



# Irthlingborough Methodist Church

A warm welcome is extended to all

Church contact number: 01933 653564

Email: [admin@irthlingboroughmethodistchurch.co.uk](mailto:admin@irthlingboroughmethodistchurch.co.uk)

[www.irthlingboroughmethodistchurch.co.uk](http://www.irthlingboroughmethodistchurch.co.uk)



## **Special notices:**

Good Morning and I hope you are all staying well. I must admit that I am quite enjoying the fresher weather and am still managing to get out for my walks, dodging the showers! The garden is looking better for some water too. The church building has all been checked over again, and the installation of the blinds in the chapel is almost complete.

## **Staying in touch:**

Our FaceBook page continues to reach out to those in our community.

The church phone is available to leave a message if you need to have a chat and one of our pastoral leaders will get back to you (don't forget to leave a number!). The phone is set up for remote access to the messages. The number is at the top of this newsletter.

Thank you to those who have contributed items for the newsletter today. Please keep them coming.

## **Worship and Prayer:**

I shall be circulating the service sheets for this Sunday, prepared for us by John Hardy. I have been speaking to one member of the church at Wellingborough this week, and her copy of the service sheet is being passed from flat to flat where she lives. A real witness to the work of the Circuit in these unusual times.

I have been pondering this week on the subject of purpose. When lockdown first happened, I felt energised and ready to complete a number of tasks at home that had been waiting my attention. I sewed scrubs bags, made masks for the family, knitted Neil a jumper..... Life was good and fulfilling. Now, nearly 11 weeks in, I have rather lost the enthusiasm for all this activity and it has made me wonder about the purpose of what I am doing day to day. I have not reached a conclusion – no answers here! However, I have picked up a book that I have not read for a long time. It is by one of my favourite authors, a Christian lady who happens to write romance novels – don't judge! Her name is Debbie MaComber, and this particular book is not fiction but is called 'Knit Together, Discover God's pattern for your life'. Yes, as well as writing books, her other passion is knitting – a big passion of mine. So, chapter 1 is entitled Created for purpose. No accident that I happened to pull this particular book off the shelf. I would like to quote just one paragraph:

'God has a plan for your life and a purpose that fits into His master plan. But He doesn't want you to float through life waiting for a giant bolt of lightning to fall from heaven and point out what you're supposed to be doing. He gave each of us a brain as well as a heart. We have to listen to both to truly discover the pattern God has for our lives.'

So, I shall continue to ponder, attempting to listen to both my brain and my heart as I look for my purpose at this moment in time. Galatians 6:1, 4-5 in The Message Bible reads;

‘Live creatively, friends..... Make a careful exploration of who you are and the work you have been given, and then sink yourself into that. Don’t be impressed with yourself. Don’t compare yourself to others. Each of you must take responsibility for doing the creative best you can with your own life.’

No passing the buck, expecting God to work it all out for us and send a bolt. No thinking we can’t do something because we don’t have the same skills and talents as someone else. Just me and God, working it out together.

### **Family news:**

Like many others, I have recently been going through old papers and treasures. Amongst a box with some of my Mum’s and my Dad’s bits and pieces in I found this poem “The work of our hands”. It is based on Psalm 90 and v 17

‘May the favour of the Lord our God rest upon us, establish the work of our hands for us –  
Yes, establish the work of our hands.’

The poem had been written in beautiful pen and ink cursive script (a rare thing to see in these times) by Mum’s sister Pearl. I cannot find it on the internet so think she may have actually composed it herself.

If it is a copy of someone else’s work then the fact that Auntie Pearl had taken the time to copy it out by hand is remarkable.

It makes beautiful reading and reminds us that, even in the most meagre of tasks, we see the beauty of God!

Happy dusting!

Be blessed in all that you do,

Ruth x

### **The Work of our hands (Psalm 90 v 17)**

“The work of our hands establish Thou it”

Yes! That was my text for today,

But what was it’s meaning, I did not feel sure

Till some light was thrown on my way.

It cannot mean my work, so rough so hard,

So endless and wearisome too,

The patching, the mending, the housework and toil

That was clearly my duty to do.

And scornfully I smiled as I thought of such work

Being established forever and aye,

That the mean little duties and heart-wearing toil

Could reach to eternity!

The morning sped on as I pondered the text

And snatched a brief moment of rest

When a soft rosy mouth stole a kiss from my lips

And a wee head was laid on my chest.

Please, brush my hair mother, the school bell has rung

Said Teddie, my darling so sweet

So I patted and smoothed the rough tangled locks,

Then tied the wee shoes on his feet,

“The work of my hands”, I thought as he left

And slowly I turned away

For the rooms must be dusted, the cooking begun

The plain old routine of each day.

To the sitting room first I went in it's turn

Drew the blinds up and settled each chair

Swept the carpet of shreds and sighed over the holes

That would come, tho' I darned them with care.

