu' shows:



**Gladly we come to our work every morning,
Daughters of Ireland, faithful and true;
Some setting stitches to help your adorning,
Some printing magic words, *Cuala*, for you.**

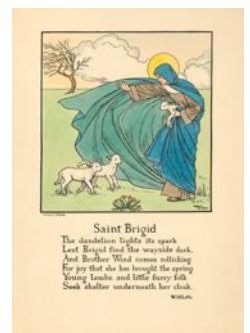
Lollie died in 1940; Lily lived another nine years. They are buried together in St. Nahi's Churchyard, Dundrum.

Cuala (an ancient historical kingdom that once covered parts of South County Dublin and North County Wicklow) Abu (an old Irish term that means victory or "upward/ forever"). It was historically used as a clan war cry. Today, you will commonly hear fans shout "**Cuala Abu!**" at hurling, camogie and Gaelic football matches as a chant of support for the club based in Daley, South Dublin.



Jack B. Yeats

29.08.1871 ~ 28.03.1957



With a nod to Yeats... a short piece of free verse from **Brian Bilston**:

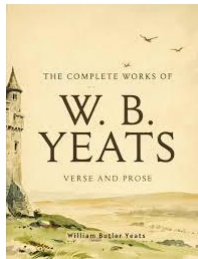
The Power of Poetry

**with things falling apart
and anarchy let loose,**

**it was only poetry, he found,
which had any use,**

**so he reached for his copy
of *The Complete Works of Yeats***

**and bludgeoned the President
of the United States**



Not forgetting the 🍁 season 🍁 a couple more by him.

🍁 **Autumn** 🍁

The Problem of Writing Poems In the Shape of Deciduous Trees

a common
problem when writing
poems in the shape of deciduous
trees is that once there arrives the first
stirrings of the new autumn breeze, the
poems will begin to shake themselves
loosely until their letters loosen
like leaves, and
they
start
to
float
down
then
turn to mush upon the ground

Fall

she loved to catch
the falling leaves
in autumn
she would wait beneath
the trees until she

cautumn



Our last trip to Ireland this year (and our first stay-over) took us to the city of Cork and the Nano Nagle Place Heritage Museum.

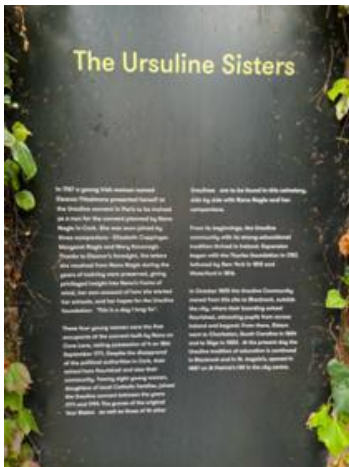
Born In Ballygriffin near Mallow, County Cork, Ireland, to a wealthy family, Nano Nagle's parents secretly sent her to France to be educated, because the Penal Laws banned Catholics from running schools and children from attending school in Ireland. She initially planned to join a cloistered convent but realised, when she saw the sufferings of the people on the streets of her city, devastated by hunger and cold, that her true calling was to help them.



She believed that they could only be uplifted through education, and began opening secret schools for poor children in defiance of the law. Her first school was started in 1771 in a two-room cabin, and within a short number of years (and with great daring) she had set up a series of small schools to cater to the urchins who roamed the alleyways.

As the years went by, she planned to transfer the care of these seven schools to the Ursuline Sisters, whom she introduced to Ireland for that purpose, but discovered that they could only teach in one school, as their religious rule did not allow them to leave the convent grounds.

Fired by her compassion for the vulnerable and excluded, she struggled to secure a future for the remaining schools, so gathering three companions and at the age of 57, she became a nun herself, founding the Presentation Sisters and teaching in Kerry, Dublin, Waterford, and North Presentation Cork, Kilkenny and Galway.



From these early foundations came outreach overseas, first to the Irish diaspora in Canada, England, India and Australia, and later more widely. The Venerable Nano Nagle is one of Ireland's most beloved and inspiring figures, a woman whose deep faith and burning compassion for the poor transformed the lives of countless people and gave rise to a congregation whose mission continues to this day, working for justice and human dignity.



"If I could be of any service in any part of the globe, I would willingly do all in my power."
Letter to Eleanor Fitzsimons in Paris July 1769

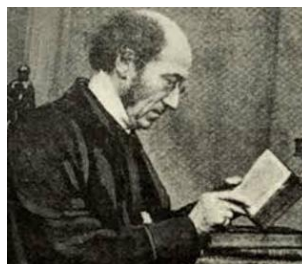
Ever mindful of visitors wanting refreshments when we visit these Heritage Centres, the Good Day Deli in the beautiful gardens of Nano Nagle Place ranks amongst the best.





Be careful how you live; you will be the only Bible some people ever read.

William J. Thoms



This is a feature offering short, simple reflections of those moments in life when some everyday thing has an outsized, positive influence on your day

Simple Pleasures

This Issue's Contributor: Celeste Bonfanti



Nothing brings a smile to my face more quickly than the sight of a dog with its head out a car window, enjoying the breeze. During my childhood we had no family dogs, but there had been a dog when my sisters were children, a black cocker spaniel named Nero. Neither of my parents were accustomed to having dogs, and whenever poor Nero used to try to put his head out the car window, my mother would haul him back in! Later, when she realised that this was a common canine pastime, she felt awful for having denied him this simple pleasure.

Why does this sight bring me such joy? I think it's a pure distillation of what dogs do so well. They seem to live exclusively in the present moment, lapping up life's creature comforts and the wonderful world around them, exploring every sight and smell with their entire being.

I try so hard to be present in my life, to be here and now and not lost in my head, and it is uphill work. I cannot stop the mental multitasking, ticking off lists and planning and, to paraphrase Dr. Seuss, "puzzling 'til my puzzler is sore."

I travel from school to school all day, providing support to Deaf and hard of hearing children and, when I park and am on my way to each school building, I force myself to focus on the breeze in the trees, the sun on my face, the ground beneath my feet. I insist on stealing these brief moments to truly connect with what is around me. If I were a dog, this would be effortless. Every moment in the outside world they are sniffing and exploring. And as we watch them sleep and dream, we can see that they clearly relive these moments!

Believe it or not, a couple of days after I thought I had completed this piece, my parish priest blessed his dog at Mass on the feast of St. Francis and shared this missive in the parish newsletter:

Hi to all. I'm happy my daddy (AKA Fr. Vince) thought this would be a good weekend for me to take over the weekly Pastor's Column. I spend much of my day doing important parish work: greeting people at the door, chasing cats and birds in the yard, guarding the rectory and reminding Father that every meal is better when shared.

