



*We can't bring you GRAPEVINE but we
can bring you an Offshoot*



Welcome

Welcome



Issue 5

Poynton Parish Church

Dear Friends,

I write this letter for “Offshoot” sat at my computer as the rain lashes down, the wind blows a gale and the autumn leaves fly everywhere. The season is changing for sure as regular as clockwork. The apples are probably on the ground by now!!! And the harvest has been collected in.

Ecclesiastes has this timely reminder, “There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens: a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot.”

And life is like that isn’t it, nothing stays the same for ever? Ecclesiastes calls us to be grateful for the simple things of life and to walk with the God who made heaven and earth.

For Helen and I there was, a “time” to come to Poynton and now is a “time” to leave. And God knows best. I confess that I really didn’t want to come to Poynton Parish back in July 2010 but we are so glad that we did! The love, warmth and friendship of folk at St George’s and St Martin’s has been simply wonderful. You have allowed us to come in your lives and have shared with us in so many different ways. I have to say that I have put on the most weight since we came to Poynton! The hospitality, puddings, meals and coffees all helped there! Such great times of fellowship which we have enjoyed.

We will never forget how you supported Helen when she was diagnosed with Myeloma in March 2014 and through her stem cell transplant the following September. The food you made for us, the cards, the calls and above all your prayers which made a huge difference and for that we thank you with all our hearts.

I’ve always said it was the best job I’ve ever had, yet not a job at all, because a job can’t be this enjoyable! We take away with us so many happy memories and times together. Parish Weekends, Picnic Church, Rob’s final Christmas before refurbishment when we all needed antihistamines and inhalers to get through it!! The privilege of sharing with you in those key moments of life have been profound and deeply humbling. Meeting people who have been such examples to me on how to really live the Christian life, right through to the final call home. People like dear Alec, who had a profound influence on my life.

What a joy it has been to be part of a staff team which was so happy and fun. Many Mondays roaring with laughter and poor Rob trying to bring us back to order. Jean listening at the door and opening it saying, “Can I come in it sounds like you’re having a great time?!!!”

But now would seem to be the time for this season to be changing. During “Lockdown” Helen and I dreadfully missed our son Tom, his wife, Catherine, and the grandchildren who live in East Leake near Loughborough. We decided that we explore moving over there. All the signs point to this being a good move. Nearer the grandchildren and be a bigger part of their lives and the great church (St Mary’s) in the village.

It has been an agonising decision especially as Helen has lived in the Cheadle area all her life, but at our age it gives us a chance to become part of a new community. The main negative is that it is the “Flatlands” over there!!! Opportunities for mountain biking will require a bit more effort!!! A small price to pay for being nearer the family!

At the time of writing (end of October) we are still unsure when we will finally move but it looks like mid to end of November. And so our season is changing into a new season in a new area. Please pray for us and I assure you that we will be praying for Poynton Parish Church as you also move into a new season with Matthew as your new Vicar.

The thing I need to remind myself of is that our wonderful God is always faithful as the old hymn says:



Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon, and stars in their courses above
Join with all nature in manifold witness
To thy great faithfulness, mercy, and love.

Great is thy faithfulness!
Great is thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I see;
All I have needed thy hand hath provided.
Great is thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me!

With much love and gratitude to you all.

Yours in Christ

Andy and Helen

What Does Church Mean to you?

“Church is a way of life,
a people rather than a place,
a coming together, a gathering,
a shared understanding,
a family, a focus, a home from home,
all with Jesus at the centre.”

Jonathan Brook



PLEASE PRAY FOR:

These who have recently been married:

25th October Andrew Paul Hurst and
Charlotte Emma Ibbotson

The family and friends of those who have recently died:

21 st October	Betty Wainwright	aged 97
28 th October	Glynis Janet Partington	aged 69
28 th October	Jean Burton	aged 82



Absence of presence
Busy with busyness
Empty with emptiness
Lonely with loneliness

Yet

Not alone,
full with the fullness
of God's presence and love
Loved with His loveliness
His mercy and grace
Together with triple spiritual togetherness.

Rosanne Alcraft

Garry Ion

Link Letter no. 50 | October 2020

CHURCH
MISSION
SOCIETY



Dear friends,

My fiftieth link letter and fiftieth birthday on 10 October, what coincidence!

