

The Broadsheet



To know Jesus better,
And to make Him better known

God washed my feet on a Pilgrimage...

One of the best things to come out of the covid lockdown have been the pilgrimages created by Joanne and Mark that have provided many people with much needed spiritual refreshment. We look forward to more, in or out of lockdowns!

Some of you have taken a pilgrimage in your garden or into the country. You can take a pilgrimage to the shopping centre or round your bookcase from the comfort of your armchair. We associate pilgrimage as being an ordeal to test us, but I prefer the thought of taking a spiritual journey in the company of God. It need not be a physical challenge, but mind and spirit will be tested if you travel with God.

I am writing from a welcome break in Bournemouth and have just taken a Beech Pilgrimage which took three hours and was exhausting but spiritually inspiring. I had some amazing experiences as God walked the beech with me.

*God washed my feet.....if it wasn't God who was it who sent the sea rushing
up the sand?*

That was my first thought as I walked barefoot along the sand and the sea raced up the beech to tickle between my toes. I reflected on what Jesus said (John 13: 10-17) and that having had a bath of baptism I only needed my feet to be washed and my whole body was clean again! This was like God washing my feet with the sea so I must serve everyone with the same humility. If it wasn't God, who sent the sea to wash my feet?

*God blew through my hair..... if it wasn't God who was it who sent the breeze
in the air?*

It was so refreshing as I felt the water lapping round my feet and the breeze in my face. I couldn't see it, but I felt it, and I don't know where it came from or where it was going, but it wanted me to feel the presence of a very

special power. It wasn't God who was it who sent the breeze like a Spirit in the air to inspire me? (John 3: 3-8)

*God touched my head.... If I wasn't God who was it who made the sun shine
from the sky?*

So the water was lapping round my feet, the breeze was blowing in my face and there was a warmth on my head like a healing hand filling me with renewed strength. Sun, wind and sea like a blessing sent from heaven and if it wasn't God who was it who made the sun shine from the sky?

*God spoke from the ground if it wasn't God who was it who made the
stones sing?*

With the water lapping round my feet, the breeze blowing in my face and the warmth of the sun on my head I was refreshed, but such a blessing came with a cost. I saw so much love washed up on the shore because God's love cannot be broken or twisted so is like a pebble, stone or rock. It cannot be counted or measured by its size because big or small love is love when it's as solid as stone, rock or pebble. There was more love than rubbish on the seashore and love is greater than our fear or pollution and abuse so love will overcome. It will hurt though when you walk barefoot on love, but if we are silent who is it who makes the stones sing if it isn't God? Ouch! Do I give voice to the stones. (Luke 19: 40 and Matthew 3: 9)

God is everywhere so every journey can be your pilgrimage if you can see, hear and feel the Maker of everything in the sounds, smells, touches and images that surround you day and night. You are on a pilgrimage if you are travelling with God so why not write down the story of your journey to encourage others like Joanne and Mark have been doing? My journey took me down a beech where I felt the presence of God. Where has yours taken you? Let the experience of YOUR pilgrimage be a blessing that others can share.....

God Bless, Richard

Our Harvest celebration moved out of the Church building this year with a very visible sign of life for everyone to see. The building has been closed due to Covid restrictions but Harvest is the evidence that God is still working in the fields to produce the good things from the earth.

Thank you to the team who produced our harvest display this year for neighbours and passersby to enjoy and remind them that God is still very active.



*For the fruits of all creation,
thanks be to God;
for his gifts to every nation,
thanks be to God;
for the ploughing, sowing, reaping,
silent growth while we are sleeping,
future needs in earth's safe keeping,
thanks be to God.*

TWAM-endous work continues

I saw a stand - out example of emerging to the "New Reality, Same Mission" when I delivered some donated tools, measuring equipment, scissors, sewing machine, computers and a work bench to Tools With A Mission (TWAM) in Coventry.



The Christian charity assembles tools into trade kits including agriculture kits, mechanics kits, sewing kits, building kits, carpentry kits.

They then arrange shipment to 17 countries, currently focusing on Sub-Saharan Africa.

It aligns completely with the Broadway URC Ecochurch mission to be responsible stewards of the Earth's resources. The excess tools will be reused be reused to equip people to alleviate suffering and poverty.

