

STAYING IN TOUCH

September



Issue 787 w/ending Sunday 13th September 2026



SCOTT HELLIWELL - FUNERAL

Monday 21st September at 10:30am
at Sandal Methodist Church

and will be immediately preceded by a short
committal at Wakefield Crematorium
The wake will take place at Sandal Rugby Club



JEN YOUNG

It is with sadness that I share the news of the
death of **Jen Young** from Trinity Wakefield.
Many people will remember Jen from the weekly
Circuit Communion Service.

We will share the details of the funeral
arrangements once they are known.

-Julian

A Word from the Manse.....

Dear friends,



At the beginning of a new Methodist
year (**September**), I sit down and
write the annual tickets of
membership that act as a visual
reminder of the commitments of
belonging to a Methodist Church.

From the earliest days of the
Methodist Church, *belonging* has
never been a casual thing. John

Wesley spoke of the Christian life as a "**connected**" life
— one shaped by shared commitment, mutual
encouragement, shared public worship, and a willingness
to grow together in grace. Becoming a member of the
Methodist Church is one way we express that calling. It
is a sign of discipleship, a declaration that faith is not
only personal but lived out in community, and a
commitment to journey with others in a particular
locality and place.

Membership is *not* about status or privilege. It is
rather, about saying **yes** — yes to following Christ with
intention; yes, to supporting one another in prayer and
service; yes, to being part of a local fellowship where
our gifts, stories, and presence matter. In a world
where belonging can feel fragile or tenuous, church
membership offers a deeper rootedness. In effect it
says, "**This is my spiritual home. These are my
people. Here I will grow, serve, and belong.**"

For those who are already members, this is a moment to
remember the promises we have made: to worship
regularly, to learn and deepen our faith, to care for
others, and to participate in God's mission in this
community. These commitments are not burdens but
blessings — ways in which Christ forms us into His
people, **the Body of Christ**.

And for those who may be thinking about membership,
wondering whether it might be right for you: know that
the door is always open. If you sense a calling towards

deeper belonging and discipleship, or if you are looking
for a place to put down spiritual roots, I would love to
explore this with you. Membership is a gift — to you, to
the church, and to the wider community we serve.

With peace and blessing, Julian

Sandal Methodist Church Men's Circle

Monday 14th September 7.30 pm

light refreshments from 7.00 pm

Speaker Dr Richard Vautrey CBE

'Speaking to the Media'

This is an open meeting - everyone welcome

Sandal Methodist Church

CHOIR SUNDAY

20th September at 10.30 am

This service will be led by the Choir
and include special music

We would love to share this

Anniversary Day with you



AGM

Lakeside Creative Arts Centre

AGM Annual General Meeting

Thursday 24th September 6.00 pm - 8.00 pm

Everybody welcome!

Come along and find out what's been happening at
Lakeside over the past 12 months. An opportunity to meet
the team, take a look at some of our current/past
workshops and find out how you can get involved.

6pm - Doors open/exhibition 7pm - AGM/presentations

To confirm your attendance, or for more information,
please contact hello@lakesidecreativeartscentre.co.uk

Walton Methodist Church



SATURDAY COFFEE MORNINGS

9.30 am - 11.30 am Cakes - Jigsaws - Book stalls

PAUL GLASS LECTIONARY LEANING

A - Sunday between 11 and 17 September

Exodus 14. 19-31 Go with God

Let me start with this. This was a foundational day for us. Freed from oppression, freed from slavery. Looking



back on it now I find it hard to describe that day. Hard even to picture it now. It all seems like some hazy dream. The day when God moved the sea.

But even as I give thanks for our freedom there is

something else that weighs on my mind, tugs at my thoughts and will not let them go. It will allow no sense of triumph, no easy sense of justified victory. What pulls at my senses and will give me no peace?

It's the knowledge that there were other people there that day. Soldiers... charioteers. All they were doing was following orders. What were they thinking as they rode into the mud and the sludge? What were their thoughts as the waters crashed back down on their heads? Did they have families, wives, children?

I dream about them at night. I see their faces when I shut my eyes. I cannot ignore them or pretend that this was some victory without pain or cost.

We went with God - and that was important. We followed even when the road ahead seemed impossible and everything looked lost. We went with God. In some ways the direction was clear - we had pillars of cloud and flame. You don't see those every day. But even with that - as we stood, backs against the sea - everything looked bleak...impossible. What on earth had Moses bought us to?

It seemed ludicrous - to step out into the water...to trust that it would be okay...that something would happen to save us. It was absolutely terrifying. The trust that those first steps needed...well I can't tell you.

What I do know is that sometimes...just sometimes...when it doesn't seem like there's a road

ahead at all. When all around seems bleak and dark and full of danger. When the walls are closing in and there seems no way out. It's sometimes at those times - when the only way forward seems an impossibility...it's at those times when one step at a time is important. When you have to gather up all the faith you have and take the next step. And then you find the step after that is possible. And then another, and another. And gradually a new future opens up before you. New possibilities blossom and what seemed as though it was impossible becomes God's path for you.

Twenty Five Years On 9th September 2001

Twenty five years ago,
the world felt such sorrow.

We watched in horror as we
witnessed the unimaginable.

But it happened.

And today, we remember.

We remember the people,
falling to the ground.

The frantic last calls
to loved ones.
Recorded, and so harrowing to hear.

A horror movie?
It could well have been.

But it was real.

Twenty five years on,
the dust in the air

Has gone.
People have moved on.
We have to.

The space is still there.
With precious memories

Hanging still,
in the New York air.

Love from Maggie

Another South American Adventure

Thursday 9th July

After an early breakfast we were picked up for our days



sightseeing in Rio, starting with a visit to the iconic Christ the Redeemer. This is accessed by a railway train up the mountain which was already busy. We enjoyed time to visit the small chapel in the base of the statue and then climb the steps to the statue itself where we enjoyed views of Rio, the lagoon,

Copacabana beach and Sugarloaf Mountain.

Our guide told us that the previous Saturday the Mountain was in the clouds and it was a struggle to even see the Statue. Thankfully we had good views though after a while there was some mist which made the scene more atmospheric.

We spent some time at the top and on the way down found another attractive small Chapel before returning to the train for the journey down the mountain.

Next we had a drive across the city to the base of Sugarloaf Mountain. A brief visit to the museum for a little of the history of the cable cars before heading by said cable car to the halfway point. Here we saw an original open car then its replacement before alighting the current model to get to the top.

The views across Rio were stunning, with the statue of Christ the Redeemer shrouded in light mist. There was a series of pathways to explore with lots of birds and butterflies and the regulation snack bars.

We returned to the base of the mountain and drove through the city to a famous barbecue restaurant for a late lunch which was a real filling experience. Our guide gave us directions back to the hotel which involved another walk along the Copacabana beach. Quite a walk in the warm sunshine, particularly as I thought I had spotted our hotel which it turned out was not, and ours was about eight blocks farther up the beach. Walked some of the dinner off so not a bad thing.

written by Graham Lee