Apologies for the gap between letters. As you may recall, I'm back in Cumbria after leaving Uganda just before lockdown in March. Farewells were cut short to complete necessary packing and house clearance in Kampala before catching one of the last flights out of Entebbe. I hadn't factored in a pandemic when, in January, I made the decision to return home for a season. What a season it's been so far!

Six months on, I still feel it is God's timing to be home, especially to support my parents who are struggling with health problems. Though trying to avoid COVID-19, we have attended many hospital appointments between us. My own health issues, namely stomach ulcers that were proving difficult to treat in Uganda, are thankfully now on the mend. I'm back on the coffee, in moderation! We are so grateful to the NHS for their wonderful support during such difficult times.

In Uganda, I had a fridge magnet which said, "Bloom where you're planted!" I was reminded of this when a sunflower popped up unexpectedly, in a garden urn I planted shortly after I returned from Uganda. At first, I thought the seedling, growing among the begonia plants that I had planted intentionally, was a weed. I nearly pulled it out, but thankfully my parents recognised it to be a sunflower, so we left it to grow. Call it a sign, a gift from God, and probably a snack a frustrated bird dropped, it reminds me of God's enduring love. As Bishop Francis de Sales put it over 450 years ago, "the love of God has been poured into our hearts by His Spirit dwelling in each one of us, calling us to a life of devotion and inviting us to bloom in the garden where He has planted and directing us to radiate the beauty and spread the fragrance of His Providence."



*Me with a sunflower at my parents' home in
Penrith*



As lockdown eased in June, I started volunteering at an OpShop, now called Restore Shop, here in Penrith. A cross between a charity shop and church community centre, it is a church, part of the Fresh Expressions initiative supported by the Diocese of Carlisle. Since August, the Restore community project has become a registered charity. This chain of shops in Penrith and Carlisle are providing an important space in the community, social distancing rules observed, for people to browse, share and pray. The shops have been inundated, or should I say blessed(!), with donations as households have lockdown clear outs. The overflow of clothes, furniture, bric-a-brac and other



Another aspect of modern-day living is the different ways we can now communicate. We have discovered this with online church services and fellowship. Admittedly, I haven't really got into Zoom just yet, not having broadband at my parents' home. I do stay in touch with friends in Africa, however. Although thousands of miles away, I am still helping to draw up building plans which can be sent via my smartphone and printed in Kampala – incredible! And to think in 1995, when I first went out, the only option was snail-mail which took three weeks to reach the UK. Wasn't life so much simpler!? Seriously, please continue to pray for friends and communities I left behind in Uganda and surrounding countries. Although few people have had serious symptoms, COVID-19's effects on society are immense. In northern Uganda, where thousands of South Sudanese refugees are still displaced, they go without essential medical supplies and food aid. This has caused tension between Ugandan communities which surround the camps and the refugees, which has led to homes being burnt down and killings. In Kampala, Amari Street Children's Programme report they have seen a huge increase of new children on the streets. They are finding it "legally" difficult to help these children at the moment, with authorities enforcing curfews and preventing essential community programmes. Schools remain closed since March, and most teachers haven't received salaries for six months.

So much to pray for, such uncertain times!

Thank you as always for reading my link letter, and for your prayerful support. I will endeavour to keep you up-to-date with my personal developments and news from Africa. My email address is below and my new home address is 23 Rimington Way, Penrith, Cumbria CA11 8TG.

In his service,

Garry

You can give to Garry at:
churchmissionsociety.org/ion

Contact details:
garryion@gmail.com



Poynton Men in Sheds

In 2015, Poynton Men in Sheds was launched at the then Poynton Youth & Community Centre (now The centre in Poynton) in a tiny workshop with just a handful of people turning up on that first day. When the COVID restrictions came into force we had some 30 members attending over three mornings each week. We also had a waiting list of 28 people wishing to join.


We had long held a dream of enlarging the workshop to allow more men to join in the fun, and it is fun with much banter and storytelling. Leading up to the lockdown we had worked hard raising funds to fulfil the dream and with the help of grants from The National Grid, Poynton Round Table, plus our local Town Council, and the amazing support of the Centre we finally raised the amount required to allow the dream to become reality.

Just prior to and during the lockdown period, the Shed has been transformed from a cramped workshop with 'brew room' on one level into a purpose-built workshop, storage facility and, of course, 'brew room' over two floors ready to meet the challenge of post-lockdown shedding.