Today is October 4th, the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, so we thought this might be a good day to offer dog wisdom.

St. Francis understood something that we dogs seem to know instinctively: God's creation is a wonderful place. The sun on your face... the smell of fresh grass... trees moving in the wind... birds singing in the morning... a good walk... a cool drink of water... greeting someone you love coming through the door....

Humans can become so busy that sometimes you forget to notice these things. We dogs do not. Every walk is an adventure. Every tree deserves investigation. Every person can be a

new friend. Every day brings something worth wagging your tail about.

Perhaps St. Francis would tell us that creation is meant to awaken something similar in the human heart ~ not simply excitement but wonder and gratitude. The world is not merely something we use. It is something we receive. The earth, the oceans, the animals, the forest, the air we breathe, and the people with whom we share this world are all part of the Creator's gift. And gifts should be treated with care.

So, from one Chocolate Labrador who is very grateful for God's world, here is my advice for the Feast of St. Francis:

Take a walk.

Look at the sky.

Notice the trees.

Thank God for creation.

Be kind to animals.

Care for the earth.

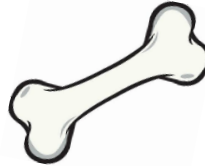
Forgive someone.

And if you happen to see me around the parish, a friendly greeting is always welcome. A treat wouldn't hurt, either.

Happy Feast of St. Francis!

Bernie, Assistant Pastor for Hospitality, Grounds Inspection and Squirrel Management

P.S. Thank you, Daddy, for typing this for me. My paws are too big for your computer.



We can learn so much from our animal friends! May every day provide you with the pleasure a dog experiences with its nose out the window, reveling in the present moment!

Come, my light, my Lord, my way.

Come, my lantern night and day.

Come. My healer, make me whole.

Come, my Saviour, protect my soul.

Come, my King, enter my heart.

*Come, Holy Presence,
never depart.*

David Adam in "Celtic Prayers"



A whole lot of us go through life assuming that we are basically right, basically all the time, about basically everything: about our political and intellectual convictions, our religious and moral beliefs, our assessment of other people, our memories, our grasp of facts. As absurd as it sounds when we stop to think about it, our steady state seems to be one of unconsciously assuming that we are very close to omniscient.

Kathryn Schulz



Loving and gracious God and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ be with me as I pray today. Deepen in me the personal knowing of Jesus so he is the grounding place of my life. Let the power of his resurrection take hold within my living. I seek to be one with you throughout my life. May I “have only one desire throughout my lifetime: to be and to become the person you, my God, wants me to be in nature, in grace, in glory, for time and for eternity.”

Quote taken from Fr. Jean Pierre Médaille, SJ, Maxim of Love 10:6

Thanks so much to Judith Robinson for this concerning Manna House update. It is vital that the work of this incredible resource continue! Please, God, open the hearts of the community to find a way through these tight fiscal times!



Housing Advice, Advocacy and Support

Stephenson Centre, Kendal, Cumbria, LA9 6AA

Tel: 01539 725534

Email: info@manna-house.org.uk

Web site: www.manna-house.org.uk

Manna House (Cumbria): Registered Charity No. 1147785

Company Limited by Guarantee 08041948

Hello, to all Friends and Supporters of Manna House.

We need to share with you the latest information regarding Manna House's worsening financial situation.

Through no fault of our own and in line with other charities at this time, Manna House has had a 38% reduction in income in the last financial year, ending August 2025. Things have not improved over this year such that we are now facing a predicted deficit of £80,000 by end of August 2026.

Let's be clear. This is not financial mismanagement. Manna House has been, and continues to be, truly excellent. As the only homeless prevention charity in South Lakeland, we serve over 7,000 free lunches a year, hold over 700 Housing and Benefits appointments and engage in over a thousand 1x1 support sessions. We are responsible for holding dear all the people who otherwise slip through the cracks of mainstream health and social care services. Please do give a once-over to our leaflet to see the breadth of our compassionate and holistic work.

Nevertheless, there is a raging financial crisis affecting every sector of society, and of course, those most vulnerable and the charities that support them are the hardest hit.

We are now in an unsustainable position. From September 2026, Manna House staff will be reducing our hours to extend the funding we currently have. Hopefully this will give more time for sustainable solutions to emerge, including hundreds of pounds of grant funding that is currently pending. If they do not, we are facing the possibility of closure at the end of 2026.



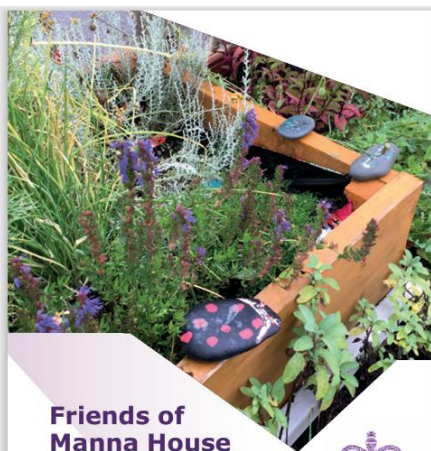
So what's a concerned community to do? Throughout this October, which we are calling "Keep the Door Open", and in honour of Homeless Awareness month, we are putting on an art exhibition and sale at Manna House. We are holding an Open House on Sunday 4th October where our Women's Group, Sew What, will be selling their wares and t-shirts designed by our clients will be on sale. We are hosting a community-wide campaign, maybe a Sofa Surf or Walk a Miles in Their Shoes for Manna House type of event, details TBC. As mentioned, we have more than £150k of grant applications pending. But we are in need of sustainable solutions now that allow us to remain committed to the work we do with those experiencing homelessness, insecure housing and hardship.

Are you sitting on a legacy? Does your corporation have a charity of the year? Have you considered doing a fundraiser for Manna House? Do you have any wealthy and/or influential friends or relatives? What about increasing your Friends of Manna House membership this year? Or joining if this would be new to you! To put a figure in your mind, our monthly payroll is just over £25,000, all included.

We are grateful for your contributions and are blessed to count you amongst our Manna House family. If you have any sustainable solutions up your sleeves, please share them!



August 2026



Friends of Manna House

Volunteer Nina Bale set up our League of Friends in 2007 to support clients in hardship and the more general work of Manna House.



You can get involved with this lovely group. Come along to get-togethers and meet other members to exchange fundraising ideas. Get stuck into joyous events like our annual Big Swim and Garden Party. Or attend our interactive AGM and help shape the way we support the work of Manna House.

Why not join us? Membership is £10 (min) per year. For more info please visit: www.manna-house.org.uk

We're here to help...

Get Advice, join our Skills Café or come along to a Drop In session.