Then I looked at the room, and again to myself

Repeated the text of the day,

'The work of my hands (when the sun bursting forth

Filled the room with a glorious ray)

'The beauty of God' I whispered aloud,

Ah! Here was the secret at last,

It's the 'beauty of God' on the 'work of my hands'

That makes it stand firm and fast.

With a light in my heart and hope in my soul

Away to the kitchen I turned,

And patiently worked at the work of the day

The same old routine I had spurned.

For I said to myself 'If God gives me this work

That's plainly my duty all through

Then surely I must let 'His beauty' be seen

In the commonest action I do.

Soon suppertime came, the children asleep

How happy I felt that night!

Jack looked at me proudly and said with a smile

What makes my dear wife look so bright?

Has the day been an easy one, Nellie my love?

You look so radiant and sweet!

I smiled as I thought of the work I had done,

My tired hands and still aching feet.

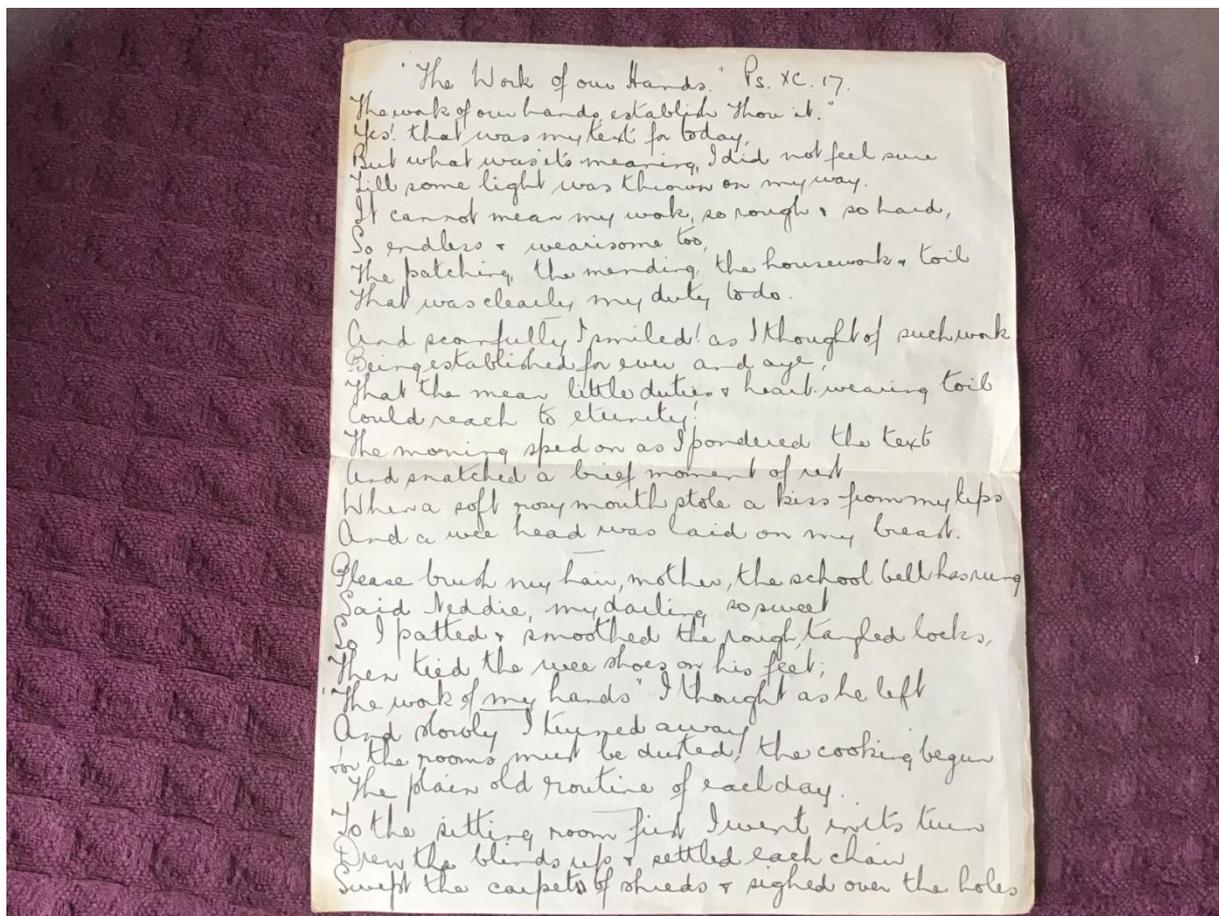
But I looked at my husband and told him the cause,

I had such a good text today –

That the beauty of God on the work of our hands

Makes it stand to eternity!

And she has supplied us with a photo of some of the original!



Well done Ruth for typing this up for us!

Wendy