In some ways 'lockdown' had the benefit of not interrupting the normal Shed activities, allowing the contractors access which had to be within the 'social distancing' rules.

So now the development project is coming to an end and, within a few weeks, we hope to be able to welcome back members to see and enjoy activities within this bright new space. We can then continue what Poynton Men in Sheds is known for - friendship, camaraderie, fun and a place to learn new skills and to undertake projects which benefit both members and the local community. As restrictions are lifted, we will then be able to welcome new members to the world of shedding.

Geoff Lloyd



Spiritual Gifts in a Fruit Bowl (or still life comes to life)

Love is like a soft furry peach;
A gift of fruit that all can reach.

Its juicy flesh
A loving caress

We reject the rough, hard stone core
With God's most precious gift of love
An abundant, boundless, gracious store.

Joy is like a ripe, bursting, juicy plum;
Its radiant expression never glum'
Joy is fulfilment,
It bubbles with mirth.
The stone in the plum is little worth.

Peace is like a perfectly ripe pear
To savour with a contented 'air'.
Its toughened skin protects flesh within.
Small oval pips we throw in the bin.
Peace is not the absence of fear;
But a gift of the spirit
To bear fruit more and more;
To be acknowledged, accepted
To blossom, bear fruit
With love and joy.

Peace - a gracious pursuit.

Hardness of heart
keeps God and man apart.
Hearts brimming with love unite
In understanding and light
To spread joy and peace;
Loving one another, in each outreach.

Rosanne Alcraft



Autumn

The beauty of the forest trees
Where leaves have turned to gold.
Would that ageing be so gentle
As we ourselves grow old.

Each leaf that falls upon the dew
Was once coloured a different hue.
That leafy green just turning red
Lies crumpled now on rustic bed.
God's earth is completely covered
With a carpeting of leaves
that have fallen gently from
Those majestic trees.

And as you trample through them,
Crunching leaves beneath your feet,
Lift your face up to the sky
As though your Saviour you would meet
In that glorious open space
Of cloud and sun and sky.
Praise Him with your heart and soul
And sing His name on High.

Janet Robertson Jones

Thank you, Dr Luke!

'Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless the bed that I lie on' - my grandma taught me that one. At least it meant I never forgot the names of the writers of the four Gospels. This month Luke, the writer of the third of them, has his feast day - 18th October.

He was, we learn from the letters of St Paul, a 'physician' - an educated man and probably the only one of the writers of the New Testament who was not a Jew. In modern terms he was Turkish. Paul took him as one of his missionary team on a long journey around the Middle East, and they clearly became close friends. Under house arrest later in his life Paul could write, 'only Luke is with me'.

However, it is his Gospel which has established him as a major figure in the history of the Christian Church. Mark's Gospel may have more drama, Matthew's more prophetic background and John's a more profound sense of the mystery of the divine, but Luke offers us a Jesus who is utterly and believably real. This man turned no one away, reserved his harshest words for hypocrites and religious grandees, cared for the marginalised, the poor, the persecuted, the handicapped and the sinful. His Gospel is full of people we can recognise - indeed, in whom we can often recognise ourselves.

He was also a masterly story-teller. Try, for instance, the story of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15:11-32). Read it (this time) not as a sacred text but as a brilliant piece of story-telling: subtle repetitions ('your son, this brother of yours'), believable characters, drama and profound emotion. There is the older brother, so cynical about his sibling's alleged reformation, the 'prodigal' himself, so hesitant about throwing himself on his father's mercy after the folly of his earlier behaviour, and there is the father, of course, abandoning the dignity of his role in the family and actually running to welcome his wretched son's return.

There are more women in Luke's Gospel than in any of the others, but also more poor people, more lepers, more 'sinners' and tax-collectors, more 'outsiders' who are shown to be 'inside' the love of Christ. This, for many of us, is the great Gospel of inclusion and compassion. Here is a Jesus for the whole world and for every one of us. Thank you, Dr Luke!

David Winter

31st October All Hallows Eve – or Holy Evening

Modern Halloween celebrations have their roots with the Celtic peoples of pre-Christian times.