Manna House, at the Stephenson Centre in Kendal, is open to the public:

Monday:

Women's Group, 10am-12noon
Rough Sleepers, 12noon-1pm
Conversation Café, 1-3pm

Thursday:

Rough Sleepers,
1pm-2pm

Tuesday:

Drop In Session, 10am-2pm
Scrumptious Lunch, 12noon-2pm

Friday:

Drop In Session, 10am-2pm
Yummy Lunch, 12noon-2pm

Wednesday:

Skills Café, 10am-12noon
Delicious Lunch, 12noon-2pm

If you have anything you would like to talk to us about, please do make an appointment. There are lots of ways you can contact us:

- Facebook: [mannahousecumbria](https://www.facebook.com/mannahousecumbria)
- WhatsApp: 07598758373
- Website: www.manna-house.org.uk
- Phone: 01539 725534
- E-mail: info@manna-house.org.uk

The Stephenson Centre,
Ann Street, Kendal Cumbria, LA9 6AA

MANNA HOUSE

Housing Advice,
Advocacy & Support



There's always a warm welcome at Manna House!

We're a safe and positive space for anyone in South Lakeland who is homeless, vulnerably housed, lonely or needing support.



Manna House (Cumbria)
Registered Charity
Number: 1147785
Company Limited by
Guarantee: 08041948

What Manna House does

We offer lots of help and support alongside our regular Drop In, lunches, and Skills Café sessions.

- ✓ Tenancy and eviction advice
- ✓ Benefits advice
- ✓ Advocacy
- ✓ Shower and laundry facilities
- ✓ Budgeting help
- ✓ CVs and job searches
- ✓ Computer use
- ✓ Letter reading and bills explained
- ✓ Volunteer opportunities
- ✓ Mental health support
- ✓ Referrals to specialist services
- ✓ Food Bank referrals
- ✓ Gardening and allotment
- ✓ Women's group
- ✓ Lunches
- ✓ Skills Café
- ✓ Nurse Practitioner
- ✓ Emergency Homeless POD
- ✓ Hairdresser
- ✓ Office and training spaces to rent



The Manna House Community

We are here for EVERYONE in South Lakeland. It's an area where many people are surprised that Manna House is needed as homelessness and vulnerable housing are hidden issues. But we are very much in demand.

In all that we do, staff and volunteers bring compassion and acceptance and offer positive role modelling for social and emotional wellbeing.

Housing & Benefits Advice Service

Clients get as much support for the process of finding and keeping a home as they need, according to their own circumstances, abilities and wishes.

They can access advice and guidance on their housing options in the local and surrounding districts. We help people return to their own home county – even country – if necessary.

Clients can also access up-to-the-minute information on the benefits they are entitled to, advocacy for appeals, and as much or as little help as needed filling in the right forms, in the right way, at the right time.

Email info@manna-house.org.uk if you want to make an appointment for you or someone you know.

Client Support

Support is the frontline of our services for homeless and vulnerably housed people, and those with mental health and addiction issues.

Our Client Support Workers make initial assessments which lead to goal setting and referrals. This work produces important results such as clients getting the healthcare they need, taking on pro-social roles within our service, and keeping important appointments in the community.

Drop by: 1pm-3pm Monday or 10am-2pm Tuesday, Wednesday or Friday. Or make an appointment via email: info@manna-house.org.uk

Conversation Café

It's good to talk. Our staff and volunteers support clients' mental health through both 1x1 and facilitated peer support groups every Monday 1 – 3pm. The kettle's always on. No appointments necessary.

Learning Kitchen

The kitchen is the heart of the house, where everyone is welcome to lend a hand, try something new and share a healthy meal. It's a place where people come together in donating, preparing, sharing and eating the food. In the process, kitchen participants experience raised self-esteem and are nourished with added skills and learning.

Many friends throughout the local community gift us good food to make our lunches incomparable.

Skills Café

Our Wednesday Workshops are volunteer-run and help clients work on life skills such as budgeting, IT, punctuality, patience, teamwork, and self-care. Our Skills Café motivates people to try new things and have a go at learning in a safe and encouraging atmosphere. The focus has been wellbeing, ensuring people are able to keep their mood up without "self-medicating" and have the resources they need to take better care of themselves – from sunscreen to suicide hotlines. We also emphasise community participation to foster a sense of belonging in our neighbourhood.

Women's Group

Join us on Monday mornings 10am-12 noon at the Stephenson Centre for a bit of crafting, sharing, stitching, and tea drinking!

Sew What? is a supportive, safe space for women of all ages and backgrounds to be creative and share experiences. Drop in to create something new or bring in a project you've been meaning to finish! All materials are provided.

Volunteering with Us

Manna House's volunteers are the backbone of our service and are amongst the most dedicated and warmhearted people we know.

Many volunteer with us weekly for a few hours at a time. Others give us their time and energy by working on events, focussing on specific tasks in the community, or doing behind the scenes organising. To get involved, email: volunteers@manna-house.org.uk

Here we have a brief update care of Raymond about ecumenical efforts in the dale. I regret to say there is nothing like this at present in my diocese. Growing up, the movement was strong. Looking at these concentric circles make me wistful for that kind of collegial interfaith fellowship.



Most of the churches in Kendal, including ourselves and the surrounding district, are members of Churches Together in Kendal and District, which belongs to Churches Together in Cumbria, which in turn belongs to Churches Together in Britain and Ireland and so on to The World Council of Churches.

There are three Mission Communities in our area: the Beacon Mission Community; the Helm Mission Community and the Two Valleys Mission Community.

We need some new people to represent our church at the quarterly meetings as we are currently under-represented.

Chair: Revd. Canon Shanthi Peiris – revshanthi@kendalparishchurch.co.uk

Secretary: Captain Canon Hilary Borthwick – hilary.borthwick@salvationarmy.org.uk

If you're interested, please email me at jraymonddaley@gmail.com and I will send you further details, including those of previous meetings.

Raymond Daley

In this feature, we invite readers to submit beloved prayers. Please send yours! This issue we have a beautiful prayer full of reassurance, love and wisdom.

My own experience with a spiritual advisor was limited and took place about 30 years ago, but it was very memorable. When I was having difficulties at work, she gave me two wonderful tools:

She told me to remember that Jesus had gone into the meeting before me and was awaiting me. And she told me that, as I sat beside him, if I heard things I found difficult to handle, I should gently place them in his lap.

I follow these directives to this day.

A Favourite Prayer

This Issue's Contributor: Elizabeth Cartmell

This beautiful prayer was written for, and given to, a parishioner by their spiritual adviser.

Lord Jesus,
You came to bind up the broken-hearted and to set the oppressed free.