Mark Pickering

Birthday Celebrations

4th October	Sandra Jefferies
5th October	Christine Kershaw
9th October	Bruce Wallace
10th October	Margaret Strange
13th October	John Moore and Janet Henderson
21st October	Judith Gibbons
23rd October	Marilyn Watts
25th October	Diane Langston



Wilfred and Wendy have a big surprise.

Story 6

Wilfred and Wendy were settling into their new home in the new rockery. They were getting things sorted to where they wanted them and getting to know the neighbours. That night they had been out collecting fresh leaves to put into the store, which at the moment was not very big so they had to go out every few nights. Wilfred decided to have a look out at the garden and fishpond before going to sleep for the day. He carefully wiggled to the entrance and looked out from underneath the overhanging plant. Everything seemed as normal when Wilfred suddenly saw two eyes that appeared to be looking straight at him. He knew that was unlikely but he froze and stared back at the two eyes. They seemed to be set in a head that was sort of a triangle. At the front was a mouth with a tongue that flicked in and out and seemed to have a split up the middle. The whole head was coloured in a black and green and yellow and brown pattern. Wilfred did not know what it was or what to do, so he

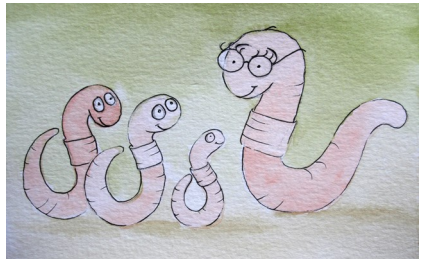


wiggled inside to find Wendy. He told her what he had seen and so they wiggled into tunnels that were next to each other. They carefully looked out and both soon saw the two strange eyes. The 'thing' suddenly moved. It did not seem to have legs and it did not wiggle as worms do. Then it slipped into the pond and swam across to the other side, again it did not seem to wiggle, it just moved across the water. The two worms were shocked at the size of it, it must have been at least 20 worms long. But what was it, and more importantly,

did it eat worms? As quick as a flash it disappeared round the back of the rockery.

What is it? What are we going to do? The worms looked at each other and both had the same thought, ask Aunt Agatha. She lived near the compost bin at the bottom of the garden and it seemed she knew everything. They did not see her very often, to be honest they did not get on with her very well, she always tried to take over and organise everybody. None of the worm children had seen the thing

so Wilfred and Wendy did their best to describe it before sending them off to see Aunt Agatha. It took two days to get there and they quickly found her. They explained why they had come and started to describe the thing. She immediately knew who



and what it was. "It's Sydney the grass snake" she said, "he moved here a few weeks ago and spends a lot of his time under the black stuff which is on top of the compost heap, it's nice and warm for him". "Does he eat worms"? They asked, nervously. "Not that I know of," said Aunt Agatha. "He eats small creatures such as mice and frogs and toads and newts, which I expect is why he was by the pond". The children thanked Aunt Agatha for her help and started to leave. "Give my regards to your parents", she said, "I must come and visit them one day soon, I'm sure they could do with some help to settle in to their new home". The children looked at each other and made funny faces. "We won't tell them that" said one of them, out of hearing to Aunt Agatha. "No, just the good news about Sydney the grass snake", said the other. Did Aunt Agatha come to visit? Well, that's another story!

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Articles for the next Broadsheet can be sent to broadsheet.editor@hotmail.co.uk
or can be placed in the folder at the back of the Church
Closing date for articles 19th October 2020

Commitment for Life—Prayer Partners October

Jesus: for the dry and thirsty you give living water,
to those drained and empty you come with your fullness,
among people discouraged and despairing, you offer gentle love,
in places of defeat and distress, you speak of hope.

So we pray for our world:

where the ground is dry, we ask for clouds and rain, in lives that are
drained, will you refresh and restore,

for desperate hearts, we seek the gift of new belief, in distress, come,
Lord Jesus, to sow seeds of promise.

And we ask to be agents of your love, sharing material help
and personal care, offering respect and understanding,
working in hope as partners and friends, for the sake of
your good news. **Amen**

John Proctor