In those long-ago days, on the last night of October, the Celts celebrated the Festival of Samhain, or 'Summer's End'. The priests, or Druids, performed ceremonies to thank and honour the sun. For there was a very dark side to all this: Samhain also signalled the onset of winter, a time when it was feared that unfriendly ghosts, nature-spirits, and witches roamed the earth, creating mischief. So the Druid priests lit great bonfires and performed magic rites to ward off or appease these dark supernatural powers.

Then the Romans arrived, and brought their Harvest Festival which honoured the Goddess Pomona with gifts of apples and nuts. The two festivals slowly merged.

When Christianity arrived still later, it began to replace the Roman and Druid religions. 1st November - All Saints' Day - was dedicated to all Christian Martyrs and Saints who had died. It was called 'All Hallows' Day'. The evening before became an evening of prayer and preparation and was called 'All Hallows' Eve', The Holy Evening, later shortened to 'Halloween'.

For many centuries, however, fear of the supernatural remained strong. During the Middle Ages, animal costumes and frightening masks were worn to ward off the evil spirits of darkness on Halloween. Magic words and charms were used to keep away bad luck, and everybody believed that witches rode about on broomsticks. Fortune telling was popular, and predicting the future by the use of nuts and apples was so popular that Halloween is still sometimes known as Nutcrack Night or Snap-Apple Night.

Today, Christians have learned to turn to prayer instead of charms to overcome the powers of darkness. And the deeper, true meaning of All Hallows' Eve, should not be forgotten. As Christians, we all draw closer to Christ when we remember and give thanks for our loved ones and for others who have gone before us through the gates of death.

Parish Pump

Why they stopped door to door delivery

Please leave an extra pint of paralysed milk.

Sorry not too have paid your bill before, but my wife had a baby and I have been carrying it around in my pocket for weeks.

Please Knock. My TV is broken down and I missed last night's Coronation Street. If you saw it, will you tell me what happened over a cup of tea?

Remembrance Week in Poynton

Although it will not be possible to observe Remembrance Day in our usual way this year, the Town Council is supporting some community events. There is recognition that this has always been a major event in the annual calendar and the poppies will be up again in Park Lane, School Lane and Queensway. In addition there will be an exhibition in the Civic Hall on Sunday 8th November focussing on the servicemen and women who served and died in both World Wars and whose names are on the War Memorial in the Churchyard. Schools and uniformed organisations have been asked to contribute to the exhibition which will be open from 10am -2pm and will be fully Covid compliant. If it finally proves impossible because of extra regulations to open the exhibition to the public on the day, a virtual version will be available on the Town Council website where access information will be given.

We are invited to "Remember at Home" that day and in addition there will be an Act of Remembrance and wreath laying ceremony, recorded beforehand, and streamed by St George's Church at 10.55. Both the morning service from St George's and the Act of Remembrance will be broadcast on the church Facebook page www.facebook.com/Poyntonparishchurch/ (you do not need a Facebook account to watch the services).

The Royal British Legion has issued the following message for this unusual commemoration.

"This year we remember then and reflect on now. We remember the service and sacrifice made by so many peoples, communities and nations 75 years ago and we reflect on the service and sacrifice made by so many today."

Ed.



As we approached Remembrance Sunday 2019 who would have imagined how different 2020 would turn out to be!?

The 75th Anniversary of V.E. Day, Battle of Britain Day and V.J. Day had all been planned as highlights of my year. Normally I would have travelled the country to war time events as a living history enactor. Visits to Holland and France were planned and Battle of Britain exhibitions had been arranged at Blackpool Airport with the Lytham Spitfire Display team. All gone up in smoke!

A large part of Remembrance is the Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal, which this year will be so different. I have been forced to stand down from organising it because of health problems and Covid restrictions mean that there will be fewer volunteers on the street, but a few will be out and about on Saturdays 31st October and 7th November, though as many people don't carry coins or notes the amount collected this year may mean that the charity could suffer very badly. Only a small number of shops will have boxes and poppies though poppies can be purchased at the Civic Hall.

In November we remember the fallen men and women of our armed forces. This year we will remember the life we usually have, and as those who lived through dark times, we must take strength in the knowledge that good will triumph over evil. Like our troops in time of war, we must stand firm, obey orders and believe in God.

Stay safe.

Glyn Derbyshire



Lord, Teach me to Pray

I cannot pray **Our**, if my faith has no room for others and their need.

