

HOLSWORTHY MISSION COMMUNITY NEWS

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ODDMENTS THEATRE COMPANY BRINGS 'THE HIDING PLACE: THE CORRIE TEN BOOM STORY

The show will be at Holsworthy Community College on Thursday 28th February 2019, starting at 7:30pm. Tickets are £12 on the night or £10 in advance. Space are limited so booking is advisable. Tickets are available from local churches or contact Sue Banks - 07779 560083.

Tickets are also available online at oddmments-theatre.co.uk

AROUND THE BENEFICES:

ASHWATER:

Sunday 10th February 10.30am "Connect Sunday" Ruth Jones will be at St. Mary's Black Torrington.

Saturday 16th Beaworthy Coffee Morning 10.30am -12noon

Saturday March 2nd Pancake & Quiz Evening 7pm at Chilsworthy Village Hall for "Connect"

BLACK TORRINGTON:

Friday 1st February 10.00am - 12noon Cake and Coffee Black Torrington Chapel

Wednesday 6th February 9.00am - 12noon Benefice Coffee Morning Holsworthy Memorial Hall

Saturday 9th February 10.00am Saturday Church Bradford Village Hall

Saturday 23rd February 10.00am - 12noon Table Top Sale Black Torrington Village Hall

Many stalls including a Benefice Cake Stall, bacon and egg rolls, tea and coffee

BRADWORTHY:

Sunday 3rd February: Bradworthy Breakfast Church - each month the Anglican and Methodist folk get together to share informal worship and they begin by sharing breakfast together.

Breakfast is served from 9.00am - sausages and bacon buns; toast; tea & coffee and fruit juice.

All are welcome - our worship begins at about 9.45am

Tuesday 12th February: Coffee Morning and Jumble Sale from 10.00am

Wednesdays in term time - Beatbus is a mother and toddler group which begins at 10am

There is time to sing and play together and to chat with other mums, dads, grandmas and grangpas. All very welcome.

HOLSWORTHY:

Wednesday 13th February - morning - Archdeacon in the Deanery

Morning Prayer at Holsworthy Church, 9.00am - to be confirmed

Fridays 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd February: St Peter's & St Paul's Church, Holsworthy, 10.00am

Said Holy Communion, 11.00am, No cost Café for All

Wednesday 27th February: Holsworthy Primary School, 3.00 pm - 4.30 pm

Messy Church. All children and their carers welcome.

Candlemas - the Story of Simeon through Mary's eyes

When I look at my baby. that's what I see - my baby! It sounds obvious, really. I play at blowing on his tummy to make him laugh, and I count his toes, and kiss along the side of his face while he squirms happily and gathers fistfuls of my hair in his fat fingers. Every moment is a joy.

When I look at my baby I see the most special baby in the world. And the women in the village, they say 'O, every mother thinks her baby is the most special child ever born'; but they don't know what I do. They weren't there when Gabriel came, or when Jesus was born and there were shepherds and wise men, dreams and dangers on every side. They weren't there at the temple.

We went to the temple to present the child to the priests, according to the law. That bit was easy - he was born in Bethlehem which is only a few miles from Jerusalem and the temple. As if it were planned. We took the birds to sacrifice, and all around us all the business, and the busyness of the temple is going on. People of all ages making offerings, bringing their prayers, waiting and talking in the shade; priests looking important, or hot, or harried. One of the oldest men came up to us, and looked at my baby. He was smiling at first, then he went very still, and reached out with a hand that shook, with age perhaps, I thought at first. Then he took the baby from me, and I was worried that he might drop him; but Jesus just lay there and looked up at him; the young eyes and the old gazing at each other. Then the old man began to speak; said that now he could die in peace, because he had seen the salvation God promised to all peoples, for the glory of Israel.

How on earth could he know? What did he see? It was extraordinary. He seemed to think that his whole life had been fulfilled by seeing my baby. As if Jesus was as much his as mine, but this is my baby we're talking about! Then he blessed us, spoke about the future as if he knew, said one day Jesus would show up how people really thought, and that would make some people turn against him. Then he added. 'and a sword shall pierce your own soul, too'. I hadn't actually been afraid till then. I'd thought about birth, and childhood, and hope, and doing what God wanted, not about pain, or fear. But I can still see him, in my mind, standing there, looking at me with such pity.

It's still there, that feeling, the knowledge that somewhere, someday, grief and loss are waiting for me, and I can't change any of it, I can only love him, the most special baby in the world, and make sure that for now, every moment is a joy.