Grant me the gift of Your peace.
Give me wisdom to know what is right, courage to do it without fear or guilt,
and confidence that my dignity comes from being Your beloved child.
Heal the wounds that still remain within me.
Gently restore what has been broken by fear, hurt and memories of the past.
Help me to grow each day in the freedom and peace that You desire for me.
Help me to forgive without surrendering the freedom You have given me.
Give me the strength to set wise and loving boundaries,
and the grace not to be troubled by the actions of others.
Surround me with Your protection, fill my heart with Your peace,
and let nothing rob me of the freedom You have won for me.
I place my past, my present, and my future into Your loving hands,
trusting that You are always with me.
Amen



The World Cup seems a very long time ago, but I liked this article from the Unity Website on 15 July. The number of news items about the true, cross-cultural joy during the competition was impressive and made a nice change from the dire news we usually get. We had a front row seat here as New Jersey and Philadelphia both hosted matches and there were watch parties everywhere. In fact, Philadelphia had the best attendance of any venue in the tourney.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SLEEPOVER: A WORLD CUP AND A WORLD UNITED

by Angie Olsen

International soccer fans who thronged to the United States for the World Cup finals got along famously with the Americans who welcomed them. Maybe it's only our governments that believe we are at odds.

Every four years, the World Cup does something remarkable. It brings millions of people together with a love of soccer (a.k.a. football or *football*). For many international visitors, the 2026 World Cup brought them

to the United States for the first time. They arrived in droves expecting world-class soccer, but what they didn't expect was the warmth of everyday Americans.

While our media and governments often sow seeds of hostility and fear, countless World Cup visitors posted [videos](#) showing how welcomed they felt. Across cities, regions, restaurants, neighborhoods, and stadiums, stories emerged of strangers showing how much they were enjoying each other. Fans wearing rival jerseys posed together for photos. Conversations began over a shared meal and ended with invitations to visit each other again. Some called it the "Great American Sleepover" and asked if our "cousins" could come back again next year because people were having so much fun.

Many visitors discovered just how expansive the United States is. Traveling from one host city to another often meant covering distances that, in Europe, would cross several national borders. They discovered regional traditions, accents, landscapes, and foods that make every host city feel like its own unique destination. From Tex-Mex to New York pizza, Kansas City barbecue to Southern comfort food, every meal became another opportunity to experience a different culture.



Stories abound of local volunteers helping visitors navigate public transportation. Parties erupted in the streets. More than 35,000 people turned out for the "Dutch Orange Walk" in downtown Kansas City, not far from my home. The American enthusiasm for the World Cup visitors could be seen far and wide.

We Really Are One Spirit

While systems of power may try to convince us that we are separate or opposed to one another, the World Cup reminded me that most people genuinely want to get along. We want to laugh together, share food, and celebrate our cultures. We want [peace](#).

Unity has long taught that there is one presence and one power active in all people. Beneath our histories, opinions, and traditions lives the same divine spark. We are not separate souls trying to find common ground. We are expressions of one Spirit seeking to recognise ourselves in each another.

Perhaps that's why sporting events like the World Cup move us so deeply.

Yes, there was competition. Yes, there were victories and heartbreaks. But there was also something larger unfolding. For a few weeks, millions of people willingly gathered with those who speak different languages and call different places home. They laughed, sang, celebrated together, and discovered that connection comes much more easily than fear would have us believe.

This Is the Truth We Know

This is what happens when we choose curiosity over judgment, when we welcome rather than divide. Jesus consistently crossed cultural boundaries. He spoke with people others ignored. He ate with those society rejected. Again and again, he reminded us that God's love is never confined by geography, nationality, or identity.

Every four years, the World Cup offers a modern glimpse of this truth. For a few weeks, the world becomes a neighborhood.

Long after the final whistle blows and stadiums grow quiet, perhaps the greatest victory isn't measured in goals scored or trophies lifted. It is measured in the friendships formed. In the stereotypes discarded. In the willingness to see the Christ presence in every person.

To all the visitors who experienced the United States for the first time, I say thanks for sharing your joy with us, and we hope you'll come back again real soon. Go team!

Christian Messages in Popular Culture

This Issue's Medium: Song

This Issue's Contributor: Celeste Bonfanti

Alanis Morissette is a Canadian singer who hits the listener between the ears. She has mellowed a bit since her early days in the 1990's when her songs were routinely bleeped for language, but she is still a force to be reckoned with, as my friend and I witnessed when seeing her in concert (with Joan Jett as the opener) two years ago. Her voice is not to everyone's taste although it is technically strong and her range is amazing. She is a powerhouse performer with a strong social conscience and some of my favourite tracks are her deeper cuts. But "All I Really Want" was the sixth single from her inaugural album *Jagged Little Pill* and it reached #14 on the US charts (#59 in the UK).



A popular ice breaker is to ask what your selected soundtrack would be as you enter a room, and although I think mine would probably be a gentler track, "All I Really Want" would be in the running. In the song she lists all the things she craves, from patience to peace to deliverance, and in the second verse she says,

"I am fascinated by the spiritual man. I'm humbled by his humble nature."

While this isn't a specifically Christian observation, it really resonates with me.

In my opinion, humility is often distinctly lacking in our atheist friends, who are, at the end of the day, professing that humanity is the top of the pecking order. God forbid! Humility is essential in those who embrace Christianity. Humility has been described as "being at ground level before God." It opens the heart and the mind in a way that allows God to reach us. And it is indeed an attractive quality. Without it, how can there be a sense of wonder or simplicity, both qualities which are requisite for a true relationship with God?

It's a rarity to hear such musings in a pop song, especially from a strong woman. It is one of many surprising aspects in Morissette's songwriting, which is worth exploring.



***This Issue's Featured Hymn** highlights a beloved hymn and provides a link to a recording of it, along with a little information about it. All are welcome to submit a hymn.*

Today's submission is from first-time contributor Lesley Sellar. I have a particular love of this hymn, not just from the Cat Stevens version but because my mother chose it for my father's funeral. And I absolutely love the poem Lesley has included at the end of the piece.

This Issue's Featured Hymn: Morning Has Broken

I found a book in Barter Books in Alnwick, a not-so-little treasure trove, called 'Like Sorrow or a Tune,' a selection of poems by Eleanor Farjeon, edited by Anne Harvey. It is interesting to see the range of her work. I think she's best known for writing the hymn 'Morning Has Broken.' I remember singing this often at primary school. She set it to the traditional Scottish Gaelic tune 'Buinessan.' It was a major hit in 1972 when Cat Stevens recorded it, and it reached Number 9 in the UK Single chart.

[Yusuf / Cat Stevens – Morning Has Broken \(Official Lyric Video\)](#)

Morning has broken like the first morning.
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.

Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven,
Like the first dewfall on the first grass.

Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden,
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, praise every morning,
God's recreation of the new day.