I cannot pray **Father**, if I do not demonstrate this relationship to God in my daily living.

I cannot pray **who art in heaven**, if all my interests and pursuits are in earthly things.

I cannot pray **hallowed by thy name**, if I am not striving, with God's help, to be holy.

I cannot pray **thy kingdom come**, if I am unwilling to accept God's rule in my life.

I cannot pray **thy will be done**, if I am unwilling or resentful of having it in my life.

I cannot pray **on earth as it is in Heaven**, unless I am truly ready to give myself to God's service here and now.

I cannot pray **give us this day our daily bread**, without expending effort for it, or if I would withhold from my neighbour the bread that I receive.

I cannot pray **forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us**, if I continue to harbour a grudge against anyone.

I cannot pray **lead us not into temptation** if I deliberately choose to remain in a situation where I am likely to be tempted.

I cannot pray **deliver us from evil**, if I am not prepared to fight evil with my life and my prayer.

I cannot pray **thine is the kingdom**, if I am unwilling to obey the King.

I cannot pray **thine is the power and the glory**, if I am seeking power from myself and my own glory first.

I cannot pray **forever and ever**, if I am too anxious about each day's affairs.

I cannot pray **Amen**, unless I honestly say 'Cost what it may, this is my prayer'.

Anon from Slough Parish News



MENS' BREAKFAST

A good excuse for a good scoff, natter and hearing our members giving some very interesting and personal Testimonies.

Always well attended - on this occasion 34 Gentlemen - well done. Especially as this was our second Breakfast on Zoom - thanks to the technology and our Techies.

Its great to see such keenness - especially from the two Gentlemen who switched their computers on, prepared breakfast and hit the Zoom Button - only to eventually discover that they were a **week early!** (No names - no pack drill).

The highlight of the event was the Testimony of our new Vicar - Matthew, who provided us with a detailed chronological account of his life from very early days to the present date. He described how the Lord had been a major influence throughout - especially from being brought up in a Christian family in Wales and his time with their local church. Music has continually played a very big part in Matthew's life. However, his first venture from home, was perhaps against his better judgement - to go to Cardiff University and attempt a very challenging course, somewhat outside of his comfort zone - this resulted in him changing 'course' and ending up at All Saints London.

A case example of how the Lord makes use of our mistakes and gets us on track. This ultimately ended up with Matthew going to Theology College in Oxford and on to Ordination.

We are very lucky - he ended up in Poynton - new beginnings.

Here's looking forward to the Next Men's Breakfast - and eventually to one in the flesh!?

Alan Ashton.

Annual Vestry Meeting and Annual Meeting of Parishioners finally took place on Sunday 25th October at 11am in St. George's church, having been postponed from April due to the Coronavirus pandemic. Due to current restrictions, only a limited number of people were able to attend in person, but the meetings were simultaneously broadcast via Zoom for those who couldn't be present.

During the 18 months since the last annual meetings, there have been a lot of changes at St. George's and St. Martin's – not least the appointment of the Revd. Matthew Swires-Hennessy as Vicar of Poynton Parish Church and who chaired both the meetings. The treasurers Bill King and David Coleman have both stepped down, and a new finance team has been appointed with Mike Bradley as treasurer. Susan Dodd has moved back to Wales following her retirement and has thus resigned as PCC Secretary. Val Parry has been appointed in her place. Matthew thanked all retiring officers for their commitment and work.

The churchwardens, Helen Bradley and Dave McClelland stood for election for another year and were duly re-appointed.

There were a number of short reports, including updates on the Electoral Roll, the Financial statement, the Annual Report, Safeguarding and the Fabric report. Most of these reports were included in the Annual Report which was produced in April and will be available for a short time on the Parish website.

The following people were elected to the Deanery Synod: Hannah Brackenbury, Elizabeth Bowles, Margaret Goode, Les Hutchinson and Val Parry. Also elected to the PCC were; Ameer Aldabbagh, Linda Bell, Michael Bradley, Brian Clarke, Susan Coleman, Joyce Corlett, Helen Kershaw, Vivienne Metcalfe and Sheila Vogler.

Matthew gave a short presentation, "Future Vision", asking every church member to consider and pray about what they could contribute to our church, and what part they should play, as we are all called to serve Jesus Christ. He posed 4 questions: Who are we? Who are we to serve? Who do we stand for? What is God calling us to do next?