Morning has broken like the first morning.
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird.
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning,
Praise for them springing fresh from the world.



Eleanor Farjeon was born in 1881 and began writing verse in childhood, growing up among the authors, artists and actors of her parents' circle in North London. Among her closest friends were Edward Thomas, Robert Frost and D. H. Lawrence.

She was an energetic woman with a strong work ethic, writing not only poetry and children's books but articles for the *Daily Herald* and various socialist papers, and reading her poems to children in East End schools. In her latter years, her most important work was Edward Thomas: the Last Four Years, a memoir published in 1958, combining his letters (of which there were over 200) and her diaries. It was a recognition of one of the neglected poets from the First World War, who died in the battle of Arras in 1917.

Her poems for children are full of *joie de vivre* and playfulness, but there are other poems about lost love, remembered friendship and parting. There is still an annual literary award in her name, to recognise outstanding commitment and contribution to the world of children's books

In the 1920's, she wrote a sonnet with the opening line, 'I come to wish I could believe in God,' and told friends that the opening line had been most marvelously answered when she was received into the Catholic Church at the age of seventy, a culmination of a search over a lifetime.

Towards the end of her life, she won a number of literary awards but turned down the offer to be made a Dame of the British Empire, explaining that she did not want to be different from the milkman.

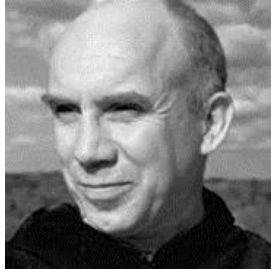
She died in 1965.

She wrote many poems, not all easy, some of it now dated, but this is one I like:

Shall I to the byre go down
Where the stalled oxen are?
Or shall I climb the mountain's crown
To see the rising star?
Or shall I walk the golden floor
Where the King's feast is spread?
Or shall I seek the poor man's door
And ask to break his bread?
It matters not. Go where you will,
Kneel down in cattle stall.
Climb up the cold and starlit hill
Enter in hut or hall.
To the warm fireside give your cheek,
Or turn it to the snow,
It matters not, the One you seek
you'll find where ere you go.
His sandal-sole is on the earth,
His head is in the sky
His voice is in the baby's mirth
And in the old man's sigh,
His shadow falls across the sea,
His breath is in the wind,
His tears with all who grieve left He,
His heart with all who sinned.
Whether you share the poor man's mite
Or taste the king's own fare,
He whom you go to seek tonight
Will meet you everywhere.
For He is where the cattle wend
And where the planets shine.
Lo, He is in your eyes! Oh, friend,
Stand still and look in mine.



Merton Corner



Let us live in this love and this happiness, you and I and all of us,
in the love of Christ and in contemplation,
for this is where we find ourselves and one another as we truly are.
It is only in this love that we at last become real.
For it is here that we most truly share the life of One God in Three Persons

Thomas Merton in New Seeds of Contemplation

Here are excerpts of some friendly back-to-school words from the Jesuits in North America!



Back-to-school season is upon us! Each year, I share this prayer — and this year is no different. No matter where you are in life... may this new season be an opportunity to return anew to our God who is always inviting us to learn, to grow, to change.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter — and Holy Wisdom awakens....

Rumble, rumble, cough — and Holy Wisdom stirs.

It's the careful placement of new supplies upon old desks and the hanging of colorful posters upon vacant walls and the turning of keys into locked doors and the sloshing of mops upon quiet floors and the stacking of books and the writing of notes and the dusting off of old syllabi and the crackle of the intercom and the clearing of throats and...

Slosh, crackle, click — and Holy Wisdom smiles, nods.

Because though Holy Wisdom was never truly asleep — our God is never any further from us than the whisper of our own breath — there is something quite remarkable about the start of a new school year: eyes full of wonder and tears and nostalgia, eager and apprehensive and ready to drink in something new, something old of God's creation, of our shared world.

And what will we learn this year? What will we learn this semester? What will we learn this day?

And who — the bus driver, the campus minister, the janitor, the professor, the assistant principal, the administrator, the teacher, the neighbor, the parent — who will teach it to us? And will we be available, open, willing to learn?

Because we who stand in the wide lane of the Ignatian legacy have among us a saint who was never too old to begin again, to learn something new. A teacher who humbly returned to elementary school in his 30s, who counted among his peers children as well as scholars, whose own legacy is one of towering universities and humble schoolyards, of academic success and failures — most important of all, failure, I think.

Because as we begin a new school year, as we look for Holy Wisdom stirring in our own hearts, our own minds, and those of all we meet, let us embrace our inevitable failures as the necessary impetus to return to Holy Wisdom.

Because if we were perfect — if we had nothing more to learn, if we had no one to seek out as teacher, mentor, companion, if we had no promise of failure — we would have no chance to grow in wisdom.

And so, amidst the many sounds of the new academic year — *pitter-patter, rumble, cough, slosh, crackle, click* — lean in to hear Holy Wisdom's quiet whisper: *There is more to learn. There is more to teach. There is more of God here at work than you have dared imagine. And so, and now, and here, let us begin again.*

In God's peace,



Eric A. Clayton

Deputy Director of Communications

Jesuit Conference of Canada and the United States

eclayton@jesuits.org



Finally, the conclusion of the biblical Easter story... I won't say "the end" because, as we all know, it was only the beginning! At least this is the joyous part. I think we all need as much joy as possible these days.

Which Gospel?

Passiontide and Easter: Part Three

by Celeste Bonfanti

We have suffered with the Lord over the past two issues and now we can join in the wonder of the Easter story. When I was interpreting Mass for Deaf parishioners in New Jersey, this was my favourite time of the liturgical year to share with them. I particularly liked interpreting the race to the tomb. [My least favourite thing to interpret in the entire liturgical year was the mystical beginning of John's Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word...." It's not that it's not lovely, but it is so abstract it was all but impossible to truly convey. I used to tell the Deaf parishioners, "This is very hard to interpret and to understand but don't worry! Most of the hearing people in church would agree!"]

Of course, there is a fair amount of variety between the Gospels, and the Easter story is no exception. Let's set John aside for a moment and look first at the synoptic accounts.



Matthew paints a vivid picture, with an earthquake, and an angel rolling away the stone and sitting on it with "a face like lightning." He states the guards were so terrified they "were like dead men." As for who was the first to receive the Good News, Matthew mentions both Marys by name, and Mark adds Salome. Luke, the evangelist who records so much about women, was probably afraid to leave someone out and keeps it to a general "the women!" In Mark and Luke, the stone is already moved away from the tomb when the women arrive. Mark has the angel sitting in the tomb. And all three synoptic Gospels have the angel telling the women that Jesus has gone ahead of them to Galilee.

Like Matthew, Luke writes vividly: "Two men in brilliant clothes suddenly appeared at their side. Terrified, the women bowed their heads to the ground. But the two said to them, 'Why look among the dead for someone who is alive? He is not here; he has risen. Remember what he told you when he was still in Galilee...'" I remember the translation when I was a child: "Why look for the living among the dead?" and this captivated me.

What happens next? Mark is the outlier here with his account of the women running away, terrified out of their wits and saying nothing to anyone. And most scholars believe this was the original end to his Gospel, which seems incredible to me. But the final bit was tacked on later by the followers of Mark. Talk about a dramatic ending! The epilogue, if you will, states that Jesus first appeared to Mary Magdalene "from whom he had cast out seven devils," and that she goes to tell the apostles, but they don't believe her. He then shows himself to another two disciples (on the road to Emmaus?) but the apostles still don't believe. Finally, Jesus appears to the apostles and reproaches them for their disbelief. But again, none of the epilogue appears to have been in Mark's original Gospel.

Matthew and Luke's Gospels carry the full story from the start.

In Matthew, Jesus appears and greets the women, who clasp his feet. Jesus reiterated that "his brothers" must leave for Galilee where he will meet them. And he adds the fascinating detail that the guards told the chief priests of all that happened at the tomb, and that the chief priests bribed them to say that the disciples

actually robbed the grave! Then they assured the guards that if the governor hears about it, the chief priests would “...fix it so the guards [wouldn’t] get into trouble. To this day, that is the story amongst the Jews.”

In Luke, the women tell the full story to the Eleven “and to all the others,” and the other women with Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Joanna “also told the apostles, but this story of theirs seemed pure nonsense, and they did not believe them.” It is Luke who records the full Road to Emmaus story as well as the mention that Jesus had appeared to Simon.

Everything else we know about the Easter story comes from John. His account has Mary Magdalene arriving in the dark and seeing the stone rolled away. She runs to tell Peter and the Beloved Disciple, who run to the tomb (giving me such rich material to interpret!). There they see the graveclothes and the cloth for the head rolled up and put in a separate place. [When I was in Israel, we were told that in Jewish culture, when a person didn’t enjoy a particular restaurant, they roll up their napkin and place it on their dish to say they wouldn’t be back. Our guide mused that Jesus was doing this in the tomb: perhaps he didn’t think much of this death business and was showing that he had no intention of going back!] In John’s account, the Beloved Disciple believes straight away, and they go back home in amazement.

For her part, Mary remains behind weeping, which is when she has that marvelous and beloved encounter with the risen Lord which we know so well and which has been so vividly depicted in art. His final words to her are, “Do not cling to me, because I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to the brothers and tell them: I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.” And Mary goes.

It is John who includes the story of Jesus appearing to the apostles in the upper room without Thomas and of Thomas’s doubts and eventual profession of faith which prompts Jesus to impart those words which have always seemed intended for us: “Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe.”

The post-resurrection appearances vary greatly.

- Matthew makes no specific mention of the Ascension. Eleven of the disciples go to the Galilean mountain “where Jesus had arranged to meet them” and Jesus gives those wonderful parting words: “All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me.... Go, make disciples of all nations.... Baptise in the name of the Trinity.... I am with you always ~ yes, to the end of time.”
- Mark has Jesus saying, “Go out into the whole world; proclaim the Gospel to all creation.” He gives clear delineations: those who believe and are baptised are saved while those who do not believe are condemned. He also gives that list of amazing things which will be the signs of true believers: they will cast out devils, have the gift of tongues, pick up snakes and drink poison without harm, and heal the sick by the laying on of hands. After these instructions, Jesus “was taken up into heaven” and seated at God’s right hand, and the disciples went out and “preach everywhere.”
- In Luke, when Jesus appears to the apostles in Galilee, they are overjoyed, “but they still could not believe it, they were so dumbfounded.” Jesus must have sympathised, because he eats a piece of fish to prove he is not a ghost, and then he “opened their minds to understand the scriptures.” Jesus says, “And now I am sending you what the Father has promised. Stay in the city, then until you are clothed with the power from on high.” Interestingly, Luke writes that Jesus “was carried up to Heaven” not in Galilee but on the outskirts of Bethany, close to Jerusalem.



- John's account is every bit as vivid as Luke's here. It is he who records Jesus's appearance on the lakeshore at Tiberias where Peter, the Beloved Disciple, Thomas, Nathanael, the sons of Zebedee and two more have gone fishing. The wonderful mystery of his identity, the shock of recognition ~ "It is the Lord!" ~ Peter jumping into the water to get to him, Jesus greeting them with a cooked breakfast... we can see it all so clearly.



But after breakfast, there is the questioning of Peter. That story has always made me squirm in sympathy with Peter, flawed though he was, although many say that the opportunity to tell Jesus he loved him

three times was a tacit acknowledgement that Jesus knew about the three denials and forgave him. Here Jesus foretells Peter's martyrdom and invites him to follow.

When Peter asks about the Beloved Disciple, Jesus must have sighed! "If I want him to stay behind till I come, what does it matter to you? You are to follow me." The teacher in me smiles as many times a day, as I deal with an insatiably curious Deaf four-year-old, I sign, "Where Sarah went is her business; what does it have to do with you? You know what you're supposed to be doing." Because Jesus doesn't give Peter a straight answer here, John writes that rumours spread that this disciple would not die! John's Gospel is, we read, written by the Beloved Disciple, and there were many more works done by Jesus after the Resurrection which were not included. I have always loved this as well as the assurance that the account was written for us who were not present so that we would believe.

Though we are finally done with our walk through the Passion and Easter, we aren't yet done with the Gospels! See you in our next issue!

"Lord, please use me today" has got to be the most disruptive prayer ever answered. Moments after my pious petition, inspired by this morning's devotional reading, I heard my phone ring ~ from the last person on earth I wanted to talk to. Recently, this person had made me mad enough to spit nails. I grabbed the phone, but before I could say something I would have regretted, I heard: "I need help. My dog is hurt. He needs a vet and I can't take him now." My anger vanished. I interrupted with, "I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Time spent awaiting the vet's diagnosis flew by as I meditated on the lesson of Jesus asking his disciples to serve "the least of these" and the "undeserving." I was convicted: it wasn't that the dog's owner was undeserving because of our argument; instead, it was that God had called me when I was at my least deserving ~ clinging to bitterness ~ and he transformed my sin of anger into compassion.

That evening, I returned the dog, who had miraculously suffered only a sprain and not a broken bone. Leave it to God to ask an undeserving heart like mine to show his love where it's needed most.

Sweet Jesus, thank you for forgiving me, even when I'm not quick to forgive. Thank you for using me, "the least of these," to serve others with the best of you. Lord, I honestly ask you again: please use me today.