As the meeting concluded, Matthew presented a bouquet of flowers to Eileen Shore to thank her for her many, many years of dedication and work as the former treasurer and latterly, for all her advice and assistance to the finance team. Matthew also thanked Andy Livingston, who after 10 years as associate minister is moving to East Leake later in the year. It is hoped that a proper 'good bye' can be arranged despite the Covid restrictions.

Val Parry
PCC Secretary

May 2021						
Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
26	27	28	29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Richard Gabb has produced a 2021 calendar entitled 'Rare Birds of the Region', showing 14 species he has photographed in Cheshire and surrounding counties.

To purchase copies (£10.00 limited number of 50 available) please contact Richard on 01625 262946 or obtain a copy from the Church Office. All proceeds to the Church fabric, via the Friends of St George's.

Bomb Story (Manchester, 1942) - Margery Lea

For a year we lived like troglodytes,
Then a landmine, a near miss,
Blew in the cellar-door.
It flattened my mother's camp-bed.
She rolled under the next one
Murmured, 'How noisy',
And slept on.

The rectangle of the skeleton doorway
Framed a crimson furnace - the city on fire,
Under the lowering weight of an endless heavy roar
of the bombers circling - 'theirs', of course;
And over that the booming racket of the ack-ack guns -
'Ours', thank heaven!!

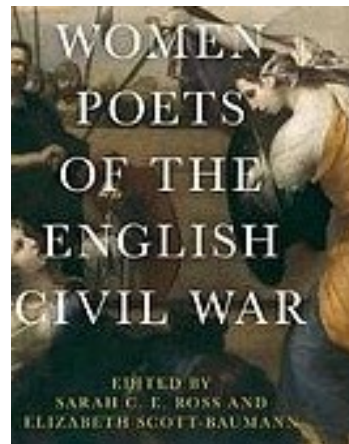
Our neighbour descended two floors in her bed
Unhurt; two others were buried.
Another, away for the night,
Rushed home and found it a steaming ruin.
Her Mother's Chippendale sideboard -
A few charred fragments - was what
Caused her abandon to helpless tears.

Our windows were all shattered, every one;
The curtains shredded into long vertical strips
Like the tattered colour of the regiment
After honourable battle.
Our neighbour's garden had a crater that would hold
two buses.
He said the rich soil thrown up was most productive,
And round the perimeter he grew excellent lettuces
The next spring of the war.
Meanwhile his wife's lace corselet and her mended red
jumper
Hung forty feet up in an elm
Whose leaves were scorched off.

Next morning a Pompeiian pall of dust and smoke
Loomed over all, with hosepipes snaking
Slimily in black mud across the thoroughfares.
One errant spray
Trespassing into our too, too-open windows
Unkindly moistened our National bread and marg,
Our ersatz coffee, and soya-porridge
And straw-pale tea.

But everywhere you could hear the cheerful tinkling
Of broken glass, as housewives swept it up
Into neat heaps on their garden paths;
One bemoaning her Persian carpet's ruin;
Another the grit on her drawing-room settee.
But at seven sharp the milk was on the step,
And at seven-thirty the newsboy came cycling,
Zigzagging among the firemen;
Whistling, surprisingly, an air from a Nocturne of
Chopin -
The most beautiful sound in the world.

Margery Lea (b. 1905) was educated at Elizabeth Gaskell College in Manchester. She trained as a teacher and eventually returned to Elizabeth Gaskell as a lecturer, and then became Organiser and Inspector of Schools in Manchester.



Ed.

PRAYERS

For civilian women, children and men
whose lives are disfigured by war or terror,
calling to mind in penitence
the anger and hatreds of humanity;
may God give peace.
God give peace.

For peacemakers and peacekeepers,
who seek to keep this world secure and free;
may God give peace.
God give peace.

For all who bear the burden and privilege of
leadership,
political, military and religious;
asking for gifts of wisdom and resolve
in the search for reconciliation and peace;
may God give peace.
God give peace.

O God of truth and justice,
we hold before you those whose memory we
cherish,
and those whose names we will never know.
Help us to lift our eyes above the torment of
this broken world,
and grant us the grace to pray for those who
wish us harm.

As we honour the past,
may we put our faith in Your future;
for You are the source of life and hope,
now and for ever.
Amen.