Erika Bentsen in Walking in Grace 2023: Daily Devotions to Draw You Closer to God



AUTUMN AND FALL



— WORD SEARCH —

V T C A Q X T P Z F P M S C H O O L A G
 B E D H W H M O O R H S U M Q E X H S S
 S E P T E M B E R S Q A O X L T R F Q X
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 J P Y C A N D X O Y S Y R M M H K T N X
 I H W M E N L L A B Y E L L O V L X N B

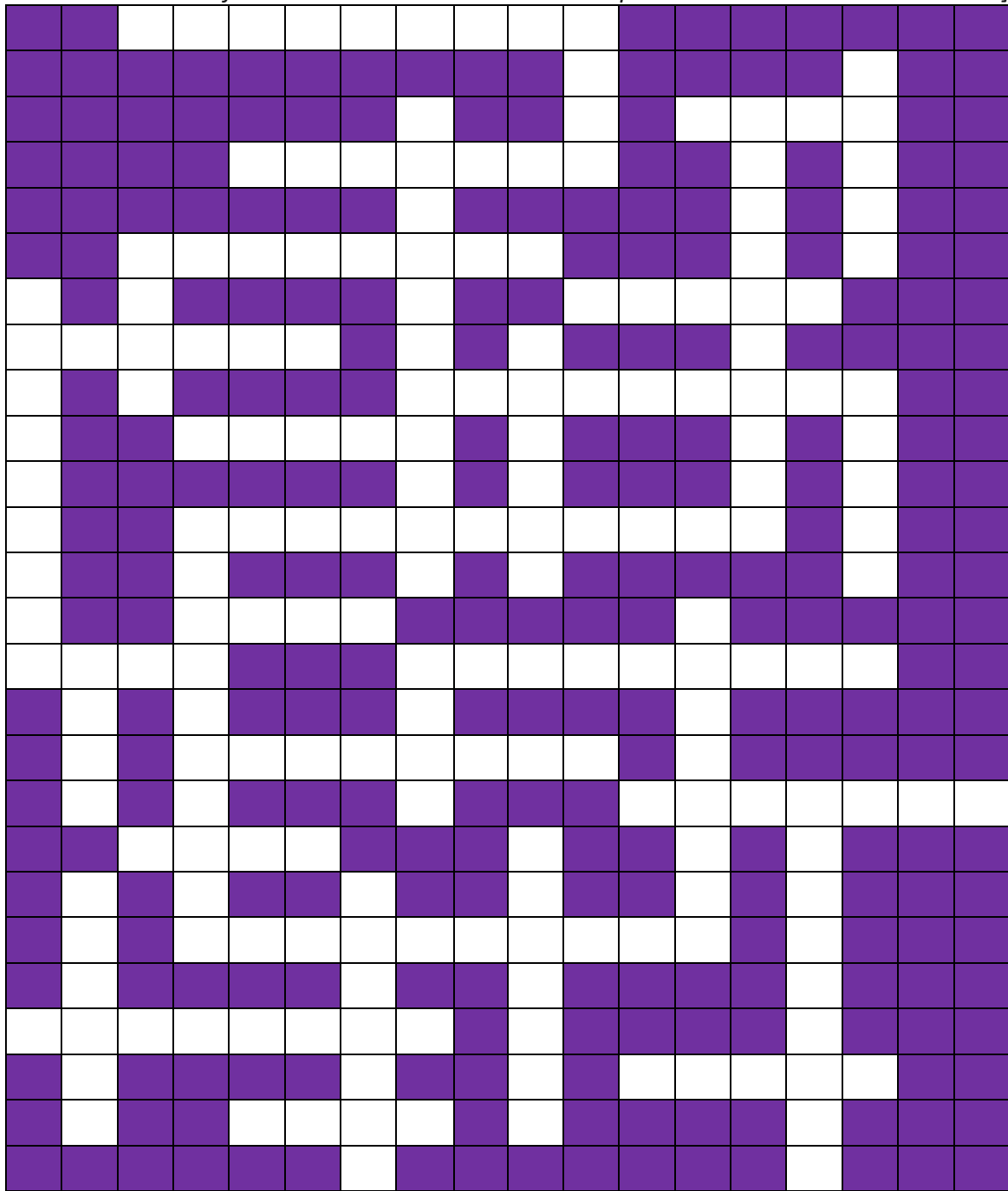
— WORD LIST —

AUTUMN	FALL	HEDGEHOG	NOVEMBER	SCARECROW	SWEATER
BEAR	FARM	JACK O LANTERN	OAK LEAF	SCHOOL	TURKEY
CHESTNUT	FOX	KNITWEAR	OCTOBER	SEPTEMBER	UMBRELLA
CORNUCOPIA	GHOST	MAPLE LEAF	PEPPERMINT	SPICED	VANILLA
COZY	GINGER	MUSHROOM	PINECONE	SQUASH	VOLLEYBALL

Biblical Mystery Crossword

submitted by Elizabeth Cartmell

[and what a labour of love this must have been! We will print the solution in the next issue!]



KEY

4 LETTERS: Mary, Mark, Anna, Luke, John, Cana, Anne, Paul

5 LETTERS: Herod, Simon, Peter, James, Rabbi

6 LETTERS: Martha, Pilate, Israel

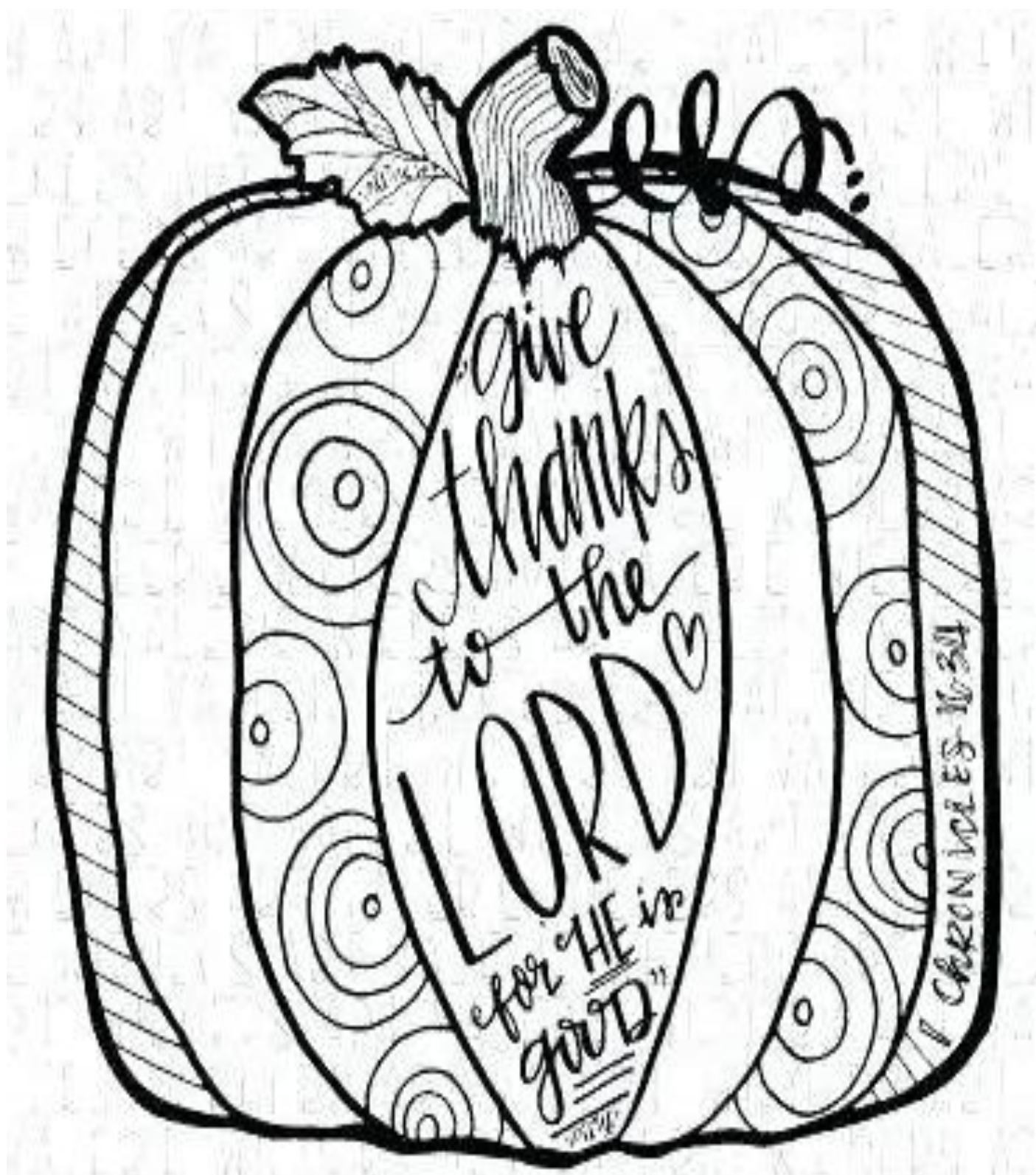
7 LETTERS: Bethany, Lazarus, Matthew, Apostle

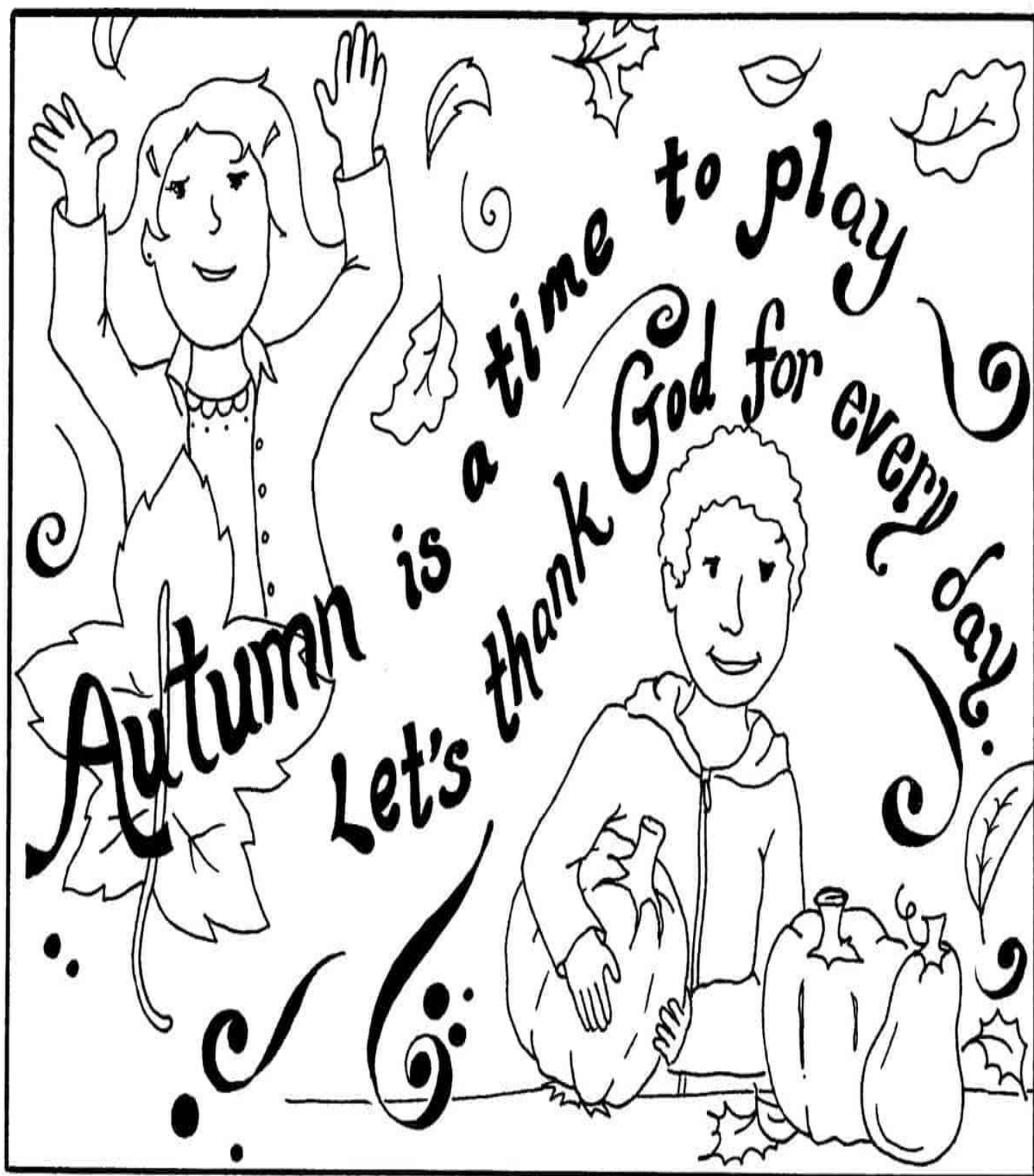
8 LETTERS: Miracles, Shepherd, Caiaphas, Galilean

9 LETTERS: Bethlehem, Jerusalem,
Pharisees, Sadduces, Disciples

10 LETTERS: Samaritans, Nichodemus,
Collosians

11 LETTERS: Corinthians, Philippians





Mandy Groce '10

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